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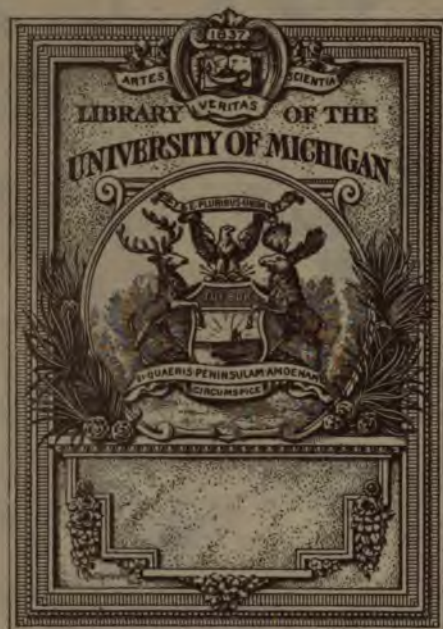
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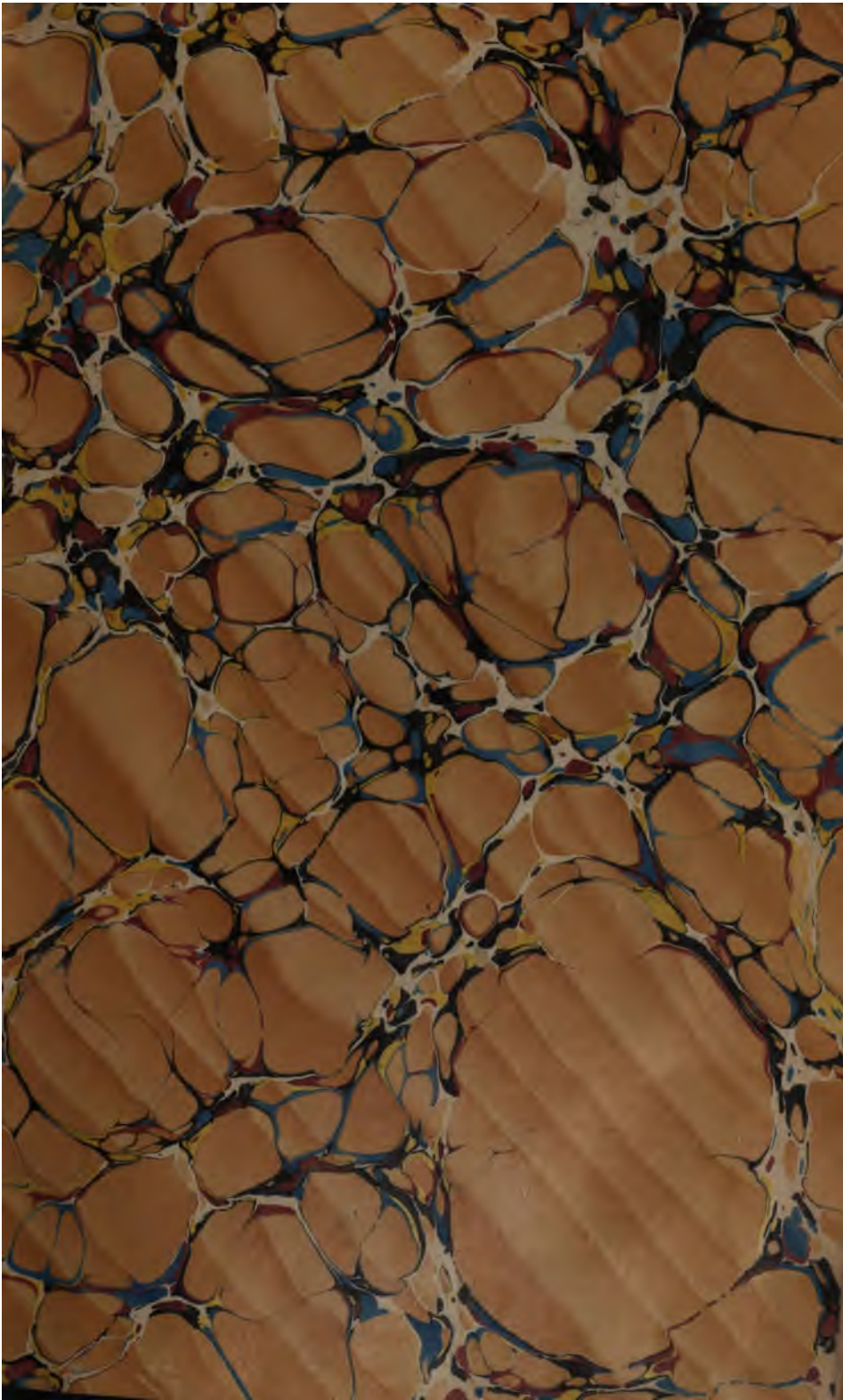
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NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXIV.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN ALLEN, NASSAU-STREET.
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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXIV.

JULY, 1844.

No. 1.

MEDDAHS, OR EASTERN STORY-TELLERS.

—
BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TURKISH SKETCHES.'
—

BESIDE the innumerable printed tales to be found in Constantinople, particularly in the Book Bazaar, some of which are really curious imaginings, and would be excellent illustrations of the customs and habits of the people of the East, there are many *Meddahs*, or Tale-tellers, who in certain places, and on stated days, amuse the public with their impromptu narratives. Near my residence in Pera, there is a coffee-house belonging to one of the Sultan's family, which is much frequented on Friday afternoons during the summer, on account of its *Meddah*. More than once, when passing by its entrance, I have been arrested by the loud voice of laughter proceeding from within; and sometimes I have stopped for a few moments to hear the tale. The *Kahoch*, or coffee-house, stands within a garden, which is surrounded by a wall of stone, and from the height of the location it commands one of the most beautiful views of the Bosphorus. The garden is full of fruit-trees, shrubs, and flowers, among which, in an old-fashioned, European high-backed arm-chair, sits the *Meddah*.

He is about forty or forty-five years of age; stout, wears the ordinary dress of the modern civilized Turkish gentry, that is, European pantaloons, frock-coat with a standing collar, vest *ordinaire*, and a red cloth-cap, called here *fezz*, from which is appended a tassel of blue silk. Over his neck is thrown a Turkish handkerchief, of which during his narrative he makes frequent use, both to wipe the perspiration from his face and to occupy his hands when they are not otherwise engaged. In his right hand at times he seizes a cane, or baton, of about four feet high, which he uses with considerable effect during his imitations of second and third parties in his tale, and frequently he rises from his seat to flourish it or make two or more steps in pursuit of his imaginary fugitive.

His own back is turned against the splendid view which is seen from the garden, to the audience around him. The *Kahoch* is full, and be-

fore him and at either hand sit on low Turkish-stools the attentive listeners, composed mostly of the lower classes, or of the middle, with but few of the higher. Coffee and pipes are handed round by the servants of the Kahoch, the latter empty, for here every one carries about him in a cloth pouch his own tobacco; and water pipes, (*Narguilay*), gurgle in concert with the humbler cherry-stick.

Yesterday I stepped in the garden and took my seat among the mingled concourse of Turks, Armenians, Greeks and Franks: of Jews I saw none, and but few of the latter; and accepting an offered cup of coffee in place of a pipe, for I never have been able to smoke, I listened to the Meddah, who related as follows. He had already been speaking some minutes before my arrival, and I can only give as much of his tale as I heard. The two most common characters which appear in these impromptu tales, are a *Cavoss*, or police-officer, and a *Kaikâji*, or boatman; the former as the beau-ideal of a heartless licentiary, fond of wine and women, and the latter as a good-hearted, hard-working dare-devil, with some small wit, and loquacious withal.

THE TALE.

‘‘YES,’ said the old woman, ‘he has seen you; the son of the Prince of Egina has seen you, is pleased with you, loves you, and wants you for his wife.’ ‘Oh! la! la!’ replied the simple-hearted girl; ‘the son of the Prince of Egina?’ ‘Truly,’ continued the old creature; ‘and he wishes an interview with you.’ ‘But how can we meet, and when?’ asked the delighted girl. ‘Why, in the large house there, on the seashore, below Tehatlady Capoosy, this evening at dusk.’ ‘I am afraid,’ replied the girl; ‘but I will try and go there with you.’ ‘Well, be ready, and we will go together. The prince’s son will come for you in a caique covered with gold and jewels, and convey you to a kiosk of brilliants.’

(The son of the Prince of Egina was no other than the Cavoss Bashi of the quarter; a hard-drinking, tyrannical fellow, who having met the Turkish girl in the street was pleased with her looks, and had engaged this old *entremetteuse* to arrange a meeting between himself and the object of his temporary affections.)

‘As evening approached, the young girl left her parent’s house unobserved, met with the old woman at the spot agreed upon, and with her proceeded to the dwelling of the Prince of Egina. ‘This is the house,’ said the old wretch; ‘go in the room which commands a view of the sea; sit down on the sofa at the window, and you will soon see the Prince of Egina coming for you in his gilded caique covered with jewels.’ The girl having done as she was bid, the old woman went out to inform the son of the prince, (alias the Cavoss Bashi,) of her success, and never returned.

‘Presently the girl heard the door below open, and beheld one enter the room differing widely from the person she expected, at least in external appearance. He was dressed in the ordinary coarse yellow frock-coat and pantaloons of a Cavoss, of rather common appearance,

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received, continued to approach the spot where the girl sat,) and exclaimed: 'What! are you really a human woman, and no fairy? — perhaps none of the best, or you would not be here without a *feradjâ*.' (cloak.)

'Yes, indeed,' replied the maiden, 'I am a true woman in distress, deceived by a wretched woman: do, I implore you, let me get into your boat, and conduct me to my parents' house!'

'Dalee Mehmed finally, after some entreaty, receives her in his boat, but tells her that as it is so late he will only take her that night to the room where he and several other *caikjees* sleep; that he will take good care of her until morning, and then conduct her to her own dwelling. As they leave the boat several of his comrades hail and ask him what trull that is with him; but giving them no satisfactory answer, he enters the room, where with his overcoat he arranges a seat for her in one corner, while he (with some other boatmen) lies down in another. The girl falls asleep, but he remains awake, carefully watches over her; and once, when his own eyes have become drowsy, a *caikjee* sneezes rather loud, at which he jumps up in alarm, and seizes a stick, ready to defend his charge. As the *caikjee* tells him that he only sneezed, and requests him not to be alarmed about nothing, he lies down again, muttering the request, or rather threat, that he had better not indulge in any more sneezes.

'The next morning Dalee Mehmed conducts the girl home, and the parents are delighted to find their lost daughter. She tells her father to recompense the boatman for his care of her, and this he does, giving him a small bag containing new and bright pieces of ten paras. After expressing his thanks in a rough waterman-like manner, he takes his leave, and on the way to his boat is struck with the fancy of learning the amount of the bag. 'If,' said he to himself, 'I count it in the *Kahoch*, those around me will ask questions, so I will not go there; if I count it in the street, a crowd will collect around me, so I had better row my boat out in the water, and there count it at my leisure.' So he returns to his *caique*, rows it out some distance from the shore, then stops it, and commences counting his present. He counts ten, twenty, thirty, forty paras; 'one piastre,' says he to himself, laughing with evident satisfaction at the sight of the bright new money, and now and then stops to eye the lessened size of the bag.'

When the Turkish girl had escaped from the window, and seated herself on the rock, the *Meddah* stopped his narrative, and while the *Khaveejee* handed round a *tambourine* in which to collect the offerings of the audience for the *Meddah*, he quietly smoked his pipe, apparently imagining the succeeding part of his tale. So in like manner, after getting Dalee Mehmed in his *caique*, he again resumed his seat and pipe, and the story stopped until the collection being made, the proceeds were deposited in a capacious purse which he drew from his pocket. Then rising, he continued:

'Now it happened that the Sultan of that period was fond of wandering about the city in disguise, accompanied only by one or more of his officers; and it so occurred that on the day of our tale he had bent his steps to the wharf near which Dalee Mehmed in his *caique* had rowed to count

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T H E S P I R I T L A N D .

THE silvery light and fadeless ray
 Of the spirit-land, oh! where are they?
 From Nature's face ye have raised the veil,
 And read the disk of the fair moon pale;
 Ye have searched the depths of ocean's waves,
 And torn the gems from her coral caves;
 Swept with the cloud through the viewless air,
 But the spirit-land! have ye found it there?

Fair blooms the rose in the southern clime,
 Joyous and fleet are the steps of Time;
 The green woods wake to the music free
 Of the gay birds' thrilling melody:
 But the tempest's wing sweeps fiercely by,
 And the scattered rose-leaves fade and die,
 And the bird's sweet song is hushed in fear:
 The spirit-land! do ye find it here?

Low voices speak from its distant shore,
 In the summer breeze and wild wind's roar;
 In Autumn's dirge, and the fitful moan
 Of the waving pine-tree's thrilling tone;
 In the sounding billow's dashing spray,
 And the curious sea-shell's plaintive lay;
 Our search is vain, we may find it not,
 But the spirit-land is ne'er forgot.

Its voices come to the battle-field,
 Mid the rolling drum and glancing shield;
 They float on the cold and midnight air
 With the orphan's wail and widow's prayer;
 And tell of glorious deeds gone by,
 As the clarion's voice rings loud and high;
 Of the daring soul and deathless name,
 Of FREEDOM's smile, and a quenchless fame.

They come to the sad and broken heart,
 Where the founts of grief forever start;
 And the frail strings wake to life once more,
 And notes of broken music pour.
 They tell of a home beyond the sky,
 Where the burning tears ne'er fill the eye,
 Where the severed cords will be joined again,
 And breathe a richer, holier strain.

They come when the fearful hand of Death
 Dims the bright smile, and steals the breath;
 When the light of life is passing away,
 Like the flickering taper's dying ray;
 Strength they impart to the trembling soul,
 As earthly mists from its vision roll,
 While it melts away in the light of heaven,
 As pale at morn the stars of even.

Oh! where'er we go they haunt us still!
 They speak from mount, from valley and hill;
 Their low tones thrill mid the storms of life,
 As the wind-harp's strains mid the tempest's strife:
 List to their teachings! they bid us tread
 Earth's weary paths, with spirits wed
 To holy faith, and a boundless trust,
 In climes where the soul's not chained to dust.

THE

Knickerbocker,

OR

60334



NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXIV.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN ALLEN, NASSAU-STREET.
1844.

'A little burnt powder is but a trifle, and I am under a good buckler,' returned Master Loubet, drawing his cloak over his shoulder.

'Say rather an ægis,' interrupted the Basochian, gaily; 'an ægis, that is the word.'

'Be it so; but as I find it rather heavy just now, I think I will go in and cool myself a little. Keep a brave heart; and a pleasant night to you, Marius Magis.'

He bowed to the Basochian, and proceeded toward a small mansion which faced the Rue du Portalet. Like its neighbors, the house was barricaded as in time of civil warfare, and no light was visible from any of the front windows. The advocate gently unlocked the door and stepped into a narrow passage which served as a porch, and opened upon a little court-yard. He had scarcely closed the door behind him, when a petard exploded at its threshold.

'What a silly, noisy amusement!' murmured Jaques Loubet, as he gained his office, a small apartment situate on the ground-floor.

Curtains of blue buckram were drawn closely before the windows; a lamp was burning upon a writing-desk, covered with papers and packages of pleadings; a few stuffed benches and straw-bottomed chairs were ranged along the white-washed walls; some hundred well-thumbed volumes ranged upon a couple of black shelves, and a wooden-clock, completed the furniture of this apartment, where the advocate, Master Jaques Loubet, was wont to receive his numerous clients.

Having speedily disembarrassed himself of his cloak, he sat down in a large arm-chair of red leather, which seemed the most antique piece of furniture in the office, and then dipped his pen into a horn ink-stand, from whence the Loubets, advocates for three generations, had drawn many a long and learned plea. But on this occasion, inspiration seemed to fail the votary of Themis; an insurmountable fit of abstraction caused the ink to dry in his pen, and the large sheet of paper which lay before him remained in its original whiteness. He soon wearied of this contest between his powers of volition and the fixed idea which seemed to possess his mind; and throwing down his pen, he passed his hand through the thick locks that clustered around his temples, and yielded himself up to his reverie. His eye wandered vacantly over the written papers which lay spread before him; he read mechanically the titles of his cases: 'The heirs Chapins *versus* the heirs Fouqueteau, damages twenty pounds;' 'The Sieur Girard, assessor, against the Township of Nans, for a water-course,' etc. But presently a deeper and more tender sentiment than the love of legal lore seemed to animate the dark blue eyes of the advocate, and a faint smile, index of a precious remembrance of the heart, passed over his care-worn features. Soon however a bitter change came to dispel this silent feeling of exaltation; and then Jaques Loubet pressed his clasped hands upon his forehead, and murmured:

'Oh God! what thoughts are these! Where will they terminate? It is folly, it is madness, thus to give way to them!'

Once more he essayed to peruse his papers; but the fixed idea which possessed his mind soon returned, powerful and tenacious, and the advocate again relapsed into a fit of abstraction.

'Cousin Jaques!' cried in a low tone the gentle voice of a young girl at the door of the study; 'will you come to supper?'

The advocate started up, and thus suddenly recalled to his usual occupations, began to arrange his papers.

'My aunt is waiting for you; will you come, cousin?' said the same voice, in a timid tone.

'I am coming, Catharine,' said he, taking his lamp and following the young girl.

In those days advocates were not the lordly characters they now are, nor did their residences resemble the hotels of the nobility. The best apartment was usually occupied as the office, with rarely any ante-chamber except the corridor; and the family were wont to take their meals in the kitchen. It was here that the mother and the young cousin of the advocate Loubet were sitting. Every thing seemed neat, suitable, and well-ordered; and one might readily perceive in all the little household details, of which the mistress of the family never lost sight, the modest opulence of a respectable citizen.

A huge dresser, filled with plates and dishes, stood opposite the fireplace, whose lofty mantel-piece was ornamented with vases of painted china-ware and pots of flowers tastefully arranged. There was no silver on the walnut table where the cover was spread; but forks and drinking cups of plated ware, and linen of the finest texture and purest whiteness, betokened the easy circumstances of the family. A leathern arm-chair marked the place, as head of the household, of the advocate Loubet; the old female domestic had also her stool at a respectful distance from her employers, with whom she took her meals.

The mother of the advocate was a woman of strong sense and piety, and much respected in the neighborhood for her exemplary life and deeds of charity. Although the possessor of a dowry of three thousand crowns, she had not ventured to assume the title of Madame, but was known simply as Mistress Loubet. Her niece, Catharine Loubet, was eighteen years of age; a lovely girl, fair and delicate, and a creature so pure and gentle that in her daily intercourse with the world she seemed to inspire even the wicked with good thoughts. For many years an orphan, she was now betrothed to Master Loubet, and it was arranged that she should become his spouse at the end of the year.

'Cousin Jaques,' said Catharine, fixing upon him her soft blue eyes, 'you study too much; you will injure yourself; your poor eyes look as if they had been weeping ——'

'It is nothing — nothing,' briskly interrupted the advocate; 'I was awake all last night, but I am going now to take some repose.'

The young girl seated herself at the table by the side of Mistress Loubet, and mechanically unfolded her napkin; then turning her eyes toward a vacant seat next the advocate, she burst into tears.

'Come, come, Catharine,' said he, in a sad and almost stern voice, 'we have mourned enough for this unfortunate girl. May God help her! We can do no more for her.'

'My poor sister!' interrupted Catharine; 'who knows what has become of her? Who can say that she is not more to be pitied than blamed? Ah! cousin Jaques! if you could only bring us some tidings of her!'

The advocate and his mother exchanged a look of deep sadness.

'You can never see her more, my child,' said Mistress Loubet; 'she is now to us as one dead. She left our roof when she became of age; we could not detain her against her will. May God protect and save her! Beauty is a fatal gift, my dear Catherine, when unaccompanied with a love of duty and dread of crime!'

'Let us talk no more of this,' added Master Loubet; 'the name of Clara must no more be mentioned in this house; and henceforth, Catharine, you must forget that you ever had a sister. Will you promise me this, cousin?'

'I promise never to think of her but in my prayers,' replied she, with a sigh.

During this conversation the noise and tumult without continued; the explosion of petards, shouts and outcries, seemed to increase; and the clamor extended even into the little street of Portalet.

'Holy Virgin!' exclaimed the old domestic; 'grant that no harm befalls any one to night!'

'The year the late king died,' said Mistress Loubet, 'a clerk was struck in the face by a petard, which caused his death.'

At this instant there was an increased commotion in the street. Hootings and bursts of laughter were heard. Evidently some one was pursued. An explosion of fire-works was heard, and then a female cry, which was succeeded by a violent knocking at the door. Loubet arose, and hastened on tiptoe to open it. Scarcely had he drawn the bolt, when a female rushed into the house, and closing the door, exclaimed in a breathless voice:

'Are we alone, Master Loubet? Not for worlds must any one see me here!'

The advocate stood trembling, and as if stupified; then, without uttering a word, he seized the new comer by the arm and drew her into his study. Catharine arrived with a lamp; he took it from her.

'Go, cousin,' said he hurriedly, 'go to my mother; I wish to be alone.'

The cries and hallooings in the street still continued. Jaques Loubet locked the door of his study. The female to whom he had given shelter had fallen half lifeless into the large arm-chair, and was listening with intense terror to the voices which still seemed to pursue her. The advocate, pale and lost in astonishment, remained standing near his desk. There was a moment's silence; he then exclaimed:

'How! Madame the Marchioness, you here at this hour? Good heavens! what has happened at the house of the First President?'

'Nothing—nothing,' replied she, in a scarcely articulate voice; 'I will tell you why I came out. It was a piece of folly—madness!'

The person who uttered these words was a young female, of such small stature and delicate frame that, without seeing her face, one might have taken her for a child; but her features, of rare and striking beauty, indicated a riper age. The gleams of a fiery spirit and violent passions flashed from her eyes of dark hazel; a line, already well defined, divided her forehead between the eye-brows, and gave an expression of severity to her countenance, which was softened by a profusion of fair

glossy locks which fell around her temples. She was clad in deep mourning, and enveloped in a large black mantle and hood.

'Master Loubet,' continued she, making an effort to overcome her agitation, 'I fortunately found myself before your house. Some insolent fellows pursued, insulted me. But I think they did not recognize me.'

'Madame, my astonishment at hearing your voice was extreme. But how could you have ventured out, and alone, on such a night as this?'

'I did not remember that it was Saint John's night,' replied she, in a quick, hurried voice, stopping between each word, as if life was almost failing her; 'after the sad event which happened to day, I had a desire to see my sister. At night-fall, I left the house by the little garden gate, without telling any one. They thought I was shut up in my oratory. I passed an hour at the Visitation, and as I was returning, these rude men overtook and tried to frighten me.'

'Monsieur the President will have the scoundrels punished!'

'No, no!' interrupted she, quickly; 'do not think so, Master Loubet! I shall be ruined, undone, if they discover that I have been out this evening! My father-in-law will never forgive me! His son, my husband, dying to day! the body still in the hotel, and I gone out! Oh! my God! my God! and how shall I now return?'

She clasped her hands in agony, and seemed to listen; the noise became more distant; no one was now heard in the street. The advocate, leaning against his desk, mechanically grasped the papers that were lying scattered beneath his hand; he trembled as he gazed upon the Marchioness. Suddenly he exclaimed, approaching her with a gesture of affright: 'Good heaven! Madame, there is blood upon your arm!'

One of the arms of the Marchioness, bare to the elbow, was dabbled with red and ill-effaced spots; the other, covered with a black silken glove, was stiff with blood. She hastily drew her mantle over her bosom; her face became of a livid paleness, and her lips moved without uttering a sound.

'You are wounded!' continued the advocate, 'you are wounded in the arm, Madame!'

'It is nothing; I fell in attempting to escape from these men. Leave me—leave me, Master Loubet! I am well, very well; I do not feel at all ill.'

As she spoke, she endeavored to draw off her glove; but her trembling hands could not accomplish their purpose; she seemed seized with a dreadful vertigo. At length, tearing off the silken net-work which covered her arm, she murmured:

'This blood terrifies me! Loubet, I am suffocating here; my heart is bursting.'

The advocate approached to support her. 'It is nothing,' replied she, repelling him with dread, 'it is nothing!—a mere scratch! Do not regard it, Master Loubet.'

'Ah! if I knew who it was that dared to lay his hand upon you, Madame!' exclaimed he, with flashing eye.

At this moment the clock struck eleven: the Marchioness shuddered as she counted the strokes.

‘I must return!’ exclaimed she; ‘I must; but how cross the square amid this shower of wild-fire? I regard not the danger of being burnt; but if any one should recognize me!’

‘Heavens!’ said the advocate, ‘what a situation! The Basochians and the Royal Guards will be there till morning.’

‘I must return!’ exclaimed she. ‘Oh! I would give my fortune, rank, all that I have, to be once more in my oratory! It is only to cross the square to reach the gate of my garden. But how?’

She began to pace to and fro in a sort of bewilderment. The advocate in consternation peered into the street through the crevices of the shutters. In a few moments, the Marchioness approached him with a quick movement:

‘I may yet be saved!’ cried she. ‘Loubet, listen to me. Look you, I am small, you are of large stature; we may both go out under this cloak. You can carry me.’

The advocate turned pale; a thrilling emotion made his knees bend beneath him. Answering not a word, he threw his cloak over his shoulders. The Marchioness, pale, trembling, with fixed and excited look, placed herself upon the arm of Master Loubet, and drew her mantle closely around her. He raised her gently. She kept her head entirely hidden, and her small feet touched not the ground.

‘Make haste!’ said she, ‘for Heaven’s sake, make haste!’ Jaques Loubet pressed her to his bosom with a timid embrace; then cautiously opening his study door, he gained the passage. Catherine was crossing the court.

‘I will return presently,’ cried he to her: then sallying forth, with noiseless step, he found himself in the street.

A few timid spectators were standing near the door; farther on, upon the square, a constant firing was kept up between the combatants. The Basochians had taken their position upon a stone scaffold permanently erected in front of the palace, where they defended themselves as in a fortress. The officers of the Royal Guard made frequent assaults, and often retreated with loss. The entire square presented the appearance of a huge conflagration, and large flakes of fire rained incessantly among the trees.

The advocate glided stealthily along by the Church of the Dominicans, and slowly pursued his way in full view of both parties. Little recked he at this moment of the danger of being burnt or wounded by the fiery missiles which flew around him. More profound was the cause of his alarm, and deeper the source of the emotion which shook his frame. His fair charge lay motionless upon his breast; he inhaled the perfume of her golden tresses which fell upon his cheek; it seemed as if the violent throbbings of her heart would burst its frail enclosure; he clasped with intense anguish to his bosom the slight form which he dreaded every moment would escape from his grasp. For an instant, yielding to these emotions, at once so delicious and so fearful, he stopped. Then the Marchioness gently pressed his arm, and murmured in a scarcely audible voice:

‘Go on, Loubet! in the name of Heaven, go on!’

They at length reached the entrance of a little street on the opposite

side of the square. Here the Marchioness slid to the ground, and while the advocate, by his tall stature, screened her from view, quickly opened a garden gate and disappeared. Just at this moment, the Basochian, Marius Magis, who was standing a few paces off, recognized Master Loubet.

‘Hilloa!’ cried he; ‘Loubet, are you still here? You want to see the end of the fight, I suppose? The Cadets of Aix behave like Cæsars; but the Royal Guards are better off for ammunition.’

‘You had better sound a retreat, and retire in good order.’

‘Not yet, Master Loubet, not yet! By the bye, tell me what girl was that whom some of the scholars pursued, and who took refuge in your house?’

The advocate made no reply.

‘I tried to protect her,’ continued Marius Magis, ‘and would have done so, had she taken my arm. But tell me, who was she?’

Loubet still hesitated; and then answered abruptly: ‘It was my cousin, Catherine Loubet.’

‘Catherine Loubet!’ repeated the Basochian, with astonishment.

‘Yes, Catherine Loubet. If I could find the scoundrels who insulted her, I would teach them the respect due an unprotected female.’

‘And do you know where she had been at this hour of the night?’ interrupted Marius Magis, with a peculiar smile.

‘She had been at the Convent of the Visitation,’ replied the advocate, affecting the greater indifference in proportion as he felt less at ease and less disposed to submit to this questioning.

The clerk turned upon his heel, and as if to change the subject, exclaimed:

‘Only see, Master Loubet, how old prejudices are wearing away! Look you; there is the cadet Beauregard hand and glove with M. de Lansac, captain in the Royal Guard; they have not separated this evening. A city boy expends his powder against the Basoche! Do you know this Monsieur de Lansac, Master Loubet?’

There was a hidden meaning in the tone in which these words were spoken, that did not escape the advocate. He perceived in it a malicious allusion to his cousin Clara, a young girl of pretty face and figure, and coquettish manners, to whom the public voice had given the soubriquet of *La belle Loubette*. He colored deeply, and grasping the arm of the Basochian, said to him:

‘Your tongue is a blade that cuts two ways, Marius Magis; you have some malicious story to tell; I see it in your eyes. For what reason do you speak to me of Monsieur de Lansac?’

For no reason at all, Master Loubet. You take fire as quick as the match of an arquebus. One can hardly speak to you, or tell you the smallest matter in the world. Beside, there was no great harm in what I was going to say; it was simply this. Monsieur de Lansac is in love with the fair Loubette; neither is he the first or the last who has said soft things to that charming creature. Although past twenty-three, she is still a rose-bud, and as fresh and blooming as her young sister ——

‘No comparisons between them!’ sternly interrupted the advocate. The one is an angel of virtue and purity; the other —— may God keep her from an unhappy end! I have often warned her of it.’

Marius Magis raised his hands and eyes to heaven with an air of mock compassion ; then touching the advocate on the shoulder, said to him :

‘ My poor Loubet, it is fortunate the Royal Guard are to leave us to-morrow ! These little officers are terrible rivals. There stands one who can boast that he has played some mischief among the fair ones of the good town of Aix ! ’ Thus saying, he pointed toward M. de Lansac, and ran off to join his comrades on the field of battle.

An emotion of mingled shame and anger suddenly succeeded the softer impressions which had absorbed the advocate during the evening. The ambiguous words of the Basochian awoke in him a feeling of anxiety and deep humiliation. He bitterly reproached himself for not having kept a stricter watch over the fair Loubette, or devised some means to repress her coquetries. Overcome by these painful reflections, he stood leaning against a tree, with eyes fixed upon vacancy. The combat was now nearly over ; the ammunition-pouches were exhausted, and many had withdrawn from the field of battle. Marius Magis had just let off his last dozen serpents, and was running in quest of fresh munitions. As he passed the advocate, he whispered in his ear :

‘ The fair Loubette has an assignation to-night with M. de Lansac ; you had better see and prevent it, Master Loubet. ’

The advocate made no reply ; but immediately took a position about ten paces distant from the captain. The hour of midnight sounded. Monsieur de Lansac threw down his wallet at the foot of a tree, and passing his arm through that of the cadet Beauregard, exclaimed, as he pulled his hat over his eyes :

‘ Come, we have burned powder enough. This sham-fight has almost made me forget the hour. To the devil with the Basoche ! it has perhaps made me lose this parting interview ! Come with me, Beauregard ; if I am pursued by these heroes of Saint John, you can keep them at bay. ’

The cadet drew his cap proudly over his ear, and closing his ammunition-pouch, which was not yet exhausted, replied :

‘ At your service, captain ! ’

They proceeded along the terrace as far as the rampart, the advocate following at a distance. Passing through a solitary street which led to the Convent of the Visitation, they came to a small garden enclosed by lofty walls. Over an arched gateway a large plane-tree extended its wide-spreading branches, overshadowing the street, in which the grass was growing as in the open country. Opposite stood a few houses of humble appearance. Not a living being was visible at this late hour ; and profound silence reigned around.

Monsieur de Lansac and Beauregard entered the garden ; the advocate, who had expected to see them go into a neighboring house, where the fair Loubette was then residing, remained sentinel at the gate.

The weather was heavenly. It was one of those lovely summer nights on which the nightingale pours forth without restraint her liquid notes beneath the quiet moonbeams. The air was loaded with the perfume of plants, and a gentle breeze murmured among the large leaves of the plane-tree. The garden appeared like one large bed of flowers ;

the moss rose and blue iris bordered its walks ; while pomegranates and Persian lilacs formed a shady bower, over which a young vine waved its golden clusters. All was calm and smiling in this little enclosure ; a very paradise of love for the gallant captain Lansac. He proceeded at once to a little pavilion, which stood at the farther end of the garden, and called in a low voice :

‘ Loubette ! my fair Loubette ! are you here ? ’

There was no reply.

‘ She is not here,’ said Beauregard ; ‘ the door is open, and there is no light.’

‘ She has apparently got tired of waiting. And yet she declared she had such a strong wish to see me once more, to bid me farewell. Oh ! women ! women ! ’

‘ She perhaps thought you would come to her house ? ’

‘ That will I not do ! Humph ! does she take me for her very humble servant ? Her lover for the nonce is quite another affair, and she must so understand it.’

‘ This disappointment seems to annoy you.’

‘ I shall endeavor to survive it. Beside, since I am leaving ——’

‘ But you will soon be back again ? ’

‘ When I come back,’ replied Lansac, with a laugh to conceal his vexation, ‘ I do not think it will be for the fine eyes of Loubette. But hark ’ee, Beauregard, I am getting tired of these rustic flirtations : and yet, Loubette is a charming creature ! Heigh-ho ! I will never forgive her for not having waited for me to night.’

He walked to and fro in the garden for a few moments, as if to bid adieu to this lovely retreat ; then turning to Beauregard, he exclaimed :

‘ I leave this place with regret ; but you will soon see me again. I have no desire to bury myself in a garrison on the frontiers of Piedmont, and I must first pass my two months’ furlough in the county Venaissin.’

‘ And why not here ? ’

‘ Because I do not wish to remain behind the regiment. I had, at one time, an idea of taking Loubette with me.’

‘ A bad idea, captain ; that would have drawn the family about your ears ——’

‘ Bah ! What do you mean ? ’ interrupted Lansac, with an air of disdain.

‘ Why, I mean you will have a law-suit upon your shoulders.’

‘ Ah ! that indeed would alarm me more than twenty duels. But this is one of the risks we run in these vulgar amours : a verdict instead of a sword-thrust.’

‘ A burgher like Master Loubet could scarcely demand any other amends from you.’

‘ Why not ? ’ I have never refused satisfaction to any one ; and when it becomes a question of taking the field, all I ask is that he to whom I do the honor should know how to handle his weapon. I have already had five affairs on the other side the Var, and were it not for the king’s ordinance, which forbids cutting throats under pain of death —— But come, Beauregard, let’s be off. I will never forgive Loubette for not having a little more patience this evening.’

‘Whatever you may say, captain, I believe you would sacrifice even the favors of a certain high-born dame for this little rustic beauty.’

‘I do not deny it; I confess to you, this high-born lady sometimes frightens me.’

‘Frightens? A man like you?’

‘Indeed it is true; she loves me too much,’ said Lansac, with silly conceit, for which his handsome face and fine figure afforded some excuse.

He took another turn around the garden, and then entered the pavilion to close the window, which had been left half open. The moon shone full upon one part of the room, and formed upon the floor a luminous space, around which all remained in dim obscurity. M. de Lansac closed the blinds of the window; then shutting the door, at the threshold of which the cadet Beauregard was waiting, he observed:

‘It is strange! there is a smell of blood within there!’

They departed. The advocate followed them to the hotel of the Black Mule, where M. de Lansac lodged. Then, almost convinced that Marius Magis had told him a malicious falsehood, he returned home.

On entering his study, the first thing he saw was the black glove which the Marchioness had dropped on her departure. He took it up with a shudder; it was stained with blood. For a long time he gazed intently upon it; he then covered it with kisses, and placed it carefully in one of the drawers of his desk.

At day-break, the advocate was still sitting in the same place; his wearied eyes had closed before the first rays of the morning, and he murmured incoherently as in a dream: ‘Louise d’ Argevilliers! what a noble name! The beautiful Louise d’ Argevilliers, the high-born widow of a Marshal of the King — and I have held her thus, pressed against my heart!’ Poor fool! poor Jaques Loubet! to presume to love the high-born Marchioness of d’ Argevilliers — !’

II.

THE next morning Jaques Loubet presented himself at the hotel of the First President. He was the man of business of the Marchioness of d’ Argevilliers, in which capacity he had freer access to her than the young noblemen of the robe or sword, who were rarely admitted except on visits of great ceremony.

The habits of this house were austere, and the manners of its inmates, even in the daily intercourse of the family circle, were of the most haughty and formal character. Never did the First President salute his daughter without uncovering himself; never did she fail, when he paid her a visit, to reconduct him to the ante-chamber.

Until the day of her widowhood the life of this young female had passed in a succession of minute duties and observances. She had been surrounded by a triple rampart of devotion, of splendor, and of etiquette, which allowed but few, except her immediate family, to approach her. It was generally known that her husband did not make her happy, and that she loved him not; still, so far beyond the reach of danger did the precautions by which she was surrounded seem to place her, that her

reputation had ever remained unsullied by the slightest breath of slander. As to Master Loubet, he was too much of a plebeian for his visits to a lady of such exalted rank to be deemed of any importance.

The funeral train of the Marquis d'Argevilliers was passing slowly across the *Place des Precheurs*, the spot where the Basochians and the Royal Guard had a few hours before waged their mimic warfare. The advocate had come with the hope of having a few minutes converse with the Marchioness. He was fearfully troubled at the condition in which he had left her on the preceding evening, and he shuddered when he thought of the wound whose bloody traces were still before his eyes.

All the nobility of the city, clad in deep mourning, had assembled, and nearly a hundred persons were collected in the saloon of the Marchioness. The advocate remained in the ante-chamber, uncertain whether he ought to announce himself.

'Do you wish any thing, Master Loubet?' said one of the women of the Marchioness, as she came from the room of her mistress.

'I have come to inquire how Madame the Marchioness is this morning?'

'Ill, Master Loubet, very ill. She has not left her bed to-day, and no one except Monsieur the First President has been in her apartment.'

The woman looked around, as if to assure herself that nobody was within hearing, and then added in a low tone:

'I never thought that Madame the Marchioness would have taken this affliction so much to heart; since yesterday, she has been like a person completely beside herself.'

'Good heavens! and what says the physician?'

'She will not admit him. Last evening about nightfall she shut herself up in her oratory, charging us not to disturb her devotions. Holy Virgin! I know not how she could remain alone in that dismal place, with the body of the Marquis lying there in state, all surrounded with wax tapers! About midnight, Madame the Marchioness came forth from the oratory. But oh, Master Loubet! if you had only seen her! You would have taken her for a corpse, she was so deadly pale and ghastly. She had been weeping sadly too; for when I undressed her I felt the front of her corsage as wet as if it had been dipped in water.'

'But was Madame the Marchioness ill from any other cause than grief?'

'Indeed, if that continues as violent as it now is, it is enough to send her to the same place with the Marquis. I watched all night at the foot of the bed: Madame the Marchioness shed no tears, but every moment she tossed about her arms and uttered stifled cries, as if in a horrid dream. About two o'clock she told us she felt afraid, and that we must light all the tapers; it was for all the world just like a funeral chapel. At length, toward morning, Madame the Marchioness fell into a slumber, and I thought she would get a little repose, but presently came a beating of drums on the *Place des Precheurs*; it was the Royal Guard departing; and Madame the Marchioness awoke with a sudden start. I ran to her, drew aside the curtain, and a sad fright we all had on beholding her. She was sitting straight up in bed, her hair hanging over her shoulders, her arms stretched out, and her eyes fixed and shining

like glass. A moment afterward she fell back upon the pillows, and began to weep as if her heart was bursting.'

'And since then what has she said? what has she done?' asked the advocate, with painful anxiety. 'Have you informed Monsieur the First President of her situation? Have you sent for the physician?'

'Madame the Marchioness has forbidden us. Just now Monsieur the First President sent to tell her she must throw open her apartment and receive all the visitors: it is etiquette. Madame the Marchioness is not in a state to support such fatigue; but when Monsieur her father-in-law says 'It must be done!' it is like a decree of parliament.'

'I will return again before evening to inquire about the Marchioness,' said the advocate; 'you have a kind and generous mistress, Genevieve; you must attend and watch over her with fidelity.'

Tears started to the eyes of the advocate as he spoke these words; and he abruptly departed, to conceal the emotion which these details had caused him. His soul was filled with tender and melancholy thoughts.

'She suffers! she weeps!' thought he; 'why could not I have preserved her at the price of my blood, from the distress and terrors of that fatal night! It cannot be the death of her husband which causes this suffering; he was but little to be regretted for his own sake. Ah! lowly as I am, and noble as he was, I feel myself more worthy of her love, than this haughty, fierce-looking Marquis! Had she indeed loved him, with what jealousy would I have been devoured! But no! neither for him, nor for any other, has her heart ever throbbed with love. Alas! last night I felt it beat with terror beneath my hand!'

As he crossed the square on his return home, the advocate perceived Marius Magis standing in the midst of a group of idlers, composed of solicitors' clerks, a few officers of the parliament, and some dozen citizens. All the party turned their eyes simultaneously toward Master Loubet, and Marius Magis, detaching himself from the crowd, approached him.

'Ah!' said he, with an air of affliction, through which gleamed the mischievous satisfaction of announcing a piece of scandal; 'sad news, Master Loubet; it seems the fair Loubette did not return from the assignation she gave Captain Lansac last night, and this morning they have gone off together.'

'How? what say you?' interrupted the advocate, with a look which made Marius Magis cast down his eyes; 'if this is one of the malicious falsehoods in which your slanderous tongue so often indulges, I will make you retract it before all the world.'

'Do me more justice, Master Loubet; I am your friend, and it is for this reason I have been looking for you these two hours to tell you what has happened: it is already the town-talk.'

'Proceed, for the love of God!' exclaimed the advocate, with concentrated passion; 'a *friend* like you can, better than any other, make known to me a calamity which brings trouble and disgrace into my family.'

'Ah! there will be no need of an inquest to verify the fact. The fair Loubette left her dwelling last evening about nightfall, and has not since been seen; her servant has been looking for her through all the

neighborhood ; they even came to my house ; but she can no where be found. Do n't you now believe as every body else does, Master Loubet, that she has gone off with the handsome Captain Lansac ?

The advocate folded his arms, and replied moodily, 'It may be so ; I will go and find the cadet Beauregard.'

'Ah ! you may spare yourself that trouble. You will get no satisfaction in that quarter. He has gone off too.'

'I am much obliged to you for your information and good advice, Marius Magis,' said Master Loubet, bowing to the lawyer's clerk with stern irony.

On returning home, the advocate found Catharine waiting for him at the door of his office : she was in tears.

'Cousin !' exclaimed she, with a voice broken by sobs, 'if you knew what has happened ——'

She stopped suddenly, at the sight of the gloomy brow and irritated countenance of the advocate ; she saw that he knew all.

'Well, Catharine,' said he, sitting down ; 'go on.'

'It was Marius Magis, that messenger of ill news, who came ; he wished to see you ; he spoke to my aunt ——'

'And he has told *her* all ! And my mother has undergone this humiliation to her face ?' interrupted Jaques Loubet, beside himself with passion.

'She made no reply to Marius Magis,' continued Catharine ; 'but as soon as he left she was taken ill, and we were obliged to carry her to bed. Ah ! God help us !'

The advocate paced the apartment with agitated steps ; Catharine with clasped hands leaned against the wall and wept bitterly.

'But should this not be true !' continued she ; 'suppose Marius Magis has spoken falsely ! My poor sister ! They have perhaps slandered her.'

'That is what I will soon clear up,' said Master Loubet, with a sombre and determined air. 'In one way or another, all this must be settled. My mother ! What humiliation upon her sainted life ! Happily you are here to console her, my poor angel !'

He ascended to the chamber of Mistress Loubet ; the aged matron spoke only these words to him : 'Jaques, the bad conduct of that unhappy girl will bring my gray hairs to the grave ; tell her this, if you ever see her again ; she may then perhaps repent !'

There prevailed among the burghers of former times a severity of morals as inflexible as the point of honor among the high nobility. Mistress Loubet had been, during her long life, a perfect model of this virtue, from which not one of the family of Loubet had ever swerved. The public dishonor of her niece had stricken her a mortal blow. The old domestic also, who for forty years had been one of the household, was as deeply afflicted as her mistress, and took to heart the disgrace of the Loubets as much as if her own reputation had been in question. She dreaded, in advance, the remarks and observations that she knew would assail her, when she made her appearance in the neighborhood.

The advocate regarded for a moment with a bitter pang the tears of his aged parent ; then kneeling beside the bed : 'I go,' said he, 'I go to

seek this unhappy girl. If possible, I will bring her back. We may then perhaps devise some means to induce her to change her course of conduct.'

'Jaques,' exclaimed Mistress Loubet, embracing her son, 'tell her I cannot forget that she is the sister of this angel, who is soon to be your spouse.'

At these words the advocate turned his head sadly away. The unfortunate passion, burning in the secret recesses of his heart, had usurped the place of the pure and innocent affection, from which he had formerly anticipated all the happiness of his future life. For this humble girl, so trustful in her love, he now only felt the friendship of a brother; and he trembled at the thought of the engagement, which the words of his mother recalled. Racked by these contending emotions, it seemed as if he would have welcomed some sudden catastrophe to relieve him from the mental anxiety by which he was tortured.

After this sad interview with his mother, the advocate made arrangements as if for a long absence, and departed the same day without seeing the Marchioness.

III.

AFTER this fatal festival of Saint John, the mansion of the Loubets seemed to be deserted; the windows remained closed day and night; the neighbors no longer saw the smiling face of Catharine peeping from the little balcony, between the branches of the Spanish jasmine, with whose star-like blossoms she loved to bedeck her glossy locks. The poor girl no longer left the house, so lately the abode of peaceful happiness, now sad and desolate.

The advocate did not return, and no tidings were heard from him; Mistress Loubet was evidently dying; the old domestic had sunk into a state of second childhood. Every morning she crawled with difficulty to the office to put things in their places, as had been her wont for many years, and replied to the inquiries of the advocate's clients, that Master Loubet was at court, forgetting that he had left the city many days ago.

Catharine watched over these two helpless females with pious care; her soul, consumed by bitter grief, found solace in the faithful performance of her duties; and she bore the affliction which had thus cruelly blighted her hopes of happiness, with an elevation of soul at once patient and full of faith. She offered up unceasing prayers for her unfortunate sister, and for Jaques Loubet; each morning she awoke with the hope of their return; and all the long day she sat by the bedside of Mistress Loubet, patiently watching for their arrival; then when night again came, as she drew the heavy bolts of the door through which no familiar footstep had entered, she sadly exclaimed: 'Perhaps, to-morrow! Oh! merciful God! grant that Jaques may not return too late!'

Meanwhile, Mistress Loubet became more and more alarmed at the continued absence of her son; she dreaded some great calamity; frequently she repeated with a heavy sigh, 'Catharine, I shall never see my son again! I shall die before his return! Who can tell whither he has gone to seek for this unhappy girl? Who can tell when he will come back?'

Exactly two weeks after the eventful festival of St. John, Mistress Loubet breathed her last.

On the night after her death, Catharine was watching alone in the office of the advocate. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock: the domestic had been in bed for some time, and profound silence reigned in the little mansion, now gloomy and desolate as the chapel of a cemetery. Catharine wept as she thought of the event which had so suddenly changed the course of her former happy life; she wept as she thought of the grief of Jaques Loubet, when he should find her alone in the place where he had so lately left her with his mother.

A light tap at the door startled the young girl from her gloomy reveries; she sprang briskly up on recognising the well-known knock of Master Loubet. It was indeed he. Catharine at first drew back, then bursting into tears, she cast herself into his arms, exclaiming:

'Ah! my God! you have been ill, Jaques! How changed you are!'

The advocate wept also. 'My good Catharine,' said he, kissing her forehead, 'how is my dear mother?'

She shuddered, and raising her eyes to heaven, pressed with a convulsive grasp the hands of the advocate. He at once comprehended her.

'Dead!' murmured he, sinking half lifeless into the large chair.

There was a long silence, interrupted only by deep moans, and half-stifled sobs. Catharine, on her knees beside Master Loubet, could find no words to console such an overwhelming grief. There was in the pale and emaciated countenance of the advocate a dark and sinister expression, which filled the young girl with terror. Overcome by fear, she was unable to utter the question that was struggling at her lips: at length, after a long pause, she sobbed forth:

'My poor sister!'

'Marius Magis lied!' answered he, in a brief, bitter tone; 'she did not leave with M. de Lansac.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Catharine, with a movement of joy; 'I was sure it was an infamous slander! My poor sister! But yet, she is not here; no one has seen her since the night of Saint John. Alas! where can she be?'

The advocate arose; he cast around him a gloomy, care-worn look, and pressed his hands to his forehead, as if to collect his distracted thoughts.

'Catharine,' said he with an effort, turning toward the young girl, 'you know not all our misfortunes. I am in a terrible position; I must quit the country; my life is at stake! I set forth to-morrow ——'

'I will go with you,' exclaimed she, eagerly.

'No, Catharine, no! — that is impossible. A fugitive, hemmed in on all sides, who knows whether I shall be able myself to escape?'

She listened to him in terror and amazement, comprehending nothing of these strange words, and not daring to hazard a question.

'Go, take some repose, Catharine; I shall remain here,' continued he; 'I have need of the whole night to arrange my affairs.'

'At this, she threw herself at his feet, exclaiming: 'For heaven's sake, let me remain! Let me watch with you. Oh, Jaques! there is

something in your manner that terrifies me! Good heavens! what has happened? Why will you not tell me all? I am no longer a child: indeed, you may confide in me.'

He raised her from the ground and seated her beside him; then, in a mournful tone, 'Catharine,' said he, 'if you knew what pain your distress gives me, and how much I am already to be pitied——'

She hastily dried her tears, and strove to restrain her grief. 'I am calm,' said she; but her heart was overflowing; it was bursting at the thought of the approaching separation.

'Catharine,' said the advocate, in a gentle voice, after a short silence, 'speak to me of my poor mother——'

What a night was that! The young girl, sunk in the arm-chair, seemed completely prostrated by gloomy despair. The advocate, leaning over his desk, continued to write without intermission. Now and then a tear stole down his cheek, and he murmured, 'My mother! my poor mother!'

When dawn appeared, he arose, and touching the shoulder of Catharine, said to her:

'Cousin, there are some papers upon my desk which concern you: my mother's last will, which in my default, makes you her sole legatee. There are also some other papers, which the lawyers will explain to you, and the address you must put upon letters for me, that they may reach me with certainty. We must now part. Dear Catharine, may God make you as happy as I am miserable!'

She wept no longer; she was praying with clasped hands, kneeling by the arm-chair. The advocate kissed her forehead, saying in a broken voice:

'Poor angel! the guardian angel whom God has given to our house! you now remain there alone! Adieu! adieu!'

The advocate left the city, and soon found himself in the open country. There remained another farewell for him, and he determined to take it, though at the peril of his life. For some days past the Marchioness had been residing at the Pavilion, a charming retreat, situated about half a league from Aix, in a little valley whose vegetation was kept fresh and green by a never-failing rivulet. In this secluded spot, the murmur of the flowing stream was constantly heard; and in the gardens, along the meadows, and upon the declivities of the pine-crowned hills, the Flora of the south had scattered with profuse hand her choicest treasures.

The pavilion, hidden by a thick screen of large chestnuts, was approached by a winding path, bordered by cypresses and Spanish broom. During the whole morning, the advocate strayed among these thickets: with head bewildered, and faculties exhausted by fatigue and grief, he walked mechanically to and fro, as if impelled by some invisible hand. Toward noon he took the path which led to the pavilion.

The Marchioness was alone in a large Italian saloon, whose darkened blinds tempered the sunbeams, so that a softened light, similar to that of an alabaster lamp, pervaded the apartment; and the figures, painted in gray tints upon the walls, stood out in the dim light, like fantastic decorations. Clad in large robes of deep mourning, the Marchioness was

reclining upon a sofa. She trembled violently when one of her women announced the advocate Loubet, and suddenly starting up, exclaimed :

‘What does he want with me?’

He entered. On seeing him so pale and haggard, the Marchioness was seized with vague terror.

‘Good day to you, Master Loubet,’ said she, striving to smile; ‘it is a long time since you have been here.’

He approached trembling, and replied in a low tone: ‘I have just returned from a journey, a fatal journey, Madame, and am about setting forth on another.’

‘But for a short time, I presume.’

‘Perhaps forever.’

She looked at him, struck more by his manner than by what he said, and stammered some unintelligible words.

‘I wished to bid you adieu, Madame,’ continued he; ‘I wished to tell you what public rumor would have made known to you to-morrow, perhaps to day. I am a fugitive; I am about flying to a foreign land. I have been engaged in a duel, and have had the misfortune to kill my adversary.’

The Marchioness uttered a faint exclamation, and averted her head.

‘The world will say that I have slain this man to avenge the honor of my family,’ continued the advocate, ‘and I will let them believe it; but to you I will declare the whole truth. The villain dared to boast in my presence that he was your lover — that you were his mistress. I have avenged you, Madame.’

‘And you have killed Lansac! Lansac dead!’ shrieked the Marchioness, raising herself to her full height.

There was a moment’s silence: Madame d’Argevilliers strove again to speak, but her voice failed her; an expression of frightful despair marked her look and gesture.

‘Ah!’ murmured the advocate, struck by a horrible conviction; ‘did he then speak the truth!’

The Marchioness had fallen senseless. He gazed upon her for a moment, with an air of bewilderment; then glided silently from the apartment, and hastened across the country.

On the evening of the same day, the cadet Beauregard arrived from Avignon with the sad news that the advocate Loubet had killed captain Hector de Lansac in a duel.

Marius Magis hastened amongst the first to the hotel of the Black Mule, where all the idlers of the city were soon collected to comment upon the mysterious circumstances of this affair. Amazement was raised to its highest pitch, when the cadet Beauregard affirmed upon his honor that the fair Loubette, who had been missing for fifteen days, had not eloped with captain Lansac. Some said that one of the other officers of the Royal Guard must have taken her off; others were confident that she was doing penance in a convent. In the midst of these conflicting opinions, Marius Magis bustled about, to give himself a degree of importance on the occasion, and officiously offered his services to the cadet Beauregard in the measures taken in relation to the property of the deceased. It was not very ample, and barely sufficed to pay his debts.

Next morning, the cadet Beauregard and Marius Magis, accompanied by a notary, proceeded to the garden, which had not been visited since the evening of Saint John, for the purpose of taking an inventory of the furniture of the little summer-house.

'The poor captain!' said the cadet Beauregard, on entering the garden, 'God preserve his soul! who would have predicted so speedy a termination to his life and his amours?'

It had rained during the night; the foliage, green and fresh, exhaled a delicious perfume; flowers of the most brilliant hue were blooming around; the birds were warbling on the slender branches of the young fruit trees; and every thing in the little enclosure was calm, beautiful, and joyous.

'This is a hermitage dedicated to the god of love!' exclaimed Marius Magis, seized with a mythological reminiscence; 'let us examine the cell.'

He opened the door of the summer-house, and suddenly started back with a loud cry; the notary and cadet Beauregard looking over the shoulder of Marius Magis, also fell back, and with hair erect, and cold drops on their brows, exclaimed simultaneously: 'Oh! horrible! horrible!'

The ghastly corpse of a female was lying, with face to the earth, at the farther extremity of the summer-house, the floor of which was covered with large stains of dried blood. Marius Magis immediately recognized, from its dress, the disfigured body to be that of the fair Loubette.

'Gentlemen,' said he, closing the door, and speaking with an air of solemn importance, 'the first thing to be done is to summon the officers of justice.'

An hour afterward an inquest was held upon the spot where the crime had been committed. Near the body, which was pierced with many wounds, were found a black silk glove and a knife with a box-wood-handle, which the cadet Beauregard remembered to have previously seen lying on a table in the summer-house.

All were in a state of high-wrought excitement, but neither of these mute witnesses revealed the murderer. A few voices were heard accusing Captain Lansac.

'I did not quit him during the whole evening of the fête of Saint John!' stoutly asserted the cadet Beauregard. 'I came here with him to keep an appointment he had made with the fair Loubette; he called to her, he entered this summer-house, and I now remember, as he closed the door he said to me: *'There is a smell of blood in that place!'* He could see nothing in the darkness, but I am now sure that Loubette must have been lying there dead, at the time: I am satisfied of it!'

Here Marius Magis came forward, and, as if struck by a sudden remembrance, exclaimed with outstretched hand and quivering lip, in the midst of profound silence:

'I saw a person come from this place on the evening of Saint John, about ten o'clock. I know who has committed this crime; it was Catharine Loubet; and I am ready to make my deposition before the officers of justice!'

PSYCHE, OR THE BUTTERFLY.

THE original of the following poem was found in a very ancient edition of the *ANTHOLOGIA*, and is ascribed to JULIAN, a King of Egypt, who wrote some elegant poems in the style of ANACREON. The translator has adhered as closely as possible to the meaning of the text, and has made a literal interpretation of many of the terms found in the Greek, on account of the difficulty of adapting English expressions to the style and idiom of the original; believing that in such a case, the force of accuracy would be preferable even to the elegance of a paraphrase. G. W. W.

A BUTTERFLY clung to a moss-mantled flower,
Just bedewed by the drops of a fresh summer shower,
But she sipped not the moisture that clustered around,
Nor tasted the nectar she there might have found.
The butterfly's life was as brief as 't was bright,
Like those flowers that are born and that die with the light;
And now she has come, without murmur or sigh,
To kiss the sweet rose-bud, and kissing to die;
For much was she wearied of all that she knew,
The flower and its fragrance, the leaf and its dew.

From the moment she sprung from her tomb into birth,
She had known all the treasures of air and of earth;
And sporting along on her glittering wings,
Had strayed 'mid the sweetest and brightest of things;
The honey and dew had been her's ere she sought,
And she 'd drank of the perfumes the Zephyr had brought.
At first all the beauties that burst on her sight
To her heart bore a wild and a thrilling delight;
And the odors that rose from the gardens and groves,
Where the nightingale sings and the humming-bird roves,
Were so deeply delicious her senses were drunk,
And her soul in the languor of luxury sunk.
But soon she was sated with rapture like this,
And she started again in her search after bliss;
For she 'd learned that Delight was the offspring of Change,
And that Joy ever flowed from the new and the strange.
'Twas in vain — still in vain; for the earth would not yield
A sweet not inhaled, nor a tint not revealed;
And drooping her wings on a fair summer day,
To the rose thus she sighed, as her life ebbed away:

FAIREST of flowers! my languid heart
From things of Earth, from thee must part;
I leave thy charms behind; I go
Where joys from change forever flow,
And where the sense is never cloyed
With sweets too constantly enjoyed!

I've wandered ever since my birth
Amid the richest scenes of earth,
And sought for pleasure many a day,
That would not sate nor pass away;
But never, never have I won
The peace my hopes were fixed upon!

I looked upon the tranquil sea
When all its waves slept beautifully,
And when the gentle zephyr sigh'd
His music on the purple tide,
I thought it lovely — know'st thou why?
Because the tempests' rage was nigh!

I saw the glorious Sun arise,
 And kiss with light the blushing skies;
 The wakening Earth received his beams
 With smiles upon her fields and streams;
 The scene was charming, for the night
 Had fled before the God of Light!

The foolish man that prates of wo
 My sad existence does not know;
 One ceaseless course of changeless bliss
 Is worse than varied wretchedness;
 And every transport of the heart
 Is dear because it must depart.

P A S S A G E S F R O M M Y N O T E - B O O K .

BY AN INVOLUNTARY RECLUSE.

MAY 16TH. — A beautiful day! The sky is blue; the earth is green; the trees are putting forth their first leaves, with here and there a blushing or snowy blossom; the air is balmy from the west; the birds are singing gaily during the intermissions in their labors of nest-building; all nature is busy, and beautiful, and happy. How am I? I was happy when I awoke, and for some time after; but as I was sitting on my bed-side, and quite near the window, the latter was opened, and I saw how brightly every thing looked out of doors, felt the soft wind on my cheek, and heard the cheery notes of the birds. They appealed to memory; they called up forgotten or dimly-recollected feelings and scenes; they raised the ghost of my former self, and made me long once more to be free; to roam over the earth, to sail over the waters, to climb the trees, swim in the rivers, gallop my horse over the plain, or plunge in the surf of the ocean-beach! I longed to partake again unrestrainedly of outward and animal life; and thought wistfully of the spiritual food which also might thus be gathered. Man was not made to live in a chamber, and subsist wholly on the bolted flour of intellectual aliment — books; he needs to labor and struggle for his soul's food in the broad field of the outward world, and swallow it GRAHAM-like, bran and all! 'Ah!' thought I, 'with what a different eye should I *now* look on the wonders of God's world! After years of confinement it would appear to me as a new creation. Even thus does it strike me now, as I catch but this partial and restricted glimpse of its glories. Oh! that I had better improved my opportunities when I *was* in the world! Give me back my youth! give me back my health! and I will render a better account of the future than I can of the past. ('Bold mortal!' whispered a mysterious voice.) Thus I thought; thus I longed; my equanimity was disturbed; my chamber looked gloomy and narrow; my old chamber! at the thought of leaving which I once wept. I became discontented; I felt unhappy. Seat me in my chair; shut down the window, and turn my back to it; truly, 'comparisons are odious.'

The ghost is laid, and I am myself again ; my present, not my former self ; I hear that same mysterious voice saying : ' It is not so bad, after all, to live in a chamber, and have the quintessence of all things brought in the shape of books, and laid on your table. Out in the world there is nothing to be found but 'sour grapes;' but it is only the *eau de vie* distilled from them that ever reaches you. Never desire that which cannot be obtained. Resign yourself to Providence, and be as happy as you can be.'

MAY 18TH. — Oh, the green and flowery meadows ! The groves, melodious with birds and redolent of perfume ; the dark pine woods, with their solemn and eternally-whispered hush ! how do I long once more to roam over them and through them ! It is impossible to do it bodily, and I will not repine thereat, but desire rather to be thankful that the *mind* is free ; that I am yet able to roam in the spirit. Memory, conjure up the beautiful Past ! Present reality, vanish ! Past reality, become present ! And oh, beloved Imagination ! take me by the arm and let us once again wander, and adore Nature and her God. Yet it is no *wandering*, devious though the path may seem ; for, rambling thus in the right spirit, we are on the straight road to Heaven. Now to the past !

It is the Sabbath of the LORD. We are far away from church or meeting-house, but this blue sky shall be our cathedral dome ; these sweet birds our choir ; this boat shall be our pew, and all nature our prayer-book and sermon. Step with me into this light skiff, thou who lovest Nature in her quietness. There is no breeze ; the waters of the stream are like a mirror ; and as we pass along, hardly dipping the paddle once in the space of a minute, look at the little minnows, scudding away as the shadow of the boat covers them, and then stopping to see what is the matter ! And see the long eel-grass and thatch, streaming away before the current, pointing earnestly toward the head of the stream, but advancing not one inch ! When the tide turns they will point just as eagerly the other way. They are like the courtiers of a despotic government, always subservient to the reigning tyrant ; or the demagogues of a republic, ever ready to do the will of the multitude. Hark ! 'tis the sound of Newington-bell, calling the farmers and their wives and children to worship. It has passed over a league of land and water before it reached our ears, mellowed by the distance into a soft and bewitching treble. Hark ! once more ; and now we have the bass, as miles away down the broad Piscataqua, the deep-toned bells of Portsmouth add their solemn voices to the anthem. Nothing harsh or dissonant reaches us ; we hear not the stroke of the hammer ; only the most spiritual portion of the sound strikes our ear. Trembling, wavering, swelling, sinking — it is like the voice of a celestial wind-harp swept by the breezes of Paradise ; and it breathes into the soul a spirit of rapt devotion akin to that which one might imagine a seraph to feel. This is perhaps 'sentimental religion,' but a little of it is good in this work-day world, and is certainly in accordance with this scene. Often thus have I felt myself carried from earth to heaven on those

sonorous undulations, the last wave of which is even now sweeping past us.

But to the head of the stream we are slowly tending, borne onward by the gentle flood-tide. On the left are green meadows, with here a patch of corn, and there a patch of potatoes, with a plentiful sprinkling also of apple-trees. On the right is a gentle ascent, covered to the top, here with grass, and there with grain. Of this, however, only transient glimpses are caught through the irregular rows of trees with which the stream is on this side lined; first willows, then maples, birches and beeches, and finally terminating in an extensive grove of lordly oaks. There is a strange kind of bird calling from one of those trees to its wandering, perhaps its murdered mate, for its note is rather mournful. I wish I were an ornithologist, that I might tell you its name; but it speaks to me as plainly as if I knew the Latin for its genus and species. There is a monstrous boulder of granite on the right hand. It stands as the advanced guard of the point which we are just passing. Now if I were a geologist, I might fancy that I could tell you whence it came, how it came, and why it is rounded instead of angular. But to relate the history of that boulder, requires a bolder man; I confess my ignorance; and, with an extra dip of the paddle, we pass on.

There is a clump of barberry-bushes on the left, at the top of the bank; the current carries us close to it, and small birds fly from it with a whirr, at our approach, forsaking their nests in fear. We will not harm them, indeed we could not without harming ourselves. The middle of a large barberry-bush is a safe place for a nest; those who otherwise would rob, being in salutary fear of scratched faces and hands, pass peaceably by a nest so ensconced. Here we are, opposite the oak grove. What a dark shadow it throws upon the water! What is this on our left? A pigeon-stand, built for murderous purposes; and there too is the booth of pine branches, erected to conceal the sportsman. The stand is covered with wild pigeons; they seem to know that no one will molest them on the Sabbath, for they fly not at our approach. Were it Monday, and had we a gun with us, they would be off in a twinkling. Here the creek divides, both branches becoming mere gutters; but that is a beautiful point which separates them. There too is a pigeon-stand, and farther on, a little to the left, is another. This is a famous neighborhood for pigeons. On a calm morning in the latter part of summer, twenty dozens are often shot in sight of this place before breakfast. I have seen many killed, but cannot boast of having shot many myself. To-day they are safe; short respite!

Let us land and saunter through these grand old pine woods on our left. Our boat touches the strand, we disembark, make her fast to a bush, and prepare to enter the solemn forest. This is the way; here is the path; take care that the boughs of the saplings, rebounding from my pressure, do not put out your eyes. Here we are at last, in one of the noblest of God's houses, with the pillars of Nature's church raising their tall shafts around us in every direction. Although there was not wind enough to ripple the waters of the stream which we have just left, yet the tree-tops are uttering ceaselessly their solemn, mournful, soothing murmurs. 'Tis as if angels were whispering in the boughs above

us. The wood-bird whistles mysteriously in the distance, and his mate answers yet more distantly. Let us lie on the soft moss, and, in Nature's grand cathedral, worship Nature's God! Oh, how great, how good, how beautiful, seems every thing around us! On this glorious day, earth, water and sky vie with each other in praising the ALMIGHTY. Oh, how infinitely good, great, and beautiful, must HE be who created all things!

These feelings are raised within us by observing the marvels of this small spot. Let us now glide in imagination over the whole earth; continents, oceans and islands; rivers, lakes, cataracts, volcanoes, valleys, mountains, burning deserts and frozen zones. Long before our flight is completed, our wonder and adoration are raised apparently to the loftiest pitch, and we feel how utterly insignificant we are, compared with the mighty sphere on which we move. Could we live twice ten thousand years, and be possessed, each of us of a Fortunatus's wishing-cap, we should not, at the end of our long lives, have done more than to commence our investigations. And this is earth! A mere speck compared with the millions of orbs which circle eternally through God's illimitable universe!

Let us, in the spirit, (which says, and it is done,) leave the earth, wing our way to the mighty sun, to the most distant planets, to the farthest comet of our system; then, sailing through the immeasurable space which separates them, let us visit the millions of other solar systems; let us penetrate to the grand centre; let us pass to the outmost confines of Creation. The grand centre! it moves around a yet grander! and that around a grander still, and so on to infinity. We may seek in vain for the ultimate centre—the source of all things. Equally in vain will be our search for the outmost confines of creation. Can any one discover the boundaries of Space? Can any one imagine a line, a partition-wall, beyond which space does not exist? No! do what we may, we can never get rid of the idea of space; wherever we imagine ourselves, *that* surrounds us. As with space, so is it with duration. We cannot conceive of a moment which had not a preceding, nor of one which will not have a following moment. Negatively, we comprehend the eternal and the infinite; but positively and by experience, never! Then how utterly beyond human comprehension, the AUTHOR of eternity and infinity! 'He is past finding out.'

Here we are, in mid space, thousands of billions of leagues distant from our own planet. The spirit is fatigued, the imagination is weak; the Finite cannot measure the Infinite. Let us return to our own solar system, which now in the mighty distance is but one shining speck amid many that dot the black space; the sun alone being visible, as a very small star. Could we speed toward home with only the rapidity of light, thousands of years would elapse ere we could reach our destination. But imagination is fleetier than light; and while the thought is passing through the mind, we are within the boundary of our own system. Let us slacken our speed a little; we feel quite at home, although millions of miles intervene between us and Earth. We descry our native planet in apparently close embrace with the moon; but they separate as we advance, like a maiden and her lover at the approach of strangers.

We are now enabled to see what a magnificent moon Earth is to her own satellite ; and we are taught thereby a lesson of modesty, and discover that the moon was no more made for Earth, than earth for the moon. We will not visit the satellite, for she has been so overrun lately by Mesmeric tourists and Shakers, not forgetting Locke, the lunar Munchausen, that we could not hope to gather a new fact, and should not like to publish a book on so thread-bare a subject.

Homeward, then ! We are near enough to Earth to see her continents, islands and oceans. Here is our own America ; our own New-England ; our own Piscataqua ; our own creek, our own pine woods ; and here also are our own bodies, which we left on the moss half an hour since. They are asleep ; how could it be otherwise, when the spirit was absent ? Often, while the body is taking its rest, does the soul thus wander through creation ; and on this account it is, that while travelling in strange regions which we never before visited in the body, a sudden flash of memory comes over us, and we say to ourselves : ' We have been here before, God only knows when or how ; ' and the next moment the impression passes away forever. Our bodies move uneasily ; they feel that their souls are near ; they sleep most soundly when we are farthest away from them. Let us enter.

Come, arouse ! — the tide is falling, the boat is grounding, and by the time we get home, dinner will be waiting. The body needs food as well as the mind, and it will take a longer time to paddle corporeally down the stream in our skiff, than it would for us to sail spiritually over the whole earth.

THAT is a pleasant reminiscence to me. Eventful years have passed since then ; but the scenes still lie brightly and greenly before my mental eye, and to no portion of Memory's varied landscape do I so often turn, and with such unfading pleasure. The dear tenants of the old farmhouse, my aged grand-parents, dust though their bodies are, still live in my heart ; and with the recollection of them mingles not one painful thought. I remember them as embodying my highest ideas of goodness, and love, and simplicity ; they departed in a good old age, when, on account of the infirmities which had crept upon them, it would have been sinful to wish them to live longer. One of the strongest desires of my heart is to meet the dear couple in the other world. If I could be the same simple boy that I once was, and live with them on the same old farm, drive the same old cows to pasture, drink the same milk, eat the same sweet bread and butter, and the same luscious baked-apples, and paddle in the same ' float ' on the same creek — I almost think I should hesitate to exchange *my* Heaven for any that I have ever heard of, or seen described.

J. K., JR.

Portsmouth, N. H., 1843.

E P I G R A M .

THE Doctor has a learned nose ;
If not a very learned head :
For, as his years advance, it grows
Week after week, more deeply red.

T H E G O L D E N A G E .

A PASSAGE FROM A SATIRICAL POEM BY CLAUDE MALORO.

THE Golden Age, beloved of men, I sing,
 That now to earth descends on aureate wing;
 That age, Arcadia, thou of old didst claim —
 The dreams of poets gave to thee the fame;
 But now, from wild imaginations free,
 A golden age mankind in truth may see.
 Not such as that false prophets would create,
 But dimly glimmering through the veil of fate;
 Millennium called, to shut out those who sin,
 And let a motley crowd of saints within;
 Nor yet partaking of the joys of Heaven —
 Eternity to true believers given;
 But earth-born, earth-enduring, and to end
 When Mammon shall to other planets wend.
 That age I sing; that now in gold bedight,
 The wingéd hours makes joyous in their flight;
 That warms the miser in his cob-web nest,
 That calms the crying infant at the breast,
 That worketh miracles by potent charms,
 That, peace ensuring, sets the world in arms;
 In fine, by opposites that brings about
 Harmonious discord, death by a new route!
 Think ye such virtues are a poet's dream,
 Nor all this tumult-loving world besem?
 If on your mind one lingering doubt should dwell,
 Attend my lay — I will that doubt dispel.
 For dark and drear, and clothed in many woes,
 The IRON age o'er France and Europe rose!
 Then giant Discord shook the tottering throne,
 And man th' OMNIPOTENT refused to own!*
 Nor helpless sex, nor infancy nor age,
 Nor sacred priesthood spared that phrenzied rage!
 The altar fell, and round its ruins stood
 Of harpies foul a fell and noisome brood;
 A strumpet bold, thin-veiled, before a crew
 Of demons stood, indecorous to view;
 And she was REASON called; before whose shrine
 The world beheld a hundred tapers shine:
 Then o'er lost France the reign of terror rolled;
 Then the loud bell for daily murders tolled!
 Then horror filled the guilty nation's heart,
 And blood-stained ROBESPIERRE felt th' envenomed dart.
 At length a warrior rose; the IRON age
 Proclaimed its triumph o'er the people's rage.
 Then the forge vibrated with noisy clang,
 The clinking hammers then war-breathing rang;
 The bristling bayonets in thousands stored,
 The cannon's mouth, for earth-born thunder bored,
 Presaged the loosing of the dogs of war,
 And nations viewed them shuddering from afar!
 Now with an earthquake shock the tempest broke,
 Old Europe quivered at the giant stroke,
 And France her thousands poured to scourge the world,
 Till war her warrior monarch downward hurled!
 But now the SCOURGE, the IRON age is o'er;
 The cannon's thunder echoes now no more!

* Was it not COLLOT d'HERNOIS who called upon God to avenge his name, if he DARE?

Now nations quarrel— but they never fight;
 New missiles have put Bravery to flight!
 For who the rocket's flight might now abide,
 Or red-hot balls, nor quiver in his hide!
 Or who the famed projectile e'er could brook,
 Nor turn to fly with horror-stricken look!
 In this behold the golden age revealed;
 War at a discount — peace by terror sealed!
Our cannon balls are ministers of state,
 Our pens not *muskets* rule the realms of fate;
 And 'high consideration' nations feel
 For hostile nations who their honor steal!
Now civil war evaporates in words;
 Men shoot their men as *Marseillaise* do birds;*
 And ministers extraordinary run
 To finish what with warlike threats begun!
 No bloodshed now doth civil discord stain;
 But peace can at the monster-meetings reign;
 The stump oration cools us while it warms,
 Bids us 'be heroes, but not take up arms';
 While, Mammon well with Patriotism blent,
 DANIEL harangues us, and we pay the rent!

A S T O R Y O F N E W - Y O R K .

BY MATTHEW C. FIELD.

CHAPTER FIRST.

'It is in the politic, as in the human, constitution; if the limbs grow too large for the body, their size, instead of improving, will diminish the vigor of the whole. The colonies should always bear an exact proportion to the mother country; when they grow populous, they grow powerful, and by becoming powerful they become independent also.'

GOLDSMITH.

Not long after the last war with England, an unpleasant occurrence took place one evening in the theatre in New-York. Charles Percy, a young American, with his betrothed bride, Cornelia Neville, and Stephen Percy, his elder brother, sat in one of the curtained boxes near the stage, being attracted by the name of a new star from England in SHAKSPEARE's lovely creation of 'Rosalind.' British officers were still lounging about the city, on their way either to or from Canada, or waiting to complete arrangements for departure by sea to England; and they haunted the public places with an ostentatious display of proud bearing, seeking in this unworthy way to wound the vanity of those they could not conquer in any nobler contention. The haughty and insolent spirit that had marked the conduct of these officers during all their intercourse with the Americans, was about this time betrayed more unreservedly than ever, and their bitter chagrin at the result of the war manifested itself in petty attempts at annoyance in every way they could devise of offering it to their successful opponents. They were disappointed at the termination of their residence abroad, vexed at the triumph of American

* See an amusing translation from 'Thrush Hunting' by ALEXANDRE DUMAS, in the February, 1844, number of Blackwood. Not original, by the way: I have in my possession a little book, a collection of tales from the French, published many years ago, that contains a story from which this is evidently plagiarized.

arms, enraged at the fallen glory of Britannia upon the high seas, and pestered with a gnawing and restless spleen, that rendered their actions every thing the opposite of amiable. The haughty bearing toward Americans, fostered during the war as much by despotic policy as domineering inclination, was a thing too deeply rooted to be suddenly metamorphosed into more gentle demeanor, even by so important a change in relative position as had then taken place between them and their late foes. In short, they were reckless and without curb; the younger officers, especially, giving full rein to their volatile humor, and often plunging headlong into actions that in wiser moments they themselves regretted.

Cornelia Neville had been long an enthusiastic admirer of SHAKESPEARE, though only now commencing her acquaintance with stage representations. Her favorite, the brilliant comedy of 'As You Like It;' so full of immortal sentiments, as well as elegant wit, graceful playfulness, and harmonious embodiment of character; was the play of the evening; and the delighted girl, with rapt enjoyment, laved and revelled among the musical ripples of Avon. Her dark eye bent its light, through a softening tear that she never sought to dash away, upon the wanderer Orlando, and his old friend Adam; while the next moment her ringing laugh gushed out at the drollery of Touchstone, or her eloquent exclamations were breathed in sympathetic comment upon the 'most humorous sadness' of Jaques. Just after a merry observation among themselves, which had thrown the party into unrestrained laughter, and in which Miss Neville joined with a frank *abandon*, caught from the generous atmosphere of her father's seat upon the Hudson, a young officer, in the livery of the king, leaned over from the next box, drew aside the drapery, and stared impudently at the lady. Miss Neville, without turning her eyes, was conscious of the rude action, and with that delicate tact which is an amiable refinement of the sex, gave no token of her knowledge. She knew well the fiery temper of the two brothers, and imagined she could prevent their observation of what, if seen by them, would inevitably produce some serious consequence. She drew their attention instantly to the stage, and laughed anew with heartier freedom than ever, rattling off jocose remarks upon costume, gesture, or whatever else caught her eye, with a vivacity as piquant as it was irresistible. The officer gazed into the box for many moments; at length letting the drapery fall, and retiring, as Miss Neville thought, without having been seen by the Percys. Poor girl! she never dreamed that Charles Percy was going through with as excellent a piece of acting as she had herself performed. It is true she succeeded in keeping the attention of Stephen riveted on the passing scene, and apparently the mind of Charles, also; but the quick eye of the lover had seen all, while no clouding of the sunshine upon his brow betrayed the burning indignation suddenly alive within his heart.

'Beautiful! beautiful!' said Charles Percy. 'O, how the transcendent eloquence of that passage, Cornelia, triumphs even over the tame and soulless manner of the actor! The dolt! He has been dropping gems from his tongue, and does not know it.'

'Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

'How touching and how true the thought! how glowing and natural the form of expression! how euphonious the lines!' continued Charles, after repeating them; 'and yet how inconceivably vapid and dull is the actor who stands before us, the mouth-piece of such music of the brain!'

'In just such tones you may hear a thread-and-needle merchant counting up his charges,' replied the laughing girl; 'tape, two-and-six-pence; sewing silk, one shilling; satin, five shillings; needles, two-pence; just six-and-eight-pence, Madam!'

Charles laughed again, seemingly in the lightest mood in the world, and quite innocent of the knowledge that any thing had taken place, till after trifling in a gay way a little longer, he suddenly seemed to discover something of interest to him in the open lobby opposite. At this moment boisterous merriment was heard in the box near them. A burning crimson flashed and passed rapidly over the face of Charles Percy.

'Stephen, is not that Henry Longworth, standing near that lobby-door to the right?' asked Charles of his brother.

'Um? which? O, I see. Yes, that's Harry,' replied Stephen.

'If Miss Neville will excuse me, I have a communication of some importance to make to him,' said Charles, with a calm smile upon his handsome face.

'Will you oblige us by going?' said Stephen Percy; 'I have a communication myself to make to this fair lady.'

'Pray go, Sir,' said the lady, with mocking entreaty.

'Go!' repeated Stephen; 'allow me to solicit you in the imperative mood to get out!' and rising from his seat, he pushed his brother out of the box. 'Go on, Mr. Jaques,' said he, *soto voce*, as he resumed his seat.

Charles Percy hurried around the lobby to his friend. 'Longworth, come with me!' exclaimed Charles, in an emphatic whisper, snatching the gentleman he addressed by the arm, and hurrying him toward the box where the rude strangers were.

A moment more, and the two young Americans stood in the box alluded to, in presence of five officers in British uniform, who remained seated, Charles Percy having calmly closed the door behind him.

'A piece of ungentlemanly rudeness has been committed in this box,' said Percy, in firm and impressive accents. 'The lady in the next box is one to whom I have the honor of standing in the relation of protector, and ——'

'Pon my soul, my dear fellow, I envy you!' said one of the officers.

'You cannot trifle with *me*, Sir!' returned Percy, quickly, but still calmly, though a dangerous light shot from his eye as he spoke.

'Can't say we know you, *Mister*!' drawled another of the officers.

'You *shall* know me, Sir!' replied Percy. 'Gentlemen,' continued he, 'for I hold you, as officers of the English army, entitled to be so considered, I ask to be informed who drew the curtains from that box, and impudently stared for some moments at a lady with whom he is unacquainted?'

At this, one of the officers who had not before spoken, rose to his feet, exhibiting in the action evident indications of excessive conviviality. 'Sir,' said he, 'you may do me the honor to address yourself to me.'

'Then, Sir, as my presence cannot be over agreeable here, and as your conduct has compelled me to leave pleasanter society, you may state as briefly as you please *exactly* what you meant by demeanor to which you must understand I take most positive exception.'

Another officer here rose, and seemed about to commence some violent outbreak, when he who had avowed himself as the offender, laid his hand sternly on his friend's shoulder, and declared in a thick voice that it was *his* affair. 'Sir,' said he to Percy, with all the absurd dignity of a tipsy man, 'you are, if I am not mistaken, a ——' He was very near saying *rebel*, but stammered an instant, and finished the interrogatory with — 'an American?'

'Long live the Union! and God bless my country!' said Charles Percy, with an enthusiasm of tone that he scorned to restrain.

'Well, Sir, I must allow that you yet bear very strong similitude to a gentleman. As you intimate that you are in a hurry, and as we can most unanimously grant you leave of absence, I suppose you desire my card?'

'That, or an unequivocal apology, Sir.'

'The first is most convenient, Mister American,' said the officer, handing his card, which Percy immediately took, putting his own in the Englishman's hand at the same moment. 'Good night!' said the British officer.

Percy and Longworth bowed and left the box.

CHAPTER SECOND.

¹ THERE is a manner of forgiving so divine, that you are ready to embrace the offender for having called it forth. LAVATER.

'THUS does the ever-changing course of things
Run a perpetual circle, ever turning;
And that same day that highest glory brings,
Brings us but to the point of back returning!' DANIEL'S CLEOPATRA.

'O, blood! Iago, blood!'

OTHELLO.

THE nuptials of Charles Percy and Cornelia Neville had been agreed upon with great joy, not only by the destined bride and groom, but by their two families, and their whole circle of connections and friends. The approaching union of the young couple seemed to present a broad and manifest contradiction of the old poet's assertion, that 'the course of true love never did run smooth;' for never did two hearts twine more fondly and firmly around each other, and never did the world seem more free from any semblance of obstacle to the happiness that true love sighed for. Alas! how blind are we to the stupendous changes the turning of an hour-glass may weave in the frail tissue of our destiny! Wonderful as the mechanism of the eye, delicate as the fabrication of beautiful spots upon the wing of a butterfly, is the microscopical

multitude of undreamed of events that move the hearts of men and the destinies of nations in the quick passing of a single moment !

The morning after the incident at the theatre, related in our first chapter, Charles Percy was called upon by Col. Stanford, a young officer in His Majesty's service, whose family rank at home and high reputation in the army went hand in hand to confer upon him honor. He was accompanied by two friends, two of those who were in the box with him the evening before, and he held in his hand the challenge sent to him that morning by young Percy. In the frank spirit of a brave soldier, and with the graceful ease of a gentleman, Col. Stanford addressed his challenger :

‘ Mr. Percy, two of the gentlemen who were with me in the theatre last evening, accompany me now. The other two could not conveniently attend me, or I would have rejoiced that you should see them here also, to hear me most sincerely declare my regret for the occurrence of last evening. I will not ask you to spare me the humiliating confession that imprudence had rendered me for a time forgetful of respect for myself and others, for a man's shame should be in committing an error and not in its acknowledgment. I behaved uncourtously, Sir, to the annoyance of a lady and yourself. Through you, permit me to solicit from that lady her gentle pardon, and let me entreat you, Sir, to accord me henceforth what I so idly forfeited in a foolish moment, the estimation of a gentleman.’

The sunlight of a noble soul rose and spread like the loveliest hue of morning over the classic brow of Charles Percy ; quick in forgiveness as in anger, he stepped forward, extending his hand to Stanford.

And did the cloud here vanish from the ethereal blue, which threatened to lower so darkly over the long holiday life that rosy Love seemed preparing for Charles and Cornelia ? Was such the lofty spirit actuating British officers' in revolutionary times ? Alas ! the cloud did but fade away thinly, to gather again with lightning in its breast of darkness, and hurl more fatally its bolt of wild destruction. One superior soul will more often cast glory upon others of meaner mould around, than those others will honorably emulate the excellence that lights them into notice. The story will show.

‘ A moment, Sir, before you give your hand,’ said Col. Stanford. ‘ It may matter little, but I feel a desire to be open as the day with you, and therefore am impelled to explain, that my brother officers do not sanction the course that, in opposition to their sentiments, I have adopted in this affair. Two of them, in fact, have refused to be present here at all, and the gentlemen with me attend reluctantly at my earnest request. You will believe, Sir, that nothing but an immoveable conviction of justice and propriety in what I do, could induce me to act so directly against the wishes of my companions in arms.’

‘ Col. Stanford,’ said Percy, ‘ I have no quarrel, and I seek none with your friends. Your brave and honorable conduct has made me rather a petitioner for regard than a seeker after redress, and I can rejoice more in taking your hand as a friend than your life as an offender. Furthermore, Sir, let me avow that in soliciting a deadly meeting with

you, I yielded only to the exaction of a custom which in heart and reason I can never acknowledge.'

The hand of the young American was seized by the English officer, and the pledge of friendship was exchanged with equal warmth ; soon after which the interview terminated ; Stanford departing with his two friends, who bowed stiffly to Percy as they left, without having uttered a syllable.

Six months had nearly rolled away, and the appointed bridal day of Percy and Miss Neville was approaching, when one day a letter, post-marked 'Montreal,' and directed to 'Charles Percy,' was put into his hands. It was from Stanford ; demanding, entreating, imploring, that the fatal meeting they once avoided *should* now take place ! Let those who can, imagine the wonder, horror, and consternation of Charles Percy ! Stanford wrote that he was preparing to follow his letter instantly to New-York. His life had been rendered wretched, he said ; he had been slighted, *cut*, contemptuously treated, by his brother officers : society shunned him like a thing of disease. A brand was upon him ; the finger of scorn pointed after him ; and the shallow foplings of the day stared through their eye-glasses at the cowardly officer who had disgraced the British uniform and basely *apologised* to an American ! a miserable Yankee rebel ! Even his family in England had in correspondence betrayed too plainly, what in pity those once kind ones endeavored awkwardly to conceal, their cruel and blood-freezing estrangement. Stanford wrote in phrenzy. Explanation or argument with his sneering persecutors was in vain, for they would either not listen to him, or hear him with a cold look and no reply. He confessed that he trembled for his sanity, yet half felt that loss of reason would be relief from present horror of mind. Growing wilder, he owned that all his miseries clamored now around one haunting idea ; he had lost friends, country, home, regard, affection ; he was despised, spurned, down-trodden ; a solitary wretch, who could not raise his eyes without meeting contempt from the proud and more degrading pity from the mean ; and the young New-Yorker, Charles Percy, was the cause !

Col. Stanford had left New-York the day after his noble reconciliation with Percy, and had remained in Canada the whole of this interim. Three days after his letter had been received, he arrived himself in New-York, and instantly despatched a cold and formal challenge to the man for whom his heart yearned, and whom society sentenced him to hunt into the grave as his bitterest enemy ! Percy received the hostile message, and went at once to see his challenger in person. He thought the calm influence of humanity and reason, and the teaching of a higher philosophy, might be brought to bear upon the excited mind of poor Stanford ; but his generous attempt was fruitless. Stanford would not see him. He wrote to the unhappy officer ; his letters came back unopened. Every conceivable method was tried by Percy to change the aspect of this extraordinary position into which Stanford had forced him, until finding every thing else fail, he at length flatly refused the challenge. It was soon clear that this would not avert the danger, for Stanford threatened desperate vengeance in some way if he was not met in the manner he desired, swearing that as life was only agony to him

without it, his life should be devoted to the achievement of this only object, and he would pursue Percy unceasingly until the opposition of their persons in fair conflict was granted.

So persecuted, Charles Percy at length, reluctantly and with a heavy heart, consented to yield the unhappy man his wish, and they met one morning, accompanied by their seconds, among the voiceless and then seldom trodden solitudes of Hoboken. It was the first time Percy had seen Stanford since their reconciliation. Heavens! what a change! His fine form had dwindled to a skeleton; his cheeks had fallen in, and his eyes glared wildly and with singular lustre from their deep sockets. With a sick sensation at the heart, Percy saw at a glance that such a man was no longer to be moved by words of expostulation. Once only, catching the stern and strange gaze of Stanford upon him, he advanced a step, making an imploring gesture, but the half-crazed British officer smiled as he turned away, and the sport of a triumphant devil was in his smile.

Beneath the serenity of early day, the usual preparations for human slaughter in an honorable way, according to the newest refinements of the fashion, went on, and Percy took his position mechanically, with his melancholy eye fixed upon Stanford, all in sorrow and pity, and with a suddenly-formed presentiment of evil sinking deeply and heavily in his heart. It would seem that he had never wholly given up the hope of some mild termination to the most unhappy affair, until he met Stanford on the ground, marked the terrible ravages of mental anguish, and saw the freezing character of his unnatural smile. He had still refused and delayed the meeting until the very day before that appointed for his marriage, when reflection in regard to Stanford came upon him more seriously than ever, and he flew from racking thoughts to the hasty resolution of accepting at once the challenge, that an end might be put in any way to so dreadful a dilemma, rather than carry with him the serpent of bitter anxiety into the paradise of Cornelia's arms.

The preliminaries being arranged, the seconds stepped aside, and the usual words were spoken. Percy never raised his weapon, but stood mutely, with that same sorrowful, and as it proved, prophetic gaze fixed upon the ghastly face of his transformed friend, until a dozen echoes answered the report of a pistol, and he fell with the ice-bolt of death in his heart, to be carried home on his bridal day a corpse!

Shall we paint here the shrieking Cornelia, in her summer wreaths and wedding robes? No. We will only pause to mention the terrible oath of Stephen Percy. He had heard that Stanford was driven to this unjust and desperate act chiefly by the violent urging of one man in Canada; an officer, who with relentless cruelty insisted upon the blood of young Percy. Stephen knelt by his brother's corpse, solemnly forgave the madman Stanford, and sternly swore if ever he met this other officer, to render him up a bleeding sacrifice upon the grave of Charles.

Poor Stanford! Percy died without a groan; but oh! how wild and desolate the fate left for his demented murderer!

Let us hurry over eighteen months, and learn the startling sequel of this story.

CONCLUSION.

'I SAY thou liest, and will maintain what thou saidst is false, in thy heart's blood.'

RICHARD THE SECOND.

'DEAD, for my life.

Even so; my tale is told.'

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

'PERCY, I'm sorry you're come,' exclaimed Lester Depeyster, a wealthy *bon vivant*, to Stephen Percy, as the latter entered one evening the principal apartment of a hotel in ancient Gotham. It was late in the evening, and Depeyster sat at the head of a dining-table, upon which now appeared only decanters and bottles of wine, glasses, and such accompaniments as are usually left with guests disposed for a long sitting after dinner. It had been a birth-day or some other festival, with Lester Depeyster, and the dinner had been of his giving. A number of his congenial friends had been invited, and Stephen Percy was among them. Other engagements had prevented the attendance of Percy in time for dinner, and he but sought the hotel in the evening to tender congratulations to his companion from boyhood, on the happiness of the occasion, and in a glass of generous wine, invoke a long continuance of friendship, prosperity and enjoyment. Some of the guests had already taken their departure, while some of those remaining began to give warm evidence of having done full honor to the hospitality of their host. Several young men were disputing loudly and earnestly at the lower end of the table, with one who was arguing and maintaining his point alone, with great spirit and determination. The hour of ceremony was past, and Percy, without engaging much attention, passed in with a general bow to the company to a seat beside Depeyster.

'You are sorry I'm come?' said Stephen, in a tone expressing at once astonishment and inquiry; 'did I misunderstand you?'

'No, no;' replied Depyster, 'that's what I said; I *am* very sorry you're come; but no matter; you're here now. Come, let me fill for you.'

'The wine will hardly taste well without an explanation of that,' said Percy, in a marked and deliberate manner.

'Not now, not now,' returned Depeyster; 'but come; it is perhaps no matter; *now* I cannot explain: any *other time* I will. Stephen Percy, here's 'Privateers and Merchantmen in the Battery-hollow!' When you and I can't drink that together, let us never more shake hands.'

An enthusiastic smile broke out instantly on the faces of the two friends, and their hands joined in a strong grasp as they tossed off the wine.

The circular 'hollow,' about three feet deep and some two hundred yards in circumference, then, and until some fifteen or twenty years since, occupying one section of the Battery, was a famous play-ground of the boys of New-York. Many a young heart ached, and many an old one sighed, when the wise worthies of Gotham, those potent, grave, reverend and turtle-fed gentlemen of the City Hall, sent a detachment of town-carts to haul brick-bats and building-rubbish, saw-dust and oyster-shells, mud monuments erected to oblivious street inspectors, and all

the other vile superfluities of the streets, and to 'dump' them into that beautiful green hollow. It was an agrarian measure, alike hateful to rich and poor among the juveniles. Nor was the risen generation much opposed to them in sentiment, for that same sporting-ground of the boys had been the courting promenade of their fathers and mothers, and every association of early mirth and dawning love made the spot sacred to affection, with young and old. The city legislators of that period may shake in their shoes even now, when they learn that there was a desperate conspiracy on foot, and bold-spirited delegates with 'shining morning faces,' actually went from school to school agitating a general insurrection of the boys, to duck the aldermen in the Collect for filling up the hollow in the Battery! Had there been such a facility as a fountain in the Park *then*, there would have been a christening of the Common Council to a certainty; and posterity would have been left in possession of one original reason for aldermen being so proverbially *hollow-headed*.

It was to this delightful play-ground which Depeyster alluded in his toast, calling to Percy's memory also a popular game in which they had often participated together, and perhaps not yet forgotten in New-York, known under the cognomination of 'Privateers and Merchantmen.'

An hour passed away rapidly and merrily, as hours generally do when two old friends get together under such circumstances; and the disputants at the other end of the table, who had been less noisy for a time, again grew heated; the one who was most prominent before, now speaking with open anger and violence.

'Who is that?' enquired Stephen Percy of Depeyster.

'He *was* an officer in the British army,' replied the host; 'a long time stationed in Canada, and just now arrived here on a visit to this city alone, having resigned his commission. He is a brave fellow, and generous-hearted too, but Quixotic and wild in sentiment. He has been at loggerheads with our young countryman there, ever since he sat down, and I fear it will end in a serious quarrel yet.'

'These words were hardly more than uttered, when the gentleman spoken of, raising his voice still higher, said to one seated opposite:

'Sir, you never was more mistaken in your life, for I tell you, *Commodore Rodgers is emphatically a coward.*'

Stephen Percy bent forward and darted a piercing glance at the speaker; then slowly emptied his glass, and while Depeyster was turning to converse with another, he touched a waiter on the shoulder and left the room. The waiter followed him.

'Take this card to that gentleman who is speaking loud, and say that I desire a single moment's conversation with him,' said Percy, and the waiter returned into the dining-room.

'Commodore Rodgers is my friend, Sir,' said Stephen Percy, as the person he sent for appeared; 'he is now absent at sea. Without ill-will, Sir, and addressing you as a gentleman, I must request you to return before the company and retract the assertion you have just made.'

'A very modest request, Sir,' said the stranger, with a provoking smile; 'and should I be so unreasonable as to refuse, perhaps you will challenge me?'

'You shall neither insult my friend, Sir, nor laugh at me. You have my card, Sir,' said Percy, sternly.

'Yes,' said the stranger, taking it from his pocket; 'your name is Percy, I see; Percy is a good name; and you seem to be of the Hotspur family too. You want to quarrel?'

'I want and *will have* justice done to a brave and honorable man, Sir, and am ready to lose my own life rather than suffer any slanderous tongue to take from him one particle of his glorious reputation. The assertion you made, Sir, was ——'

'There, that 'll do; it can all be very handsomely arranged without any useless expenditure of epithet, worthy Sir. Allow me to ask you, do you rise early?'

'If I do not, Sir, I can change a custom to suit occasion.'

'Then I think we can agree, and without making any noise about the matter: you just bring a friend and meet me somewhere quietly as soon after day-break as you please, to-morrow morning.'

'I'll accommodate you, Sir,' said Percy; 'and your humour jumps very well with my own. I'll have a boat ready, and we'll take a sail or a row to Governor's Island.'

'Sir, I honor you for the suggestion. I'm told a morning trip to that lovely spot is truly enchanting. Now, never mind exchanging cards, but let us go back, arm in arm, if you'll allow me; and we must take wine together, just for the sport of throwing these gaping young countryman of yours off the scent of what's in the wind.'

And in this manner the two engaged duellists returned to the dining-table, apparently upon the pleasantest terms that could spring from the natural contact of genial dispositions.

The next morning a light boat, with a single sail swelling roundly to a June breeze, swept out from the Battery-beach, over the sportive white-caps of the bay toward Governor's Island. Two men guided the little vessel, while four others, of more refined appearance, with their foreheads bared to the refreshing air from the ocean, sat in easy conversation, their minds irresistibly attuned to composure by the mellow beauty of such a morning before sunrise.

'A lovely, a very lovely bay!' said the young stranger, whose name yet remained untold, as it was unasked. 'Mr. Percy, I have looked with delight upon the bays of Naples and of Dublin; and were I an American, I would swear this of New-York is the most beautiful bay in the world. I will not deny, Sir, that it may be early associations, together with the other enchantments of country and home, (so seldom analyzed while we are so happy in them without examination,) which cause me to love the shores and waves of Dublin bay better than any other waves and shores in the world; for, Sir, I am an Irishman; but were I born here on your Indian island of Mannahatta, I would not change it for any other spot in Christendom.'

The volatile young Irishman, actually in defiance of the solemn business before him, broke into song, and the eloquent words of 'Erin go Bragh,' were given to the breeze that went sweeping by.

Stephen Percy, was a man of iron nerve and deadly skill with the pistol; and a strange sensation of weakness stole into his lion heart, as

he listened to this extraordinary exposition of sentiment and cool recklessness in the same breath. It was nothing akin to fear, which struck him, but rather a sadness, a regret for the act he was about to engage in, as he listened to his opponent's singing :

'BURIED and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin me couraoun, Erin go bragh!'

They were soon on the island, and a few moments sufficed them for preliminaries. The word was given ; they fired ; and the ball of Stephen Percy dashed through the forehead of his adversary, who fell dead without a groan.

All had been so secret, so little was to be gained, so much difficulty to be feared from exposure, that the seconds agreed to convey the body to the city and have it interred privately ; which was done, and the unhappy fate of that ill-directed young enthusiast was probably never known to his friends.

Not long after, Percy happening in company with his friend Lester Depeyster, said thoughtfully, 'Lester, why did you say that evening I took wine with you and your friends, that you were *'sorry I had come?'* You promised to explain.'

'I will, I will ;' replied Depeyster. 'You remember that fiery young fellow from Canada, who was so noisy at the table ? A strange character ; very impetuous and violent ? By the way, I have not seen him since, and nobody knows what has become of him.'

'I remember,' said Percy.

'Well, the moment before you entered the room, he had been boasting that it was himself who had awakened excitement against that Col. Stanford in Canada, and *his* threats, sneers, and arguments had driven that officer at length back to New-York to shoot your brother Charles.'

'Heaven and earth ! how strange !' mentally ejaculated Stephen Percy.

It remains only to be added, that the unfortunate Stanford, having returned to Canada with reason shattered forever, and being transferred by his relatives to a lunatic asylum in England, he there died about the same time that the young Irishman was shot on Governor's Island.

There was a kind old maiden lady buried a very short time since in a New-York church-yard ; and there now reposes the dust of one named in this story as Cornelia Neville.

CHEAP PURCHASES.

My thrifty spouse, her taste to please,
With rival dames at auctions vies ;
She dotes on every thing she sees,
And every thing she dotes on buys.

I with her taste am quite enchanted :
Such costly wares, so wisely sought !
Bought, because they may be wanted—
Wanted, because they may be bought.

S T A N Z A S : T H E S O U L .

THE Soul alone is beautiful :
 It speaks a language new,
 It moves in prayer till hearts are full,
 And eyes in thought are dew.

It breathes a love from Spirit-land,
 It fans us with its wing
 When faint with grief Earth's struggling band
 Toil amid suffering.

It casts a light of prophet-fire
 Upon the minstrel's page,
 While visions rapt to Fame's desire
 Illume a future age!

The soul alone is beautiful,
 As Beauty fast decays ;
 Though Art awhile her charms may cull,
 They perish with our gaze.

When Nature's glories pass away,
 Her latest sunbeams fled,
 The soul will see eternal day,
 And smile upon the dead.

New-York, May 24, 1844.

WM. JAS. COLGAN.

T H E M O N A S T I C L I F E .

BY HANS VON SPIEGEL.

SEVERE morality has in all ages of the world been held a virtue. The Hebrew law and the wisdom of Heathen philosophy, alike pointed to it as excellent. Let that false philosophy which croaks over humanity, and like the raven, scents only corruption, while nature in ten thousand beautiful forms is smiling around, raise its dismal cry never so loudly, the truth remains unaltered ; and the history of the race shows clearly a bias on the side of goodness. It is true, nevertheless, that the human intellect will place too much importance on things of comparatively trifling value ; will adopt false criterions of judgment ; but this is an error of the head, not of the heart. It would be very difficult, if not impossible, to find a solitary instance where vice, as such, has been applauded by the popular voice, whether it is sought among the records of ancient or modern history ; far back in the twilight of universal heathenism, or in the illumination of Christian and Mosaic views. On the contrary we find virtue exalted and honored, and those names which have been enshrined in the hearts of nations are so because illustrious for something which their country has deemed virtuous. What demagogue ever rose to popular esteem by any other means than pretensions to virtue ? Or

what good man was ever doomed to exile or death by the popular will, except for some imputed crime? The Athenians loved Socrates until the tongue of the defamer had shaken their belief in his uprightness, and Cæsar fell only because he was deemed an enemy of virtue in the state. Even the lowest rabble of our own country must be worked upon through the love of right, before they will cast their votes for the candidate of their favor.

Whatever may be our speculative views, we instinctively pay deference to the desire of doing right; even if he who possesses it goes widely astray from what we deem the correct path; and he has our sympathy even in his error. But this is only when we have opportunity to judge of intention, aside from outward action. Where we have no such ingress to the heart, we judge of a man simply by his deeds; marking him down as good or bad as his actions have in them a preponderance of good or evil. The majority of mankind, whether civilized or barbarous, are incapable of looking beneath the surface of things, and judge of course only by the outside. Impelled by the constitution of their natures to respect and love goodness, they love and respect whatever seems to evince it. It is this universal trait in the human character which in all ages and countries has been taken advantage of by discerning men, to gain for themselves stations of influence and power, that lies at the foundation of all religious orders, from the remotest periods to the present day. Indeed it lies at the foundation of all systems of government, both religious and secular, and gives permanence to all the institutions of the world.

As far back as history reaches, a distinct class of men appear in all nations, to whom were ascribed peculiar goodness or sanctity, who were looked upon by the populace as superior to themselves; and in the view which we take of the constitution of human nature, it is easy to account for the vast influence which apparent lives of austerity and self-denial have had upon the popular mind. Knowing by experience how hard it is to control the animal passions, the multitude look with admiration on the man who has this self-control; and when to this feeling we super-add a belief in spiritual beings who govern the universe, rewarding the good and punishing the vicious, we arrive by no circuitous process at the true reason why all nations have regarded morality with such veneration.

Among the Hindoos we find an order of men called Fakirs, who, practising all kinds of self-denial, are especially revered by their countrymen. The Essenes among the Jews had the same honor; and the 'Medicine Men' of our own native tribes are esteemed above the most renowned warriors. These last, however, can hardly be classed with the former two, as they partake more of the priest than the mere ascetic. Side by side with these we place the MONK OF EUROPE; and refer the origin of his distinctive order to the same admiration for austere morality, which we consider so universal. It was not until the Latin church had become corrupted by the constant accretion of Pagan superstition, that the active and social principles of the true faith were so far forgotten as to allow the principles of seclusion from the world to be inculcated as a means of procuring the favor of Deity. Nor was it until a lust

for power had polluted the Christian altar, that ecclesiastics began to impose austerities upon themselves in order to excite the wonder and veneration of the common people; the very doctrine which the Founder of their religion so unsparingly rebuked. Yet we cannot be too careful in imputing wrong motives even to those who appear the most ambitious. We cannot know at this age how much of sincerity there might have been in thus departing so widely from the right way. That they did err, we know; but that they did so wittingly, we may not too readily assert. Here in this Protestant land, where the very name of Papal Rome is abhorrent; where in the nursery and in the house of prayer we hear only anathemas against the Catholic church, and not one word of charitable excuse; it is very hard to divest ourselves of prejudice, and calmly and considerately view the causes which very probably led to the accumulation of so much error. It is however, with the establishment of the monkish orders that we are engaged at present, and not with Catholicism in general.

The persecution which the early Christians suffered was undoubtedly one cause which originated the idea of seclusion from the world. Driven out from the cities, and forced to live in wild solitudes and caves, the early converts became attached to this mode of life; and when in later times persecutions had ceased, and their religion became that of the Roman empire, it is not wonderful that many should have withdrawn themselves into desolate places to worship, as did their ancestors. Indeed many supposed that the Deity made new revelations to them here, to reward them for the privations which they voluntarily suffered; and thus we perceive another reason why this mode of life was chosen. In the East, and more especially in Egypt, this mode of life was so prevalent, that at the close of the fourth century in that country, it is said that there were more than seventy thousand monks. St. Ambrose appears to be the first who established the monks as a distinct order in Italy; but soon after, their numbers increased to an almost incredible extent. The funeral of St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, who first introduced the order into France, was attended by no less than two thousand of this singular brotherhood, who here took the name of Friars, from the French word *frere*, a brother. This term however designated those who lived in large societies, and did not include the *Eremites*, or hermits, who lived in complete solitude. But these latter were comparatively few. These also bore the name of *Anchorites*. This mode of life was not confined wholly to the men; women became ambitious of the distinction which every where was conceded to so holy and religious a life.

About the time of St. Jerome, nunneries were established at Rome, although it was customary for a long time after for the women to remain in their own houses, and even to make visits to their neighbors; having on, as they passed through the streets, a long veil, which hid them from public gaze. They were forbidden to marry, and the penalty of seducing them was death. Thus was revived, under a different name, the order of the *Vestal Virgins*; who in the same city for so many centuries had performed the sacred rites in the temples of the heathen deities. The first nunnery known in France was founded by Queen Radigonda, in the year A. D. 567; and her intention was confirmed soon after by

an ecclesiastical council held at Tours. The common people at Rome however considered it disreputable for women thus to seclude themselves; probably because before the introduction of Christianity marriage had been held in great esteem; and even at times commanded by imperial edict; except in the case of the order just alluded to.

The monks were also forbidden to marry, and Syricius, Bishop of Rome, ordained that if any monk or nun should marry after they had taken the monastic vow, that they should be banished from their monastery and confined in a solitary cell; there to remain and expiate their sin, that they might before death become worthy to partake of the sacrament, which alone would ensure them happiness in the after life. It may appear very singular to us that such superstition was so general; yet we must reflect that ignorance prevailed to a lamentable extent even among the dignitaries of the Church, who had gained their stations more by their address and apparent sanctity than by any superior intelligence or learning. The Church at that early date had already become an engine of power, with the garb of religion thrown over it to hide it from the scrutiny of the uninitiated; yet then, and during its darkest corruptions, a large majority of those who managed its affairs appear to have been actuated by the desire of doing good; and really thought, in their ignorance, that they were pursuing the best methods of attaining their end. Doubtless there were many who on the contrary knew what they were doing; but these, having more sagacity, directed the rest; as is the case in every government or institution, whether religious or magisterial. We must not too hastily condemn the many for the vices of the few: and even with the latter, let us palliate, so far as is practicable, even the vices for which we condemn them. Ambition misleads the loftiest intellects and the purest hearts. We should not judge too harshly even of the worst of men.

At first the monks were so wholly secluded from the world that they obtained the name of *Regulars*; since then their mode of life gave them better opportunity to perform all the numerous ceremonies of the Church; such as frequent fasting and prayer, and penances, which those engaged in worldly affairs could not so readily find time to perform. This gave them great influence with the people, who esteemed them superior to the priests, or secular clergy; and whenever a monk appeared in the villages, he was surrounded with the sick and the lame for blessings, and was furnished in abundance with every thing necessary for his subsistence. Some of the monasteries, even at a very early day, became immensely rich by the contributions of the villagers, who esteemed it a great privilege to part with their substance for the support of these holy men. To correctly estimate the great burden which these institutions were on the community, we must reflect that there was hardly a mountain or hill, in all the south of Europe, which had not one of those religious houses. And beside these, there were thousands of mendicant friars who journeyed about, selling sacred relics, and were connected with no particular society: still there were many belonging to the monasteries who pursued the same calling, and constantly enriched their respective houses.

During the first centuries of the monastic institutions, the monks

were subject to the bishops, and could not elect their own officers without their consent ; but in process of time, as their numbers and influence increased, the Popes granted them exemption from Episcopal authority, in all matters pertaining to their own private government. Near the close of the sixth century they first obtained permission to have priests of their own order, it being very inconvenient for the secular clergy always to be in attendance at the monasteries to perform religious service. In A. D. 606, Boniface IV., placed them upon an equality with the other clergy, independent however of the bishops, and gave them the same power with the seculars to hear confessions, preach, and grant absolution. Nor is it at all surprising that they obtained these privileges. Their habits of seclusion, and exemption from labor and care concerning their subsistence, gave them leisure to cultivate the sciences ; so that as a body they soon outstripped the secular clergy in learning and intelligence. At first they studied only Theology ; but they afterward, from necessity and a charitable spirit, became proficient in medicine. When their power and ambition enlarged, they found it for their interest to make themselves acquainted with the canonical and civil law ; till at last all the learning was found in the monasteries. Large libraries were accumulated, where were stored the literature of Greece and ancient Rome : and but for the monks, perhaps the present day would be entirely ignorant of the whole of ancient literature. It is to their labors in copying and preserving old manuscripts, that we are indebted for the Holy Scriptures. When the Goths invaded Italy and burnt the imperial city, the monasteries, scattered over the country, escaped the general destruction, and were happily the safe repositories of much that we now so highly prize.

In A. D. 529, Benedict of Nursia established the order of monks who bore his name, and in the ninth century all the monastic societies of Europe were included under the general title of *Benedictines*. So sensible was Benedict of the mischief resulting from idleness, that it was one of his rules that seven hours in each day should be devoted to labor : but the introduction of *lay brethren* into the monasteries, on whom the whole burden of manual labor was imposed, finally relaxed his politic discipline, and opened the way for the abuses which after the Reformation overthrew the monastic institutions. The independence of Episcopal authority was no doubt another reason of the relaxation of discipline among the monasteries ; and the invasion of the Normans, whose thirst for plunder was gratified in seizing upon the treasures of the monasteries, was perhaps another and great one ; as the monks were dispersed, and the observance of many of their rules rendered impossible.

During the seventh and eighth centuries the monkish life was in such high esteem that we find many of the nobility of Europe, and some kings even, who sacrificed their honors and retired to this secluded state for the remainder of their lives. It is probable that from a feeling of the same kind the German Emperor Charles X., abandoned his throne and retired into Spain, leaving the whole of his vast dominions to his son Ferdinand. Many who did not adopt this mode of life caused themselves to be attired in the monkish habit when about to die,

that they might receive prayers as members of that order. Indeed, so late as the fifteenth century, many were buried for the same reason in the Dominican or Franciscan garb, and caused a clause to that effect to be included in their wills. The endowments of the monasteries were oftentimes equal, and even superior to the churches; for the monks, taking advantage of the ignorance of the secular clergy, monopolized all the places of trust and power, and found it easy to divert to their own use much of the wealth which was poured into the lap of the Church. It is not to be supposed, however, that the clergy submitted to all this without a struggle: but as the Popes alone had jurisdiction in the matter, and usually chose their advisers from the ranks of the monks, on account of their superior intelligence, the clergy were obliged to submit. Until the time of the first Henry of England all the archbishops of Canterbury had been monks: but the English bishops took an open stand against them in this reign, and refused to submit to the primacy of any of this order. This opposition to monkish rule was not confined to England, but in the fourteenth century was general throughout the north of Europe among the bishops and inferior clergy and in the universities.

To remedy the abuses of which the clergy complained, Pope Innocent III., in the thirteenth century, instituted the order of the *Mendicants*, who were forbidden to hold property. This was the origin of the Franciscans, who with the Dominicans, a branch of the same order, soon undermined the influence of the other orders, by their superior morality, and for three centuries, may be said to have governed Europe, both in Church and State. So great was their influence with the common people, that to them was entrusted the whole care of confessions and absolution. In addition to the great influence which the austerity of their lives produced, they pretended to have familiar intercourse with the Virgin Mary and other sanctified spirits, and even with the Deity. St. Francis even inflicted five wounds upon himself, which he declared CHRIST, appearing to him in a lonely place, had given him, that he might resemble him in the wounds received upon the cross. The truth of this his followers every where asserted; and the belief in it was enjoined by Papal Bulls, in which St. Francis was hinted to be on a level with our REDEEMER. A like imposition was practised, at a later day, by the Carmelites, who declared that the Holy Virgin, in a vision, promised the head of their order that whoever had on their cloak when dying would be safe from eternal perdition; and this too was confirmed by the Papal See.

To the Dominicans was committed the entire direction of the Inquisition; the most terrific and formidable engine of power which the world ever saw. The regulation of indulgences fell into the hands of the Franciscans, and thus the *mendicants*, from being a poor and unambitious order, became as powerful and corrupt as the other orders which they had supplanted. Becoming jealous of each other, they commenced a quarrel, which germinated the Lutheran and English Reformations. The Fraticelli, a branch of the Franciscans, opened the way still farther by their rebellion to Papal authority. This order, countenanced and supported by Lewis of Bavaria, even went so far as

to preach openly against the corruptions of the Church and declare the ruling Pope deposed, and excommunicated ; setting up another in his place. To this order the celebrated Huss belonged, who, on the suppression of his brotherhood, was burned in the thirteenth century.

Immediately after the Reformation a new order was established, all the members of which, it is said, took an oath to obey implicitly every command of the Pope. This was the 'Order of Jesus,' founded by Ignatius Loyala, who appears to have been a sagacious and discerning man. Not only was this order sworn to comply with every wish of the pontiffs, but its members were bound by an oath of secrecy : to induce which, more fully, there were different grades among the members, and the more important business was only known and confided to the older and well-tried. This fraternity became so formidable to the European governments that they were banished from most states and finally suppressed entirely by a papal edict.

The Jesuits were far the most intelligent men of their time, and were so remarkable for learning and sagacity that their advice and assistance were demanded in all the courts of Europe. Not being so completely at the beck of the Popes, Protestant States became fearful of their power. But it does not appear that they were really so unprincipled as we often hear them represented. They were always the most indefatigable and self-denying missionaries ; and from what we can learn with certainty from those whose testimony is conclusive, the natives of those countries which they visited, we must infer that, as a body, they were kind-hearted, self-sacrificing Christians ; and while we reprehend their error in binding themselves to the will of any temporal power, we can at the same time render them admiration for their virtues.

'*The Brethren and Clerks of Common Life*' was the name of an order that flourished in the fifteenth century ; noted for the excellent schools which were established under its auspices. The celebrated Erasmus was a student of one of these schools, and was a member of the order. During the Crusades there sprang up the orders of the *Military Monks*, who differed from the other orders who existed in settled societies only in being conformed to military discipline. In the rapid marches of the Christian armies through the warm countries of the East, many of the wounded and sick were of necessity left behind, in the care of the monks, who attended these expeditions in great numbers. To ensure the safety of the disabled, who otherwise would have been exposed to the attacks and cruelty of the exasperated Mussulman, large and strong fortresses were erected, which bore the name of hospitals ; and as few soldiers could be spared to guard them, the monks were compelled to act not only as physicians and religious advisers, which was their legitimate profession, but as soldiers also, in case of an attack. In process of time these armed monks took the name of 'Knights Hospitallers,' and became afterward famous for their warlike achievements as defenders not only of the Holy Land, but of all Christian powers against the Mahommedans. Princes who died in the Crusades often made them their heirs ; and in this way they became the possessors of immense estates and treasures in the European countries. The Troubadours

found in their romantic lives an exhaustless theme for poetry, and sang their deeds in all the courts of Christendom.

The Knights of St. John, who settled at last at Malta in the Mediterranean, after they were driven from Palestine, were founded about the year A. D. 1090. The Templars, who took their title from their first Hospital, which stood near the temple in Jerusalem, were established during the latter crusade, about the year A. D. 1120. This order became so rich and powerful that it was at last abolished by a Papal edict in 1312, and its estates, on the pretext of irreligion and licentiousness, confiscated to the Church. These two orders were the most famous; although there were many others of less note. The title of Commanders was given to those monks who took the charge of the estates of the Knight's Hospitallers in the European States. These were permitted to marry, as they only performed the secular duties incumbent on their office.

As the principles of Christianity have gradually become more generally and better understood, the spirit of monastic seclusion has died away, in a great measure, although it is not yet entirely extinguished. The majority of Christendom now regard works of active benevolence as more worthy of admiration than rigid self-mortifying austerity; and forgives, perhaps too readily, departures from the way of severe and uncompromising morality, if the general tenor of a man's life shows a tendency to right. Reforms however, are continually being projected: gratifying alike to the Christian and the merely speculative philosopher.

In concluding this hasty and imperfect sketch of the monastic life, let us remark, that although monastic institutions have done much mischief, yet on the whole, there can be no reasonable doubt that they have subserved so greatly the interests of literature, science and religion, as to be regarded by an impartial mind as one of the greatest blessings of the world. The monk of Europe should be viewed as a man exposed to the temptations which so frequently overcome men in other stations; and while we regret his frailties, let us not, by a culpable omission, neglect to honor his manifold and counterbalancing virtues. Amid the ignorance of his age, learned; in its immorality, virtuous; among those who bowed in submission to power, fearless and independent; the monk of Europe stands out superior to his times.

R. H. B.

WHICH WILL SHE MARRY?

I.

To EMMMA's shrine two suitors run,
And woo the fair at once:
A needy fortune-hunter one,
And one a wealthy dunce.

II.

How, thus twin-courted, she'll behave,
Depends upon this rule:
If she's a fool, she'll wed the knave,
And if a knave, the fool.

J. SMITH.

N A P O L E O N .

In its unfettered might,
 I've seen the torrent with bright floods of spray
 Break o'er the frowning rock, the mountain height;
 Bearing destruction on its tireless way;
 And then with broader sway
 O'er-sweep the vale and hasten to the sea,
 Defying earth and man — exulting, wild and free.

And such was thy career,
 Thou of the dauntless soul and eagle eye;
 Intrepid spirit! heart that knew no fear,
 Whose daring visions soared so wild and high,
 That in their mastery
 The dreams of others fled like stars that wane;
 Mankind thy subjects, and the earth thy battle-plain.

Thy bannered legions trod
 Where the dark Alps their fearful shadows cast:
 Where'er they swept they left a blood-stained sod;
 The waving pine trees echoed as they passed,
 Thy trumpet's stirring blast;
 And startled man could no more check thy race
 Than stay the comet's way through yonder realms of space.

Gaul's fair and sunny skies
 Rang with the fierceness of thy battle-cry;
 Where loveliness in desolation lies,
 And matchless Art and Glory yet withstand
 Rude Time's unsparing hand;
 There princes shook before thy darker frown,
 When glittered on thy brow the Cæsar's sacred crown.

And in that burning land
 Whose air is laden with the palm-tree's breath,
 Flashed the rich armor of thy fearless band:
 Proud nations bowed before thy laurel wreath
 Like flowers at touch of death;
 And earth grew pale with shrieks of bitter wo,
 From Gallia's fragrant vales to Russia's fields of snow.

O'er Egypt's desert strand
 Triumphant swept thy conquering armies by,
 Where monuments sublime of centuries stand:
 Ambition led thee on with flashing eye
 And aspirations high,
 As erst the fire by night and cloud by day
 Led Israel's pilgrim sons along their trackless way.

But man at length awoke.
 From the strange influence of thy palsyng arm;
 The glittering chain of might and triumph broke;
 Tore from thy dreaded name the magic charm,
 That carried swift alarm
 To every heart, and Freedom dared to smile,
 When thou, her tyrant, trod in chains a sea-girt isle.

As toward the fiery sun
 The mountain eagle soars with straining eye
 And tireless wing, yet ere the goal is won,
 Pierced by the hunter's shaft falls back to die,
 Far from his realm on high;
 So didst thou fall from thy majestic height,
 And like a meteor pass, far from the dazzled sight.

A P A S S A G E

FROM A LEGEND OF THE SUBJUGATION OF SPAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

WHILE the events narrated in the last number were passing in Cordova, Taric el Tuerto, having subdued the city and vega of Granada, and the Mountains of the Sun and Air, directed his march into the interior of the kingdom to attack the ancient city of Toledo, the capital of the Gothic kings. So great was the terror caused by the rapid conquests of the invaders, that, at the very rumor of their approach, many of the inhabitants, though thus in the very citadel of the kingdom, abandoned it and fled to the mountains with their families. Enough remained, however, to have made a formidable defence; and, as the city was seated on a lofty rock, surrounded by massive walls and towers, and almost girdled by the Tagus, it threatened a long resistance. The Arab warriors pitched their tents in the vega, on the borders of the river, and prepared for a tedious siege.

One evening, as Taric was seated in his tent meditating on the mode in which he should assail this rock-built city, certain of the patrols of the camp brought a stranger before him. 'As we were going our rounds,' said they, 'we beheld this man lowered down with cords from a tower, and he delivered himself into our hands, praying to be conducted to thy presence, that he might reveal to thee certain things important for thee to know.'

Taric fixed his eyes upon the stranger: he was a Jewish rabbi, with a long beard which spread upon his gabardine, and descended even to his girdle. 'What hast thou to reveal?' said he to the Israelite. 'What I have to reveal,' replied the other, 'is for thee alone to hear: command then, I entreat thee, that these men withdraw.' When they were alone he addressed Taric in Arabic: 'Know, O leader of the host of Islam,' said he, 'that I am sent to thee on the part of the children of Israel resident in Toledo. We have been oppressed and insulted by the Christians in the time of their prosperity, and now that they are threatened with siege, they have taken from us all our provisions and our money; they have compelled us to work like slaves, repairing their walls; and they oblige us to bear arms and guard a part of the towers. We abhor their yoke, and are ready, if thou wilt receive us as subjects, and permit us the free enjoyment of our religion and our property, to deliver the towers we guard into thy hands, and to give thee safe entrance into the city.'

The Arab chief was overjoyed at this proposition, and he rendered much honor to the rabbi, and gave orders to clothe him in a costly robe, and to perfume his beard with essences of a pleasant odour, so that he was the most sweet smelling of his tribe; and he said, 'Make thy words

good, and put me in possession of the city, and I will do all and more than thou hast required, and will bestow countless wealth upon thee and thy brethren.'

Then a plan was devised between them by which the city was to be betrayed and given up. 'But how shall I be secured,' said he, 'that all thy tribe will fulfil what thou hast engaged, and that this is not a stratagem to get me and my people into your power?'

'This shall be thy assurance,' replied the rabbi: 'ten of the principal Israelites will come to this tent and remain as hostages.'

'It is enough,' said Taric; and he made oath to accomplish all that he had promised; and the Jewish hostages came and delivered themselves into his hands.

On a dark night, a chosen band of Moslem warriors approached the part of the walls guarded by the Jews, and were secretly admitted into a postern gate and concealed within a tower. Three thousand Arabs were at the same time placed in ambush among rocks and thickets, in a place on the opposite side of the river, commanding a view of the city. On the following morning Taric ravaged the gardens of the valley, and set fire to the farm-houses, and then, breaking up his camp, marched off as if abandoning the siege.

The people of Toledo gazed with astonishment from their walls at the retiring squadrons of the enemy, and scarcely could credit their unexpected deliverance; before night, there was not a turban nor a hostile lance to be seen in the vega. They attributed it all to the special intervention of their patron saint, Leocadia; and the following day being Palm Sunday, they sallied forth in procession, man, woman, and child, to the church of that blessed saint, which is situated without the walls, that they might return thanks for her marvellous protection.

When all Toledo had thus poured itself forth, and was marching with cross and relic and solemn chant toward the chapel, the Arabs who had been concealed in the tower, rushed forth and barred the gates of the city. While some guarded the gates, others dispersed themselves about the streets, slaying all who made resistance; and others kindled a fire and made a column of smoke on the top of the citadel. At sight of this signal the Arabs, in ambush beyond the river, rose with a great shout, and attacked the multitude who were thronging to the church of St. Leocadia. There was a great massacre, although the people were without arms, and made no resistance; and it is said, in ancient chronicles, that it was the apostate Bishop Oppas who guided the Moslems to their prey, and incited them to this slaughter. The pious reader, says Fray Antonio Agapida, will be slow to believe such turpitude; but there is nothing more venomous than the rancor of an apostate priest; for the best things in this world, when corrupted, become the worst and most baneful.

Many of the Christians had taken refuge within the church, and had barred the doors; but Oppas commanded that fire should be set to the portals, threatening to put every one within to the sword. Happily the veteran Taric arrived just in time to stay the fury of this reverend renegade. He ordered the trumpets to call off the troops from the carnage, and extended grace to all the surviving inhabitants. They were per-

mitted to remain in quiet possession of their homes and effects, paying only a moderate tribute ; and they were allowed to exercise the rites of their religion in the existing churches, to the number of seven, but were prohibited from erecting any others. Those who preferred to leave the city were suffered to depart in safety, but not to take with them any of their wealth.

Immense spoil was found by Taric in the alcazar, or royal castle, situated on a rocky eminence, in the highest part of the city. Among the regalia treasured up in a secret chamber, were twenty-five regal crowns of fine gold, garnished with jacinths, amethysts, diamonds, and other precious stones. These were the crowns of the different Gothic kings who had reigned in Spain ; it having been the usage, on the death of each king, to deposit his crown in this treasury, inscribing on it his name and age.

When Taric was thus in possession of the city, the Jews came to him in procession, with songs and dances, and the sound of timbrel and psaltry, hailing him as their lord, and reminding him of his promises.

The son of Ishmael kept his word with the children of Israel : they were protected in the possession of all their wealth, and the exercise of their religion ; and were, moreover, rewarded with jewels of gold, and jewels of silver, and much monies.

A subsequent expedition was led by Taric against Guadalaxara, which surrendered without resistance : he moreover captured the city of Medina Celi, where he found an inestimable table which had formed a part of the spoil taken at Rome by Alaric, at the time that the sacred city was conquered by the Goths. It was composed of one single and entire emerald, and possessed talismanic powers ; for tradition affirms that it was the work of genii, and had been wrought by them for King Solomon the Wise, the son of David. This marvellous relic was carefully preserved by Taric, as the most precious of all his spoils, being intended by him as a present to the caliph ; and in commemoration of it, the city was called by the Arabs, Medina Almeyda ; that is to say, 'The City of the Table.' According to Arabian legends, this table was a mirror revealing all great events ; insomuch that by looking on it the possessor might behold battles and sieges and feats of chivalry, and all actions worthy of renown ; and might thus ascertain the truth of all historic transactions. It was a mirror of history, therefore, and had very probably aided King Solomon in acquiring that prodigious knowledge and wisdom for which he was renowned.

Having made these and other conquests of less importance, and having collected great quantities of gold and silver, and rich stuffs and precious stones, Taric returned with his booty to the royal city of Toledo.

Let us leave for a season the bold Taric in his triumphant progress from city to city, while we turn our eyes to Muza ben Nozier, the renowned emir of Almagreb, and the commander-in-chief of the Moslem forces of the west. When that jealous chieftain had despatched his letter commanding Taric to pause and await his coming, he immediately made every preparation to enter Spain with a powerful reinforcement, and to take command of the conquering army. He left his eldest son, Abdalasis, in Caervan, with authority over Almagreb, or Western Africa.

This Abdalasis was in the flower of his youth, and beloved by the soldiery for the magnanimity and the engaging affability which graced his courage.

Muza ben Nozier crossed the strait of Hercules with a chosen force of ten thousand horse and eight thousand foot, Arabs and Africans. He was accompanied by his two sons, Meruan and Abdelola, and by numerous illustrious Arabian cavaliers of the tribe of Koreish. He landed his shining legions on the coast of Andalusia, and pitched his tents near to the Guadiana. There first he received intelligence of the disobedience of Taric to his orders, and that, without waiting his arrival, the impetuous chieftain had continued his career, and with his light Arab squadrons had overrun and subdued the noblest provinces and cities of the kingdom.

The jealous spirit of Muza was still more exasperated by these tidings: he looked upon Taric no longer as a friend and coadjutor, but as an invidious rival, the decided enemy of his glory; and he determined on his ruin. His first consideration, however, was to secure to himself a share in the actual conquest of the land, before it should be entirely subjugated.

Taking guides, therefore, from among his Christian captives, he set out to subdue such parts of the country as had not been visited by Taric. The first place which he assailed was the ancient city of Carmona: it was not of great magnitude, but was fortified with high walls and massive towers, and many of the fugitives of the late army had thrown themselves into it.

The Goths had by this time recovered from their first panic; they had become accustomed to the sight of Moslem troops, and their native courage had been roused by danger. Shortly after the Arabs had encamped before their walls, a band of cavaliers made a sudden sally one morning before the break of day, fell upon the enemy by surprise, killed above three hundred of them in their tents, and effected their retreat into the city; leaving twenty of their number dead, covered with honorable wounds, and in the very centre of the camp.

On the following day they made another sally, and fell on a different quarter of the encampment: but the Arabs were on their guard, and met them with superior numbers. After fighting fiercely for a time, they were routed, and fled full speed for the city, with the Arabs hard upon their traces. The guards within feared to open the gates, lest with their friends they should admit a torrent of enemies. Seeing themselves thus shut out, the fugitives determined to die like brave soldiers rather than surrender. Wheeling suddenly round, they opened a path through the host of their pursuers, fought their way back to the camp, and raged about it with desperate fury until they were all slain, after having killed above eight hundred of the enemy.

Muza now ordered that the place should be taken by storm. The Moslems assailed it on all sides, but were vigorously resisted; many were slain by showers of stones, arrows, and boiling pitch, and many who had mounted with scaling ladders were thrown headlong from the battlements. The alcayde, Galo, aided solely by two men, defended a tower and a portion of the wall; killing and wounding, with a cross-

bow, more than eighty of the enemy. The attack lasted about half a day, when the Moslems were repulsed with the loss of fifteen hundred men.

Muza was astonished and exasperated at meeting with such formidable resistance from so small a city ; for it was one of the few places, during that memorable conquest, where the Gothic valor shone forth with its proper lustre. While the Moslem army lay encamped before the place, it was joined by Magued the renegado and Count Julian the traitor, with one thousand horsemen ; most of them recreant Christians, base betrayers of their country, and more savage in their warfare than the Arabs of the desert. To find favor in the eyes of Muza, and to evince his devotion to the cause, the count undertook, by wily stratagem, to put this gallant city in his power.

One evening, just at twilight, a number of Christians, habited as travelling merchants, arrived at one of the gates, conducting a train of mules laden with arms and warlike munitions. 'Open the gate quickly,' cried they ; 'we bring supplies for the garrison, but the Arabs have discovered, and are in pursuit of us.' The gate was thrown open ; the merchants entered with their beasts of burden, and were joyfully received. Meat and drink were placed before them ; and after they had refreshed themselves they retired to the quarters allotted to them.

These pretended merchants were Count Julian and a number of his partisans. At the hour of midnight they stole forth silently, and, assembling together, proceeded to what was called the Gate of Cordova. Here setting suddenly upon the unsuspecting guards, they put them to the edge of the sword, and, throwing open the gates, admitted a great body of the Arabs. The inhabitants were roused from their sleep by sound of drum and trumpet, and the clattering of horses. The Arabs scoured the streets ; a horrible massacre was commenced, in which none were spared but such of the females as were young and beautiful, and fitted to grace the harems of the conquerors. The arrival of Muza put an end to the pillage and the slaughter, and he granted favorable terms to the survivors. Thus the valiant little city of Carmona, after nobly resisting the open assaults of the infidels, fell a victim to the treachery of apostate Christians.

After the capture of Carmona, Muza descended into a noble plain, covered with fields of grain, with orchards and gardens, through which glided the soft-flowing Guadalquivir. On the borders of the river stood the ancient city of Seville, surrounded by Roman walls, and defended by its golden tower. Understanding from his spies that the city had lost the flower of its youth in the battle of the Guadalete, Muza anticipated but a faint resistance. A considerable force, however, still remained within the place, and what they wanted in numbers they made up in resolution. For some days they withstood the assaults of the enemy, and defended their walls with great courage. Their want of warlike munitions, however, and the superior force and skill of the besieging army, left them no hope of being able to hold out long. There were two youthful cavaliers of uncommon valor in the city. They assembled the warriors and addressed them. 'We cannot save the city,' said they, 'but at least we may save ourselves, and preserve so many

strong arms for the service of our country. Let us cut our way through the infidel force and gain some secure fortress, from whence we may return with augmented numbers for the rescue of the city.'

The advice of the young cavaliers was adopted. In the dead of the night the garrison assembled, to the number of about three thousand; the most part mounted on horseback. Suddenly sallying from one of the gates, they rushed in a compact body upon the camp of the Saracens, which was negligently guarded; for the Moslems expected no such act of desperation. The camp was a scene of great carnage and confusion; many were slain on both sides; the two valiant leaders of the Christians fell covered with wounds, but the main body succeeded in forcing their way through the centre of the army, and in making their retreat to Beja in Lusitania.

Muza was at a loss to know the meaning of this desperate sally. In the morning he perceived the gates of the city wide open. A number of ancient and venerable men presented themselves at his tent, offering submission and imploring mercy; for none were left in the place but the old, the infirm, and the miserable. Muza listened to them with compassion, and granted their prayer; and the only tribute he exacted was three measures of wheat and three of barley from each house or family. He placed a garrison of Arabs in the city, and left there a number of Jews to form a body of population. Having thus secured two important places in Andalusia, he passed the boundaries of the province, and advanced with great martial pomp into Lusitania.

The army of Muza was now augmented to about eighteen thousand horsemen; but he took with him but a few foot-soldiers, leaving them to garrison the conquered towns. He met with no resistance on his entrance into Lusitania. City after city laid its keys at his feet, and implored to be received in peaceful vassalage. One city alone prepared for vigorous defence, the ancient Merida, a place of great extent, uncounted riches, and prodigious strength. A noble Goth named Sacarus was the governor; a man of consummate wisdom, patriotism, and valor. Hearing of the approach of the invaders, he gathered within the walls all the people of the surrounding country, with their horses and mules, their flocks and herds, and most precious effects. To insure for a long time a supply of bread, he filled the magazines with grain, and erected windmills on the churches. This done, he laid waste the surrounding country to a great extent, so that a besieging army would have to encamp in a desert.

When Muza came in sight of this magnificent city, he was struck with admiration. He remained for some time gazing in silence upon its mighty walls and lordly towers, its vast extent, and the stately palaces and temples with which it was adorned. 'Surely,' cried he, at length, 'all the people of the earth have combined their power and skill to embellish and aggrandize this city. Allah Aobar! happy will he be who shall have the glory of making such a conquest!'

Seeing that a place so populous and so strongly fortified would be likely to maintain a long and formidable resistance, he sent messengers to Africa to his son Abdalasis, to collect all the forces that could be spared from the garrisons of Mauritania, and to hasten and reinforce him.

While Muza was forming his encampment, deserters from the city brought him word that a chosen band intended to sally forth at midnight and surprise his camp. The Arab commander immediately took measures to receive them with a counter surprise. Having formed his plan and communicated it to his principal officers, he ordered that throughout the day, there should be kept up an appearance of negligent confusion in his encampment. The outposts were feebly guarded; fires were lighted in various places, as if preparing for feasting; bursts of music and shouts of revelry resounded from different quarters, and the whole camp seemed to be rioting in careless security on the plunder of the land. As the night advanced, the fires were gradually extinguished, and silence ensued, as if the soldiery had sunk into a deep sleep after the carousal.

In the mean time, bodies of troops had been secretly and silently marched to reinforce the outposts; and the renegado Magued, with a numerous force, had formed an ambuscade in a deep stone quarry, by which the Christians would have to pass. These preparations being made, they awaited the approach of the enemy in breathless silence.

About midnight, the chosen force intended for the sally assembled, and the command was confided to Count Tintero, a Gothic cavalier of tried prowess. After having heard a solemn mass, and received the benediction of the priest, they marched out of the gate with all possible silence. They were suffered to pass the ambuscade in the quarry without molestation: as they approached the Moslem camp every thing appeared quiet; for the foot soldiers were concealed in slopes and hollows, and every Arab horseman lay in his armor beside his steed. The sentinels on the outposts waited until the Christians were close at hand, and then fled in apparent consternation.

Count Tintero gave the signal for assault, and the Christians rushed confidently forward. In an instant an uproar of drums, trumpets, and shrill war cries burst forth from every side. An army seemed to spring up from the earth; squadrons of horse came thundering on them in front, while the quarry poured forth legions of armed warriors in their rear.

The noise of the terrific conflict that took place was heard on the city walls, and answered by shouts of exultation; for the Christians thought it rose from the terror and confusion of the Arab camp. In a little while, however, they were undeceived by fugitives from the fight, aghast with terror, and covered with wounds. 'Hell itself,' cried they, 'is on the side of these infidels; the earth casts forth warriors and steeds to aid them. We have fought, not with men, but devils!'

The greater part of the chosen troops who had sallied, were cut to pieces in that scene of massacre, for they had been confounded by the tempest of battle which suddenly broke forth around them. Count Tintero fought with desperate valor, and fell covered with wounds. His body was found the next morning, lying among the slain, and transpierced with half a score of lances. The renegado Magued cut off his head and tied it to the tail of his horse, and repaired with this savage trophy to the tent of Muza; but the hostility of the Arab general was of a less malignant kind. He ordered that the head and body should be placed together upon a bier, and treated with becoming reverence.

In the course of the day, a train of priests and friars came forth from the city to request permission to seek for the body of the count. Muza delivered it to them, with many soldier-like encomiums on the valor of that good cavalier. The priests covered it with a pall of cloth of gold, and bore it back in melancholy procession to the city, where it was received with loud lamentations.

The siege was now pressed with great vigor, and repeated assaults were made, but in vain. Muza saw at length that the walls were too high to be scaled, and the gates too strong to be burst open without the aid of engines; and he desisted from the attack until machines for the purpose could be constructed. The governor suspected from this cessation of active warfare, that the enemy flattered themselves to reduce the place by famine; he caused, therefore, large baskets of bread to be thrown from the wall, and sent a messenger to Muza to inform him that if his army should be in want of bread he would supply it, having sufficient corn in his granaries for a ten years' siege.

The citizens, however, did not possess the undaunted spirit of their governor. When they found that the Moslems were constructing tremendous engines for the destruction of their walls, they lost all courage, and, surrounding the governor in a clamorous multitude, compelled him to send forth persons to capitulate.

The ambassadors came into the presence of Muza with awe; for they expected to find a fierce and formidable warrior in one who had filled the land with terror: but, to their astonishment, they beheld an ancient and venerable man, with white hair, a snowy beard, and a pale, emaciated countenance. He had passed the previous night without sleep, and had been all day in the field: he was exhausted, therefore, by watchfulness and fatigue; and his garments were covered with dust.

'What a devil of a man is this,' murmured the ambassadors to one another, 'to undertake such a siege when on the verge of the grave! Let us defend our city the best way we can; surely we can hold out longer than the life of this greybeard.'

They returned to the city therefore, scoffing at an invader who seemed fitter to lean on a crutch than to wield a lance; and the terms offered by Muza, which would otherwise have been thought favorable, were scornfully rejected by the inhabitants. A few days put an end to this mistaken confidence. Abdalasis, the son of Muza, arrived from Africa at the head of his reinforcement: he brought seven thousand horsemen, and a host of Barbary archers; and made a glorious display as he marched into the camp. The arrival of this youthful warrior was hailed with great acclamations; so much had he won the hearts of the soldiery by the frankness, and suavity, and generosity of his conduct. Immediately after his arrival a grand assault was made upon the city; and several of the huge battering engines being finished, they were wheeled up, and began to thunder against the walls.

The unsteady populace were again seized with terror; and surrounding their governor with fresh clamors, obliged him to send forth ambassadors a second time to treat of a surrender. When admitted to the presence of Muza, the ambassadors could scarcely believe their eyes; or that this was the same withered, white-headed old man, of whom they

had lately spoken with scoffing. His hair and beard were tinged of a ruddy brown; his countenance was refreshed by repose, and flushed with indignation; and he appeared a man in the matured vigor of his days. The ambassadors were struck with awe. 'Surely,' whispered they one to the other, 'this must be either a devil or a magician, who can thus make himself old and young at pleasure!'

Muza received them haughtily. 'Hence!' said he, 'and tell your people I grant them the same terms I have already proffered, provided the city be instantly surrendered; but, by the head of Mahomet, if there be any further delay not one mother's son of ye shall receive mercy at my hands!'

The deputies returned into the city pale and dismayed. 'Go forth! go forth!' cried they, 'and accept whatever terms are offered: of what avail is it to fight against men who can renew their youth at pleasure? Behold, we left the leader of the infidels an old and feeble man, and to-day we find him youthful and vigorous!'

The place was, therefore, surrendered forthwith, and Muza entered it in triumph. His terms were merciful. Those who chose to remain were protected in persons, possessions, and religion: he took the property of those only who abandoned the city, or had fallen in battle; together with all arms and horses, and treasures and ornaments of the churches. Among these sacred spoils was found a cup, made of a single pearl, which a king of Spain in ancient times, had brought from the temple of Jerusalem when it was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. This prize was presented by Muza to the caliph, and placed in the principal mosque of the city of Damascus.

Muza knew how to esteem merit even in an enemy. When Sacarus, the governor of Merida, appeared before him, he lauded him greatly for the skill and courage he had displayed in defence of his city; and, taking off his own scimitar, which was of great value, girded it upon him with his own hands. 'Wear this,' said he, 'as a poor memorial of my admiration; a soldier of such virtue and valor is worthy of far higher honors.'

He would have engaged the governor in his service, or have persuaded him to remain in the city, as an illustrious vassal of the caliph; but the noble-minded Sacarus refused to bend to the yoke of the conquerors; nor could he bring himself to reside contentedly in his country, when subjected to the domination of the infidels. Gathering together all those who chose to accompany him into exile, he embarked, to seek some country where he might live in peace, and in the free exercise of his religion. What shore these ocean-pilgrims landed upon has never been revealed; but tradition vaguely gives us to believe that it was some unknown island, far in the bosom of the Atlantic.

BLUE INK: AN EPIGRAM.

You ask me, EDWARD, what I think
Of this new fashionable ink?
I'll answer briefly, NED:

Methinks it will be always blue;
At all events, when used by you
It never will be red.

THE VELVET BONNET.

WRITTEN BEFORE EMBARKING FOR EUROPE.

A TABLE stands within my hall—
 Broad hangs a blue cloth on it;
 A brownish cloak is there—o'er all,
 A crimson, velvet bonnet.

Business employs full half my day,
 I walk home thinking on it—
 Enter'd!—each care hath flown away!
 I've seen that velvet bonnet!

Visions of joy surround my head,
 I ne'er have reason'd on it—
 I've told them all when I have said,
 I've seen that velvet bonnet.

That careless riband floating there,
 A chin hath rested on it—
 Ah sweet, most sweet, and debonnaire,
 Riband, and chin, and bonnet!

If joy and words were one with me
 I'd make a rhyme upon it—
 What art thou!—if I might make free—
 Bright, mystick, velvet bonnet!

I see *THEE*!—straight I think of Song!
 Of Idyl, Lyrick, Sonnet—
 Dost thou unto my muse belong,
 Thou crimson, velvet bonnet?

By what enchantment art thou there,
 And whose the head to don it?—
 The chevelure thou shad'st, is 't *fair*?
 Thou shak'st thine head, thou bonnet!

Perhaps thou know'st I like dark best
 And put'st the best face on it!
 'Long lash'! 'bright smile'! what's that thou say'st?
 Deceive me not, sweet bonnet!

Tell me the charm that glads my heart
 And sheds this beam upon it,—
 Source of this blessedness impart,—
 Oh speak to me, dear bonnet!

How tall 's the maid to whom thou 'rt given?
 Put thy construction on it—
 'Tall as thy heart when thou think'st of Heaven.'
 Well said, thou sage grave bonnet!

Of on my knee of Heaven I think,
 Not tall am I upon it—
 'Far oftener she at *The Fountain-brink*.'
 True, true, thou loyal bonnet!

Adieu my hall! Welcome blue Sea!
 And, when we float upon it,
 Dost think this maid will think of me?
 Speak, speak once more, dear bonnet!

*'There's sky o'er land, there's Heaven o'er sea,
 Ride, may'st thou, deftly on it!
 Oft of thy wife; and—once, of thee.'
 Bless thee, kind velvet bonnet!*

And take this thought from my deep heart
 And pin thy faith upon it:
 It costs a pang from thee to part
 Thou gentle crimson bonnet!

Guard well the head we love so well
 And rest thee lightly on it;
 My rhyme grows sad—grave now thy spell—
 Farewell! thou much-lov'd bonnet!

JOHN WATERS.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

*'Down with the law that binds them thus,
 Unworthy freemen!—let it find
 No refuge from the withering curse
 Of God and human kind:
 No longer dare as crime to brand
 The chastenings of the ALMIGHTY's hand!'*

WRITTEN.

AMONG all the laws which our country ever sanctioned, and all the customs which we as an enlightened nation ever practised, none in barbarity of purpose and cruelty of execution ever equalled that most impious of all human laws, which permits the imprisoning of individuals for debt. This law stands alone, without a single parallel in the history of modern times. It stands as a monitor, 'warning nations that its approach is danger!' It is an impartial as well as a malicious law; for not only does it exert its force on the guilty, on those who borrow with an intention never to pay, but it also exercises its power with equal malice on the innocent. If it were not for this; if it were not for the fact that those who are unavoidably in debt, those who are in debt to avoid starvation, are confounded with those who are guilty, those who borrow money to spend in delusive pleasures, the cruelty of this law would be somewhat abated. But the power of man cannot always discern the innocent from the guilty; man cannot always fathom what lies concealed in the intricacies of the heart. Hence injustice is often practised in relation to this and every other law. Persons conscious of no guilt whatever, have been seized upon as felons; their cries for mercy disregarded; and they themselves ruthlessly cast into prison. All this proceeds from the mistaken notion of converting debt into crime; of making debt a criminal transaction. That it is *not* a criminal transaction, any person who investigates the subject will at once perceive.

I am glad to be able to say that the law which sanctions this custom is abolished in some of the 'United States;' that *some* have burst the bonds which so long have bound them. Among those who boldly declare themselves freed from this abominable custom, the 'Empire State' stands the first. On the other hand, several of the Western States still cling to the absurd and cruel law. But *they* too will be redeemed; they *must* be redeemed! The abolition of this custom with them would have a most happy effect on the whole country; and they would feel relieved from a heavy load of local oppression and tyranny. When will this abolition take place? When will punishment cease to be exercised against the innocent? Alas! we know not! Could we by any magic power unveil the secrets of the tomb; could we examine the hidden chambers of the past; we should behold many a victim of 'slaughtered innocence;' many a wretch who lived unsuspected and died unscathed. There is ONE who possesses this power. There is an Eye above, which pierces the deepest recesses of the heart; which penetrates the inmost chambers of the soul. To that Eye all is uncovered and bare. All that *man* can do, is to judge of the heart by external actions; and upon this principle, the grossest errors will and do often take place. The records of our courts of law will show abundant proofs of this fact.

In conclusion, we appeal to the friends of suffering humanity; to the patriots of our nation; to the judges of our land; to exert themselves in favor of the universal abolition of the law which sanctions imprisonment for debt. A bill to this effect, advocated by the wisest minds in England, has recently passed the British Parliament. Let not America be behind England in humanity! Let the Western States listen to the voice of Reason, and do away with this unrighteous law. Let them think of its bearing, its influence — its great wrong. We of the Empire State look forward to the future with bright and flattering prospects. We hope soon to see our country entirely redeemed from the bondage of this law. We wait anxiously for the time when our Republic shall be pure in all her laws. *Then*, the friendless will be befriended; the orphan and the poor provided for.

J. E. W.

SONNET: THE PAST.

As stars give radiance from a cloudy sky,
 Gemming the pall of night, so bright thoughts lie
 On Memory's canopy. The darkest life
 Bears fruits of gold 'mid the world's selfish strife.
 The riches of the past! the miser's store,
 Where the heart's av'rice counts its spring-time o'er!
 The dawn of hope, those blossoms of the brain,
 The growth of Heaven, and there our fullest gain:
 The spirits kindred in a world of light
 Will find those glories in the Infinite!
 Winged by the angels rose our wishes' breath,
 Creating forms beyond the reach of Death,
 To meet the fancies of the poet's theme,
 And show the truth of an immortal dream!

New-York, May 24, 1844.

WM. JAS. COLGAN.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER. Translated by Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. With a brief sketch of the Author's Life. In one volume. pp. 424. New-York. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is a volume which has long been demanded by the public; and in the Herculean task of translating the poems and ballads of the great German into our vernacular, Mr. BULWER LYTTON (a transposition of names brought about by some dimly-understood transfer of family titles and estates) has acquitted himself with a good degree of honor. When we consider the great difficulty of rendering the German into English, in such a manner as to retain the spirit, rhyme, and measure of the original, the wonder should perhaps be, that the learned Baronet has succeeded even so well as he has. Still, we cannot help thinking that a judicious selection from the previous translations of the longer poems of SCHILLER, the vacancies being filled up with his own translations, '*edited by Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON,*' would have been a more desirable work than the one under notice. Most of the briefer songs, epigrams, etc., are rendered with great faithfulness and spirit: they are far better specimens than the longer poems. 'The Dance' is extremely well translated, and in this respect is in marked contrast with the beautiful poem of 'The Sharing of the Earth,' which is very carelessly rendered, especially the last stanza. In 'The Ideal and the Actual Life' better justice is done to SCHILLER than in any other of the longer poems. It will well reward perusal. We wish we could praise the 'Hymn to Joy;' but it is not felicitously done, and the measure especially is much changed. Take a stanza of the chorus. Mr. BULWER gives us:

' WHY bow ye down, why down, ye millions?
Oh! world, thy MAKER's throne to see;
Look upward — search the star-pavilions,
There must His mansion be!'

Mr. C. B. BURKHARDT, in an original translation, now before us, renders this much more faithfully:

' MILLIONS bow with bended knee;
Feel ye, men, that GOD is near?
Look beyond that starry sphere,
There, there must HIS dwelling be.'

In 'The Gods of Greece,' also, the measure of the original has undergone a marked alteration, and without any apparent necessity. The same is true of 'The Hostage,' and 'The Assnigation,' 'Rudolf of Hapsburg,' etc. 'The Veiled Image at Saïs' is well translated. There are sufficient proofs that it has been well studied, to be found in 'The Student' and in 'Zanoni.' The same remark will apply to 'Pompeii and Herculaneum.' The 'Punch Songs' are extremely well rendered; 'The Youth by the Brook' and 'To the Ideal' are prettily and faithfully transferred to the English; 'Cassandra' too, and 'The

Victory Feast,' are admirably done; and go far toward atoning for such entire failures as 'The Cranes of Ibycus' and 'Pegasus in Harness.' 'The Battle' is exceedingly vigorous; and 'The Farewell to the Reader' worthy of all praise. In 'The Artists,' the Baronet has succeeded, by dint of great labor, in ruining the measure and perverting the sense of the original, or rather mystifying it, by his additions and alterations. Had he rendered it into plain prose, he would have been more successful. He has endeavored to do too much, and has failed altogether. We have seen a far better translation than his, of 'The Song of the Bell.' We referred to, and quoted from it, in a late number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*; and we have before us, from the pen of C. B. BURKHARDT, Esq., an accomplished translator of his native German into English, a much better version than Mr. BULWER's, of 'Honor to Woman.' But we must draw our remarks to a close, with the recommendation of the volume before us to every lover of the German and of the productions of one of the most distinguished bards who has written in that comprehensive and difficult language.

OBSERVATIONS IN EUROPE, PRINCIPALLY IN FRANCE AND GREAT-BRITAIN. By JOHN P. DURBIN, D. D., President of Dickinson College. In two volumes. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE have been agreeably disappointed in reading these two handsome volumes. The route through which they conduct the reader has been made so thoroughly known by the shoals of travellers who have passed over it, that the announcement of another book descriptive of the tour awakens apprehension rather than hope in the mind of one who proposes to be its reader. But Dr. DURBIN has actually given freshness and decided interest to this hackneyed theme. He has a graphic method of describing the common incidents of a journey, which makes them highly attractive, and a quick discernment to catch new beauties and discover additional charms in every thing which comes under his notice. The strictly narrative portion of the work, that which sketches Dr. DURBIN's progress from place to place upon his journey, is not without attraction, and is very agreeably diversified by incidents, both pleasant and pathetic. But the best and most valuable parts are those which present the writer's views of the various institutions, political, social and religious, of the countries which he visited. He describes them all well, and with discrimination; and his criticisms express uniformly the opinions of one who is felt to be a candid, intelligent and conscientious judge. He takes no opinions upon trust, but examines, judges and reports for himself. Upon many points his readers will seldom agree with him, but they will always read his observations with respect, and give them great weight in the formation of their own opinions. Dr. DURBIN gives a full and vigorous examination of the policy and character of the French government, and his general conclusions differ widely from those which are most current upon the same topics. He judges LOUIS PHILIPPE and his policy very severely; but we are free to confess that he supports his opinions by copious reasons, forcibly and effectively urged; and his review of this, as well as those of other subjects, will be read with universal interest. His description of Paris, with the plan of its famous military fortifications, is the clearest and most satisfactory we have ever met. He examines in the same close and vigorous manner the institutions of Great-Britain, and his observations upon these topics are marked by more candor, as well as by a greater degree of discrimination, than most that has heretofore been written upon these subjects. His account of the history and prospects of Methodism will have a very deep interest for the members of that very large and respectable denomination, of which Dr. DURBIN is a distinguished divine. We cordially commend his interesting volumes to the attention of our readers, regretting that we have not space to speak at greater length of their merits, as well as to present a few of the passages we had marked for transfer to our pages. It is worthy of mention, perhaps, that in 'an age' of poor paper and bad printing, these volumes are remarkable, on the other hand, for their excellence in these respects.

AMERICAN CRIMINAL TRIALS. By PETER W. CHANDLER, Member of the American Antiquarian Society and of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Volume II. pp. 387. Boston: TIMOTHY H. CARTER AND COMPANY. London: A. MAXWELL, Lincoln's Inn.

WE regard Mr. CHANDLER's 'Criminal Trials' as a work of great interest and value; and in a notice of the first volume, gave our reasons somewhat at large, in favor of its general acceptance at the hands of the American public. It is written and compiled with evident labor and care, and in a style which, while it is simple and unpretending, is yet replete with attraction. The trials embraced in the volumes before us are those of BATHSHEBA SPOONER and others before the Superior Court of Judicature, for the murder of her husband, JOSHUA SPOONER, of Brookfield, Massachusetts, in 1788; of Colonel DAVID HENLEY, before a General Court-Martial, for improper conduct as an officer of the American army, Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1788; of Major ANDRE, before a Board of General Officers, by order of Gen. GEORGE WASHINGTON, in 1780; of JOSHUA HETT SMITH, before a Court-Martial, on a charge of aiding and assisting BENEDICT ARNOLD, New-York, 1780; and of the Rhode-Island Judges of the Superior Court of Judicature, for their judgment in the case of TREVETT against WHEEDEN, on information and complaint for refusing paper bills for butcher's meat, in 1786. Of the first trial, which produced great excitement at the time, no authentic report has until now appeared. Many facts new at least to us are embraced in the interesting trials of HENLEY and ANDRE; while that of SMITH develops some of the secret incidents of the ARNOLD conspiracy. The case of the Rhode-Island Judges was remarkable for the principle involved in it, and the array of legal talent engaged in the defence. The work is executed with great typographical neatness, and is embellished with an authentic portrait of the young and lamented ANDRE.

A LECTURE ON THE LATE IMPROVEMENTS IN STEAM NAVIGATION AND THE ARTS OF NAVAL WARFARE. With a brief notice of ERICSSON's Caloric Engine. By JOHN O. SARGENT. New-York and London: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THIS is the title of a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, put forth in the style of typographical elegance which characterises every thing from OSBORN's press. The author, Mr. JOHN O. SARGENT, has never before, we believe, attached his name to any literary production; and yet perhaps few writers, equally young, have written and published so much. While an undergraduate at Cambridge, he was one of the editors of '*The Collegian*,' a monthly magazine far superior to any thing of the kind before or since attempted by university students. Among his *collaborateurs* were the late W. H. SIMMONS, the lamented and popular lecturer, and Dr. O. W. HOLMES, the poet. Mr. SARGENT's contributions to this work were remarkably clever, and gave abundant evidence of the literary talents which he has since exhibited. The political papers which, while a laborious student at law, Mr. SARGENT found leisure to contribute to a prominent daily journal in Boston, brought him into public notice as a vigorous political writer, and procured him a connection with the '*New-York Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal, the columns of which, previous to the election of Gen. HARRISON, will bear creditable testimony to his editorial ability and industry. He is now in active and successful practice of the legal profession in this city.

The present lecture was delivered before the Boston Lyceum in December last, and the author has published it by way of reply to the numerous applications he has received for its repetition in other places. One of the principal topics is a description of ERICSSON's new propelling apparatus; an invention which promises to create another epoch in the art of navigation. The success of the propeller seems to have been abundantly tested in the case of the United States war-steamer Princeton, to which it has been applied with the most

satisfactory results. It may be remembered that there was a trial of speed between the Princeton and the Great Western British steamer, last October, and that the former gained a decided victory. Here is a practical evidence of the merits of the invention, in opposition to which nothing can be said. The following extract indicates some of its advantages :

'STEAMERS as hitherto constructed may be well enough employed in maintaining communication between distant shores and distant fleets, or in towing ships of war into position ; but they are not capable of mingling in the combat. It is difficult, however, to imagine a more formidable or more safe machine of warfare than the Princeton. Not only can she act upon data of seasons and distances, with an accuracy that winds or waves can but little disturb, but she can move secretly and silently upon her prey. There is no cloud of smoke to track her path by day, and the noiseless action of her submerged propeller gives no warning to the enemy of her approach by night. Tempests cannot thwart her ; calms cannot delay her progress. By the location of her moving power below the water-line, it is protected from the missiles of the enemy. She can select her own time and place of attack. She can never be forced into an engagement, and in a thousand situations in which the crippled line-of-battle ship or the crippled paddle-wheel steamer would be at the mercy of the enemy, the Princeton may retire from a superior foe, and with her unimpaired moving power, retain a position from which she may mark her very retreat with destruction and death.'

Not the least interesting part of this lecture is the biographical sketch of Mr. ERICSSON, who in his contributions to mechanical science has been equalled by few men of the age. The whole discourse is interesting and eloquent ; and, what is still better, perfectly new in its materials. It will of course claim the attention of all persons interested in the advancement of the art of navigation, and there are none by whom it may not be read with profit.

GIRLHOOD AND WOMANHOOD: OR, SKETCHES OF MY SCHOOL-MATES. By MRS. A. J. GRAVES, author of 'Women in America.' In one volume. pp. 216. Boston: T. H. CARTER AND COMPANY and BENJAMIN B. MUSSET.

THIS is a volume destined to effect great good, wherever it shall be heedfully perused. It is written in a style of marked naturalness and simplicity, which wins at once upon the reader ; and the inculcations of the author are of the most useful and wholesome kind. The book consists of a series of twelve pictures, drawn from human nature as it is found, and not from any ideal representation of what it may become. Nothing higher is attempted by the author than to exhibit different varieties of female character as seen in girlhood, and to follow them to their full development in womanhood, to prove the natural connection that exists between these two important periods. As the girl is, the woman will be, unless some powerful counteraction has intervened. In drawing her portraits from the inmates of a boarding-school, instead of taking them from the members of a family around the domestic hearth, it was easier to find the requisite varieties, and to study human nature as it usually presents itself unchecked in its tendencies in youth, and consequently seeking its own element amidst surrounding circumstances in maturity. And by exhibiting a boarding-school under the most favorable conditions in which it is possible to place one, and where more is attempted than is usually done, toward the formation and modification of character, it is seen how little power can be exercised, even by the best of teachers, in counteracting evil tendencies, or in establishing a firm foundation of moral principle. 'The great responsibility,' says the author, 'of making men or women what they should be, rests not upon teachers, upon whom God has not laid it, but upon parents, and upon them alone. It is in their hands that the present life and future destiny of each child are chiefly placed, and for which they alone will be called on to render an account at the great day of reckoning.' We could wish that we had space to illustrate the justice of the praise which we have awarded to this excellent volume, by quoting from its pages 'AMANDA MALVINA BURTON, or Fashionable Ambition,' and 'SARAH SHERMAN, or the Mechanic's Daughter ;' but our limits are imperative ; and we can only commend these, with the other spirited sketches embraced in the work, to the thoughtful regard of our readers.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'PARIS IN HER DRESSING-GOWN.'—It is not a little laughable, to one who 'knows the world of New-York' only, to obtain now and then a glimpse at the wires, three or four thousand miles away, which move the puppets of pseudo-fashionable society among us. But to show, to those who are of *our* initiated, the feeble second-hand affectations of the travelled 'apes of apes' in our midst, we shall ask the attention of our metropolitan readers to the following faithful sketch of '*Paris in her Dressing-gown*,' rendered into English for our pages with the speed of transplanted Parisian fashions, from a recent sketch by EUGENE BRIFFAULT.

PRIVATE life has been wisely and justly protected, so far as it respects individuals; but that of a people can only shelter itself in glass-houses. Details of the Parisian mode of living we shall endeavor to lay before you; and that which we especially desire to sketch, is *Paris chez lui*—Paris at home. If you possess any curiosity concerning costumes, take a glance at Paris in her dressing-gown. The carnival, which displays during three days its whimsicalities in our streets, dwells all the year in the most sumptuous apartments of our monumental habitations. There it is fixed permanently; it is the carnival in lodgings. There you will find costumes of every form and color. Fantasy, with its most capricious vagaries, usurps the place of taste: the grand essential and important point is, to be different from the common herd. Before all and above all, to be *original*, at any price.

What a grotesque gallery! The very wisest follow the greatest fools. There is no need of a new Asmodeus to discover these mysteries: let us enter and look around.

That which is commonly called the Middle Ages and Gothic *bric-à-brac*, is still turning many heads. The old feudal castles are despoiled and copied, in order to furnish and encumber our dwelling-houses, so narrow and confined, when brought into comparison with the habitations of old giants. Do not be surprised to find in this *entresol* of the Rue de Provence an armory as complete as that of a Burgrave. Here is a panoply, perfect in every part: to place this human shell in a space so small, it has been found necessary to bend the knees; yet notwithstanding this, the helmet of the iron spectre touches the ceiling! Here we are in a crowd of ottomans, side-boards, cupboards of dark heavy wood, twisted, sculptured, incrustated and carved in a miraculous manner. Small statues, vases covered with bas-reliefs, pictures, damask, brocade, fill every disposable place. This sanctuary, hung with thick curtains, receives but a doubtful light; every thing looks strangely sad; each object, each utensil, each piece of furniture, seems out of place: their use is hardly known, and they appear to demand for what purpose they are there. The master enters to receive us. He wears the costume of a chevalier unarmed. His long robe of brocade is confined around his waist by a silk-and-gold cord. His throat is bare; his pantaloons fit closely to his figure; his shoes are of velvet; his cap low, round, and without a feather, but bordered with miniver; he has no poignard in his girdle, but he plays with a small dagger of exquisite workmanship. The commencement of the conversation is very embarrassing. Naturally one would suppose that with such a man, and in such a place, the talk should be of deeds of prowess and falconry. He however relieves you from your perplexing situation; he asks your opinion of the last opera. Be careful how you accept an invitation to breakfast: this proud noble has no venison hung up. He will offer you a boiled egg and a cup of tea. This gentleman is the fraction of a stock-broker.

Step with precaution: every thing here commands silence, invites reflection, and disposes to meditation. This lodging-room is very austere-looking; it is almost without any other ornament save its green hangings and old oaken wainscoting. Do not disturb the man who dwells herein. Cast your eyes on his pale and sunken visage, his dried-up and bony figure, his dishevelled hair, his wrapper of black serge, which entirely conceals the frail and attenuated form! Doubtless under that vestment you will find the penitential hair-cloth. Does he seek the great *arcana*? How his serious profile is delineated on the wall! The head thus shadowed forth is worthy of the pencil of *REMBRANDT*. Let us approach slowly. He raises his eyes toward heaven; he speaks in a low tone; he sits erect; he exclaims: 'I have found it! . . . Good morning, my friends.'

'And what is it that you seek?'

'Parbleu! a finale for a couplet.'

He is writing a vau-deville!

How charming and gay is this apartment! How glittering and sparkling!—how splendid, how delicious! All is silk, and ribands, and lace; loves and shepherds; Paphos, Arcadia and Cythère.

It is morning at Madame——'s. What a lovely creature! How seducing and pretty she looks under her lace-curtains, as she lies buried in this profusion of pillows, so spotless and white! Really, I can't help saying that she looks like a rose buried in snow. It is the language of the country.

She is about to get out of bed. Her hair is already dressed; she wears a small English lace-cap, without any flowers, but laden with ribands; and is wrapped in a lawn dressing-gown and muślin mantilla. She pushes her feet into slippers of cashmere, steps lightly on the leopard-skin which is placed at the foot of her bed, from thence on her velvet carpet, and with a bound she plunges into the ample arm-chair, which is gently moved toward her toilet, with its transparent and rose-colored draperies, like the altar of a convent.

'Ah! here there can be no mistake!—this is a pearl fallen from the casket of the Regency.'

Admirable! You 'talk like a book'—like a romance of that epoch. She has near her a maid whose bearing is more bold than cunning. Doubtless we shall now see the Abbé, the Chevalier, the poet, the footman of *M. le Duc*; the leveret, the perfumed billet. But no; listen.

'ANNA, I am at home to no one; to no one, do you understand? These suppers fatigue me horribly . . .'

Doubtless she has supped in the snug apartments of *M. le Duc*!

'And beside, this smell of cigars makes me very ill. The little fool of a *BERTHA* smoked; the gentleman thought it charming; so I must needs try, and it made me *very* ill; the private rooms of the *Café Anglais* are so narrow and confined. Champagne don't suit them any more; they drink iced Madeira or brandy: it is detestable, particularly the next day. Mademoiselle ANNA, give me, if you please, a glass of eau sucrée. Put into it just a drop of rum, I pray you. Let me see the papers.'

'Here are the fashions.'

'No, the theatres! the theatres! Ah! how stupid; always the same entertainment!'

'The courts of law?'

'Ah! yes, the sessions; it is so amusing. Ah! bah! it is too much; no murders to-day; not even an execution.'

What a strange Marchioness! Yesterday she made hats in the *Rue Vivienne*.

From thence to *ASPASIA*, there is only a step. Follow me. . . Here every thing is modelled after the antique. The mistress of these apartments is inspired by her name. She wiles away her leisure hours with cabinet ministers. Look at her as she reclines on this couch, which has been stolen for her from the *DIDO* of *GUERIN*. She is enveloped in an ample tunic of white merino, which shows to advantage her voluptuous figure. She unites to the proud beauty of a Roman matron the noble regularity of the Grecian models: on her naked arms she wears heavy bracelets of burnished gold; the *agraffe* which fastens her floating tunic is formed of a cameo which represents a satyr teasing a nymph. Doubtless she is about to take a perfumed bath in a shell of jasper or porphyry. We shall see her admire herself in one of those golden mirrors which costs the entire revenue of a province. . . No: she has sent for a bath from the nearest bathing-house, for which, afterward, she will account with her cook.

And this sorrowful-looking young man, so long in the waist, so pale, and so insipid; he has all the airs of *LAUSUN*, and gives audience to his gallant correspondents; his flowery robe-de-chambre is softly wadded; he wears a honey-comb cap with a top-knot; near to him, on the back of an arm-chair, hangs his *peignoir*, trimmed with lace, which he wears when he is at his toilette. His room is fitted up à la Saracen. You would think he had just returned from the Crusades.

In this boudoir, which the little dame, whom you took just now for a Marchioness, might envy; where you see so much delicacy of finish, exquisite, 'recherché,' and delicious utilities; so much of the *rocaille* and *Pompadour*; do not be afraid to look at the formidable Baron, with his heavy beard, his coat of buffalo-skin, and all booted and spurred, as if ready for the fight. His voice is terrible; he is going to ask for his arms. No; he calls Trilby, his little pet-dog, and he also asks for his tweezers. He dined yesterday near us. He ate stewed apples and drank iced water. But come, let us make haste. There is still a rich collection to visit.

The mornings of Paris belong to all countries except our own. We have Spaniards, who at home wear the *vestido*, the *sombrero*, and the brown cloak; Neapolitan brigands; fishermen of the Adriatic with their Dalmatian vests; Turks are abundant; the Greeks and Albanians innumerable. The East is decidedly in favor. Neither Russians nor Poles are wanting, furred and almost hidden in their ample pelisses, with morocco boots embroidered with gold. The Arabs, with their hooded *burnous*, have multiplied *ad infinitum* since our African conquest. The *Renaissance* and its wonders, and copies of François I., abound every where. Sometimes in these dwellings, so fantastically ornamented, you will find quite a settlement of hermits, dressed in the usual garment of recluses; in other places are to be seen monks and cells. The religious garb has been much in request among poets. We have known a shop-keeper's boy who ran his errands dressed as a TASSO! Sailors at home have also numerous and ardent partisans. Almost all these sea-dogs dress, or rather disguise themselves, as Corsairs of the Archipelago, after the illustrations of Lord Byron. We have also châteaux and Swiss shepherds, and sailors from Normandy and Brittany. The Scotch flourish, and the highland plaid is very *recherché*. There is no kind of disguise that is not fancied by Paris in her dressing-gown. There are some people who wrap themselves in a sheet, like a Roman mantle; others sleep almost naked on carpets. It is in families almost intellectual, that this mania for costumes and extravagances, which they call 'eccentricities,' is manifested with most éclat. Smoking is universal; here in chibouques, in Hungarian pipes; there in German meerschaums. Every variety of cigars makes up a part of legitimate household joys. A young painter ate cheese from Brie, and cracked nuts with a rich yatagan: at a breakfast given by a student, all the guests drank out of cups fashioned like skulls. Those who cannot attain either elegance or luxuries, in their caprice fall back on the ugly and the horrible. Can it be believed that many of them have adopted something similar to the great coat and cap of the galley-slaves! The swan-skins of our fathers, the warm surtouts of flannel, the felt hats, wide trowsers, and green slippers, are placed in the ranks of human infirmities.

Let us however render justice to the female sex. They have not ceded as much as the men to these ridiculous and burlesque fancies. With very few exceptions, they are, when at home, suitably dressed; they have the good sense not to renounce the attractions of a negligé and the charms of a dishabille. Those who have thrown them aside, have chosen masculine allurements, and wear voluntarily in their apartments the masculine costume. There are others who believe women are like an ode; and that at home, both in their person and in their furniture, a charming disorder is an effect of art.

Appearances are deceitful. If a man apes the airs of genius, be assured he is a fool. Those who make the greatest parade of their libraries do not read at all; a desk splendidly provided with ink, wax, paper, and all the brilliant superfluities which are the play-things of the idle, always indicates a man who never writes. How many trophies of arms have we seen in the chambers of cowards! how many sets of pipes with people whom a puff of smoke would make sea-sick! how many objects of art with the ignorant! how many pianos always closed! and in fine, how many hunting-weapons that have never killed a lark! These absurdities are indigenous. One becomes a citizen of the world, in order to forget his native village. It appears that a national appearance is too pitiful. To escape the humiliation of being thought a Frenchman, the Frenchman makes himself an Iroquois. This is very much liked. The Indian and savage costumes have many admirers. About these days, the Chinese are making an irruption in the chamber-costumes; pointed hats, silk robes, and shoes with turned-up toes, make their venders' fortunes. We have reason to believe that travelling cures this folly. A man who has seen much, contracts a certain independence in his interior arrangements: he cares less to appear singular than he who really imagines he has travelled over all the countries whose costumes he adopts.

In the evening, this society, in open revolt during the morning against the laws of costume, is docile and submissive to fashion. Then it gives up its own will; it all appears cast in the same mould. There would be no change necessary from the ball-costume to a dress of deep mourning. Sometimes the fitting-up of the apartment is in keeping with the predilections of the owner's mind. There have

been illustrious queens of tragedy whose dwellings were furnished like those of a *petit-maitresse* of Rome. Such examples are around us. At other times great contradiction is manifested between the appearance and the reality, the seeming and the true. During his last visit to Paris, ROSSINI, at his apartments in the Madeleine, received visitors in a cotton night-cap:

SEATSFIELDIANA: NUMBER TWO. — We have been favored with another extract from the 'Journal of an American Traveller,' describing more of the incidents of 'A day with the great SEATSFIELD.' It will be read with the liveliest interest, from the Bay of Fundy to the Oregon. SEATSFIELD is somewhat severe upon one or two of our respected quarterly and monthly contemporaries; but his standards of literary excellence, whether relating to authors or periodicals, will perhaps satisfactorily illustrate the *quo animo* of his animadversions. We leave him to the tender mercies of the critics.

'OUR luncheon at Graffensburg was a most appetite-engendering array of cold meats, bread of several sorts, cold potatoes sliced with salt, beans, pickled cabbage, and potted lobsters from Trieste. This was flanked with copious allowances of water, both hot and cold, hard and soft, sucrée and 'neat.' I almost smile at myself for being thus particular in the details; but unwilling as I am to lose the slightest association with the great SEATSFIELD, I will e'en Boewellize as minutely as memory permits; even at the risk of the sneer or the yawn, which is the sure perquisite of the too-faithful journalist.

'I was pleased to observe that SEATSFIELD stuck to his American tastes, and made a most gallant onset upon the *beans*. He even ate with his knife instead of the legitimate prongs which European etiquette recommends; and he seemed to take pleasure in affecting the rapid or *fresco* style of deglutition. Five minutes sufficed for the accomplishment of his repast, and we were immediately after on our way to the *Leibesübungsschule*, or Gymnasium. SEATSFIELD appeared to me constantly aiming to maintain the simplicity and dignity of the American gentleman. Even the tricks which foreigners complain of as so disgusting among the uncouth barbarians of the west, I mean our spitting and chewing propensities, were fully indulged in by our illustrious countryman. Perhaps I am opening myself to ridicule in being thus precise, but there are many who will not be displeased to know that SEATSFIELD performed thirty-six sputations while we were in the Gymnasium. He chews the precious weed inordinately; always keeping a large wad of tobacco upon the right side of his mouth. He took off his coat and vest in the gymnasium, and unbuttoning his suspenders, fastened them around his waist. In this diminution of attire, his fine manly form displayed itself to great advantage. As he jumped over the bars and exercised his well-rounded limbs upon the climbing-poles, I could not but feel proud of my country, that in an age eminently effeminate, could send forth among the down-trodden and degraded population of Europe so grand a specimen of humanity. Having myself partaken freely of beans, I felt unwilling to risk any violent display of agility. I thought it better to keep quiet, and not yield to any explosion of animal spirits, but simply to observe the singular individual whom I had come so far to see. After SEATSFIELD had enjoyed a sufficient degree of glowing exercise, he rejoined me with a look of fine healthy benevolence, betokening a high degree of intellectual power reposing in a placid condition of psychological development.

'You are much addicted to exercise,' I observed.

SEATSFIELD: 'Extremely. I have lived a good deal in Kentucky, and I never feel so thoroughly awake to the broad consciousness of existence as when warmed into a ruddy circulation by outward motion. This is what the Germans call *Gebut und darmwahrming*. I often imagine myself on the banks of the Ohio, with my rifle and hound; it re-produces my ante-virility.'

'May we not impute to this fondness of muscular exertion much of that genial and animated description which enlivens our sketches of American life?'

SEATSFIELD: 'Unquestionably. Some of my happiest chapters were composed while I was on horseback. What do they think of my style in America?'

'I replied, that for many years I had not perused an American review, and that I was therefore unable to say what the opinion of the critics was; but——'

SEATSFIELD: 'I see—I see. Your politeness forbids you to confess that I am little talked about at home. I am not popular yet. I know it, and I am glad of it. If any fact could assure me of posthumous reputation, it would be the neglect of my contemporaries. Nothing, I assure you, would more dishearten me in the pursuit of literary fame, than to share the present reputation of the ephemeral fry of the day. Let the little DICKENSES and BULWERS crop their short-lived garlands and welcome: when the gay posies are wilted that compose their transitory wreaths, I hope that a sprig or two of ever-green may fall to my share. But all that may be as *le bon Dieu* pleases. Thank heaven! I am not one of Apollo's beggarmen; the gaberlunzies of Parnassus, that go about suing for a scrap of immortality. Depend upon it, a Review-reputation is no reputation. The steady breeze of lasting glory, the even trade-winds of success, are a very different matter from the constant succession of light puffs that whiff along your petty coasting-craft on the shore of renown.'

'Yet we are all more or less influenced by an article in the Edinburgh or the Quarterly: even the great ones feel their power.'

SEATSFIELD: 'Not a bit—no, Sir. Suppose JOHN MILTON putting forth 'Paradise Lost' for the first time, in JOHN MURRAY's clearest type, at half a guinea a volume; what would the Edinburgh say of it? Would n't MACAULAY have his thump and LOCKHART his sneer at it; and all the lesser swarm of mosquito-critics, FOSTER and others, do their best to annihilate ponderous JOHN? Sir, no English journal has ever yet noticed a single work of mine, and I count myself lucky in having escaped the ill-savored alime of their praise or dispraise.'

'What do you think of the 'North American?'

SEATSFIELD: 'Spruce-beer corked in a champagne bottle, and fancying itself made of grapes; it makes a loud pop! every time it comes out, but 'tis dropsical stuff; without strength, and not always with pungency enough to conceal its impotency.'

'Yet it is thought far sharper and smarter than it used to be. I think it occasionally palatable tipple enough.'

SEATSFIELD: 'No, Sir; it's about the same as of yore; a little sharper, perhaps, as you say—but the change is not much; only formerly it was in its saccharine stage; it has now arrived at the acetous fermentation. But acidity, Sir, is not strength: putting more lemon in your punch will not make it stronger.'

'Have you not a higher opinion of the Democratic?'

SEATSFIELD: '*E la stessa cosa*: a similar beverage, only ill-bottled, and with poorer corks. I do wonder that my talented countrymen should spend their time in the manufacture of such small wares. Surely there are many stout able-bodied men among 'em. Why should strong, hearty fellows go about playing on the banjo and hurdy-gurdy? If they must make a noise, let 'em at least take a bass-drum and bang away to some purpose. Sir, if either of those Reviews should load me with commendation, I shall feel inclined to give up novel-writing. I will, like Prospero, break my magic staff:

'Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my books.'

'Do you hold the same low estimation of all our periodical literature?'

SEATSFIELD: 'No, Sir; in the Magazine line we are fast beating the English. BLACKWOOD may be considered defunct; and even in its best day it was dull trash; the pert

nonsense of Eton boys. In America now, our most intellectual men contribute to the Magazines: every month gives vent to some valuable outpouring from JONES, WILLIAMS, or MRS. BROWN.'

'Do you ever see the KNICKERBOCKER?'

SEATSFIELD: 'MUNDT sends it to me now and then, and it is undoubtedly *facile princeps*. Every article is invariably fine; but it always, I have noticed, grows finer toward the last page, until it becomes almost too fine for weak eyes.'

'Do you not think that QUOD is good?'

SEATSFIELD: 'QUOD?—*quid est quod*? I never read it.'

I confess that I thought it rather small in SEATSFIELD to affect not to have read QUOD; but even admitting this frailty, no one can say that it proves him to be one 'easily jealous.' He professed however to be a huge admirer of JOHN WATERS; and the celebrated 'Ollapodiana' I believe he knew by heart. I remarked that many of our greatest men were quite unknown, and dwelling unsuspected in every-day society.

SEATSFIELD: 'Very true: 'Many are poets that have never penned their inspirations.' How many ages did Niagara roar unheard amid the solitude, before the engravers found it out? Depend upon it, Sir, that those men who are much talked about before they are forty years old, are not really great men.'

'Whom do you consider as very great men?'

SEATSFIELD: 'The author of 'WASHINGTON, a National Epic,' is a great man; but he is almost unknown, except to a select ring of admirers: the common herd laugh; so do clowns at a tragedy.'

'But do you consider him truly our greatest poet?'

SEATSFIELD: 'I would not say that, for his work is a part only; it is indeed the germ of great psychological unfoldings; but perhaps when the canvass is wholly unrolled, it may prove faulty. POE is a man of nearly equal ability, but his genius condescends to dally with the diminutive. His soul-grasp is indeed vigorous, but his relish for the beautiful breaks up the wholeness of his life-imagery into brilliancy of detail. There is a splendor in his general survey of outward things which too often decoys him from the stern filling-up and elaborate job-work which is absolutely demanded to render a work truly artistical.'

'I think it is this impatience of minute craftsmanship which is the main defect of American poetry.'

SEATSFIELD: 'Right; our genius is over-ardent, and the excess of imagination leads us into matter-of-fact. This may appear a paradox, but I guess you can solve it. I say that common-place becomes poetry to us, because we are too much in the poetical mood to attend to poetical expression. The vivid eye and lightning-like brain outstrip the duller conceptions of the tongue. The English are heavier than we: they partake of the Dutch nature, and have produced better poets, from the simple fact that they have less of that youthful snatch at excellence which is the characteristic of American genius. They are dull fellows, who do *task-work* admirably, but they lack the *igneæ vis*.'

'But do you consider SHAKESPEARE a dull fellow?'

SEATSFIELD: 'No, Sir; but he lived in the American age of England. He had a good deal of the rough-and-tumble poet, and wrote slap-dash what came uppermost. In America we have many writers of the same order; and in fact, our state of society in America, with its headlong rail-road action, its frequent reverses, its repudiative tendencies, its helter-skelterism and go-aheadivity, very nearly resembles the condition of England in the sack-drinking, tobacco-smoking, horse-riding, deer-stealing, purse-taking days of Sir Walter Raleigh, Bardolph, Pistol, the Earl of Essex, Drake, Walsingham, and Corporal Nym. England, Sir, in those times, was very much like Illinois at present.'

'One would think then that some poet should arise in the far West, of the Shaksperian stamp.'

SEATSFIELD: 'Doubtless there will. He must be born *there* if any where. England is past bearing such men: she can barely produce a small BYRON or two every half century.

She is not even capable of appreciating such minds now. SHAKESPEARE's fame in England has now become altogether traditional: it is only in America and in Germany that he is truly understood.'

'Don't you think that SCOTT understood him?'

SEATSFIELD: 'No, Sir; not as SCHLEGEL does—not as MUNDT does. I have heard MUNDT descant for hours upon choice passages in 'Pericles and Titus Andronicus,' which have entirely escaped the commendation of any British commentators. SCHLEGEL considers the 'Yorkshire Tragedy' one of SHAKESPEARE's highest creations; MUNDT believes 'Gammer Gurton' one of his early productions, before his style was formed. This now would never have been conjectured by an Englishman: those British are obtuse dogs.'

I observed that 'if SHAKESPEARE was alive now, he would probably go to America and settle.'

SEATSFIELD: 'Of course he would: what is there in modern England to suit a whole nature like his? His inner habit of man would be wholly at variance with the present race of Britons. Sir, if he was able to, he would immediately take passage for Boston in the Acadia. If he could not afford to go in the cabin, he would not abhor the steerage; nay, I'll warrant you he would prefer it, for the sake of studying character.'

'What a sensation would his arrival in Boston create!'

SEATSFIELD: 'No, Sir; I think not. 'T would be an entirely different affair from DICKENS's arrival; no dinner-giving, no speech-making, no levées at the Tremont-House. I imagine Mr. SHAKESPEARE, attired in a sober suit of drab, landing at the Boston wharf and walking with his staff and bundle up to the 'Bite Tavern.' No young literati would find him there. LONGFELLOW or PIERPONT would leave no cards for him at the bar. No professor would invite him to Cambridge; no Lyceum would desire him to give a lecture. You would not find him going about in processions with badge and banner, and boasting of 'the mad days that he had seen.' Deacon GRANT would never make a temperance delegate of him. No, Sir; you would find him at the National Theatre, awaiting the result of negotiations pending with Mr. PELBY; or he would soon make his way quietly to New-York, and engage himself at the Chatham or the Bowery. In the evening you might observe him at the 'Shades,' or the 'Ram's-Head House,' probing the mysteries of the human heart over a mug of ale. Of a Sunday morning you might meet him in the fields at Hoboken, musing amid the clover, and picking up similes from the 'meanest flower that blows.' Noiselessly thus would he glide through American existence, winning a silent immortality; until, o'erwearied with the jarring world, he might retreat to some remote settlement in the West, and only occasionally correspond with the Magazines.'

'I think he would write for the KNICKERBOCKER.'

SEATSFIELD: 'Very likely: every month would fetch forth another number of 'Mackbeth' or 'Othello.'

Here SEATSFIELD proposed to go and get a mint-julep in honor of the day, and our conversation was interrupted for half an hour.

'REMARKABLE VISIONS.'—This little volume, lately put forth by JORDAN AND COMPANY, Boston, comprises highly important revelations concerning the life after death. It is a translation from the German, of an account of several remarkable visions, which were vouchsafed to a young and truly pious maiden, and 'which were caused neither by excitement of mind, nor by the wild dreams of an overwrought imagination, but were solely the effect of a feeble system of nerves, by means of which she was transported into a state of spiritual sight-seeing; and it was in this state of body that her spirit rose from the earth into higher regions, and was thereby enabled to see and hear things which are concealed from the natural eye and ear of man; and, in this state she was conducted into the empire of departed spirits, and saw things which are of the highest interest to the church and the world.' 'It was a great while ago; a good way off; and perhaps it was n't so;' as the Indian unbeliever said to the missionary.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—We resume and conclude our remarks upon the exhibition of the National Academy of Design; but not without being conscious that there are very many meritorious works of art which we have left unnoticed. To some of these we may hereafter incidentally refer. We are well pleased to learn that the exhibition has been unusually well attended; and we trust that while it shall remain open, not only our citizens generally, but strangers from other cities and the country, will embrace the opportunity to visit it. There is no place in the metropolis where an hour or two may be spent so agreeably.

KNEELAND, H.—Mr. KNEELAND has four busts in the exhibition. One, the head of a distinguished citizen, is first among the minutely-faithful likenesses which our artist has produced. Another, of a young lady, is graceful, pleasing, and expressive, and is moreover an exact counterpart of the original. Mr. KNEELAND is winning his way, and in the *right* way too, to deserved distinction in his line of art.

T. H. MATTESON.—No. 251: 'Whirling the Plate.' This is a bold attempt for an artist so little known; but 'nothing venture nothing win' is a maxim we like to see acted upon by a young man. In the design and composition he has succeeded well, and shows that he has the right material in him, if he will only be patient in bringing it out. The story too, is well told; but the picture lacks in color and finish; the one showing his inexperience and the other his impatience. A hand or foot in a cabinet-picture requires not only as much but more attention to every little reflection and minute marking, than in a picture of life-size. If he will follow our advice, he will not only surprise the public but himself, in some of his future works.

MOONEY, N. A.—The best of this artist's portraits is No. 67, which is admirably drawn, a capital likeness, and generally agreeable in effect. There is visible, to be sure, a little dryness and chalkiness of manner; but for fidelity of likeness, Mr. MOONEY is seldom surpassed.

S. A. MOUNT, N. A.—Mr. MOUNT exhibits but one painting, No. 92. It is a good portrait; natural and animated, and forcible in expression, and does credit to the artist.

W. S. MOUNT, N. A.—No. 94: 'Portrait of Rev. Dr. SEABURY.' This is not Mr. MOUNT's department, nor the one in which we like most to see him exercise his talent. It is well drawn, as is every thing from his hand, is a good likeness, and is only deficient in color and effect. There is, it strikes us, too much of the brickly red in the shadows, and opacity in the lights, to be agreeable to the general eye. No. 274, 'Portrait of B. STRONG, Esq.,' miniature size, is far more pleasing, both in color and effect; and it satisfies us that if Mr. MOUNT wishes to take up portraiture, he will succeed better in pictures of this size. No. 315 is a repetition of the same subject in the REED gallery, which we regret to see, because we know that Mr. MOUNT does not lack original subjects on which to exercise his ability; and borrowing from one's earlier works without improving upon them, looks as if an artist had exhausted his ideas.

W. PAGE, N. A.—Mr. PAGE exhibits but one picture, and we know not whether to call it a drawing or a painting. It looks most like the former; and as such, is beautifully elaborate and true. It has great rotundity, with a skilful concealment of the means by which it is produced; and in this respect Mr. PAGE generally excels.

N. A. POWELL, A.—No. 135: 'Portrait;' an agreeable little picture, containing all the usual arrangement of color observable in pictures which are intended principally to gratify the eye.

T. P. ROSSITER, A.—No. 184: 'Vestal Virgin.' A more chaste and simple picture than we have hitherto seen from this young artist; perhaps not all that we should expect from a four years' residence and study in Europe.

P. F. ROTHERMEL.—No. 81: 'De Soto Discovering the Mississippi;' a large and attractive picture; pleasing in color and general effect, bold in execution, and fertile in imagination; but not entirely satisfactory in expressing the subject. We are happy to perceive that

it has been purchased by the American Art Union; and we think it will be a valuable accession to their collection.

A. S. SCHOFF. — No. 362: another line-engraving by a young artist, who, like Mr. JONES, bids fair to become very prominent in this department of the art.

J. H. SHEGOGUE, N. A. — No. 153: *Senora De Goni*; a clever picture executed with fidelity to the original. The composition is pleasing, the neck particularly well painted, and the instrument and accessories executed with more than usual care. No. 260, 'portraits of three children,' is an agreeable picture, possessing great sweetness of color and effect, and much of the happy manner of Mr. SULLY. No. 167, 'Gift from Brazil,' another clever picture, of a more fanciful character.

H. C. SHUMWAY, N. A. — 'Miniature of a Gentlemen,' an excellent likeness, but too red in color. We regret that Mr. SHUMWAY has not sent in more specimens of his talents, as he ranks high among our miniatures painters.

F. R. SPENCER, A., exhibits several good portraits, generally pleasing in color, and faithful likenesses.

THOMAS SULLY, H. — No. 44: 'The Sisters,' good in composition, attractive in color, and possessing all the characteristics of this artist's style.

J. A. TALBOT, A. — No. 56: a landscape of considerable size and merit. The middle-ground and distance are well drawn and colored, but the fore-ground lacks force and interest. As a whole, however, it is a very meritorious work. We are glad to perceive that this also will be distributed among the subscribers of the American Art Union.

C. G. THOMPSON. — No. 246: 'Portrait of a Lady,' one of his best productions. The general color is good, and the details carefully executed. Mr. THOMPSON has several other portraits of much merit in the collection.

T. THOMPSON. — Several marine views, evincing great knowledge in this particular department. There is no pretension to effect, or composition, or color; but there are truth and fidelity to nature, which render them particularly worthy of notice.

W. T. VAN ZANDT. — No. 12, the 'First Sorrow,' is an effort of great merit, by an artist whose name we have not noticed before in the Academy.

S. L. WALDO, a veteran portrait-painter, exhibits for the first time in many years in the National Academy of Design. His works as usual show striking likenesses and great facility of execution.

S. B. WAUGH. — No. 229: 'Brigand delivering up his arms at Sonino.' An excellent composition, forcibly and boldly painted; with great depth of color and brilliancy of effect. A brigand, weary of his predatory life, leaves the mountain fastnesses to surrender up his arms to the church, under whose protection he seeks safety and pardon. A number of priests assemble at the door of the convent to receive the penitent, who with his family and worldly goods around him kneels to receive benediction. To those who have lived any time in Italy, this is doubtless a subject of not unusual occurrence; and it is one of those pictures which conveys a moral lesson, which we shall always hail with delight, believing that painting has a higher aim than merely to please the eye. Mr. WAUGH has several portraits in the Academy, which are pleasing in color and effect.

C. E. WEIR. — No. 174: 'Compositor Setting Type,' a faithful representation of a subject which, under ordinary execution, would perhaps be devoid of general interest; but it is *extraordinarily* painted, being finished with a fidelity and truth equal to Daguerreotype. As a piece of still-life, it is surpassingly fine and beautiful, although devoid of imagination. The portraits of this gentleman are by no means equal to this picture, either in truth or carefulness of execution.

J. WHITEHORNE, N. A., has three portraits, in his usual style: fidelity of resemblance we presume is their greatest recommendation; yet they are by no means as attractive as his pictures of last year.

T. WIGHTMAN. — No. 145: 'A Fruit Piece,' painted with unusual care and truth to the objects represented, which is the highest merit in pictures of this class.

W. W. WOTHERSPOON. — No. 148: 'View of North-East Lake.' A beautiful little picture. The sky, middle-ground and distance are expressed with a truth and delicacy worthy of an older artist.

The collection this year is we believe greater than at any former period; but the additional number arises out of the great influx of portraits, which we are aware are sent more to please the sitters or their friends than the artists themselves, and consequently not expected to be noticed in a cursory review like the present.

THE EDITORSHIP OF A MONTHLY MAGAZINE. — Let those of our readers who may at any time have fancied, in looking over our pages, that the task of editing a monthly publication like the *KNICKERBOCKER* could not after all be so very difficult a matter, peruse the following just and truthful remarks of our friend and contemporary, the editor of '*The Columbian*.' The close of the passage which we quote may perhaps remind the reader of these words in a 'gossip'-ing subsection of our own, in one of our numbers several months since: 'Often have we sat, with a 'dubious' paper in hand, hesitating for an hour whether to 'print or burn;' thinking of the fervent wishes of the writer, and the labor he had bestowed upon his production. Every part, every period, had been considered and re-considered, with unremitting anxiety. He had revised, corrected, expunged, again produced and again erased, with endless iteration. Points and commas themselves perhaps had been settled with repeated and jealous solicitude. All this may be, and yet one's article be indifferent, or unsuited to our pages.' But hear our worthy contemporary: 'The life of a daily newspaper-editor is beatitude, compared with that of the unhappy wight chained to the oar of a magazine. Truly was it said by MARRYAT, after a year's trial, 'He who enlists in the service of a monthly periodical makes himself a slave to a hard master.' The toil that appears to the reader is but an infinitesimal fraction of that which he must undergo; and the toil is light, compared with the discomfort and the annoyance. Unlike that on a newspaper, the work on a magazine is never done, finished, brought to an end. The journalist must work hard, to be sure, in his hours of labor; and he knows, when the work of one day is finished, that another day is before him, in which the same routine of work is to be gone over again. But there is such a thing as an end to his work, once every twenty-four hours; when his forms have gone to press he has done with them, at least for a time. But the unhappy wight of the magazine can lay no such flattering unction to his soul. The wheel to which he is bound is perpetually rolling. Every day and all day there is something for him to do or be thinking of doing. While the number for the next month is in hand there is a voice ever saying unto him, 'Write;' or if the command is not to write, it is to read proof, look after the printers, provide pieces of just such a length to fill up just such a fraction of a page as happens to need filling, and a legion of other requirements, many of them trifling enough in themselves, but in the aggregate overwhelming; and the moment that number is got out of his way he must be going through the same course for the next. But this is only a tithe of the duties belonging to his responsible government; all this time acres of manuscript, more or less, are waiting his perusal a great deal more patiently than the writers, every one of these last expecting his or her particular contribution to be attended to immediately, and not a few of them writing letters or notes of inquiry which come to the soul of the recipient like thorns into the flesh. If he undertakes to answer all by individual responses through the post-office, in that alone he has work enough cut out for a great deal more than every moment of his possible leisure, supposing leisure to be one of the possibilities of his condition, which it is not; if he answers only by a general 'Notice to Correspondents,' some are displeased, others do not see his notices, and at the very best he may think himself well off if two or three 'reminders' do not reach him, more or less curt and peremptory in tone, before the number containing the notice is pub-

lished and distributed. Then there is the difficult task of deciding upon the acceptance of proffered manuscripts. For one that delights him by its obvious and striking merit; its freshness and truth of sentiment, its brilliancy of style, its vigor of thought, or polished beauty of expression; there are almost invariably two or three, not decidedly and unequivocally bad, so as to justify him in pitching them headlong into the fire, the dealing with *such* being rather a relief than otherwise, but so curiously falling short of excellence, just by a shade or two; possessing so many good points, yet lacking the *vivida vis*, the raciness, the indescribable something by which readers are pleased and the tone of the magazine improved; in a word, so falling just below the standard, that the always unpleasant necessity of rejection is made actually painful by regret which has something in it of a personal nature. And very often, too, he has good reason to believe that the productions thus offered and thus found unsuited to his purposes have been written with other aspirations than those of mere ambition; that trembling hopes have clustered round every page of the manuscript, alternating with fears, beyond which lay despair; that literary success has been dreamed of, thought of, striven for, as a refuge from poverty, as a means of relief from present or approaching destitution. Even in his short career as editor of a magazine, the writer of this article has received many letters revealing, even while they sometimes attempted to hide, the existence of hopes and fears such as he has endeavored to describe; appeals to his sympathy, all the harder to resist because they obviously were not meant as such, but were the almost unconscious expression of feelings that rent the bosom in which they had their lodgment; and when he has found himself compelled to disappoint the hopes, the crushing of which he knew would be like a death-pang to the spirit that entertained them, he has exclaimed in very grief of soul, 'Let him who has a soft place in his heart become an army-surgeon, a butcher or a turnkey, but let him not undertake the painful office of an editor.' Little do the readers imagine, when they perceive and enjoy his success in filling his pages with a brilliant succession of admirable papers, with what labor and regret and trial of the feelings these have been culled from among three or four times the number, many submitted to him with the most touching appeals for a word of cheer and a hand of aid, which he could not give because he knew that an inexorable judgment waited on his ministration; that an inexorable demand for the highest order of merit was ever before him, which he must satisfy or fall to the ground.' Ponder these remarks, reader, of a practised daily journalist, who derives his 'monthly experience' from the first half volume only of his magazine; and doubt not their truth, when endorsed by one who is now striving to win your approbation in his *twenty-fourth* volume.

DUELLING. — WE would ask the reader's attention to the admirable '*Tale of New-York*,' from the pen of MATTHEW C. FIELD, Esq., in preceding pages. The incidents are founded on fact: the real name of one of the parties has been furnished us by the writer. We have rarely seen a more forcible illustration of the shameless manner in which duels are often forced upon parties who have themselves no real 'cause of quarrel.' Public attention, abroad as well as at home, has become thoroughly aroused to the evil and folly of what has so long been miscalled the 'code of honor.' In England, duelling has been abolished by act of parliament; and in the British army and navy it is now a criminal offence, with severe and disgraceful penalties, to be concerned either as principal or 'friend' in a duel; and any one who treats disdainfully, or refuses to associate with, a fellow-officer, who abides by the new law, and submits to a verdict of the 'court of appeal,' which has taken the place of the old and barbarous mode of settling personal difficulties in 'the last resort,' is to be held as an offender against the late act, and to be punished accordingly. We shall hear no more of 'honorable' murder in England. Public opinion is bearing strongly upon the practice generally in this country, and penal enactments in

many States prohibit it. Ridicule and burlesque also exercise no small influence against the custom. That was an effective example in this kind, of the gentleman in one of our northern counties, who when challenged by some dissolute HOTSPUR for a fancied or pretended slight, chose broad-swords for his weapons, and opposite sides of the St. Lawrence as the position of the combatants. On being remonstrated with, he changed the swords for pistols; the parties to stand back to back on the top of a sharp conical hill in the neighborhood, each to march down eight paces, and then at the word of command to turn and fire! 'You're a coward, Sir!' said the challenger, when he found that his antagonist adhered immoveably to these last terms of combat. 'Very well,' said the other; 'you *know* I was, or you would n't have challenged me!'

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—We give below an interesting extract from the always pleasant and instructive personal correspondence of an esteemed friend and contributor, resident now and for many years, in an official capacity, at the Turkish capital. The articles referred to by our correspondent appear, one in the last and the other in the present number of the KNICKERBOCKER; and both have 'the place of honor.' The first has excited much attention, and has been widely copied throughout the United States; the second, which opens the present number, is replete with a kindred oriental interest, and will prove equally attractive to American readers. Among the useful ornaments of our sanctum is a very large and comprehensive painting of Constantinople and its environs. The view is taken from Scutari, and embraces every object of interest, drawn and colored from nature, on both sides of the Bosphorus, from the opposing castles of Europe and Asia, down to Kudi-Keui, on the Sea of Marmora. It is a source of much enjoyment to us, whenever we receive a communication or private letter from our friend, to trace upon this picture any route which he may mention, or survey any *locale* which he may describe. We have looked down with him from the eminences of Scutari upon Seraglio-Point, the Seraglio, and the Harem, and upon the vast metropolis, with its domes and minarets, that rises beyond it; we have traversed, with unsated eyes, the road from Scutari to Kandili, in its entire length; and we have walked down the long hill from the new quarter of Scutari to the Turkish cemetery, with its groves of melancholy cypresses, that stretch their dark line down even to the ancient Calcedone, 'washed by the golden flood;' and yet we have never been out of our apartment to accomplish a matter so desirable. Pleasant, is n't it? But we are keeping the reader from our correspondent's letter: 'I need not tell you,' he writes, under date of April 7, 'how gratified I am to find my articles worthy of admission to the pages of the first periodical in the United States, and which in Europe bears so high a reputation. The numbers you send me are always read, as well by my friends of the different foreign legations here as by myself, with great interest. I sent you lately an account of the plague in 1837, which I wrote at the time in my journal, and lately on perusal, thought might prove of interest to your readers; particularly as the plague has disappeared entirely from the Levant since the establishment of the quarantine in 1839. It is still however in Egypt, where it seems to have its origin, from the malaria of the Nile and the poverty of the people. The second article is an account of the *Meddahs*, or Story-Tellers of Constantinople. I purpose, so soon as the weather becomes milder and drier, to send you others of a like nature. I have for some time past been searching for original Eastern tales, in Turkish, Arabic or Persian, with the view of making a volume of Oriental Miscellany, or 'Curiosities of Eastern Literature.' I have found a number, which I have translated, and purpose sending you a couple for insertion in your periodical. I lately heard of a unique manuscript in the library of a *moek*, which I have a man now engaged in copying for me. It is a translation from the Persian into Turkish of an account of an embassy sent by the Shah of Persia to the *Fag-foor ee Tchih*, or

Emperor of China. It gives an old but to us a new and very original account of China from the Persian frontier. In some of the recent works written by the English on China, I notice that mention is made of a Mussulman monk and Mussulmans at Nankin, the latter wearing pointed caps. These are Persians, and I believe this work, which is not a very large one, will give an account of them. It deals largely on the subject of the laws and institutions of China, and descriptions of the country the writer passed through, with his reception by the Fag-foor. I am very happy to learn from Mr. PICKERING of the establishment of an American Oriental Society at Boston, and wish for it every success. We have few Orientalists, beyond the members of the Missionary Board, many of whom are men of considerable acquirements. They will doubtless be the principal contributors to the new Society. By the by; if you refer to an ethnographic map, you will perceive that the Turkish language is spoken, with but little change, up through all Turkey, the north of Persia, Tartary, Chinese-Tartary, and southern Siberia, as far as Behring's Straits; and it is a question I long to hear answered, whether it does not extend into America, where I am much of opinion it may be found among some of the languages of the North American Indians. I have a manuscript dictionary written at Bohara, Tartar-Turkish, and the present reigning family at Pekin, in Tartar (Turkish.) But 'something too much of this,' you will say. I am now writing off for you an account of an excursion to Mount Ida, and have been prevented from sending it to you long since, by indisposition and official occupations arising from the arrival here of our Minister Resident of the Great Republic. The young Sultan at present resides in the Old Seraglio, situated within the *enceinte* of ancient Byzantium. This is the palace in which all the former Sultans resided, down to the late MAHMOUD II., who fled from it on account of the Janisaries, whom he feared, even after the destruction of their body as a *corps-militaire*; but the present Sultan's favorite, REZZA PACHA, has raised a *parti-politique*, composed of the religious, bigotted, and old-fashioned Mussulmans opposed to civilization and reform, to oppose RECHID PACHA, the great liberal of Turkey, now in Paris; and among other retrograde steps has reinstated the sovereign in the halls of his ancestors. It was there Mr. CARR was received, and presented his credentials, with all the usual form and ceremony, (although now greatly simplified,) observed on similar occasions. *En passant*: CARR signifies in Turkish, *snow*; and the Turks have joked a great deal about the New World Minister's name. He arrived here in the midst of the heaviest fall of snow we have had this winter; and when the Grand Vizier asked me his name, when the Minister made his official visit to him, he smiled, and turned it into a handsome compliment, by observing that 'Every one knew *snow* was a great benefit to agriculture, and a blessing to the farmers, and he was confident the Minister would also be a valued blessing to the Porte.' The Grand Vizier, who is a most excellent and amiable man, inquired much about our American Indians, called here *Yaban Adam-lari*, or the wild men of the New World; they are a subject of never-ending interest and curiosity to the people of the East. On inquiring about the form of our government, he did not like at all the frequent change of the President and other public officers, which he thought must be very detrimental to public affairs. He has been now Grand Vizier for some fifteen or twenty years, with an occasional retirement, and is much respected by all classes of the people. Like all other officers of the Porte, he commenced his career as a *hiatib*, or clerk, and rose through the several grades to his present high station. As one other little anecdote of Turkish politeness, ('barbarism?') I will add, that a young gentleman, AMIN EFFENDI, called upon the Minister on the part of the Porte, to compliment him on his arrival. He with an air of kindness and politeness informed him that 'His arrival had been a source of great joy and blessing to him, for during the last night his wife had for the first time borne him a son!' In politics I have little to relate to you. Just as has been the case ever since my arrival here in 1832, the English are now endeavoring to do the Turks good, against their will and desire; and Russia makes it her business to thwart her. I cannot say that the country is sinking any faster than it has done for twelve years past, for it rather improves; but the government is more corrupt than ever. But anon!

I must not tell you any thing more now, but leave some for another time.' We beg our friend to acquire 'a realizing sense' of the fact that he cannot write us too often. Of the various letters which we receive from abroad, none are more cordially welcome than those which reach us pierced and stabbed with quarantine instruments, and bearing, together with divers and sundry post and ship-marks, the anti-plague stamp '*parité*,' and the hieroglyphic Turkish seal. . . . VERY possibly there may be something worthy of heedful note in the ensuing poetical advice. We bethink us of but one example in kind, and that was Mr. DEUCEACE, the younger, whose 'hymenial yunion,' it will be remembered, was so exceedingly unhappy. Mr. YELLOWPLUSH draws a vivid portrait of him: 'He was a slim, ellygant man as ever I see. He had very white hands, rather a salo face, with sharp dark i's, and small wiskus neatly trimd, and black as WAX-REN's jet. He spoke very low and soft; he seemed to be watchin' the pumson with whom he was in convyvation, and always flattered every body.' In short, Mr. DEUCEACE the younger was decidedly an 'elegant man.'

THE ELEGANT MAN.

WE all have been frequently warned,
Yea, told of it once and again,
Not to marry a 'daashing woman'
If we would be sensible men;
But I in my turn would advise,
And let those impugn it who can,
If you are a sensible woman
Do n't marry 'an elegant man.'

'T is said that young TIMOTHY LIGHTFOOT,
Who is seldom seen out of Broadway,
Disposed of his ring-covered hand
To a Miss in her teens 't other day;
'T is said too he flirts with the girls
While his lady is flirting her fan:
Alas! she has found to her sorrow
That TIM is 'an elegant man.'

If you take up a morning journal
To look at the foreign despatches,
You'll find, as the latest of news,
A list of runaway matches.
The ladies all seem to be crazy
To test the Hymeneal plan;
And would marry their whiskered footman,
Were he but 'an elegant man.'

Last month in the Liverpool packet
Young Baron VON HOAXEN came over;
His carefully-cherished mustashios
Have made him a fortunate lover:
His father, old General VON HOAXEN,
At Waterloo led on the van;
The Baron 's the son of his father,
And what's more, is 'an elegant man.'

The amorous Baron, I learn,
Had not been a week o'er the water,
Before he'd obtained the consent
Of an up-town Alderman's daughter.
The parties were off like a rocket —
The Alderman after them ran;
Of course all his efforts were fruitless —
The groom was 'an elegant man.'

Young ladies, I pray you take warning,
If you would be happy for life;
Have just whom you please for a lover,
But ne'er be a 'handsome man's wife.'
Reject all his hollow advances —
I know that each one of you can;
For you'd better be linked with the Devil,
Than marry 'an elegant man!'

WE are in the receipt of a rather *warmish* communication from a correspondent, complaining, and very properly, we think, of a lack of courtesy on the part of a member of the Historical Society, in opposing a vote of thanks to Dr. BEAKLEY, for a lecture delivered before that body; in which he took the ground that the negro genus was, by course of nature, incapable of reaching the physical and mental eminence attained by the white race. The lecture was upon a theme which was at least a matter of opinion; its delivery was requested; and to say 'Thank you,' for an intention to please or instruct, certainly could not shut out subsequent discussion, nor derogate from the dignity of, or commit in any way, the Historical Society. We have heard of a little incident connected with the enforcement, on one occasion, of the reverse of Dr. BEAKLEY's proposition, which rather illustrates than otherwise the impugned doctrine. A distinguished philanthropist, in holding forth at a meeting in Princeton, New-Jersey, at which a collection was to be taken up, to aid the funds of an Abolition Society, dwelt briefly upon the intellectual capacity of the black race, and their equality in this respect with the whites. There were colored brethren sitting near him, he said, who were striking examples of the truth of his position. He closed his address with a fervent appeal to the pockets of his auditors: 'Can any of my bearers,' said he, 'be so unchristian, so penurious, so mean, so niggardly, as not to be wil-

ling to give *something* in aid of the purpose for which we are assembled! He had scarcely sat down, when a 'colored brother' rose as he said to 'a pint of order.' He said he 'should like to know w'aät dat gem'man last up meant by dat laist 'spression about bein' *niggerly*? Dere 's as many mean men 'mong white folks as 'mong de colored people; and it 's sartin sure dat de last remark of de gem'man last up was n't called for, 'specially from a friend!' This was considered a poser 'at the time.' The truth seems to us to be, that the negro is rather *imitative* than *creative*; and the specimens of his imitation which one sometimes encounters, are amusing enough. Glancing over a Troy journal the other day at a reading-room, we were struck with the magniloquent advertisement of one GEORGE B. MORETON, a colored shoe-maker. He must have failed aforetime, we infer; for among other things, he says: 'The subscriber here fairly acknowledges that he has met with some pecuniary embarrassments, which for a while stabbed his reputation, and throw'd a gloom over his prospects.' He is 'in the field again,' however, he adds, and promises every thing in the way of cheap and fashionable work: 'It is needless for the subscriber to give a detail, for his object will be universal grasp!' In the course of his advertisement, Mr. MORETON gives us this bit of personal history: 'The public is aware that the subscriber is of an immediate, unadulterated African extraction. His own ancestors in by-gone days have sported with the furious aligator, that regales himself on the banks of the unadulterated Nile!' . . . 'D. E. N.' has the 'rhyming facility,' but he is not a poet. He does n't lack words, but his words lack meaning. They have often a mere rhythmical connection. And how common this defect is in half the productions of our modern verse-writers! Sound, not sense, rhyme, not reason, would seem to be aimed at, in the greater part of the mis-called 'poetry' of the day. A London versifier pleasantly satirizes this species of mellow, meaningless metre in 'a lyric,' from which we clip two musical stanzas:

'UPRISING, see the fitful lark
Unfold his pinion to the stream;
The pensive watch-dog's mellow bark
O'ershades yon cottage like a dream;
The playful duck and warbling bee
Hop gaily on from tree to tree.'

'How calmly could my spirit rest
Beneath yon primrose-bell so blue,
And watch those airy oxen, drest
In every tint of purling hue;
As on they hurl the gladsome plough,
While fairy Zephyrs deck each bough!'

A MORE 'scorching' exposé of the character of a cowardly tyrant than MACAULEY has furnished to the last Edinburgh Review, in his article upon BARRERE, it has never been our fortune to read. Every sentence is 'burnt in' as with a living coal. The following is an agreeable synopsis of the bloody terrorist's character: 'BARRERE approached nearer than any person mentioned in history or fiction, whether man or devil, to the idea of consummate and universal depravity. In him the qualities which are the proper objects of hatred, and the qualities which are the proper objects of contempt, preserve an exquisite and absolute harmony. In almost every particular sort of wickedness he has had rivals. His sensuality was immoderate; this was a failing common to him with many others. There have been many men as cowardly as he; some as cruel; a few as mean, a few as impudent. There may also have been as great liars, though we never met with them, or read of them. But when we put every thing together, sensuality, poltroonery, baseness, effrontery, mendacity, barbarity, the result is something which in a novel we should condemn as caricature, and to which we venture to say no parallel can be found in history.' A graphic sketch is given of the daily scenes presented during the career of this cruel and black-hearted man, and his sanguinary companions: 'Daily wagon-loads of victims were carried to their doom through the streets of Paris. The knife of the deadly machine rose and fell too slowly for the work of slaughter. Long rows of captives were mowed down with grape-shot. Holes were made in the bottom of crowded barges. All down the Loire, from Saumur to the sea, great flocks of crows and kites feasted on naked corpses, twined together in hideous embraces. No mercy was shown to sex or age. Lads and girls of seventeen were murdered by hundreds. Babies torn from the breast were tossed from pike to pike along the Jacobin ranks. One champion of liberty had his pockets well

stuffed with ears; another swaggered about with the finger of a little child in his hat.' . . . THE annexed clever parody upon a popular poem of LONGFELLOW's, sets forth the cosmopolitan character of an accidental crowd, such as would be arrested in five minutes by a dam across Broadway on any day in the week, and which would afford examples of nearly all that is extant in the human species. The successive speakers are a New-Yorker, Frenchman, Negro, Italian, Scotchman, English cockney, Welshman, German, Scottish-Highlander, Yankee, and Irishman:

EXCELSIOR.

Upon a ladder's lowest rung
A hodman with his mortar hung,
And ever and anon he sung,
Excelsior!

Upward he hies with laughing eye,
Now bent below now cast on high;
Prompt to each query his reply,
Excelsior!

In very fullness of his fun
He up the airy round wound run,
Then springing, take two steps in one,
Excelsior!

With flute-like voice and deer-like bound,
He caper'd on the trembling round,
And shouted still the thrilling sound,
Excelsior!

Agape to mark each merry prank,
The Broadway herd stood rank on rank,
The long, the short, the lean, the lank —
Excelsior!

'Why thunder, BILL! look here! by G — d
See how that paddy sports his hod!
Ten dollars but he drops the load!
Excelsior!

'Mon ami I vill parlee vous
Von leetle vort; 't is mad you do!
Ver goot, Bare: Chaçun à son gout,
Excelsior!

'Yah! yah! by golly! look 'ee Sam!
Dat white man dance no worth a dama,
I beat him for a bushel clam!
Excelsior!

'Brava! brava! bravissima!
Encore! excellentissima!
Primo tenor! dolcissima!
Excelsior!

'Tak tent, ye reckless rascal! na' —
As sure as death the gowk 'll fa!
An' smash his bones in flinders sma'
Excelsior!

'Good people, wot's that covey at,
With tatter'd togs and figure squat,
A-caperin' like a crazy cat?
Excelsior!

'By coot Saint Tavit an' hur leak!
She'd rather fast for half ta week
Tan shuffle on tat shaggy stick!
Excelsior!

'Mein Cot! dat man vill break him pones,
An knock him prain upon de stones;
Der Teuffl! did you heert vat tones?
Excelsior!

'Oigh damorst Dugal! sawt you there
That gillie on the lang stick stair?
Cot! but she wallops wonder rare!
Excelsior!

'I guess that chap is in a fix;
Them hollerings and monkey-tricks
Aint no how mortar fit for bricks!
Excelsior!

'Hurroo Pat! if ye mane to 'maze us,
And tumble from that trap to plaize us,
Then jump away, swick, be Jesus!
Excelsior!

But Dennis danc'd and Dennis sung,
And Dennis to the ladder clung,
For two black eyes were on him flung,
Excelsior!

And lark-like, as he upward bore,
A soft voice from the second floor
Cried 'Dinnis whither bent, astors?
Excelsior!

'Ooh bless your handsome face, *aroon*,
An' that swate mouth, like rose in June:
Quable, I will be with you soon!
Excelsior!

Upward he sprung; with tender sigh,
Between her and the summer-sky
She saw him — heard his vocal cry,
Excelsior!

'T is evening: who ascends the stair
That leads to lovely NORAH's lair?
Dinnis, ye devil! — if ye dare!
Excelsior!

Oh LOVE! thou power omnipotent!
To whom all bow and all have bent,
Thou spark from heaven's own altar sent,
Excelsior!

All nature brightens in thy prism,
Thou universal magnetism!
Within whose courts there comes no schism,
Excelsior!

All worship thee: from sweaty scullion,
Who smoores each night on greasy pillow,
To dame on down, and worth a million.
Excelsior!

WE are struck with the following 'touch of nature,' which we take from a travelling sketch by THACKERAY, author of the 'Yellowplush Correspondence': 'Little people were playing hide-and-seek round the deck, coquetting with the other children, and making friends of every soul on board. I love to see the kind eyes of women fondly watching them as they gambol about: a female face, be it never so plain, when occupied in regarding children, becomes celestial almost; and a man can hardly fail to be good and happy while he is looking at such sights. 'Ah! Sir,' says a great big man, whom you would not accuse of sentiment, 'I have a couple of those little things at home.' He is saying to himself, 'God bless my girls and their mother!'" . . . THE paper referred to by our Mobile correspondent would better suit the pages of the 'Journal of the Franklin Institute' or SILLIMAN's 'Journal of Science' than those of the KNICKERBOCKER. If he will send it to us, we will place it in the hands of a gentleman who, beside being an artist of various skill, and a most accomplished chemist, of wide repute, is one of the best consulting and practical engineers in the United States. His paper will be well understood and candidly considered by JAMES J. MAPES, Esq. . . . I've always remarked,' says that profound observer, Mr. 'CHAWLS YELLOWPLUSH,' 'that when you see a wife a-takin' on airs onto herself, a-scoldink, and internally a-talkin' about 'her dignity' and 'her branch,' that the husband is invariably a spoon.' A friend of ours says that he was reminded of this sage remark the other night, in coming down the Hudson. A large, fat, pompous woman, who was ever and anon overlooking her husband, (a thin, lank personage, with a baby in his arms, who exhibited every mark of prolonged annoyance,) in reply to a meek complaint on his part of fatigue, and the expression of a wish that the nurse might get over her sea-sickness, said: 'I never saw a man conduct so before — never, on the face o' the globed airth. If I'd ha' known that you was goin' to act in *this way*, I would n't ha' fetched you!' The gentleman straitway sang the 'Lay of the Henpecked' to the crying baby, and was thenceforth as mum as an oyster. . . . In looking over an 'Address delivered before the C. P. and L. Society, of Centre College, (what is the name and where the place?) by DAVID C. TANDY, we were struck with the 'crowded composition' of the annexed picture of the march of ages:

'LET us imagine a stage, and make their shadows to pass before us, as themselves have through the lapse of centuries; it will be a grand show. Behold! they pass now: Babylon! robed in the glory of Eastern purple, jeweled with treasure plundered of God; in her hand, the old sceptre of fallen Ninevah; her eye upturned, wrapt in the mystery of the stars; and, as she passes, Prophecy utters darkly her awful doom. Now, the Sovereignty of Medes and Persians, a gray old tyrant, comes; and proudly bearing, passes on to gather his robes about him, and die sternly, with priest and Magi weeping around him, and a shout, faint in the distance, as of slaves with their shackles struck off, to mock him in his agonies. Macedon is before us now; the lust of dominion burning in her eye; and dreaming wildly of the world as one empire. This is Rome, reeling beneath the weight of her iron crown! Now across the stage is the rushing of a wild horde, with long hair streaming, and ODIN for their fierce god! Now gloomy castles frown from the scene; and suddenly a proud array of Barons in their power are before us, and with the glittering of burnished armor, and streaming heraldic banners, and the cross uplifted, and curses of the infidel on their lips, pass on in gorgeous pilgrimage to the tomb of God, and are seen no more. Now come, in slow procession, a brotherhood of crowned Monarchies, with glances of jealous eyes, and Hatred eating away their bosoms; and recking not that their sceptre-grasp is growing weaker in their fierce passion. These have passed on, and now the stage is covered with broken sceptres, and crowns with their jewels scattered; and Royalty is weeping over them; and gray Eld, in ivy-woven vesture, on his moss-grown throne, broods sullenly, with none to venerate! And lastly, with acclamation of the earth, passes one in her youth, coming from her battling with kings, glorying in her triumph; and around her a vast concourse, for which we know no name but The New. It is over now: they have all passed.'

The Quartermasters and Magazines across the water are busy in reviewing authentic works upon French cookery; such as the '*Physiologie du Gout*,' '*Le Nouveau et Parfait Cuisinier*,' etc. The work of the great CAREME seems to bear away the palm. The 'American in Paris,' it will be remembered, gives an elaborate account of this distinguished *chef de cuisine*. He holds a high gentlemanly rank, and lives in an enviable condition of opulence and splendor. He keeps his carriage, takes his airing of an evening, has his country-seat, and his box at the opera. The number of officers attached to his staff is greater than those of any general of the realm. His assistant roaster, we are told, has a larger salary than

the President of the United States. He is an hereditary artist. He had an ancestor who was 'chef de cuisine' of the Vatican, and invented a *soup maigre* for his Holiness; and another who was cook to the Autocratix of all the Russias. He himself invented a *sauce piquante* when quite a young man. 'How talents do run in some families! The truth is, that a great cook is as rare a miracle as a great poet. It is well known that CLAUDE LORRAINE could not succeed in pastry, with all his genius!' SANDERSON gives us an excellent sketch of a distinguished French cook, in his picture of VERY's: 'Beside the usual officers and attendants, you will see here a little man, grave, distrair, and meditative. Do not disturb him; he is perhaps busy about the *projet* of some new sauce. He will start off abruptly sometimes, and leave you in the middle of a phrase: it is not incivility; he has just conceived a dish, and is going to execute it, or write it upon his tablets. Never ask for him in the mornings before one: '*Il compose.*' He is composing!' As an illustration of the dignity of the profession, and the self-complacency of its more eminent members, we subjoin a few 'Orphic Sayings' of the kitchen, which proceed from the great CAREME; 'The every-day routine cook is without courage. His life flows away in mediocrity. Delivering myself up entirely to cookery, I promised myself that I would reform an infinity of old usages, although practised by the greatest masters of the art. When I became chief of the kitchen of the Emperor ALEXANDER, I commenced this great reform.' 'I think that a cook can never make too many sacrifices to accelerate the progress of his art. I have not only made great sacrifices in money, but every day have meditated some new thing.' How perfectly French is the style of the following direction: 'A pheasant should be suspended by the tail, and eaten when he detaches himself from that incumbrance. It was thus that a pheasant hung on Shrove Tuesday was susceptible of being spitted on Easter-day!' Think of an artist like this, with such ideas of his profession, serving an exquisite dish to a face that expresses no rapture; to one who shows no flashes of desire, no radiant ecstasy of countenance! It is not enough, therefore, as has been well said, that a table be loaded with dishes; there must be science, to call them by their names, and taste to discriminate their uses. What is sauce for a goose is not always sauce for a gander, at a Parisian restaurant. Think then of the shock which a distinguished 'chef de cuisine' must have undergone, on hearing a couple of unhewn 'Yankée-Doodles' from the Far West (the story is authentic) exclaim to a polite attendant at VERY's, the NAPOLEON of gastronomy: 'D—n your eyes! why do n't you bring in the dinner?—and take away that broth, and your black bottle? Who the devil wants your vinegar, and your dish-water, and your bibs too? And bring us, if you can, a whole chicken's leg at once, and not at seven different times.' Hunger was better to them than a French cook. They had 'run all over Paris for a beef-steak, and when they had got it, it was a horse's rump!' Our 'American' tells us that the best artists will serve you up your grandfather's head in a capital soup. An English wag goes farther, and says that fossil remains would be abundant matériel for a Parisian 'chef.' He would furnish an 'Ichtyosaurus jelly,' a nutritious and palatable preparation, extracted by an elaborate chemical process from the bones of the Ichtyosaurus; a *Paté de Mastodonte*; a pot-pourri, consisting of a judicious mélange of the most recherché fossil remains, both vegetable and animal; *Potage Megatherium*, a unique article, concocted from the nutritious principle still existing in the osseous relics of that extinct gigantic animal, the Megatherium! . . . ALLUSIONS are frequently made in our private correspondence, as well as in communications for our work, to the article on 'American Poets and Poetry,' in a late number of the Foreign Quarterly Review; and the name of DICKENS or FOSTER is always associated with its *paternity*. We have it, however, on the best authority, that neither of them ever wrote a line of it. 'How much 'excellent abuse' has been wasted upon these gentlemen! . . . WE have spoken elsewhere of the musical but meaningless verse which one encounters so frequently now-a-days. As a contrast to this species of 'composition,' let us ask the reader's attention to the following beautiful lines of BRYANT, in the present number of GRAHAM'S Magazine. Observe that it is not the moon waning to the west—an impression that at first created a little confusion in our mind—but

lished and distributed. Then there is the difficult task of deciding upon the acceptance of proffered manuscripts. For one that delights him by its obvious and striking merit; its freshness and truth of sentiment, its brilliancy of style, its vigor of thought, or polished beauty of expression; there are almost invariably two or three, not decidedly and unequivocally bad, so as to justify him in pitching them headlong into the fire, the dealing with such being rather a relief than otherwise, but so curiously falling short of excellence, just by a shade or two; possessing so many good points, yet lacking the *vivida vis*, the raciness, the indescribable something by which readers are pleased and the tone of the magazine improved; in a word, so falling just below the standard, that the always unpleasant necessity of rejection is made actually painful by regret which has something in it of a personal nature. And very often, too, he has good reason to believe that the productions thus offered and thus found unsuited to his purposes have been written with other aspirations than those of mere ambition; that trembling hopes have clustered round every page of the manuscript, alternating with fears, beyond which lay despair; that literary success has been dreamed of, thought of, striven for, as a refuge from poverty, as a means of relief from present or approaching destitution. Even in his short career as editor of a magazine, the writer of this article has received many letters revealing, even while they sometimes attempted to hide, the existence of hopes and fears such as he has endeavored to describe; appeals to his sympathy, all the harder to resist because they obviously were not meant as such, but were the almost unconscious expression of feelings that rent the bosom in which they had their lodgment; and when he has found himself compelled to disappoint the hopes, the crushing of which he knew would be like a death-pang to the spirit that entertained them, he has exclaimed in very grief of soul, 'Let him who has a soft place in his heart become an army-surgeon, a butcher or a turnkey, but let him not undertake the painful office of an editor.' Little do the readers imagine, when they perceive and enjoy his success in filling his pages with a brilliant succession of admirable papers, with what labor and regret and trial of the feelings these have been culled from among three or four times the number, many submitted to him with the most touching appeals for a word of cheer and a hand of aid, which he could not give because he knew that an inexorable judgment waited on his ministration; that an inexorable demand for the highest order of merit was ever before him, which he must satisfy or fall to the ground.' Ponder these remarks, reader, of a practised daily journalist, who derives his 'monthly experience' from the first half volume only of his magazine; and doubt not their truth, when endorsed by one who is now striving to win your approbation in his *twenty-fourth* volume.

DUELLING.—WE would ask the reader's attention to the admirable '*Tale of New-York*,' from the pen of MATTHEW C. FIELD, Esq., in preceding pages. The incidents are founded on fact: the real name of one of the parties has been furnished us by the writer. We have rarely seen a more forcible illustration of the shameless manner in which duels are often forced upon parties who have themselves no real 'cause of quarrel.' Public attention, abroad as well as at home, has become thoroughly aroused to the evil and folly of what has so long been miscalled the 'code of honor.' In England, duelling has been abolished by act of parliament; and in the British army and navy it is now a criminal offence, with severe and disgraceful penalties, to be concerned either as principal or 'friend' in a duel; and any one who treats disdainfully, or refuses to associate with, a fellow-officer, who abides by the new law, and submits to a verdict of the 'court of appeal,' which has taken the place of the old and barbarous mode of settling personal difficulties in 'the last resort,' is to be held as an offender against the late act, and to be punished accordingly. We shall hear no more of 'honorable' murder in England. Public opinion is bearing strongly upon the practice generally in this country, and penal enactments in

many States prohibit it. Ridicule and burlesque also exercise no small influence against the custom. That was an effective example in this kind, of the gentleman in one of our northern counties, who when challenged by some dissolute *Horspur* for a fancied or pretended slight, chose broad-swords for his weapons, and opposite sides of the St. Lawrence as the position of the combatants. On being remonstrated with, he changed the swords for pistols; the parties to stand back to back on the top of a sharp conical hill in the neighborhood, each to march down eight paces, and then at the word of command to turn and fire! 'You're a coward, Sir!' said the challenger, when he found that his antagonist adhered immoveably to these last terms of combat. 'Very well,' said the other; 'you *knew* I was, or you would n't have challenged me!'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.— We give below an interesting extract from the always pleasant and instructive personal correspondence of an esteemed friend and contributor, resident now and for many years, in an official capacity, at the Turkish capital. The articles referred to by our correspondent appear, one in the last and the other in the present number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*; and both have 'the place of honor.' The first has excited much attention, and has been widely copied throughout the United States; the second, which opens the present number, is replete with a kindred oriental interest, and will prove equally attractive to American readers. Among the useful ornaments of our sanctum is a very large and comprehensive painting of Constantinople and its environs. The view is taken from Scutari, and embraces every object of interest, drawn and colored from nature, on both sides of the Bosphorus, from the opposing castles of Europe and Asia, down to Kudi-Keui, on the Sea of Marmora. It is a source of much enjoyment to us, whenever we receive a communication or private letter from our friend, to trace upon this picture any route which he may mention, or survey any *locale* which he may describe. We have looked down with him from the eminences of Scutari upon Seraglio-Point, the Seraglio, and the Harem, and upon the vast metropolis, with its domes and minarets, that rises beyond it; we have traversed, with unsated eyes, the road from Scutari to Kandili, in its entire length; and we have walked down the long hill from the new quarter of Scutari to the Turkish cemetery, with its groves of melancholy cypresses, that stretch their dark line down even to the ancient Calcedone, 'washed by the golden flood;' and yet we have never been out of our apartment to accomplish a matter so desirable. Pleasant, is n't it? But we are keeping the reader from our correspondent's letter: 'I need not tell you,' he writes, under date of April 7, 'how gratified I am to find my articles worthy of admission to the pages of the first periodical in the United States, and which in Europe bears so high a reputation. The numbers you send me are always read, as well by my friends of the different foreign legations here as by myself, with great interest. I sent you lately an account of the plague in 1837, which I wrote at the time in my journal, and lately on perusal, thought might prove of interest to your readers; particularly as the plague has disappeared entirely from the Levant since the establishment of the quarantine in 1839. It is still however in Egypt, where it seems to have its origin, from the malaria of the Nile and the poverty of the people. The second article is an account of the *Meddahs*, or Story-Tellers of Constantinople. I purpose, so soon as the weather becomes milder and drier, to send you others of a like nature. I have for some time past been searching for original Eastern tales, in Turkish, Arabic or Persian, with the view of making a volume of Oriental Miscellany, or 'Curiosities of Eastern Literature.' I have found a number, which I have translated, and purpose sending you a couple for insertion in your periodical. I lately heard of a unique manuscript in the library of a mosque, which I have a man now engaged in copying for me. It is a translation from the Persian into Turkish of an account of an embassy sent by the Shah of Persia to the *Fag-foor ee Tchih*, or

believeth all things; which like *MIDAS*' finger turneth what it toucheth to gold; which findeth ~~what~~ it seeketh. And could we be brought to explore even Sing-Sing in the right mind, we might oft-times discover fragments of nobility and germs of goodness, and find that though all is tarnished, all is not utterly corroded and destroyed. But we fear our charity runneth not this way with any marked current. In few words, when men commit those sins of which prisons are cognizant, we are done with them. Their probation is over; they are ruined; and however *GOD* may regard them, by man they are abandoned. They may wish to return to the paths of virtue, but we warn them off; that path is appropriated to better people. O for some *HOWARDS* and *FARRS*, in those times of vaunting benevolence, to visit with an enlarged spirit of love and hope the prisoner, the outcast, the rejected of men!

Doubtless there is many a one at this moment groaning in spirit in the Sing-Sing prison, to whose dark heart the key might be found; but who, aware that he is shut out alike from sympathy and from the world, feels that he already knows the utmost which fate can give or take away. 'Hope has no blandishments in store that can seduce, nor fear a threat that can appeal:'

'MAD from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd;
Any where, any where
Out of the world!"

It was the Mohawk, *not* the Hudson, that was the scene of the Herculean wag *JOHNSON*'s exploit, as recorded by 'D.' of Detroit. He laid a wager that he could throw a half-witted blustering fellow over the Mohawk. The verdant person took the bet, and the stake was placed in the holder's hands. A large crowd went to see the performance. *JOHNSON* with great composure seized the man by the nape of the neck and the slack of his breeches and pitched him about six feet into the river. He came out puffing and blowing, sputtering out, 'You've lost your bet.' 'I'll be d—d if I have!' said *JOHNSON*. 'I only want to get the *heft* of you; and I'll throw you all day, but I'll get you over at last!' . . . Our readers will find '*The Advocate Loubet, or the Evening of Saint John*,' to be one of the most stirring and dramatic narratives that they have for a long time encountered in our pages. It is no mis-application of an abused and hackneyed word, to term it 'thrilling.' It is translated from the French, by the same correspondent to whom we were indebted for '*The Innocence of a Galley-Slave*.' It will be concluded in our next. . . . Do you know of a greater bore, reader, than your *professed* story-teller, who at a dinner or other party spreads an all-embracing ambush to entrap, one after the other, each story in his miscellaneous collection; who waits for neither appropriate time nor place; but who says to himself, with *COLERIDGE*'s '*Auntient Marinere*,' whenever he encounters a strange guest:

'This is the man that ~~must~~ hear me,
To him my tale I'll teach!"

One of the most accomplished and agreeable table-companions in England has well said, that 'after all, the pleasantest people at table are those who seldom tell stories. The merest trifle that *springs from the occasion* is worth a hundred of the best jokes that ever were transplanted.' It is the same upon the stage. The moment when Mr. A., bringing two chairs down to the foot-lights, says to Mr. B., 'Pray be seated,' and sprawling out his legs, commences with, 'It is now fifteen years since I first became acquainted with your father, then on foreign service: at the commencement of our friendship an incident occurred ——' and so forth; that moment a buzz of inattention becomes general, and old theatre-goers begin to dislocate their jaws with yawning. . . . In a discourse upon '*The Sabbath and its Observances*,' delivered recently in this city by the eloquent Dr. *NORTT*, of Union College, the orator, among other things, remarked:

'THE laborer needs the rest of the Sabbath. Let him claim it. Let him *have* it. The friend of the Sabbath is the poor man's friend. The enemy of the Sabbath is the poor man's enemy. Shall the men who have changed the face of our country by their toil, and those who dig our canals and grade our rail-ways; shall those who, in the work-shop change the rough material into ornaments for our use, or those who plough the mighty ocean to furnish the conveniences and luxuries of life; shall these men be denied the day of rest which the *CREATOR* designed for their comfort and their highest

improvement? A seventh part of the laborer's time belongs to God. To claim it, therefore, is oppression and sacrilege: nor is there a power on earth, that has any *right* to deprive him of that rest and those sacred privileges which God has given him. He needs this day for the cultivation of his immortal nature. In this respect he is allied to angels; and his emancipated mind may hereafter shine with a lustre no less resplendent than theirs. He as well as his employers, has an account hereafter to render; and an arrangement therefore to deprive him of his rest and of his highest privileges, is not only oppression; it is treason against the community. It is undermining the foundations of society, opening the flood-gates of iniquity, and exposing the nation to the righteous judgments of Heaven. Every where but in the sanctuary the conflicting passions of men are called into exercise: here, all is hushed. In the presence of God there is a perfect equality. All distinctions except those of virtue and vice are unknown; and every assembly sends up a mingled note of praise to the Father of the Universe.'

Has Dr. NORR ever passed any of our 'fashionable churches' (*fashionable churches!* what a term, yet what more common!) during the morning service? Has he remarked the liveried coachmen and footmen, lounging in listless indolence upon or in the sumptuous carriages of their devout masters and mistresses? Are coachmen and footmen 'past praying for,' or incapable of receiving benefit from religious instruction? Or is the ostentation of their pious employers a matter worthy of more regard? We know what Dr. NORR's reply to this query would be; but it might prove a knotty question to the parties interested. 'We have a right to command the services of our servants at all times; why not, we should like to know?' would doubtless be their response. 'Dr. NORR is not going to prevent our display of humble piety in high life.' . . . Does the arrant old bachelor, who sends us '*A Response to the Ecstasies of Julian*' expect us to insert his churlish heterodoxies? Does he take us for one of his forlorn fraternity? Unfortunate man! mistaken individual! His motto depicts a not more unreal vision: 'Had a horrid dream last night; viz., that I was engaged to be married—some politic arrangement. Introduced to my bride, a simpering young woman, with flaxen hair, in white gloves. Just going to declare off, *coute qui coute*, when to my inexpressible relief I awoke!' The 'hand-write' puzzles us; and it is barely possible that some young lady has usurped a signature, to 'whet the almost blunted purposes' of some non-proposing swain. Is it so? . . . We are doing a good service, we are quite certain, to readers of taste in the metropolis and elsewhere, by calling public attention to the establishment of Mr. BASHAM, modeller, plaster, cement and scagliola-worker, at number 408 Broadway. This gentleman is an artist of fine taste and practised skill, who gets up architectural ornaments to any design, for the finishing of the interior of buildings. His varieties of mouldings, consoles, centre-flowers, rosettes and capitals; his statues for halls and niches; his fountains and garden-ornaments, have long been the admiration of hundreds who daily pass his depository. He excels also in taking busts, whether of the dead or living. We have examined lately a bust from his hand of the late lamented GARDINER, who was killed by the explosion on board the Princeton. It is remarkable for its dignity, freedom and ease; and is pronounced an unexceptionable likeness by the friends of the deceased. . . . 'RADNOR' misuses personification sadly in his '*Ode*.' The twelfth and fifteenth lines exhibit an amusing union of the tenses; and in the close, persons and things are intermingled 'in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion.' A bad actor, who had been 'coughed down,' but who was not quite sure that he was not the victim of an epidemic, remarked to a friend, that if he thought the public meant to insult him, he'd pull it's nose. 'The public *has* no nose,' said a little dapper farce-writer at his elbow, whose play had recently been hissed off the stage. 'How do you know that?' asked the other. 'Because,' was the reply, 'I have found by experience that it has no bowels; I therefore infer by parity of anatomy that it has no nose.' If 'RADNOR' has not made '*the jewelled sky*' 'put on bowels of compassion' in his seventh line from the bottom, we are utterly unable to understand his meaning. . . . We should be glad to be informed who it was that penned the lines commencing thus:

'I OFTEN think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as fresh and warm,
And full of ardent thoughts, as mine:

And each has had his dream of joy,
His own unequalled, wild romance,
Beginning when the blushing boy
First thrilled at lovely woman's glance.'

Whoever wrote that little poem, deserves the applause of the aged, in all time. We never see a form bowed with years, that its benevolent teachings do not rush at once upon the mind. He who realizes whither, in the providence of God, his own footsteps must at last tend, will feel the truth once beautifully expressed by one who was 'then young, but now is old': 'The eye of age looks meekly into my heart; the voice of age echoes mournfully through it; the hoary head and palsied hand of age plead irresistibly for its sympathies. I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sundown of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.' . . . ADVICE, we are well aware, is one of those things which 'it is more blessed to give than to receive;' yet we cannot help saying to our Philadelphia correspondent, that the labor he has bestowed upon his punning epistle would, otherwise directed, have sufficed for the production of an article that could scarcely have failed to reflect credit upon his evident talents. Labored puns and conundrums are very hard reading. It is not less a labor to laugh at them than it is to write them. Look at this wretched thing: 'Why is a man looking for the philosopher's stone like NERTUNE?' 'Give it up' at once, and 'let us pass on, and not offend you' farther. 'Cause he's a sea-king what do n't exist?' It is of such stuff that modern puns are made. There is such a thing as a practical conundrum, which is not amiss. 'Look a-bea', SAM, said a western negro one day to a field-hand over the fence in an adjoining lot; 'look a-bea', d' you see dat tall tree down dar?' 'Yass, JIM, I does.' 'Wal, I go up dat tree day 'fore yes'dy to de bery top.' 'W'at was you a'ter, SAM?' 'I was a'ter a 'coon; and an' w'en I'd chased 'im cl'ar out to t' odder eend o' dat longes' limb, I hearn sumfin drop. W'at you guess 't was, SAM? D' you give 'm up? 'Twas dis d—d footish nigger! E-yah! e-yah! Like to broked he neck; been limpin' 'bout ever since!' . . . A good lady in a rail-road car put in the hands of a correspondent of ours the other day, a little folio-tract, on the last page of which 'all dancing' was denounced as 'pernicious and sinful.' Now we join issue on this question. We hold with a pure-minded and exemplary friend, now alas! in his grave, that 'if human virtues are put up at too high a price, nobody will bid for them.' Not a word is said against dancing in the Old or New Testament, but a great deal in favor of it. MIRIAM danced; and DAVID danced 'before the LORD with all his might;' to be sure, the manner of his dancing was not quite so commendable, according to the fashion of our climates; and in the New Testament, to give enjoyment to the dance, water was changed into wine. Beware of 'cant,' ye ultra reformers! There is not a more innocent or beautiful sight than a family of blooming daughters, dancing, after tea, of a pleasant summer evening, to the music of a piano and their own 'most sweet voices.' . . . THAT is a modest request of 'C.'s of Montreal! We have 'Native American' writers enough, who are considered rather clever than otherwise, whose communications, far better than his, await insertion, and who do not require us to 'bleed' quite so freely as himself. And so, good Sir, 'get thee to yon!' . . . WE 'laughed consumedly' the other day over a business-card of a dry-good's 'drummer.' Disdaining affectation or disguise, he had his business specified by a vignette over his name, representing a little drummer in full 'rub-a-dub,' and customers flocking up as if at roll-call; and we presume that such may be the result of an ingenuous frankness, so rare among his fraternity. Doubtless he will succeed, and 'make a good thing of it.' . . . 'L. of P——' has 'complied with our wishes' with a vengeance! We know not whether to attribute the result to undue personal modesty, or something less amiable. Either way, his course is reprehensible. 'Will you keep an eye on my horse, while I step in and get a drink?' said a stranger to a lad, as he dismounted and took the boy's word in the affirmative, and walked into a tavern. Coming out, he found his horse

gone. 'Where 's my horse?' said he, in evident consternation. 'He 's run'd away, Sir,' replied the lad. 'Run away! Did n't I tell you to take care of him, you young scamp!' 'No, Sir; you told me to keep my eye on him, and I *did*, 'till he was clean out o' sight: he run like a trooper!' This little anecdote came to our mind, when we received our correspondent's favor, not in manuscript, but in a distant country gazette. It deserved, and should have had, a place in the KNICKERBOCKER. . . . A LATE number of 'FRAZER'S Magazine' has an excellent paper entitled '*The Sliding-Scale of Manners*;' showing the distinctions observed in the reception and treatment of guests by the heartless fashionables of London. A plain untitled gentleman is treated with 'the most perfect and polite impertinence,' while the *expressé* courtesy of pleasure is extended only to those who have 'a position,' no matter by what means gained. We are glad to be informed, however, that 'English society at large is never long imposed upon by the affectation and pretension of the sliders.' The *true* coin only rings clear. *Character* is displayed in every attitude and gesture; in the voice, tone, and manner of every word uttered; as well as in every step, bow, look, or move, of the best-drilled followers of *fashion*. The sliding scale lowers the general tone of social intercourse, and furnishes invariable amusement to the mischievous. It is really afflicting to think how some of the grandest sliders are occasionally laughed at by wicked wags, who were thought to have been almost annihilated by the superlative bearing of the very objects of their merriment. Generally speaking, the best and highest breeding is to be found in the highest circles; the border-clans, uncertain of their exact position, anxious to be included among the somebodies, invariably contain the greatest number of insufferables. The most prominent 'sliders' are always the 'parvenus;' a class which has been well described by one who 'was among them but not of them.'

'*THE parvenu* is that half-bred, ill-conditioned little-minded individual who, placed by the hand of fortune in one of the upper ranks of life, would be a disgrace to the lowest. He is quite conscious of the doubtful ground upon which he stands, and therefore attempts to support himself by the assumption of a piddling refinement, which he mistakes for the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. Although he may have lived so long within sight of good examples as to be exceedingly passable in society as to manners, yet he is essentially vulgar; his ideas, his sentiments, his opinions are vulgar; at bottom the man is a snob. He fears to deviate from a certain set line of conduct lest he should lose his way, and betray the shallowness of his pretensions. A thousand things that a gentleman and a man of sense does every day, the parvenu, in his petty code of propriety, sets down as impossible. The fear of losing *caste* is continually before his eyes. A sixpenny ride in an omnibus is beneath him; he supports his gentility by paying half a crown for a cab. He deems it unbecoming a gentleman to receive copper change. He thinks it very vulgar to do any thing for himself. He will lose his passage in a steam-boat, or his place in a coach, rather than carry a carpet-bag a hundred yards. To take a paper parcel home in his hand is out of the question. Abroad, he is of the *stil admirari* school. He is very careful of letting himself down by the expression of a favorable opinion. On the contrary, he sometimes exhibits a refinement of taste in his condemnation which is quite edifying. We remember a parvenu entering the Pantheon at Rome, who looked round the building with half-shut eyes, and clapping his boot with his cane exclaimed, 'D—d humbug!'

Now and then we hear of the non-reception of our Magazine by its distant western subscribers. We have marvelled at the cause of this, as our numbers are always carefully enveloped in strong wrappers. If however the custom mentioned below obtains to any great extent at the west, the matter is easily explained: 'It is said there is a post-master in Arkansas who can't read; and when the mail comes in, is under the necessity of measuring it. He sends three pecks to Little-Rock, two pecks to Batesville, and dwindles down to a peck to the out-counties!' . . . THE Summer Theatres of the metropolis are organized, and in the full tide of success. Matchless MITCHELL, of the 'Olympic,' with his *troupe*, presides at NIBLO's, where he has already brought out a succession of pieces that have 'taken the town.' We shall have 'something particular' to say of the performances at this charming resort in our next. Mrs. TIMM, a very clever actress, has taken the capacious 'Vauxhall;' and with that versatile and excellent actor, Mr. WALCOTT, Miss KATE HORN, and one or two other of the 'Olympic' favorites, is meeting with much success, as we perceive by the journals. At the PARK, BOOTH was the most recent attraction; while at the BOWERY, Mrs. SHAW, a beautiful and gifted actress, and a deserved favorite, has been winning the cordial greetings of enthusiastic audiences. . . . OUR stalwart contemporary, INMAN is he hight, has recorded his opinions against the omnibus-riding of so

many of our idle citizens, whose health would be promoted by walking from their dwellings to their several places of business. An additional reason why the omnibii ought to be discouraged is, that they are killing off the population by a much more summary method than that of creating incurable invalids. It is our belief that secret companies exist in Gotham, as in the French capital, for 'running over people,' and that the drivers are the principal stockholders. How many victims to this great evil does the reader suppose have fallen in this city within the last month? We do n't know. . . . THERE is one stanza of great beauty in the six which are contained in the '*Lines on the Death of an Infant.*' The fifth verse runs into the sixth like a pure brook into a muddy stream. It is simple and touching; and reminds us not a little of those quaint and charming lines of the 'old English LYDGATE' upon a kindred theme:

'AH! weladay! most angelike of face,
A childe, young in his pure innocence,
Tender of limbes, God wote full guiltlesse,
The goodly faire that lieth here speechlesse.
A mouth he has, but wordis hath he none;
Cannot complain, alas! for none outrage,
Ne grutcheth not, but lies here all alone,
Still as a lambe, most meke of his visage:
What heart of steele could do to him damage,
Or suffer him die, beholding the manere
And look benign of his twin eyen clere?'
—

THERE is a paper upon BEAU BRUMMELL in a late foreign periodical. Aside from the sad lesson taught by the closing years of the impudent trifler, there is nothing in the article of any great interest. The only new and characteristic anecdote that we encounter is this: 'His valet was coming down stairs one day with a quantity of tumbled neck-cloths under his arm, and being interrogated on the subject, solemnly replied, 'Oh, they are *our* failures!' PUNCH states that a statue of BRUMMELL is to be erected in Trafalgar Square, London, in kindly neighborhood with that of his old friend GEORGE the Fourth. 'Their lives were lovely, and their joint memories will be appropriately eternized in congenial bronze. The grandson of the pastry-cook and the descendant of the Guelphs will be reconciled by the good offices of posterity, and the peculiar virtues that each possessed be brought out in stronger relief by the association. Looking at BRUMMELL, we shall remember with glowing admiration the 'man who seldom failed in his tie.' Beholding GEORGE the Fourth, we shall not readily forget the man to whom all ties were equally indifferent.' . . . '*The Miller Prophecy, a Satire,*' in several passages borders upon the humorous, but as a whole it is as great a failure as the subject; and we 'say so frankly,' as desired. We always had our doubts of MILLER's end of the world, until we heard one of his hymns sung by our merry and musical host of the '*K. P. H., by G. L.,*' in the Second Avenue. We thought then that 'GABRIEL was gwine to blow' in good earnest. At a chanticleer tournament, in the sporting-season, 'G. L.' might rejoice the spectators with this song, as a 'militant aria.' It would 'take,' no doubt. . . . Our 'senior' friend of the '*St Louis Reveillé,*' (a lively, sparkling daily journal, recently commenced at the Missouri capital by the well-known 'brothers FIELD,') by boasting of his 'divided duty' as a father and underrating the theme of JULIAN's paternal raptures, has drawn down upon himself the following, which is too good to be wasted solely upon us. Parts of it, however, it must be confessed, touched us nearly: 'As to your St. Louis friend, who vaunts his double arrivals, his 'rose and two buds,' him advise not to 'aggravate' too much. Choke him down, Sir, and let me hear no more of his babbling, for surely he is beside himself. Have his wits clean gone out, I wonder, that he finds two halves better than a whole?—that he presumes to do *well* more than one thing at a time?—and that he cannot himself see the duplicity, the double-dealing of his transactions? Remind him, Sir, of our differences of meridian, of mothers, and still wider, of morals. Twins may have been tolerated in ancient and barbarous times: the early Greeks may have permitted them: it is even possible that their dual number was twinnishly suggested; and they may do at the west, that country of the largest liberty, where population is an object, and all mathematics is reduced to mul-

tiplication merely; where legislatures may sanction, and they may be made constitutional even; but let me tell the gentleman, the plummet of *our* meridian falls upon Connecticut, that old Jerusalem, where they have *Sundays*, and where twins are not harbored, even as a week-day thought! Why, Sir, what saith our COTTON MATHER upon this very subject? 'Surely,' says that great divine, 'these transactions are out of the common, and in no wise to be counted as either proper or discreet. For, look you how many miserable and half-prepared creatures find their way into the world, even one at a time, and not in couples. I say nothing as to the boldness, the audaciousness of these cases, but may not troublesome questions arise? For shall they go after strange mothers? and will they like the bottle? will they take to a rag kindly? Likewise, consider how puzzling it may be to lawyers and even sages to decide which is the first-born; for their likenesses are often so marvellously the same that their own mother must needs have some private mark, (having failed of that in the first instance) by which to distinguish them one from the other! Consider also, that knit together as those two souls must be, and running together over the same play-grounds in their youth and boyhood, they must nevertheless part at some future time, and that inevitably; and how terrible must that parting be! Assuredly they are not in the proper order of things, and in no manner to be countenanced.' And now will the *Missourian* be still? If he is wise, he will henceforth say no more whatsoever; for an' if he think to open his mouth in any manner to speak again upon this subject, I shall not promise, double-father as he is, to leave a whole bone in all that man! And now, oh my Editor, that we have got rid of that troublesome person, my sheet is nearly full, and we have lost our usual gossip. I have just room to tell you that we are still idling here, truant, careless, and wayward as the wind; like the summer clouds hanging in mid-heaven, content with as much of the blue above and the earth beneath as comes within our ken; and whatever storms may be in our sunset, or whatever lightnings may some day flash about us, we shall put on no mourning colors to contrast with their brightness. But despite all that grand philosophy, we have one thought beyond our horizon, and that is in *your coming*. Bring us back the kind wishes that we have sent thitherward for these many days, and bring them quickly. We will meet you at the outer edge, and pass a hand over into the world we have forsworn, receiving you straightway, without change of slipper or a garment. We will even 'take the papers,' to have something in common with those you leave behind, and I will myself endeavor to brace up into some stiffness of opinion upon matters and things, that shall at least be respectable. At this present I lean as the wind blows, to such an utter lack of uprightness that however it may be with governments, from crowns to cabinets, I am utterly incapable of any thing patriotic. I go the *pater*, but the *'ism* is too much for this weather. How it may be with the late nominations and ratifications, and how it will be with the glorifications to come; whether we swallow Texas, whether we war with England or Mexico; or, to descend to objects more commonly disturbing, whether it rain to-morrow, whether it hail, whether it blow, whether it freeze, whether it melt with fervent heat — Excuse the blot, Sir; for as I was slowly writing down those *whethers*, I felt an arm dropping about my neck, and presently the velvet of a cheek touched mine, and rolling slowly around (billiard upon baize,) a pair of bright eyes came between me and the paper; and at the left corner of my mouth, just as I finished the words 'fervent heat,' I underwent a shock, a reverberation of nerve, a — no matter; you understand. I thought I was not exciteable, but seriously, Sir, I shall have to take anodynes, go the GRAHAM regimen and cold water; possibly the *douche* — who knows! I am too fluttered now, Sir, to remember what I was about to say; and apropos of my filled sheet; the meaning of that interruption is — Good night! . . . THERE is a striking thought felicitously expressed in a late number of DICKENS's 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' touching presentiments: 'If there be fluids, as we know there are, which, conscious of a coming wind, or rain, or frost, will shrink and try to hide themselves in their glass arteries, may not that subtle liquor of the blood perceive, by properties within itself, its threatened fate?' . . . How suffering and sorrow soften the heart! 'Oh! I have ta'en too little care of this!' exclaims the aged, remorseful LEAR, when in his fallen estate he regards the wretchedness which he can

no longer relieve. The Hon. Mrs. NORTON, her warm heart overflowing with pity, thus records her tender sympathy for the 'poor and needy:'

THE WEAVER.

LITTLE they think, the giddy and the vain,
Wandering at pleasure 'neath the shady trees,
While the light glossy silk, or rustling train,
Shines in the sun, or flutters in the breeze,
How the sick weaver plies the incessant loom,
Crossing in silence the perplexing thread,
Pent in the confines of one narrow room,
Where droops complainingly his cheerless head.
Little they think with what dull, anxious eyes,
Nor by what nerveless, thin, and trembling hands,
The devious mingling of those various dyes
Were wrought to answer LUXURY's commands.
But the day cometh when the tired shall rest
Where weary LAZARUS leans on ABRAHAM's breast.

THOMAS HOOD, the distinguished humorist, is said to be in ill health, and to be nearing his final end. Aside from his wit and humor, he has an admirable dramatic style, and is a superior poet. His 'Dream of Eugene Aram' will never be forgotten. He is a warm-hearted philanthropist, too, as his touching 'Song of the Shirt' sufficiently evinces. Observe also this picture of a faithful servant in one of his latest sketches: 'She had no more charms, she knew, than a cat; but in moral beauty, if there had ever been a book of it, she might have had her portrait at full length. Her figure and face were of the commonest human clay, cast in the plainest mould. Her clumsy feet and legs, her coarse red arms and hands, and dumpy fingers; her ungainly trunk and hard features, were admirably adapted for that rough drudgery to which she unsparingly devoted them, as if fit only to be scratched, chapped, burnt, sodden, sprained, frost-bitten, and stuck with splinters. And if sometimes her joints stiffened, and her limbs flagged under the severity of her labors, was it not all for the good of the family to which she sacrificed herself with more than feudal devotion? In short, she combined in one ungainly bundle of household virtues all the best qualities of our domestic animals and beasts of burthen; loving and faithful as the dog, strong as a horse, patient as an ass, and temperate as a camel. At nineteen years of age she had engaged herself to my mother as a servant of all work; and truly, from that hour, no kind of labor, hot or cold, wet or dry, clean or dirty, had she shunned, never inquiring whether it belonged to her place, but toiling a voluntary slave, in all departments; nay, as if her daily work were not enough, sleep-walking by night into parlor and kitchen, to clean knives, wash up crockery, dust chairs, or polish tables.' . . . SHALL we have a taste of 'PUNCH,' reader? Not the glorious beverage, known only to the facile hand of the incomparable JOHN WATERS, but a light and sparkling draught from the 'London Charivari.' We begin with certain important information relative to the early history of money: 'The early Italians used cattle instead of coin; and a person would sometimes send for change for a thousand-pound bullock, when he would receive twenty fifty-pound sheep, or perhaps, if he wanted very small change, there would be a few lambs among them. The inconvenience of keeping a flock of sheep at one's banker's, or paying in a short-horned heifer to one's private account, led to the introduction of bullion. As to the unhealthy custom of sweating sovereigns, it may be well to recollect that CHARLES the First was perhaps the earliest sovereign who was sweated to such an extent that his immediate successor, CHARLES the Second, became one of the lightest sovereigns ever known in England.' 'Formerly, every gold watch weighed so many carats, from which it became usual to call a silver watch a turnip; but this will not, at present, form a branch of our inquiry. Troy weight is derived from the extremely heavy responsibility the Trojans were under to their creditors. The Romans were in the habit of tossing up their coins in the presence of the legions, and if a piece of money went higher than the tip of the ensign's flag, it was pronounced to be above the standard.' The annexed, from the 'Comic

BLACKSTONE,' is not without interest to married people : ' A wife cannot be sued without the husband, unless he is dead in law ; and law is really enough to be the death of any one. A husband or a wife cannot be witness for or against one another, though a wife sometimes gives evidence of the bad taste of the husband in selecting her. A wife cannot execute a deed ; which is perhaps the reason why SHAKESPEARE, who was a first-rate lawyer, made MACBETH do the deed, which Lady MACBETH would have done so much better, had not a deed done by a woman been void to all intents and purposes.' PUNCH excels in his criticisms upon art. We subjoin a few examples from his review of the Royal Academy Exhibition. The sample of ' painting from the Scottish vernacular ' is especially rich. It has no meaning, to be sure ; ' but that 's not much :

' No. 25. The Highland Luncheon :

' Gin a' the binks that fa' your body,
Your bubbly Jock and winsome poddie,
Your flitting, flitting, flinkum doddie,
Should gar your s'e.'

' The words of the Ayrshire bard were never more admirably illustrated. The tail of the Kelpie in the distance is perhaps a little out of drawing ; but the Stot is the very picture of life ; and the mattock-man with which the sheep-dog (both are likenesses of eminent political characters) is running away, is unparalleled.'

Here is a pleasant picture of still-life. The effects produced, it is easy to perceive, are of somewhat difficult accomplishment. Hence, we suppose, the great praise awarded to the artist. The triplet quoted ' from an unpublished poem ' in the first specimen, is in fine keeping with the painting :

' No. 34. A Typhoon bursting in a simoon over the whirlpool of Maelstrom, Norway, with a ship on fire, an eclipse, and the effect of a lunar rainbow :

O Art, how vast thy misty wonders are,
To those who roam upon the extraordinary deep ;
Maelstrom, thy hand is here !

' No. 40. This is the greatest work of art that the English school of quiet landscape has produced. The comet just rising over the cataract in the foreground, and the conflagration of TIRPPOO's widow in the Banyan forest by the sea-shore, are in the great artist's happiest manner.'

' No. 591. Portrait of the Hat of His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT, with His Royal Highness's favorite boot-jack. This magnificent piece of art has all that mastery of execution, that chiaroscuro of handling, above all, that thrilling, dramatic interest, which distinguishes the most popular of our painters. The boot-jack is a miracle of art ; had we not worn Bluchers, in good sooth we should have been tempted to try it ; so marvellous is the illusion produced. The stuff of the hat is handled with a gossamer lightness, and the maker's name is a complete illusion. This work stamps Mr. SANDERSON not only as a great delineator, but a noble and exquisite poet.'

' No. 906. Colossal figure of GEORGE BLODDEN RODGMORE, Esq., M. P., of Rodgmore Hall, painted on occasion of the bill for inclosing Cowitch Common, and hung in the lower hall of that city. A grand, we had almost said, a stalactitic piece. Mr. RODGMORE is represented in a white waistcoat, and pepper-and-salt trousers, pointing to a scroll of papers, and as if looking up at a picture of the late eminent WILLIAM PITT ; Rodgmore Park is seen in the distance, the trees tinted by autumn, and a whirlwind raging above them in the stormy sky. A curricule, probably containing Mrs. BLODDEN RODGMORE, completes the illusion. The Turkey carpet is a miracle of painting, and the seals hanging from the inexpressibles of the principal figure, are perfect wonders of pictorial skill.'

' No. 1803. ENEIDA parting from LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS before the battle of Lepanto ; and ARIADNE visiting DIOGENES LÆRTIUS in the island of Patmos.'

' PUNCH ' has opened a sort of literary ware-house. The advertisement is ' full of promise : ' Their assortment for the season will contain a large supply of ready-made verses, generally-approved puns, some excellent descriptions, and two very superior bon-mots ; also an immense assortment of paragraphs, adapted to all subjects and circumstances, with moveable beginnings and ends, so managed that they may be fitted on to any thing, and furnished with appropriate commas, full-stops, and notes of interrogation. Prize poems and essays got up at the shortest notice ; histories, voyages, and travels compiled ; and novels, sermons, memoirs, and grammars neatly composed.' We subjoin a specimen of the poetical department of this establishment :

' T ' is done, and sickening in the gale,
Distempered breezes filter through the vale ;

Tumultuous murmurs flash promiscuous dyes,
 And limpid mermaids flounder o'er the skies;
 No voice to break the silent stillness round,
 Save the deep thunder of perpetual sound.
 He died — he spoke — he breathed; no word
 Marr'd the sweet music of that shrilly bird:
 Earth was his home, his smouldering tomb the wave,
 While lustrous dew-drops purple round his grave:
 Eternal silence laughs along the shore,
 And spectral negroes whiten on the floor.'

IF our Albany friend could be made aware of the haste with which portions of our own humble departments are prepared for the printers, he would perhaps place less stress upon an error so trifling as that which he points out. Sir THOMAS URQUHART, in his 'Jewel,' affords an inkling of one's condition when striving to keep pace with *one* compositor: what would he have thought to be beset by five or six of those 'cormorants of copy?' 'Being necessitated to husbande my time and overtriple my diligence, I cooped up myself daily for some hours together; wherefore, betwixt the case and the pryntinge-presse, I did most usually afford the setter copie at the enratment of above a whole prynted sheete in the day; which, although by reason of the smallness of the letter, and close couching thereof, it did amount to full three sheets of my writing, the aforesaid setter nevertheless, (so nimble a workman was hee,) would in twenty-four hours make dispatch of the whole, and be ready for another sheete: he and I striving which should the fastest compose; he with his hands, and I with my brains: and his uncasing of the letters, and placing them in the composing instrument, standing for my conception; and his plenishing of the gally, and composing of the forme, encountring with the supposed equi-valve of my writing, we would almost every foot jump together in this expedition.' No one at all conversant with matters editorial and typographical, but will realize the truth and force of Sir THOMAS's sketch. Not unlike his conclusions, it may be inferred, are those of our esteemed correspondent 'PHAZMA,' who, in apostrophizing 'The Middle of Next Week,' hints in closing at the very subject of which we are speaking:

THIS life is short, and very seldom may
 A man, with wisdom, wish to skip a day;
 But when we sigh for something to be over,
 Or when expecting soon to be in clover,
 Or when a man is not exactly knowing,
 Or how to pay a note that he is owing;
 Or when a lady, with a quaint negation,
 Leaves one in a distressing situation;
 Or when a man in terror meets the storm,
 Through midnight curtains, from some hideous form;
 Or when young MEPHISTOPHILES appears,
 Just whispering for 'copy' in your ears;
 O, then, may well the tortured spirit shriek
 For thee! for thee! thou *Middle of Next Week!*

SOME attempts have recently been made in England to abolish the custom of paying for admission to St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the like public edifices; but the attempt was resisted by the authorities, on the ground that two-pence was a small sum, and that if it was not demanded, 'the rabble' would enter, and perhaps do damage to the monuments. Whereupon 'Punch' remarks: 'He, who wants the two-pence, is not a proper person to enter St. Paul's Church. His mental perceptions, not quickened by copper, can in no way be elevated by the contemplation of a cathedral. What is the harmony of architecture to him who cannot chink his penny-pieces? What the solemn appeal to the fulness of imagination, when the pocket is empty? Can there be any doubt of the profane conduct of the penniless visitor? Would he not, with stick of charcoal, write irreverent words upon the monuments; and may be, to show his contempt of learning in a high churchman, decorate the statue of Doctor JOHNSON with a black moustache? And then two-pence, as the reverend gentlemen truly observe, is such a 'small payment!' He or she must indeed be a forlorn wretch who lacks the sum. When shirts are made at three half-pence each, who

but the most idle and irreligious can want two-pence?" 'How different the spectacle, in the case of the peaceable citizen who pays his two-pence at the door! The man, to our imagination, is externally writ all over with the word two-pence. It gives him a property air; a seemliness of carriage; a decorousness of manner that shows the person of coppers. Reflecting that he is only admitted into the church through the fee he has paid, it is difficult—most difficult for him—to divorce his thoughts from two-pence. It is not his fault if the whole fabric appear to him studded with penny-pieces. Nay, to his confused vision the very pulpit-cloth may glitter with them. He learns that he is only where he is by the virtue of his pence, and the sense of his whereabouts is elevated accordingly. Wrapt, uplifted by the sublimity of the place, what a very wholesome contempt has he of the outside wretch who has not two-pence!' . . . 'What is Love?' is just such a failure as may be indicated by this stanza, which we take from it. A lady sits at her window, by the water-side, looking down upon her lover, and hearing 'his lay:'

'AND ears accustomed to those brood-ing strains
Now strain to catch each ear-nest note,
And eyes in which the faded sun remains
Are watching eagerly that welcome bount.'

And this, we suppose, is humor! The accompanying 'Song' is equally beautiful. But 'we trifle time' and space, in noticing these unmeaning '*strains*.' . . . THERE is 'an inkling of politics' in the communication of our Boston friend, and *that* theme he must know we are bound to pretermitt in these pages. We have a summary way of disposing of our personal politics. We have but one rule: we go for the '*Principles of Ninety-eight*.' What they are, we have not the slightest notion; we only know that they are something which 'the other side' find it rather difficult to get over. If you are ever asked what they are, reader, by some 'inquiring mind' who thinks to make you define your position, receive the question with profound contempt; and give your antagonist at once to know that you can hold no discussion with a man so ignorant of the fundamental basis of our government as not to know what the 'principles of '98' are! It will put an end to all partizan baiting, nine times out of ten. . . . SIDNEY SMITH is unquestionably the wittiest writer in Great-Britain. He has the keenest of eyes for the ridiculous and the burlesque, and it is impossible to exceed his felicity of style. We are in possession of one or two original anecdotes of SMITH, which we think are worth recording. Soon after the '*Repudiation Letters*' appeared in England, Captain M——, of one of the American packets, then just arrived at Liverpool, had a barrel of fine large and sound American apples selected out, and sent to SIDNEY SMITH. He accompanied the present with a letter, in which he desired the eminent prebend to accept the barrel of apples as *his* part of the repudiation fee, in accordance with the suggestion touching Americans in England, contained in one of the reverend gentleman's letters. SMITH acknowledged the present in the most cordial terms; closing with: 'Instead of proving apples of *discord*, I shall regard them as apples of *concord*.' On one occasion a friend of SMITH's wrote to him, desiring him to sit for his portrait to LANDSEER, the celebrated animal-painter; to which he replied: 'Is thy servant a *dog*, that he should do this thing?' Although the reverend gentleman says he is 'growing weak in his professional joints,' his portrait in one of the illustrated London journals represents him as a fine hale, hearty personage, with abundant manifestations of humor in his dignified and pleasant countenance. Do you remember, reader, the ridicule which he threw upon the project of a British statesman to bring the French to reason by 'keeping them without rhubarb, and exhibiting to mankind the awful spectacle of a nation deprived of neutral salts:'

'THIS is not the dream of a wild apothecary indulging in his own opium; this is not the distempered fancy of a pounder of drugs, delirious from smallness of profits; but it is the sober, deliberate, and systematic scheme of a man to whom the public safety is entrusted, and whose appointment is considered by many as a master-piece of political sagacity. What a sublime thought, that no purge can now be taken between the Weser and the Garonne; that the bustling pestle is still, the canonous mortar mute, and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude! When, I should be curious to know, were all the powers of erudition and flatulence fully explained to his Majesty's

ministers? At what period was this great plan of conquest and constipation fully developed? In whose mind was the idea of destroying the pride and the plasters of France first engendered? Without castor oil they might, for some months, to be sure, have carried on a lingering war; but can they do without bark? Will the people live under a government where antimonial powders cannot be procured? Will they bear the loss of mercury? 'There's the rub.' Depend upon it, the absence of the materia medica will soon bring them to their senses, and the cry of *Bourbon and bolus* burst forth from the Baltic to the Mediterranean.

'*The Reward of Works, a Tale of God's Providence*,' is respectfully declined. 'Lugging in a special providence by the head and shoulders upon every little occasion, is very questionable policy; it cuts two ways; if special providence is called upon to get us out of a scrape, was it not equally special providence that brought us into it?' OLLAPOD, in one of his subsections, satirizes those persons who take every event in their lives as a matter of divine interposition; who make a shop-keeper and supercago of OMNIPOTENCE; who refer to celestial interference the recovery of a debt, the acknowledgment of a larceny, or the profits on a box of candles or a keg of ten-penny nails. He firmly believed in the general watchfulness of his CREATOR over men's wo and weal, but he deemed it impossible for the human intellect to appreciate that *trifling* ubiquity of intervention which some credulous persons, more devout than intelligent, impute to the supervision of the ALMIGHTY 'That God is every where, admits of no dispute; but when we ramify his discernments into the scrutiny of those minutest matters which would scarcely attract for a moment the observation even of low-minded men, we create an anomaly which has in proportion to its indifference an aspect of frivolity and an attitude of common-place.' . . . OUR correspondent 'D.,' who has not been successful in three or four attempts at verse-making for our pages, intimates in the envelope to his last effusion that he 'has done his best,' and that if it is not accepted, he shall 'be discouraged from making another attempt.' He seems to think with MARK TAPLEY, that he shall have to leave it in his will, to be writ on his tomb: 'He was a man as might have come out strong if he could have got a chance; but it was denied him.' But good Sir, never despair:

'T is a lesson you should heed,
Try again;
If at first you do n't succeed,
Try again;
Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear,
Try again.

Once or twice, though you should fail,
Try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try again;
If we strive, 't is no disgrace
Though we do not win the race;
What should we do in that case?
Try again.

'*The Last Wish*,' expressing in verse the request of WILSON the Ornithologist that he might be buried under the trees 'where he could hear the birds sing over his grave,' was written for the KNICKERBOCKER ten years ago by ISAAC M'LELLAN, Jr. It is just now going the circuit of the American press, attributed to 'CHAMBERS's Edinburgh Journal.' . . . Did you never meet, reader, with a condensing conversationist, like DICKENS's 'Mrs. GAMP?' We have heard many an old female gossip 'lump' the subjects of conversation in precisely the manner of that gentle and temperate nurse. Here is a fair specimen of her power of compression, and of her skill in hitting two or more birds with one stone:

'Now ain't we rich in beauty this here joyful afternoon, I'm sure! I knows a lady, which her name, I'll not deceive you, Mrs. Chuzzlewit, is Harris, her husband's brother bein' six foot three, and marked with a mad bull in Wellington boots upon his left arm, on account of his precious mother havin' been worried by one into a shoe-maker's shop, when in a situation which blessed is the man as has his quiver full of sech, as many times I've said to Gamp when words has roge betwixt us on account of the expense; and often have I said to Mrs. Harris, 'Oh, Mrs. Harris, Ma'am! your countenance is quite a angel's!' — which, but for pimples, it would be. 'No, Sairey Gamp,' says she, 'you best of hard-working and industrious creaturs as ever was underpaid at any price, which underpaid you are — quite different. Harris had it done afore marriage at ten-and-six,' she says, 'and wore it faithful next his heart till the color run, when the money was declined to be give back, and no arrangement could be come to. But he never said it was a angel's, Sairey, wotever he might have thought.' If Mrs. Harris's husband was here now,' said Mrs. Gamp, looking round, and chuckling as she dropped a general courtesy, 'he'd speak out plain, he would, and his dear wife would be the last to blame him; for if ever a woman lived as know'd not wot it was to form a wish to pizon them as had good looks, and had no reason give her by the bees of husbands, Mrs. Harris is that 'ev'nly dispoecician!'

THE 'London Spectator,' in the course of a review of our friend KENDALL's 'Santa Fe Expedition,' observes: 'Mr. KENDALL is not a bad fellow. (Guess he *isn't* a bad fellow!) Notwithstanding the national looseness of his public morals, and notions by no means strait-laced in other respects, he seems a good-tempered give-and-take personage; not very forbearing, perhaps, but able to bear; philosophically submitting to any hardships or misery, if he can but tell his troubles to the world, and determined to meet death itself for the honor of the star-spangled banner.' . . . 'The Saturday Emporium' family journal which has taken the place of the 'Brother Jonathan,' will prove a valuable acquisition to the New-York weekly press. Mr. EDWARD BREWSTER GREEN, the editor, is practised in his vocation; and will leave nothing undone, we may confidently assume, which can add to the interest or value of his gazette. We commend 'The Emporium' to public attention. . . . CORRESPONDENTS, whose papers are not referred to, are desired to 'possess themselves in patience.' We have received many which we have not as yet found leisure even to glance over. That duty, however, we shall soon perform, and advert to the result in our next.

L I T E R A R Y R E C O R D .

POETS AND POETRY.—We find on our table no less than *eight* new poetical volumes, elegantly bound, or in the pamphlet form, to some of which, although sorely pressed for space, we cannot resist the inclination to advert. From the press of Mr. H. G. LANGLEY, Astor-House, we have, in a beautiful dress, the poetical works of WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED, now first collected, by RUFUS W. GAISSWOLD. It opens with the delightfully imaginative poem of 'Lilian;' and contains, beside the equally beautiful pieces of 'The Red Fisherman,' 'The Bridal of Belmont,' etc., a large collection of those lively and graceful compositions, by which the writer, through the pages of English and American literary journals, has made himself so widely and favorably known. . . . JOHN PENNINGTON, Chestnut-street, Philadelphia, has sent us a volume, notable for its refined luxury of execution, containing the collected poems of Mrs. FRANCES ANNE BUTLER, a lady of rare gifts, whose portrait as Miss KEMBLE, by the eminent SULLY, fronts the title-page. We recognize among the various faithful transcripts from the generous and feeling heart of the author, several poems which were originally contributed to the pages of this Magazine. Certain of the later effusion, of our fair and facile poet are 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thoughts' which should (and would) be strangers to the bosom of a happy wife and mother. The strains are so melodious as often to disguise their sadness; yet the under-tone is plaintive and solemn, as if 'Sorrow brim'd the cup' which is commended to the writer's lips. . . . 'Records of the Heart' is the appropriate title of an unpretending collection of various articles of verse, contributed within the last two years to different American journals and periodicals, by Mrs. SARAH ANNA LEWIS, of Troy, New-York. The lady has an easy, flowing style of versification, a good degree of imagination, and no small facility of execution. If there are occasional weak passages in her book, they may justly be considered as overbalanced by the fact, that there are no infractions of good taste, at least none that are visible on a cursory perusal of the volume. Its externals are creditable to the press of Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY, the publishers. . . . 'Mount Auburn,' the well-known rural cemetery, near Boston, has furnished themes of graceful verse to Miss CAROLINE F. ORNE, which she has embodied in a neat and tasteful little volume, recently put forth by Mr. JOHN OWEN, of Cambridge. Among the 'miscellaneous poems' which assist in forming the volume, we recognize several acceptable contributions to the KNICKERBOCKER. . . . 'Charlotte Corday,' a tragedy in five acts, by AMOS C. MOREY, suggested by the 'Doar Rebellion' in Rhode-Island, we have only found leisure to glance over. That cursory glance, however, has impressed us with the belief that the thoughts which the tragedy contains are far superior to the garb in which they are for the most past clothed. . . . 'The Strife of Brothers,' from the press of Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY, a poem in two parts, with copious illustrative notes, is a production excellent alike in tendency and in literary execution. It deserves a more elaborate consideration than we have at present time or space to award it. We can but commend it to the reader's attention. . . . 'The Wife of Leon, and other Poems,' by two Sisters of the West, we have but just received, owing to inadvertence on the part of the publishers. We have read only enough of the volume to know that it contains many beautiful poems, imbued with natural feeling and unaffected sentiment. It will well repay purchase and perusal.

CLARK'S 'LITERARY REMAINS.'—The 'Literary Remains of the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK' have just been completed by Messrs. BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY. The last two numbers conclude his 'Miscellaneous Prose Papers,' and embrace all of his poems which were deemed worthy of preservation by the editor. Speaking of the 'Ollapodiana' papers, as they appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER, the 'Columbian' Magazine remarks: 'They delighted all the town for months, perhaps we may say years in succession, with their beautiful alternation of quaint conceits, thoughtful illustrations of life, character and manners, shrewd satire, mirth-provoking humor and genuine pathos. WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK was a man of rich talents and fine taste; of a deeply sensitive nature, yet genial, and as many-sided, to use an expressive German phrase, as almost any writer of whom we have knowledge. He could write in every style, upon all classes and kinds of subject; always he wrote well, often with singular felicity of thought and expression. Withal, he was a diligent reader, especially of the earlier English authors, from whom he gathered many a gem and fragment of intellectual gold, which he knew right well how to polish and set among the jewels of his own intellect. His best productions were the pieces now collected by his brother; they were written *con amore*, to promote the interest of one whom he loved with a twin-affection; written at leisure, and only when the effort was congenial to his present mood, and if that happened to be for fun, as was often the case, there was a great laugh over the next number; a laugh, by the way, in which we have just been joining almost with a roar.' We cannot close this closing notice of the 'Remains,' without thanking the liberal publishers for the admirable manner in which the work has been executed. The poems, the most popular perhaps of all the author's writings, are printed upon large clear types, the lines widely 'lead,' and the whole beautifully printed upon paper of the finest color and texture; and yet the five numbers, of an hundred pages each, are sold for one dollar.

NARRATIVE OF A 'PATRIOT' PRISONER AT VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.—An interesting pamphlet has been issued from the office of the 'New World,' containing the 'Narrative and Recollections of Van Dieman's Land, during a three years' captivity of STEPHEN S. WRIGHT; together with an account of the Battle of Prescott, in which he was taken prisoner; his imprisonment in Canada; trial, condemnation and transportation to Australia; his terrible sufferings in the British penal colony of Van Dieman's Land; and his return to the United States: with a copious Appendix, embracing facts and documents relating to the Patriot War, now first given to the public, from the original notes and papers of Mr. WRIGHT, and other sources.' We never take up an account of the battle of Prescott, without a renewed emotion of pity for the poor dupes of those three or four blustering cowards who first deceived them into a fool-hardy, ridiculous contest, and then betrayed them to their enemies. VON SCHULTZ, the leader at Prescott, was a man worthy of a better fate than that which befel him. He was, by all accounts, of noble extraction in his native Poland; a gentleman of rare personal appearance and attainments; a fine scholar, with manners of remarkable elegance and grace; of undoubted bravery, and well versed in the art of war. He was betrothed, at the time of his death, to a lovely and accomplished lady, who was the theme of general admiration of our fellow-students, in past academic days; and the letter which he addressed to her the night before his execution is a most manly and touching tribute of generous sorrow and sincere affection. He was not afflicted for himself; he was ready to die, and rejoiced at rather than lamented his untimely fate. 'I shall soon know,' said he, in the letter to which we have alluded, 'the great mystery of the glorious sun, of the moon and the stars; I shall look with renewed eyes upon the works of my CREATOR, which I have beheld blindly and in dim wonder while on the earth.' His whole bearing and conduct were noble, and unstained by a single act of weakness.

'FOURIERISM.'—MR. PARKE GODWIN, by a work which has speedily passed to a second edition, has enabled many hundreds of readers to obtain the requisite information touching the life, character and doctrines of CHARLES FOURIER, the great founder of 'Association,' a matter concerning which one hears so much at the present day. The volume, which is very full and complete upon its theme, and written in an attractive style, will serve to correct many false impressions which have been made upon the public mind, and may tend in many instances to make new converts to the 'social' theory, which is said to be fast gaining ground in different parts of the country. The work is handsomely stereotyped by the publisher, Mr. J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall.

'THE MYSTERIES OF THE HEATHS.'—HENRY G. LANGLEY, Astor-House, has published in a handsome pamphlet volume, 'The Mysteries of the Heaths; or the Chateau de Chevalaine. From the French of FREDERICK SOULIE: translated by GEORGE FLEMING.' The 'Heaths' are vast ex-

panes of sterile soil, in the north-west region of France, which remain in the same condition, unaltered by nature, unimproved by art, as when trodden by the barbarian Celt in the pursuit of fame and wild animals, in which they still abound. Being remote from civilized haunts, the scattered population which inhabits them is abject, savage, and vicious; akin to, if not remnants of, the Bohemian gipsy race of the fifteenth century. In the midst of these heaths, and within the walls of an ancient feudal mansion, the stirring events of the narrative before us occurred. They are recorded by one among the most distinguished of modern French writers, and present pictures of varied and extraordinary interest.

DAY'S 'HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.'—A second edition of 'Hints on Etiquette and the Usages of Society; with a Glance at Bad Habits,' by CHARLES WILLIAM DAY, has been issued by OTIS, BROADRICKS AND COMPANY, Boston. This work, it will be remembered, was erroneously attributed to Count D'ORSAY, by a New-York publisher. It has already been noticed at large in these pages, and requires at our hands no additional commendation, save of its proper adaptation by the accomplished author to society in this country. The volume is in a very convenient form, and is handsomely executed. Some good-natured friend has been kind enough to take from our table '*The Maxims of Agogos*,' by the same author. We have not perused it, but we have the verdict of those in whose judgment we have been accustomed to confide, that it is an excellent work, and one calculated to effect much good.

NATIONAL AND STATE GOVERNMENTS.—Messrs. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, of Boston, have issued the second edition of a volume entitled 'An Elementary Treatise on the Structure and Operations of the National and State Governments of the United States; by CHARLES MASON, A. M.' The book gives a concise yet clear and exact statement of the actual construction of our political and civil institutions, in all their various branches, and of the processes and means by which they are in fact conducted and sustained. It furnishes information upon matters relating to government and civil polity, with which every citizen should have at least a general acquaintance; and presents within a reasonable compass the means of acquiring a knowledge of those subjects, adequate for all common purposes. The work is remarkably full and complete, and illustrated by several important tables of statistics.

THE 'MUSICAL MONTHLY.'—We have before us two numbers of this publication, from the press of the publisher, Mr. SAMUEL C. JOLLE, 385, Broadway. The first professional talent in the country is engaged upon the work; and the publisher has agents in all the principal European cities, to forward the successful operas, and all other musical compositions of merit, as soon as they are produced. Songs, duets, marches, waltzes; selections from operas arranged for the piano-forte, as fantasies, *mélanges*, *pot-pourris*, etc.; will be given. The numbers before us contain the celebrated *Polka Dance*, with a fine engraving, representing the 'movement;' airs from the popular operas, as sung by BORGHESE and others; and a very charming ballad, as sung by the accomplished M^{me} BURKHARDT. All foreign songs embraced in this publication, we are glad to perceive, will have an English version or adaptation. The style of the work is unexceptionable.

AGRICULTURAL TRANSACTIONS.—We find ourselves indebted to HENRY O'REILLY, Esq., Recording Secretary, Albany, for a large illustrated volume containing the 'Transactions of the New-York State Agricultural Society, together with an Abstract of the County Agricultural Societies;' a work which must prove of great value, at a time when the noble pursuit of agriculture is attracting such increased attention throughout the State, and indeed the whole country at large. Reports of agricultural committees; proceedings of cattle-shows and fairs; annual addresses, prize essays upon various important themes, etc., etc., are here to be found, reported with accuracy, and arranged in a convenient form for ready reference.

'WORKING A PASSAGE, OR LIFE IN A LINER.'—This pretty little volume is published for the benefit of young travellers, by 'B. C. F.' It is decidedly one of the neatest publications that has been produced by the cheap system. It is just the book for the pocket of a traveller; and though not pretending to the character of a young man's *vade mecum*, it may well be taken for one. We cannot vouch for the truth of the narrative, but the lessons it teaches are as true as truth. To those who have never travelled in a liner, it will convey a very graphic account of some of the peculiarities of a sea-voyage which do not generally find their way into the journals of literary travellers; and to home-cleaving youths, it will give pictures which they could not see in reality save at the expense of a good deal of money and suffering.

HARPERS' 'LIBRARY OF SELECT NOVELS,' with which we find it very difficult to keep pace, has had two recent additions made to it which we cannot permit to pass unnoticed. The first is 'The Prairie-Bird,' by the Hon. CHARLES AUGUSTUS MURRAY, a gentleman whom we, in common no doubt with very many of our metropolitan readers, remember with pleasure, as a former temporary resident among us. It is an admirable production, replete with stirring incident, and the most graphic sketches from nature, in the great West. The style is exceedingly spirited and unaffected; and there are scenes which would do no discredit to COOPER, when in his best vein. The second is 'Chatsworth, or the Romance of a Week,' a work from the pen of the author of 'Tremaine,' 'De Vere,' etc.; a circumstance which will secure for it a general perusal.

THE CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.—Two numbers of a very handsome Monthly Magazine, thus entitled, lie before us. The work is printed in a very tasteful manner upon fine white paper, and each issue is embellished with one or more engravings, which are above the average merit of the pictorial attractions so prominent in many of the monthly periodicals of the time. The work is edited by the Rev. DARIUS MEAD, who discharges his functions with much ability; and he has secured the services of several able writers. Mrs. SIGOURNEY, we observe, is a frequent contributor. Among the papers in the number for June, is one entitled 'The Family Institution,' which is distinguished not less for the excellence of its inculcations than for the force and beauty of its style. We have pleasure in commending the 'Christian Parlor Magazine' to general acceptance.

HEWET'S ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE.—We have omitted until now to notice the American pictorial edition of SHAKSPEARE, edited by GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, the illustrations designed, selected, and arranged by ROBERT W. WEIR, and published by Mr. H. W. HEWET, 236 Broadway. Twelve numbers have already appeared; and public expectation has been in no respect disappointed in them. When completed, the work will contain upward of fourteen hundred spirited illustrations, engraved on wood, from designs by WEIR, KENNY MEADOWS, HARVEY, and others; with prefaces, introductory remarks, and copious notes, by the editor. The paper and typographical execution are in keeping with the other features of the work. The enterprise cannot but prove highly successful.

DANIEL BOONE.—'Uncle PHILIP,' whose 'Conversations' have furnished the *matériel* for several volumes from the press of Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY, has recently put forth a little work of interest to every American reader, entitled 'The Adventures of DANIEL BOONE, the Kentucky Rifleman.' It is an authentic and exceedingly interesting history of BOONE's parentage, early passion for hunting, wandering in the woods, early visits to Kentucky, and his subsequent career in the great West. The manner of 'Uncle PHILIP' is as usual lively and pleasing; and his theme on the present occasion has afforded him an opportunity, which he has well improved, of making a very entertaining little volume.

'NED BUNTLINE'S MAGAZINE.'—This free-and-easy title designates a Monthly Magazine, published at Cincinnati, Ohio, by E. Z. C. JUDSON, and edited by EDWARD BUNTLINE, Esq. Your hand, shipmate, 'whoever you may be, or not!' Your craft makes a right gallant appearance, and seems manned by a hearty crew, who have abundant ability, and do their work with a will:

'Take with you gentle winds your sails to swell'

Mr. BUNTLINE; and if the 'OLD KNICK' can serve your interests at any time, let him know the *how* and the *when*. That you will *deserve* encouragement and substantial patronage, is quite certain.

DISTURNELL'S 'TRAVELLERS.'—Mr. DISTURNELL has just issued two of his cheap and useful little books; the first is entitled 'The Northern Traveller, containing the Hudson River Guide, and Tour to the Springs, Lake George, and Canada, passing through Lake Champlain; with a description of all the places on the route most worthy of notice.' It is well executed, and furnished with faithful maps. His 'Western Traveller,' embracing the canal and rail-road routes from Albany and Troy to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, and the steam-boat route from Buffalo to Detroit and Chicago, is the second.

'THE LIVING AGE' is the title of a work recently commenced at Boston by Mr. E. LITTELL, so long and favorably known as the proprietor and editor of that excellent publication, the Philadelphia 'Museum.' 'The Living Age' will be a compilation of the best articles in the English reviews and magazines, and will be issued immediately upon their arrival in this country. That it will be a publication well worthy of encouragement and support we cannot doubt.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXIV.

AUGUST, 1844.

No. 2.

ON ÆSTHETIC CULTURE.

BY G. A. ALEXANDER.

WE all know how thick the harvest of blossoms which every branch of æsthetic* literature in our day has thrown forth; and we know, alas! too well, how fleeting and unfruitful of more substantial results has been the most part of this flowery profusion. 'Beautiful exceedingly,' it is true, are many even of the fragmentary and unstudied effusions of modern genius: gems which the starriest Muse will not disdain to wear forever in her coronal; but so mingled with what is crude and imperfect, with so much that is even impure and offensive, that we can hardly look upon this department of our literature as a whole with much satisfaction. Yet the blame does *not* rest wholly with the writers of the day; much of it must attach also to the reading public, whose taste is supposed to be consulted, and whose literary voracity is at least responsible for the overwrought haste and precipitancy of production. There is doubtless needed for both a stricter degree of mental discipline, which nothing can so well supply as a habitual recurrence to better models, and such a preparation as is not to be obtained from contemporary literature alone. And that discipline is as necessary to those who would read with discernment as to those who would write with ability.

Our modern literature — literature I mean as distinguished from what is ephemeral and unworthy — is complex in its spirit, like our civilization; bears like *that* the impress of many ages, and is replete with the

* If this modern term appear to have been employed in the following essay in a sense somewhat different from its original application to the principles of taste in the plastic or imitative arts, the writer still thinks that he may be justified both by reason and authority for his use of it. In literature and in art, the perception of the beautiful, the feeling of what is true and appropriate, must be developed by the same culture, and proceeds upon kindred principles; for

'What is Taste but a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarranged, or gross
In species?'

AKENSIDE.

genius of many tongues and nations. In it we still distinguish the accents of ancient Greece, to whose melodious sounds of old

‘ILLISSUS pure devolv’d his tuneful stream
In gentler murmurs.’

And even when the subject is not religious, we still feel that modern literature has borrowed something from the deep and solemn harmonies of Israel; that its tone is loftier and its spirit purer, because of its familiarity with the sacred strains of David and Isaiah. The Goth, the Saracen, the Provençal, have each left some impression of their genius, and contributed in their degree to make it what it is. Even in times much nearer to our own, how strong has been the impulse and decided the character communicated to literature by the unsealing of the great fountains of the German mind! ‘The gorgeous East’ itself, since commerce has rendered our communications more intimate, has unlocked its treasures, and showered its gifts with no sparing hand in the path of the literary explorer. Thus to whatever side we turn, we find that all have been laid under contribution, and that Genius in its triumphant but blameless progress has gathered riches in every climate, and renewed its strength from every source of inspiration and invention.

Hence it is very easy to perceive that without preparatory culture, or at least without a constant familiarity with our higher classics, the mind must remain incapable of receiving from æsthetic literature (a branch of learning which is supposed in general to lie so level to the ordinary capacity,) much of that pleasure and benefit which it is calculated to produce. To the mind thus undisciplined and uninformed, how many an allusion must be lost, how many a beauty unperceived, how many a tone sink echoless on the ear, which would otherwise have called up before the imagination a world of bright and glowing associations! To such a mind literature is like the invisible Paradise of Irem in Thalaba: the wanderer might stand in the midst of its golden palaces, where

‘STAR-LIKE the ruby and the diamond shone;
For which the central caverns gave their gems;
Amidst its gardens,
—— whose copious springs
Blest the delightful spot;
While every flower was planted there
That makes the gale of evening sweet;’

and yet, if not endued with præternatural perception, be wholly unconscious of the splendor around him, wholly insensible to the verdure and the fragrance. There is not one of the great poets of Europe, since the revival of letters, who might not afford satisfactory evidence that something more than a superficial culture is necessary for any right appreciation and enjoyment of the higher productions of literature. Our Paul Cliffords and Jack Sheppards, and Mysteries, whether of London or Paris, may be read indeed extemporaneously; and it may be as well perhaps if they are forgotten with equal facility. But turn to any one of the standard authors of the language, and see how different is the case. Just in proportion to the cultivation of the reader’s

own taste, just in proportion to the range of his own mental resources, must ever be the admiration and affection with which they are regarded. It is only by degrees that we rise up to the full majesty of their stature; and familiarity, working the reverse of what it is ordinarily said to do, only increases our veneration and delight.

Milton, among others, may be mentioned as an illustrious exemplification of this. Perhaps no other poet ever formed such high conceptions of his calling, or entered upon his task with so vast an apparatus of learning. Accordingly, no poet makes greater demands on the resources of his reader, or requires higher æsthetic culture in order to a just estimate of his merits. His strong imagination indeed seems sometimes almost to labor with the extent and variety of his attainments. Image crowds upon image, suggestion upon suggestion: he strides like a giant from height to height, bringing into proximity things the most remote, and forcing into his service illustrations and allusions from all languages and all ages. The accumulation of these is sometimes so great as to remind us of nothing more strongly than his own descriptions of embattled hosts and gorgeous palaces:

— 'Nor Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equal'd in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury.'

It was unnecessary for such a poet to inform us, as he has done in one of his prose treatises, that his 'younger feet had wandered among lofty fables and romances, inciting to the love and steadfast observation of virtue, while his riper years led him through a ceaseless round of study to the shady spaces of philosophy;' for all this stands broadly manifest in every part of his immortal writings.

Southey, to one of whose works allusion has already been made, might be cited as another and more modern instance of the necessity of familiarizing our minds with the principles of just taste, and extending our sphere of mental association, if we would enter into the spirit of the best writers, and qualify ourselves for the enjoyment of some of the highest pleasures of literature. It was his design, as he informs us — a design in part accomplished — to found a series of narrative poems on the most remarkable forms of mythology which have obtained among mankind. This scheme necessarily led his researches into the most unfrequented paths, and forced him to adjust his ear to the most diversified poetic measures. In his oriental tales particularly, he seems to have realized the happiest adaptation of metre to the spirit and course of the narrative.* Not a few of his tones appear to have been caught from the lofty

* A VERY different opinion I am aware, has been sometimes held, and HAZLITT calls his versification 'abrupt, affected and repulsive.' SOUTHEY was, in truth, sometimes strangely deluded by his theories of poetic harmony, as in that monstrous effusion of political bigotry, party spleen, and professional vanity 'The Vision of Judgment;' which might have justified, if any thing could, the witty but profane rejoinder of BYRON. But that SOUTHEY'S ear was attuned to true rhythmical harmony, none can justly doubt after having read some of his inscriptions, his Roderick, and above all, those beautiful lines in the 'Curse of Kehama.'

'They sin who tell us Love can die, etc.'

Throughout the last named production are scattered (so at least it seems to the present writer,)

measures and sublime cadences of the Hebrew poets. The reader therefore who is not unfamiliar with these (the most perfect vehicle certainly of poetic thought that ever existed,) may follow the modern bard with pleasure through even the most unattractive fictions of Arabian or Hindoo superstitions, descend in imagination with *Thalaba* to the 'Domdaniel caverns,' or with *Kehama* to the still more dreaded realms of *Padalon*, the Indian Hades.

Other poets might be cited to the same effect. I might proceed to show how much would be lost to the reader of Coleridge, who could not perceive, beyond the mere beauty of imagery or of diction, how deeply his mind was imbued with the influences of modern Germany. I might instance Keats (a great but too much neglected poet) as one whose stately numbers can only strike the *classic* ear with the full force and measure of their majestic movement. His poem of *Hyperion*, Lord Byron said, might have been written for the Titans. Only one other name, however, shall I mention, yet that the greatest of them all. Is not Shakspeare, it may be urged, an instance of a poet who, as he is indebted to no school but that of nature, and drew his entire lore from the recesses of the human heart, makes no demand on his reader but for a submissive imagination, and requires no process of familiarization, no preparatory culture, no critical acumen? Does he not speak to the passions and receive his answer from the inborn and spontaneous sympathies of every bosom? Undoubtedly; the mighty strokes of nature and of genius in Shakspeare, which at one time smite the soul with terror, and at another dissolve it in pity; these terrible graces, as they have been called, sweep away the arbitrary landmarks of criticism, and leave us at the mercy of those emotions which possess the breast of the great master himself. Yet are there even in this case other beauties; sources of more quiet and enduring pleasure, which nothing can open to us but the golden key of cultivated taste; graces which rise upon our perception only after long intimacy, and which grow in our favor as they become more and more incorporated with the habitual associations of our minds. For whatever may have been said of the incongruities of Shakspeare, his frequent anachronisms, his reckless violation of the unities, certain it is that no poet has been more successful in the preservation of still higher and more important proprieties; no poet has spread a canvass in which the accessories, whether animate or inanimate, more uniformly and naturally sustain the leading interest. So that we know not what could be dismissed or what changed, without essentially impairing the effect of the whole.

Where, for instance, could the destinies of *Macbeth* have been unfolded with so much solemnity and effect, as in that region shadowing with perpetual mists, upon a throne begirt with bloody Thanes and rebellious vassals, in an age which seems to withdraw itself from our view behind the cloudy skirts of dimly-remembered centuries? Through

some of the most skilful adaptations of measure to the solemn, the terrible, and even the tender scenes of that otherwise repulsive poem, while the more attractive *Thalaba* has the appearance of having been cast in a mould as natural and indispensable to it as blank verse to the *Paradise Lost*. 'The *Arabesque ornaments*,' as *SOUTHEY* himself calls them, seem as appropriate to the Arabian tale, as the 'lofty symphonies' of the heroic measure to the nobler Christian poem.

what organs could they have announced themselves so wildly and so terribly as in the accents of the weird-sisters, at nightfall, on the blasted heath? We meet with this idea of an over-ruling fatality, again and again, in the poetry of Greece, yet it seems an alien amid the brighter images of that sunny land; and neither the Sphynx of *Œdipus* nor the furies of *Orestes* strike us with half such awe as the grotesque but mysterious ministers of the fate of *Macbeth*.

Again: if it were our object to reproduce a picture of tenderness and love, heightened and relieved by every circumstance which could impart grace or attract sympathy, with what environment could we surround them, masterly and appropriate as that in which *Shakspeare* has enshrined the sad story of *Romeo* and *Juliet*? What strange but harmonising contrasts, whether of character or situation, blending themselves in perpetual variety, tend to produce and give poignancy to the mournful result? And where could love — love at once so passionate and so pure — find its appropriate abode, but in the scenes where *Shakspeare* has called it into being; ‘amid garden-shadows, by moonlight, underneath a sky forever blue, and where the fragrant wind is throbbing with the pulses of a sweet and invisible music?’

It will not, I trust, be thought, while thus dwelling on the benefits of mental culture in imparting to us a keener, even a new sense of the beautiful in literature, that I have been dealing with mere abstractions, or proposing some ideal *cyanometer*; some instrument as useless, we may suppose, to those whose eyes are open, as that with which *Humboldt* and *Scoresby* measured the blue tints of the sky, or the varying color of the ocean-currents. The science of *æsthetics* has its principles, immutable and sure in their application to literature and the arts; but these there has been no attempt here to expound. The object has been to show how they may be practicably absorbed into the mind and made conducive to the pleasure and improvement of the general reader. If the attempt needed vindication, it could no where be found so well as in the words of *Milton*, who describes this branch of *æsthetics*, (though he evidently wanted a name for it*) as ‘that sublime art which teaches what the laws are of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric, what decorum is, which is the grand master-piece to observe. This,’ he adds, ‘would make us soon perceive what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-writers be, and show us what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things.’

Yet after all it may be said, ‘What to *us*, Americans, are these laws of taste which relate only to the composition or the use of books, when nature has assigned to us the more robust and nobler task of founding states, of building cities, of bringing into activity the resources of a mighty continent? Let older nations, which have become stationary in their progress, construct songs and raise the sepulchres of history to embalm the memory of their fathers. Let the dead bury their dead.

* THE term *æsthetics*, (from the Greek *αἰσθησις*, perception) it is almost unnecessary to say, was first applied by *Baumgarten*, a professor of Frankfort, to designate a branch of philosophy which should establish correct principles of criticism in relation to the beautiful. It was one of the few terms of German nomenclature which was really needed.

Beside, have not foreigners assured us, in no ambiguous language and with much apparent sincerity, that our civilization is much too young to authorize the hope that we can contend with the nations of the old world in those pursuits in which they have so long held the mastery? For, as it requires the earthquake and volcano to prepare the earth for the reception of mankind, so, (on this hypothesis) it would seem necessary that society itself should have passed through a long series of moral and social convulsions before it can be suited for the development of the higher modifications of genius. And as Australia is an instance of a region which appears never to have undergone that strenuous action which was necessary to prepare it for the residence of any but the inferior orders of animated nature, so, in the opinion of these critics, the social system of the New World has not yet passed through a sufficiently diversified series of changes, to fit it for any but an inferior and incomplete degree of civilization. But they who seem to have adopted these analogies, and who pretend to deduce these consequences from the brevity of our national career, forget that it is our institutions, and not our civilization, which are recent. It is our boast, and we think it no arrogance to say so, that on this vast theatre of the New World, we have realized in some measure the hopes and aims, the fond yearnings and toilsome endeavors of ten centuries. American civilization is but European civilization transplanted, when it could no longer unfold itself without obstruction at home, to a more favorable clime, there, as we hope, to resume its progress under institutions and circumstances which promise it a more ample and unembarrassed development. All the elements which compose the latter enter equally into the former, as all the incidents which belong to the earlier history of the one race are the common property of the other. Our customs have sprung from the same ancestral halls with theirs; our spirit was nurtured within the precincts of the same castles; our religion grew up beneath the deep and solemn shadows of the same cathedrals. *Their* poets are also *ours*. It was equally for *us* that Shakspeare lavished the treasures of his wonderful genius, and that Milton explored 'the secrets of the abyss,' and gave its unimagined harmonies to the language of his country. Bannockburn and Agincourt, Cressy and Poitiers, have been wet with the blood and consecrated by the prowess of *our* fathers. The voice which spoke a nation into being in the Declaration of American Independence had been heard before at Runnymede; and the spirit which sustained the patriot heroes of the Revolution through its gloomiest hours, was the same which, when the curfew had extinguished the light in the English cottage, sat with the Saxon, vanquished but not submissive, by his darkened hearth. The Restoration of letters and the Reformation of the church are epochs in our annals as in those of the older continent: feudalism and chivalry are felt in their influence upon the manners of society, *here* as well as *there*. With what reason then can it be pretended that our civilization is too immature to warrant us even now in aiming at the highest degrees of excellence, or to afford a foundation for moral and literary culture worthy of the zeal, originality and force which we have already exhibited in our prosecution of the Useful Arts?

There is, in truth, no danger of the event but that we should be untrue to ourselves. If it were possible to suppose that we could go on in our career of external improvement, and fill this great continent with monuments of our skill and intrepidity, without carrying with us a correspondent degree of melioration in all that appertains to man's moral and intellectual being, then might the nations of the world look on with reproach, and there would be no just cause of rejoicing, even to ourselves. But let us trust that it shall not be so. Yet we must not, nor could we if we would, conceal from ourselves that the responsibility which rests upon us is commensurate with the benefits which we owe to the Past; 'the wisdom, experience, discoveries, inventions and improvements of sixty centuries.' For it has been justly said, that there can be no more cogent motive for improving the moral estate we have inherited, than that our legacy to posterity may exceed that which was bequeathed to us by antiquity, and that the incalculable numbers who are to come after us may not have reason to reproach us for our neglect. Let no living man then finally pass away, without having endeavored to deposite upon the altar of human advancement an offering suitable to his means and opportunities. As his efforts toward this great and glorious consummation will best embalm his memory among his fellow-mortals, so may he humbly hope that they will form his surest passport to a blissful immortality.

M Y S I S T E R .

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF HANS VON SPIEGEL.

EVER as spring departs, my heart is sad,
 And the rich summer that my youth did fill
 With gladness seems a time of gloom.
 The red-breast's joyful song is like a dirge
 Chanted by graves. The merry oriole,
 Flitting with gorgeous wing from bough to bough,
 Methinks is seeking for some absent one,
 And his rich warble has a tone of grief.
 There is a sorrowing murmur in the brook,
 That dances out and in beneath the arms
 Of the tall ever-greens, whose solemn shade
 Accords with my sad thoughts. The soft south wind
 Stirring the branches of the lofty pine,
 Making Æolian music as it blows,
 Brings sadness to my heart: for there was One
 Who loved with me to watch the glad approach
 Of Summer, and to walk by murmuring brooks,
 Or tread the stillness of the solemn woods,
 Over whose grave I bend with gushing tears:
 For I did love her well. Oh, CAROLINE!
 Sweet sister, dearest sister CAROLINE!
 The rose and scented thorn above thee bloom,
 Yet can I pluck them not to deck thy hair,
 But I must fling them on thy silent grave!

With the spring-flowers she died. I see her now,
 Lying all beautiful in death: her hair
 Flowing in massy curls; her white hands clasped;

And on her lips a flickering smile, that seems
Her last farewell.

When I too die, and go
Behind the veil that hides the spirit-land,
She will be there, and I shall hear her voice,
And her mild eyes will welcome me; and all
The tears and sobbings of this earthly life
Will be remembered only as a dream.
And as the rolling seasons shall advance,
And one by one beloved forms depart
From our sad home, there we will welcome them
Where grief is not, and tears are never seen;
Where Life is changed to Immortality.

Brooklyn, L. I., June, 1844.

DOMINIE ZIMPEL IN SEARCH OF A BRIDE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LANGEIN.

FIRST STAGE.

Rehfeld, May 6, 1811.

WERE it not *infra dig.*, I should swear like a trooper. That accursed stage-coach! it has crushed by its untimely overturn the earliest blossoms of a long-cherished hope. Why does our gracious prince tolerate such villainous roads in his dominions! Of a truth, coach-makers, blacksmiths, chirurgeons, and not unfrequently even grave-diggers, are gainers thereby. They serve moreover to draw much money into the country from tourists, who otherwise would never think of purchasing travelling carriages from us, nor would they have broken legs and arms for us to heal; and least of all, would they select our church-yards for their final resting-place. I fully appreciate these advantages; nathless it is hard that an honest Deutscher, a respectable school-master, in the very first stage of a journey, undertaken with all possible precaution on his part, should be upset and thrown from the arms of love and hope flat upon his face.

How have I deserved such a misfortune? I travel neither from ennui nor idle curiosity. The scriptural saying, 'It is not good for man to be alone,' sent me forth upon my journeyings; for in Gimpelwald, (where, as all the world knows, I officiate as third teacher in the High School,) the respectable young ladies behave very prudishly toward me, and particularly since a certain day, seem to have conspired together to knit mittens for me. Since I, for reasons sufficient, as will appear in the sequel, have determined to chronicle the events which may occur during this my journey, it is necessary that I should briefly notice that black day, which was the primary cause of my undertaking it.

The official jubilee of our worthy rector was to be celebrated with great pomp. All the distinguished men of Gimpelwald, with their wives and daughters, were invited thither, and my humble self was included. This was especially agreeable, as it afforded me the long-desired oppor-

tunity of seeing all the maiden blossoms of the village collected together, and of selecting for myself the fairest flower. Dressed with the utmost care, and on that account somewhat late, I made my entrance. The tall figure of the master of the feast stood forth conspicuous amidst the glittering circle around him. With eager haste I pressed forward to his reverence, and manifested my respect with seemly words, and an humble obeisance. Thus far all was to my full contentment; but in effecting my retreat, I had the mishap to tread upon the gouty foot of the worthy justice. He groaned audibly. Turning suddenly round, I craved his worship's pardon, and bowed profoundly; but unfortunately in so doing, I encountered in the rear the portly stomach of the presiding burgomaster. Terrified, I sprang round, excused myself, and in the same moment, gave his honor the judge a similar shock. New alarms, new apologies, new offences! What I made good in front, I lost in the rear. Thus ever apologizing and dealing new concussions, I whirled about like a spinning-top. Finally, the host, taking me gently by the shoulder, drew me out from the crowded circle, and whispered in my ear: 'My good Dominie, the art of dancing, which you despised in your youth, is now taking its revenge.' I replied as we say from Tacitus; that is, I held my peace.

But the company followed not mine example. Their laughter, their obstreperous laughter, pursued me even to the corner whither I had fled to conceal my mortification. The Greek verses wherewith I had intended to address the festive group had flown like timid birds from the cage of my memory during those few moments of agony. Soon after, we took our seats at the table in alternate couples. The place to be occupied by each guest was determined according to his rank and dignity, and designated by a slip of paper. I found my billet between two young beauties. Politeness required that I should felicitate myself upon this arrangement in a formal speech. The little geese made a slight nod, turned half round, and giggled. They behaved likewise in the same silly manner, when, after enjoying our crab-soup in silence, I endeavored to entertain them with gallant conversation. The other young ladies followed this uncivil example; and wherever my eyes wandered they met contemptuous and jeering faces, to avoid which I concealed myself, to the best of mine endeavor, behind a large sugar-pyramid, which was planted directly before me.

But my evil star soon deprived me of this protecting bulwark. The lady consort of the presiding burgomaster, who sat diagonally opposite, beckoned me to reach her a small dish of comfits, at some distance from me. Doubly anxious to serve her, that I might in a measure atone for the damage I had unwittingly occasioned her spouse, I started hastily from my seat, seized the desired dish, and in my eagerness to present it, gave the sugar obelisk such a violent blow, that it fell into a thousand fragments. Heavens! what an uproar! The company laughed frightfully; clapped their hands, and stamped with their feet. Nothing better could be expected from the unmannerly society of Gimpelwald. Reproaches moreover were mingled with their laughter; and even the old dame, whose impatient appetite was the real cause of the catastrophe, had the impudence to bestow upon me a public reprimand.

I was now as it were regarded as an outlaw. No one defended me from the arrows of sarcasm which whizzed about my ears on all sides. My only resource was an honorable retreat; this I effected, covering my face with my handkerchief, as if suddenly attacked with bleeding at the nose. I thus without opposition escaped from the hall, rushed into the ante-room, snatched my hat from the mountain of fur, and fled like a thief into my own little study. There I bewailed my fate, that I must leave a delicious feast, such as a poor school-master is seldom invited to, with my hunger scarcely half-appeased; for when I was driven from the company the attendants were just bringing in the roast. There was a fine saddle of venison served up and carved, but not a morsel of it reached my mouth. Under such circumstances, who could refrain from tears?

There was however an apparent balsam for my wounds, though in the sequel it served only to aggravate them. I observed in my mistress that Ulrica, the beautiful daughter of the collector of customs, cast a sympathizing glance toward me, and with severe words and looks reproved her wanton companions, who were freely indulging in their love of mischief. This generosity appeared to me to be the offspring of love, and as such I treated it. The next day I despatched a laboured epistle to the fair Ulrica, wherein I not only returned due thanks for her manifestations of sympathy, but artfully contrived to interweave the most delicate flatteries with facetious jokes about Cupid and Hymen. But I received no reply. Ulrica, the little sheep, did not understand my rhetorical declaration, and what was still worse, she rung it out on the town-bell. This specimen of my chirography went the rounds of all the tea-tables in Gimpelwald; was read, be-criticised, and be-gabbed. These pitiful ignoramuses pronounced it a master-piece of pedantry. I a pedant! O ye dunces! The enlightened and unprejudiced public will pass a more just judgment on me and my style of composition.

Likewise the inhabitants of Gimpelwald find much to condemn in my figure. The silly girls, whose eyes have been spoiled by the heroic figures of the dragoon officers stationed there, nick-named me the black-dwarf, probably because they had heard in their spinning-rooms, old-world stories of such a goblin. Now it is true, I might be an ell taller, and yet no giant. But nature has compensated me for want of height, by a comely plumpness and breadth. Stout, well-formed calves, a stomach somewhat prelatical, and a double-chin to match, are personal advantages which by no means set ill upon me. I dress likewise with the utmost care. My wig is, I may say it without boasting, the most becoming head-dress in the whole village; and I would wager a heavy ducat that when I appear in public, the most fastidious eye can detect no fibre of lint upon my black coat. But what avail all the excellencies of mind and person, when one dwells among those unable to appreciate them?

With intent to mortify the foolish girls of Gimpelwald, I determined after that unlucky day to carry my heart to another market, and fixed upon the approaching holidays for a bridal search. I neither could nor would any longer dispense in my house-keeping with the porcelain of humanity, as the English poet DRYDEN fancifully styles the fair sex.

A friend counselled me to go to the capital. 'You will find there,' says he, 'china figures of such wonderful beauty and delicacy, that the productions of Gimpelwald will seem in comparison, mere coarse earthen-ware.' I was the more readily inclined to this advice, as an old college-friend of mine dwelt in the city, upon whose hospitality I might safely rely.

The first step to be taken was to provide myself with a passport; for men by their misconduct have brought things to such a pass, that if one venture beyond the precincts of his own dwelling-place without sign and seal of his respectability, he is taken at once for a rogue. I betook myself therefore to the burgomaster, and asked respectfully for the necessary papers. The request was granted, but the implacable man had not forgotten the unlucky shock he received from me a few months before; and from a spirit of revenge, he secretly gave directions to his submissive servant, the town-clerk, to describe me in the passport as a real monster. I will here publicly expose this remarkable instance of official malice. This shameful description of my person runs as follows:

'Master POLYCARPUS GABRIEL ZIMPEL, according to his own statement thirty-two years of age, but apparently much older, is of a remarkably small stature, has a heavy pock-marked countenance, small gray eyes, a little pug nose, thick lips, reddish hair, concealed by a wig, and bow-legs. It may also be remarked, that he is particularly polite, and much in the habit of making low bows, to the imminent peril of those who may chance to stand behind him.'

What would a good-natured community say to such a pasquinade as that? A fine letter of recommendation for a bride-seeker! And yet for this base libel must I pay a hard imperial guilder! Verily, it cries to heaven!

Consulting my purse, I chose the public coach. As I was about entering, I observed upon the back seat a short thick man, whom I saluted very politely with raised hat. He on the contrary stirred neither hand nor foot; only replying to my civil salutation with a bearish growl. 'Unmannered clown!' thought I, and made an attempt to seat myself by his side, but he effectually prevented me, by raising one of his elephantine legs, and stretching it over the seat. I asked him boldly how that was to be understood? He gave me no answer, but the coachman explained to me, that the stout gentleman, from considerations of personal convenience, had booked himself for two. With a bitter smile I now betook myself to the front seat.

'You will have an agreeable neighbor there,' said the driver. 'She is already coming.' I peeped curiously out of the coach, and my heart grew warm as I saw the slender, blooming figure of a youthful creature come floating toward us. She greeted me with gentle sweetness, and took a seat by my side, as unhesitatingly and kindly as if she would have preferred it above all others, even had the barrier opposite been thrown down.

This flattered me, and moreover stimulated me to maintain for her the coach-privileges usually conceded to ladies. 'But certainly, Sir,' began I, in a courageous tone, 'you will yield to this lady the place of honor which no well-bred man withholds from her sex.' 'Foolish bab-

ble!' said the coarse fellow; 'we sit here for our money, and first come first served.' 'Fie! that is despicable selfishness!' cried I. 'Be it what it may,' growled he, 'I choose to sit comfortably, and there the song ends.' I was minded in spite of his closing notes, to sing more of the same contentious song; but my fair neighbor besought me to be quiet, and added, with a bewitching air, the assurance that she was perfectly satisfied with her seat.

And now a fourth passenger appeared; a thin, slovenly-dressed man, who carried a pipe in his mouth, tablets in his hand, and a bundle under his arm. With little hesitation, he climbed up to the coachman, who, enthroned on a deceased stag, invited the new-comer to make himself a hare-cushion out of a couple of rabbits.

After this little piece of pleasantry, we set off. The huge machine gave us many hard jolts, which nevertheless were advantageous to me, inasmuch as they promoted a more intimate acquaintance with my charming neighbor. We knocked against each other, begged each other's pardon, and joked about the itinerant earthquake beneath us. In this manner a familiar conversation arose, the threads of which were never broken. The double passenger slept, but the withered man on the hare-cushion was the more wakeful, and seemed occupied in taking down our conversation in his note-book. Altogether, he was a remarkably close observer. He counted all the chimneys in the villages; he counted all the grazing herds; extracted much valuable statistical information from the coachman, and recorded the whole in his tablets. I concluded therefore that he must be an author, who purposed to pay the expenses of his journey by a description thereof. This disturbed me, since in that case it was to be feared that he might make use of my person to embellish his book. Therefore I resolved upon the spot to make use of an *alexipharmic*; namely, to write the history of my own journey to the end, that the world might at least learn the unsophisticated truth of the matter.

I thirsted as it were to know the name and rank of my fair companion, and the postillion was athirst in the literal sense of the word. He satisfied himself by stopping at a village ale-house, and satisfied me at the same time, as it gave me an opportunity of speaking with him alone. To obtain his favor, I treated him from the choicest flask; took him aside, questioned him concerning my unknown charmer, and learned that she was the widow of a country parson named Ferber, who died about a twelve-month before. Death, so to say, snatched him from his bridal bed, and tore him from the arms of his young wife, even in the very honey-moon.

I must candidly confess that I did not mourn the early entrance of this pious soul upon the beatific state. I was the rather anxious to inherit the connubial treasure he had left behind. 'Ah!' thought I, 'could I but have the good fortune to enter Gimpelwald in triumph, with such a charming bride! How would the proud creatures who once despised me, cast down their eyes, and from vexation become still more ugly than before!'

The contents of the flask which the coachman was industriously emptying at my expense, agreeably excited my olfactories; moreover

it is my wont in travelling to take a cup by way of antifogmatic. But I denied myself this enjoyment, lest the gentle being whom I wished to inspire with affection should mistake the sincere emotions of my heart for a bacchic passion. For her sake therefore I relinquished this glass, and for her sake too had recourse to another in the cover of my snuff-box ; righted my wig, and by means of a little brush which I always carry with me, freed my garments from the hay and straw which they had gathered in the coach. The driver contemplated me with a smile, and said : ' You have something in your eye, dominie. Well ! I wish you good luck.'

I feigned myself deaf, and with my toes turned out like a dancing-master, I returned to the coach, which Madame Ferber had not left. She was sitting, as I observed from a distance, with her dove-like eyes bent down, her countenance retaining no trace of her former cheerfulness, but it cleared up like a spring heaven, as I again took my place by her side. We grew constantly more familiar. For a whole hour I was a very happy man ; but then, as Bürger says :

'A sans façon came trotting up,
And did the coach detain.'

It was a police-officer, who demanded our passports. Old puff-cheek upon the double seat put his hand leisurely into his pocket. ' Don't trouble yourself, Sir ; it is very evident you are no suspicious person,' said the policeman, after the manner of the multitude, who always entertain an especial respect for obesity. ' But who is that above there ?' continued he, pointing to the little shrivelled man on the box. ' I am a scholar,' was the reply. ' Oh ho ! a Latin animal ! Out with your passport !' He looked it hastily over, turned up his nose, and threw it contemptuously back to its owner. Hereupon he turned to Madame Ferber, and when he had learned from her own lips that she was the widow of a clergyman, the rude fellow said : ' Well, since he is taken away, choose you again ; there is another black-coat by your side, if he is not already provided with a treasure.' I was confounded at this piece of rudeness, but the ill-bred match-maker laughed insolently, and heightened my distress still more, by desiring to see my passport. With a trembling hand, I extended to him the official libel. He perused it diligently, comparing trait by trait the copy he held in his hand with the original before him, snapping his fingers the while with malicious delight, and when he came to the closing remark, namely, that I was ' given to butting,' he broke out into a wild laugh, flung the scandalous paper toward me, which, alas ! failed of its destination, and galloped off.

' That man is demented !' stammered I ; and I ordered the coachman to halt, and recover my passport. He dismounted, leaving his beasts to proceed at a slow trot, and returned toward the spot where that accursed document had alighted. Anxious to know the issue of the search, I thrust forth my head from the coach window, when suddenly the branch of a tree struck off my hat, and while I was in the very act of giving the alarm, another deprived me of my wig, and decked itself with the spoil. Imagine if thou canst, O compassionate reader ! my distress at that moment, when the fatal secret of my red hair was thus abruptly

disclosed to Madame Ferber ! I delayed not to cover my head with a night-cap, which I had providentially bestowed in my pocket. My tender-hearted companion gazed steadfastly out at the opposite window. Meanwhile the discourteous coachman whipped down my peruke, and ruthlessly crushing it up with the hat and paper, threw them all into the vehicle together. I found my wig so grievously rent, that I was fain to lay it aside, for I was not minded to exhibit myself in the unseemly guise of a drunken village school-master. I was therefore enforced to continue my journey with my night-cap under my hat, a head-gear which of a truth did but ill beseeem me.

Madame Ferber conducted in such wise that it would seem she had observed nothing of all my misadventures. Not long after, we passed a little read-headed urchin on the way. 'O see that pretty child !' said she, with considerate kindness ; 'even the color of his hair, so often ridiculed, pleases me. I have either heard or read somewhere, that it was a favorite color with the ancient Germans.' 'O, a very favorite color,' chimed I, courageously, (although I then held, and still hold this observation of the lady little other than a good-natured invention) ; 'a prodigiously favorite color, Madam,' continued I ; 'but we degenerate Germans, alas ! are the very antipodes of our brave forefathers.'

While we were thus interchanging sentiments upon this prolific theme, the treacherous vehicle gave a sudden lurch, and incontinently we were in a ditch. The scene inside might not be unfitly likened to chaos striving after order. He of the double seat, by reason of his weight, became the foundation-stone ; Madame Ferber was thrown upon him, and I came next in order. I craved the fair widow's pardon at least a thousand times, and essayed with the utmost expedition to force myself through the window, in which attempt the stout gentleman must needs serve me as a footstool.

Oh, that like this Phlegmaticus, I had been content quietly to await the issue ! But the intoxication of love had infected my brain, and I forgot the warning of the wise man : 'Meddle not with that which concerneth not thine office.' I was minded to appear in the eyes of my beloved an agile and resolute man, and to this end I adventured a temerarious leap from the coach-window. But sore occasion had I to repent me of this ill-advised act ; for I struck horizontally upon terra-firma, with such impetus that my waist-coat buttons flew off, and still worse, a certain adjacent garment burst in sunder. Filled with desperation, and holding together with both hands the disjoined portions of my raiment, I fled into the woods with what speed my situation would permit. There, ensconced behind a thicket, I essayed to loop together the melancholy fragments, but without avail. My nether garment, to speak with Luther, was in a state of entire dissolution.

In unspeakable agony I now looked forth from my covert, and descried our author seated on a decayed stump by the way-side, recording with the pen of a ready writer the story of our misfortune ; and for the better describing thereof, casting his eyes from time to time to the unlucky vehicle, still lying with the wheels upturned toward heaven. Sore pain did it cost me to discover my grievous condition to that dangerous man ; but my necessity was urgent. 'Good Sir Scholar,' cried

I, 'have the goodness to bring me my travelling-cloak speedily from yonder wreck.' He started up on hearing my voice, but instead of performing my behest he drew near the place of my concealment, examined my lamentable state with his lynx-eyes, and forthwith began to write. 'Go to the devil!' cried I, in a rage, unable longer to bridle my wrath; and I thrust him from me in no gentle manner. He went off, still writing; but after a short space returned, bringing with him the desired garment, which in that hour of need was of greater price in my eyes than a purple robe.

I now emerged from my covert. The coach had meanwhile been righted. The passengers stood gathered round it as if wishing it luck of its recovery. I drew near. Madame Ferber came toward me. 'Heavens!' cried she, in terror, 'you are bleeding!' and I then discovered that I had unconsciously received a wound in my forehead. The gentle being herself performed the office of leech. She even gave her own silken kerchief for a bandage. I presumed to kiss her alabaster hand! Unspeakable rapture coursed through my veins, and I thanked heaven for my wound, the cause of so much bliss.

But the bitter hour of parting was at hand. The village of Rehfeld, which must divide me from the queen of my heart, lay before our eyes. My habiliments, from my wig quite down to my knee-buckles, were in a state of such open rupture that I could in no wise journey farther, it being impossible to reestablish order among them, during the brief period allotted for change of cattle. Moreover, I deemed it unfitting to suffer myself to be seen by the beau-monde of the capital with my head broken, after the manner of a pot-house hero. Beside, it disquieted me not a little to endure the companionship of the Argus-eyed amateur author. For these reasons I determined, though sorely against mine inclination, to await at Rehfeld the next post.

The fair widow was startled when I declared to her that stern necessity would compel me to tarry for a time at Rehfeld. I was about to restore to her the silken diadem which she had placed upon my brow, but she would not suffer it. She would receive it, she said, only in the city, and even there from no hand save mine. How was I enraptured at this evident token of her love! She designated the street and house where dwelt her uncle, whom she was on the way to visit. I conducted her back to the coach. She pressed my hand kindly as she entered. I turned away to conceal a starting tear; in the meanwhile my charmer had vanished.

Confined to this dreary inn, I have since endured three wearisome days and as many sleepless nights, for Morpheus and Cupid inhabit not together. I could not refrain in the interim, from despatching to my lovely friend, by an express which chanced to pass directly through this village, a tender epistle, penned as it were with the very arrow of Cupid. But will frigid alphabetical characters prove powerful enough to insure me against zealous rivals? Peradventure before I can even reach the city, some adventurous suitor may hurl me from the throne of love, whereon I am not yet firmly seated. Oh! when I represent to myself this possibility, I am filled with wrath, that I, an inchoate ecclesiastic,

may not anathematize audibly these murderous highways, which have wrought me so much ill !

The post-horn sounds ; I must depart. Heaven grant that I may have no misfortunes of a like nature to record at my next station.

SECOND STAGE.

Clerespring, May 10, 1811.

My evil star is still in the ascendant. I have attained thus far, but here must I abide yet another three days ; the cause whereof I shall presently show you.

The conveyance which was to take me from Rehfeld arrived. From its interior came forth a wild shout, promising me neither refined nor orderly fellow-travellers. I bethought me of the Trojan horse, when the door was burst open, and a crowd of youths issued forth, each wearing a sword. Divers among them wore ample Turkish trowsers, and large Mameluke caps ; others had forced themselves into tight Hussar-jackets, set off with a multitude of buttons ; yet a third class had disfigured themselves by hideous whiskers and mustachoes until they might be fitly compared to a troop of bandits. I was long dubious as to the true character of this motley assemblage. At length I concluded them to be a company of strolling actors, who, after presenting Schiller's 'Robbers' somewhere in the vicinity, had forthwith set out upon their journey, without divesting them of their play-house gear.

I candidly confess that I relish not stage-players and buffoons ; therefore it pleased me not to have fellowship with such persons. But I erred in my supposition, as appeared from the way-book ; and yet I did them slight injustice ; they were students. In a certain sense too they might be esteemed actors, as they were about to play the part of academic bullies in the capital ; and I nothing doubt, that they there obtained great praise and renown.

With noisy tumult they entered the inn, while I, desirous to shun them as much as I might, escaped through a side-door, and betook myself voluntarily to an undesirable corner of the coach ; for I foresaw that the unmannerly youths would accord me nothing better. Soon after, the post-boy blew his horn, and the hopeful tyros entered.

'Oh ho ! we've got a travelling preacher in here !' cries one. 'It is worth while to preach to the learned, Sir Priest,' says a second. I responded nothing ; but I thought in my heart, 'My good fellows, there's many a weary mile between you and Learning.' 'It smells of *Philisterism*,' exclaims a third. 'Come, let's sing the Philister song,' cries a fourth. 'Yes, the Philister song ! the Philister song !' shout they all ; and one of them broke out into the following strains :

WOULDEST thou a Herr Philister know ?
Then presently I'll show one:
A gloomy shade, he creeps along,
As if he'd eggs to go on ;
His hollow pate concealed from view
By skull-cap, periwig, or cue,
Oh that's a Herr Philister !

He who, when where the Rhenish grape
 Yields such a drink divine,
 Refreshing every mortal heart,
 Pours water to his wine;
 And when our social songs arise,
 In pious fright will roll his eyes,
 O that 's a Herr Philister!

Who, when we in the merry dance
 With pretty girls are sporting,
 And every pleasure-loving lad
 His own dear lass is courting,
 Will tamely sit by some old crone,
 Babbling of matters not his own,
 Oh that 's a Herr Philister!

Who's always prating of bad times,
 And a degenerate nation;
 Censures each bold and manly act,
 From narrow calculation;
 And all the Muses' arts doth curse,
 Because they do not fill the purse:
 Oh that 's a Herr Philister!

In short, who with mad pride inflated,
 Believes our blessed planet
 Was solely for himself created,
 And he alone should man it,
 And growls and storms should any chance,
 Save as he pipes, to tread the dance;
 Oh that 's a Herr Philister!

'How does our little song please the dominie?' interrogated the precentor.

'Extravagently well! prodigiously!' replied I; 'and I desire you will favor me with a transcript thereof, at the very next post-town.'

These sons of the muses, who no doubt had reckoned upon my vexation to further their merriment, were not a little astonished at this answer, and so peradventure it may be with my reader; but I considered that when one is among wolves he must howl. I continued in the like tone, when the young gentlemen began to boast of their amours, and to insinuate, in no civil manner, that I understood very little of those matters. 'You are widely astray there, my young Philisters,' I bolted out, terrified the next moment at having put my life in peril by this bold speech. The students regarded me in amazement, and demanded simultaneously how I had the insolence to stigmatize them with such a name. 'The last stanza of your pleasant little song,' answered I, 'justifies me in so doing; for by my soul, you behave not otherwise than if the Almighty MAKER had rented out to you alone the rose-garden of Love, to the utter exclusion of all other men!'

Appeased by this timely sally, the young coxcombs laughed, and propounded to me the question, 'whether I laid any claim to a share in this lease?'

'Of course,' replied I; 'and I maintain boldly, young gentlemen, that not one of all your Dulcineas is worthy to bear the train of the lady of my heart.'

'O the devil!' cried a whiskerando; and he required me to prove my assertion on the spot.

I was fool hardy enough to comply; and not only sketched a charming picture of Madame Ferber, but also related in a humorous manner

all the good and evil that befell me on the first stage of my journey. Mine auditors were hugely delighted, and since I had fallen into this light strain of conversation, I should have continued it, but the heart got the mastery over the head. I grew sentimental; complained bitterly of the cruel separation from my beloved; and thus fell into the snare which yet detains me here.

I will withhold from my reader no whit of the matter; albeit I must thereby place myself in no advantageous light.

One of the students, a very fair youth, seemed somewhat moved by my amorous complaints. 'Do not distress yourself, my worthy friend,' said he, in a serious tone. 'Even should you have lost your lady in reality, there are still enough others to supply her place. I myself, for example, have an amiable and pretty sister, who has probably never promised herself the good fortune of securing for a husband so learned, polished, and highly respectable a gentleman as yourself.'

With uplifted hat, I thanked him for his good opinion, at the same time declaring to him, that no one personally unknown to me could interest my affections, or afford me consolation.

'You will have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with my sister to-day,' answered the student. 'She is in the little village of Clerspring, on a visit to her cousin the parson, and is waiting for this very coach to take her to an aunt in the city. We change places with each other. She takes mine in the stage-coach, I hers in the parsonage, where I shall remain till her return.'

I heard all this with indifference. We arrived at Clerspring. The young man took leave of his friends, embraced me as affectionately as though I were already his brother-in-law, and whispered in my ear:

'Will you have the goodness to take my sister under your especial care, and protect her from the impertinences of these giddy young fellows?'

I promised it by a German pressure of the hand, and he disappeared.

My heart beat, I know not why. I strove to seem at my ease, but did not succeed. Stiff as a puppet, there I sat, and whenever the door opened I reddened. These disciples of the muses observed all this, and interchanged mischievous glances. My embarrassment increased every moment. With a view to occupy myself, I endeavored to transcribe the Philister song, but my hand trembled so that I could scarce form a letter, and only added blot to blot.

At length the anxiously-expected fair one came. She was a pleasing figure, habited in an elegant riding-dress, with a pair of sparkling black eyes, looking mischievously out from under a little straw hat tastefully set off with ribands. As she entered, the students rose and bowed very respectfully, but received in return only a hasty and general salutation, the honor of which they were obliged to share in common. The young lady, on the contrary, approached me unhesitatingly, and said with a melodious voice, that she was externally delighted to greet in me a new, indeed, but nevertheless highly-valued friend of her brother. With much confusion, and many compliments, I kissed her hand; then selected the best chair in the room, dusted it carefully, and begged her to be seated. But I was not satisfied with the performance of these dry

ceremonies. I considered it necessary to offer some refreshment to the amiable young woman. To execute my design, I rushed into the kitchen, stumbling as I went over a poodle lying on the threshold, but quick as a flash I was again on my feet, and ordered strong coffee for two, strictly enjoining that no extraneous substance should be mingled therewith.

These directions being given, I returned to the company, and exerted myself to entertain the lady with fitting conversation. Her discourse was of a lively and witty turn, and I imbibed somewhat of her own spirit; indeed to such a degree did this fascinating creature enchant me, that I little doubt I should have become enamoured of her, had I not already surrendered my heart to another.

The coffee was brought, and I requested her to do the honors. She consented with becoming reluctance. The students sat round, and smoked as if upon a wager. This was very annoying to me, because I feared it might be disagreeable to my young charge. I was therefore at the pains of dispersing with my handkerchief the clouds of smoke which were gathering so thick around her. She thanked me, but assured me that she was used to this kind of incense, as her cousin, the village parson, was confessedly the greatest smoker in the country round.

‘Indeed; then perhaps you will permit me to indulge in a pipe?’

‘O! do so,’ said she, ‘and I’ll smoke too!’

I regarded this as a pleasantry; but as I live, O reader! she drew from her reticule an already filled pipe, and boldly advancing toward the fire, she lighted it with all the coolness of an old practitioner. In mute astonishment, I beheld this strange spectacle, but it drew from the young men the most deafening applause. I sat as if changed to stone, until the Amazon, with outstretched arms and smoking pipe in her mouth, rushed toward me, and said in a masculine tone:

‘Well, my little dominie, will you have me?’

Filled with abhorrence, I drew back, stumbled again over the accursed poodle, and was thrown prostrate on the floor. Tremendous shouts of laughter, in which the voice of the wild girl was not wanting, succeeded my downfall. At the same moment, she threw off the straw hat and silken habit, and stood before me the self-same youth who half an hour before had taken leave of me with a Judas kiss.

Inflamed with wrath, I put myself in a posture to administer to him a severe reproof, but the conspirators did not suffer me to utter one word, and in the end it was I who received the reprimand. ‘You have merited this by your sins, Sir Dominie,’ said a chief bully; ‘how could such a genuine Philister as you presume to bestow the offensive name upon us? Such insolence should be punished, so that in future you may learn to treat students with more respect.’

‘Confound them,’ thought I, and hastened into the post-office to announce to the stage proprietor my intention to journey no farther at present. ‘Just as you please,’ said he, but flatly refused to return the fare, which unluckily I had already advanced to him. Sooner however would I sacrifice a much greater sum, than longer endure such company on the way, especially as they would thereby learn my lodgings in the

city, and thus be able to spy out my going to Madame Ferber, and prejudice me in her esteem. So I caused my luggage to be taken off, and hid myself from these evil spirits, until they had passed by.

But cursed be the proverb 'When one is among wolves he must howl!' Thereby I drew upon myself merited contempt and ridicule. An honest man should never howl with wolves, but should always speak and act in a manner befitting his true character.

Let the friendly reader appropriate this moral to his own benefit, and henceforth let no man presume to say, that my writings are devoid of instruction.

THIRD STAGE.

Gimpelwald, May 18, 1811.

I CANNOT forbear a smile, when I represent to myself the astonishment of my reader on observing that I date again from Gimpelwald. Yes, I am once more seated at my own writing desk, without so much as having seen the renowned capital.

During the three days of my detention at Clerspring, I busied myself very agreeably in composing chaste amorous lays, which peradventure might not unprofitably furnish forth an Annual; but as I have not the honor to be personally acquainted with the booksellers, and am likewise ignorant of the manner of obtaining introductory and commendatory letters to the same, they would probably meet with no favorable reception, should I give them to the light.

At the expiration of this time, the public conveyance quietly entered the little village of Clerspring. The contents were a stout forester, with a dog and gun indicating his occupation, and an old woman, clad in a parti-colored cotton mantle, who appeared to be a gipsy. She took snuff incessantly, and was possessed of a ready tongue. Neither of these personages pleased me; nevertheless, anticipating no collision with them, I booked myself for Munchthal.

Nothing remarkable occurred during the first half of our journey. The old dame chattered away; related the most pitiful every day concerns of her neighbors and gossips; boasted of her miraculous magnetic cures, and pronounced all regular physicians mere ignorant wind-bags.

From this stultifying babble, I at times took refuge in sleep, but was as often awakened by the screams of children whom the forester would feignedly attempt to shoot, as we passed them on the road. 'That's a real wolf,' said the female quack, when he once left the coach to regale himself at an inn. 'A savage, a woman-slayer,' continued she. 'He has already tormented two wives into their graves. Ah! I knew the last. She was as beautiful as an image of the Virgin. But daily abused by him, she began to sicken; and when she lay dying, he stood cold and unfeeling as a stone by her bed-side, and screamed in her ear, 'Sophia! tell me quick how much crape I shall need for my hat and arm.' But she answered not, for she was gone. He reminds me of Bluebeard, who murdered seven wives, for he is already aiming at a young widow.'

'A widow?' inquired I, the blood rushing to my face.

'Yes; the widow of the late parson Ferber.'

I was so shocked that I was compelled to have recourse to my smelling bottle to avoid fainting.

'But she flies from him like the plague,' added the narrator, to my great relief. 'She has left home to escape his hateful suit, and gone he knows not where, and he is even now in pursuit of her.'

'But who is this strange man?' inquired I.

'Forester Frischling,' whispered she, as he reëntered, and took his seat in the coach.

I could no longer endure to behold him, so hateful had he become in my eyes. He persevered in playing the bugbear to the children, until the coach drew up before the inn at Munchthal.

Quite out of spirits, I seated myself in a corner, and thought upon my beloved, of whom this savage Nimrod wished to deprive me. With sighs, I regarded her silken kerchief, the token of her love. Bluebeard the Second meanwhile was striding up and down the apartment. He stopped suddenly before me, and with a hasty 'By your leave, Sir,' snatched from my hand the precious pledge, looked carefully at the initials embroidered thereon, and demanded haughtily how I came by that.

'In the most honorable manner, Sir,' answered I; 'but I feel under no obligation to render an account to you.'

'But you *shall* though,' thundered he. 'The owner of this handkerchief, a valued friend of mine, has been missed from her place of residence fourteen days, and it is a very suspicious circumstance that I now find her handkerchief covered with blood in the possession of a stranger.'

'Then, Sir, you would insinuate that I have murdered the good lady,' exclaimed I.

'And not without cause,' replied the bully.

I laughed heartily, and said: 'Madame Ferber is alive and well, and probably as much my friend as yours.'

Immediately the fires of jealousy shot forth from his eyes. He walked passionately up and down the room, taking counsel with himself by what means he might dispose of his unexpected rival, or at least ascertain the place of the lady's retreat. When he had fully concerted his plan, he again marched up to me: 'What you say,' shouted he, 'about friendship, is a lie! I ask you now, for the last time, how came you in possession of that handkerchief, and where is Madame Ferber?'

I declared resolutely that I would answer neither of these demands. He threatened to have me arrested: I laughed; but he was in earnest.

'Here, dame Luker,' said he to the cotton mantle, 'I am going to summon the magistrates; guard the door meanwhile; for your life don't let that man escape, and I will give you a good cord of wood next winter.'

This offer the old serpent thankfully accepted, and promptly took her post at the door. The dog, which had received a signal from his master to watch me, placed himself at my feet, and the forester hastened away.

'*Vacare culpâ magnum est solatium*' said I cheerfully in my heart with Cicero. Yet it greatly incensed me, that the old gipsy should go

over to my adversary, whose character but a few moments before she had so fiercely assailed. I could not refrain from reading her a lecture upon her conduct, nor was I prevented from finishing my chapter, although the ferocious animal at my feet showed evident tokens of displeasure at the sound of my voice.

'What's the use of all your preaching?' said she; 'folks must live. If I keep you here I get a cord of wood, but if you give me money enough to buy two cords, I'll let you go.'

'Shameless hireling!' cried I, 'not a copper do you get from me.' My indignation would no longer suffer me to keep my seat, but as I started up the dog sprang upon me with open jaws, and the old witch at the door flew at me, fastening upon me her vulture-like claws. Under these circumstances, I again seated myself, to await patiently what might follow.

Soon after, the forester returned, accompanied by the justice and three armed men. The justice was a timid, stammering little man, who, in view of the important matter of life and death now before him, appeared in greater distress than myself.

Nevertheless, urged on by the forester, he collected himself as well as he might, and stretching out the handkerchief with averted eyes, he gasped out, 'Do you know this co-co-corpus de-delictum?'

'You would say delicti,' answered I; 'but, Sir, this handkerchief is no evidence of crime or enmity; on the contrary, it is a proof of the closest friendship.'

'Lies; nothing but lies,' interrupted Frischling.

'Wh-wh-who are you? Wha-what is your name? Have you got a pa-pa-passport?'

I gave my name, and boldly drew forth the required paper, for the good justice was in such alarm that no ridicule was to be feared from him; and indeed he manifested not the slightest inclination to merriment during a careful perusal thereof, and at the close signified to the forester that the passport appeared to be right; he knew not what he should do.

'Interrogate the fellow,' said Frischling; 'ask him where the lady is who owns this handkerchief.'

'Oh that the to-to-town clerk were at home!' sighed the hardly-pressed man of the law, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

I had it in my power to put a stop at once to these absurd proceedings by calling the post-master to prove by the way-book, that Madame Ferber had arrived at Munchthal eight days before, safe and sound, on her way to the city. But since she kept her journey secret from Frischling, as I had learned from her of the cotton-mantle, I was firmly resolved not to betray her.

'Nothing remains then, decided the forester, but to commit this obstinate fellow to close custody.'

But the fear of an action for false imprisonment now paralyzed the faint-hearted justice.

'False imprisonment!' said Frischling; 'no danger of that;' and I now require you, in the name of the king, to commit this suspicious person to prison.'

The name of the king had a powerful effect upon the mind of this public functionary. He motioned his satellites to surround me. It was done. He placed himself at the head, and gave the word of command: 'Ma - ma - march.

We passed on toward the door. 'Good Heavens, what do I see!' exclaimed an angel voice; and Madame Ferber stood before me. It was as if the heavens were opened to me. 'You come to save me,' said I. 'It is on your account that they would place me in durance.'

She regarded me fixedly. Forester Frischling hastened joyfully toward her, and with a bow and a scrape endeavored to kiss her hand. She drew back in displeasure, and turning toward me, desired an explanation of this strange affair. In vain I essayed to reply. Frischling outscramed me, told his story, and at the conclusion seemed to expect commendation. But she rebuked him angrily, and turning to the justice desired him to release me, and to deliver to her the supposed corpus delicti. Both these commands he respectfully obeyed. 'Bu - bu - but who pa - pays the costs?' said he, looking anxiously around. The forester threw him a hard dollar, and pushed him, together with his armed attendants, out into the street.

Madame Ferber beckoned me in a friendly manner to follow her into an adjoining garden. Frischling was at hand to favor us with his company; but this she civilly declined. When we were now alone in the garden, she said to me with inexpressible sweetness:

'I fully appreciate the motives which involved you in your late difficulty, and it would be the most agreeable employment of my life to show my gratitude for what you have suffered on my account. But here is no place to speak of this. Visit me on your return from the capital.'

I answered hastily, that since she was no longer there, I had lost all inclination to travel thither, and purposed to return immediately to Gimpelwald.

'Then we are going the same way,' said she, blushing. 'I am now travelling in my own carriage, and there is a seat at your service.'

I was about to decline this kind offer in a becoming manner, but she urged me to go and hasten the transfer of my luggage from the public coach to her own.

In obedience to this command, I left the garden. When I reached the house, through which perforce I must pass, fear fell upon me. There stood the wild huntsman, with his instrument of death in his hand. Greatly dismayed I drew back, but Madame Ferber, who had followed me, said quietly, 'Just attend, if you please, to those little matters. Meanwhile I will speak a word with this gentleman.'

She conducted him into the same green arbor where she had so lately conversed with me; but after an absence not exceeding five minutes, she returned. Our coach was ready: we entered. The forester swore terribly. I was not a little fearful lest he should send a bullet through my head, and therefore I crouched down upon the bottom of the coach, and retained this undignified posture until I judged we were fairly beyond the reach of fire-arms.

Madame Ferber laughed at me. 'I am not afraid of him,' said she. 'Notwithstanding his deadly weapon, I just now gave him a mitten, or rather mended up an old one, for he had it from me long ago.'

'But,' I inquired, 'will it not need fresh repairs?'

'Very possibly,' replied she.

'The best method,' began I, with unaccountable courage, 'the most infallible method of freeing yourself from so persevering a suitor, is to fix your choice speedily upon another.'

She smiled, with downcast eyes. I pressed her hand to my heart. In short, we plighted our mutual faith in the coach.

That my betrothed may not be accused of blameable precipitancy, I will discover to the reader the cause of her placing in me such ready confidence.

In the epistle which I sent her from Rehfeld, I incidentally mentioned the name of a college friend residing there. Fortunately this friend proved to be a relative of hers, (a circumstance of which at the time, I was ignorant,) and her old uncle's oracle. On the reception of the letter he was forthwith called to council touching the suit which seemed likely to follow. The business was transacted by writing, as a slight indisposition confined the worthy professor to his room. 'My friend Zimpel,' thus he wrote, 'is a highly honorable man. Your niece could not make a better choice.'

So much of the letter the lady freely showed me, but there still remained a few lines which she would not suffer me to read. I begged earnestly for permission to do so. She at length yielded, and I found this vexatious addition: 'Friend Zimpel has one only fault: namely, he is unconsciously a pedant; and so occasionally makes himself a little ridiculous; but his future wife will by degrees brush off the dust of the schoolmen.' I was somewhat discomfited, but silently drew from the unpleasant occurrence this moral: 'It is not good to be greatly desirous to read and know every thing.'

Here might I with propriety lay down my pen, but I am resolved to conclude with a description of my entrance into Gimpelwald.

I had secretly ordered the postillion to blow a full blast on entering the village, and he did it *con amore*. An instantaneous and universal rush to the doors and windows followed. I was sitting in a sumptuous chariot (the canopy of which I had caused to be thrown back,) by the side of my beautiful betrothed, and greeted right and left the astonished gazers. The magistracy, who were just returning from the council-house in a body, stood in the market-place like statues. I bestowed upon the sapient gentleman to whom I was indebted for that libellous passport a particularly cool salutation. My affianced bride did me the honor to alight and refresh herself at my dwelling. Half the town collected about the house, and perseveringly maintained their posts until we resumed our seats in the coach. To extend my triumph and delay the moment of parting, I accompanied my beloved to the outer gate of the town, and there yielded to the necessity of a short separation.

The awkward girls of Gimpelwald made a mock of me; yet I have brought home a bride whose native beauty, far surpassing theirs, is moreover heightened by good sense, elegance and refinement.

I understand that one of these haughty fair ones has already so sorely fretted herself as to require medical advice. Of a truth, I desire heartily that she may recover. Nevertheless it may not be amiss that overproud young women in Gimpelwald, as well as elsewhere, should be humbled, and taught not to despise a respectable man because he is neither skilled in saltation nor cunning in the arts of fools.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

STROPHE.

WHENCE come those moans that swell the gale so sad?
Why seems each passing countenance with grief oppressed?
Ah! why that slow-paced train in sable vestments clad,
And whence these groans of agony that rend the breast?

ANTISTROPHE.

BREAK not upon their grief; those sighs of anguish tell
That Death in triumph stern, leads forth yon solemn train:
Affliction prompts those moans that swell the gale,
And fresh bereavement plies their hearts with pain.

STROPHE.

YET thus should man repine at Heaven's behest?
Are not our FATHER's ways all tender, wise, benign;
Both when he summons grief-worn age to rest,
Or calls the cherub infant, yet unstained with sin?

ANTISTROPHE.

No infant soul from guilt and wo redeemed,
No grief-encumbered age has found his prayer-sought doom,
But virgin-youth, when morns of bliss bright gleamed
Upon her raptured heart, is summoned to the tomb.

Now soft enchantment robes her form no more;
Her eye is moveless now in its cold livid bed:
And she who centred every gaze before,
Now sleeps the dreamless sleep of the forgotten dead:
See! see! they lay her by her dark abode;
With cords they gird around the coffin of her rest;
They raise; they stoop to sink her down; oh God!
The hollow-sounding clay falls on her lovely breast!

STROPHE.

OH cease the torturing tale! I feel the blow;
My bosom bleeds with theirs; their hearts will burst!
And can JEHOVAH thus delight in wo?
Just proffer fancied bliss, then smite the wretch to dust!

ANTISTROPHE.

REBUKE not Heaven; look through yon opening sky,
And cease for blasted Happiness on earth to mourn:
There her rapt spirit soars sublimely high,
And drinks exhaustless bliss around the eternal throne.

WALKS AND COLLOQUIES IN OXFORD.

SCENE: THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM.

PALŒOLOGUS AND PERIGRINUS.

PAL. Come on : I will show you here something unique as a cop-per Otho, precious as a Jew's tooth, and quite as vulgar and common-place in appearance as either.

PER. Some relic I suppose,

Within a crystal shrine display'd,
For public veneration,
Not now of flesh-and-blood but bone,
Sinews and shrivell'd skin alone,
In ghastly preservation.

PAL. *It is* a relic, but not such as you surmise ; shrivell'd but not sacred. And yet too, the relic of something which in its day would in the imagination of a zealous protestant have passed for no bad emblem of the orders from which saints were often selected ; a kind of ornithological monk. In fact, the creature whose head I am about to show you, was so unfitted, whether from sloth or gluttony, or constitutional celibacy, to maintain its place in this breathing world, that but for this head, and a foot, or some such relic in a Museum at Paris, it would be doubtful whether it ever had an existence, except in the fancies of travellers.

PER. What is it then ?

PAL. A Dodo's head.

PER. Why, I have seen the bird pictured a thousand times in Buffon and Goldsmith. The latter says 'One might suppose it to be a tortoise which had taken to itself the feathers of a bird,' and treats of it in every respect as a harmless, well-to-do, respectable but somewhat corpulent citizen of the actual world ; an alderman of some fishmonger's guild in the southern latitudes. I must own that in childhood I had a sort of affection for it, so comfortable, quiet and contemplative it seemed to be. A tranquil creature that had evidently fared well, without troubling its head about the alphabetic elements : guiltless of pen-and-ink as the good old Hermit of Prague himself. Yet something it must have done for a living, or it could never have presented so considerable a bill.

PAL. As for that, the largest *bills* (pardon a bad pun) are not presented by such as do least to earn an honest livelihood. The world is full of such Dodos.

PER. We of the West have sometimes presumed to think that your kings and prelates, your nobles and placemen, were birds of that feather, or rather of that bulk.

PAL. If you had added the demagogue to the list it would at least

have made it more complete. Of all those who get their living, as Carlyle has it, by mere sham-performance or pretence of work, his, as it is the most pernicious, so it seems to me the basest vocation. A few phrases carefully sifted from all inconvenient meaning are commonly the whole stock which he takes into the market. If he can only set his sail to the favoring wind, little does he care whither it may carry him. He can luff and veer to any point of the moral compass without the least risk of infringing *his policy*. He is bound for El-Dorado whether it lies in the east or the west. I had rather be a dog than such a creature.

PER. And I had rather be a king. But we will not dispute about personal or national predilections. The material question is, whether the world is ever likely to be delivered from these sham-workmen in such manner as, it seems, the southern isles have been from our 'fat friend' whose relics I hold in my hand? Will the breed ever die out?

PAL. Little chance of that. The fish in some disastrous season may have failed our friend's maw; but *gudgeons* are so plentiful in this world of ours that it needs but to throw out a hook baited with a *word*—hardly the pretext of a worm—and thousands catch at it. What storms of controversy and debate, what heats of animosity and faction, have sprung from this marvellous propensity of the human mind to take refuge from the exercise of reason in the use or rather abuse of a few favorite and established phrases! From the days when the schoolmen, with their entities and quiddities, so bewildered themselves in a mist of their own creating, that, like a tribe of Sarmatians mentioned by Herodotus, they might be said to have lived in an atmosphere of feathers, to our own, when the universal hubbub seems to have past into the political firmament, what but 'words, words, words' have governed the world? When I look at it in this point of view, I am ready to exclaim with honest Cotton Mather, '*Tam vasti et tam perditii mundi miserere, Domine!*'

PER. What would sects and parties be without a watch-word? How in the conflict of interests and opinions could men rally to the support of one another without a battle-cry?

PAL. My answer would be, let them live in peace and charity with one another. But if divisions and strife be unavoidable, as they apparently must be till the millennium, still let the men *who think*, and some such are to be found in all sects and all parties, honestly seek, by moderation in their own language, to wrest from the demagogue the most potent instrument of his craft. A little attention to two out of the ten parts of speech might here be of infinite service. Let our orators and public teachers in the first place retrench vituperative *adjectives*, which spoil the style and add an unnecessary sting to names sufficiently opprobrious in themselves. 'Aristocrat,' and 'Jacobin,' and such like, need neither 'vile' nor 'base' nor 'mercenary' prefixed, to give them force and significance:

'Tis but the poisoning of a dart
Too apt before to kill.

The observance of this simple rule might have somewhat the same effect as that experienced by the sage, who, when he found himself get-

ting very angry, only lowered his tones, and thereby regained his composure. In the next place, let them define a little more accurately the meaning of certain *substantives* which are always on their lips. Of this part of speech the illustrations given by Lindley Murray are sufficiently intelligible; 'as man, apple, virtue;' but who can tell us what at different periods, and with different minds, is the meaning of conservative, liberal, radical? Nouns-substantive it is true in their present acceptance, like the former; yet if you divide mankind into two portions, the one shall inevitably consider either of these terms as implying all that is vile and unprincipled, while the other shall be quite as sure that the same word embraces all that is just and laudable.

PER. I must complain, however, that your exemplifications of this moral infirmity — word-worship I presume it should be called — seem all derived from the practices and peculiarities of the freer kinds of government. Despotism, I suppose, escapes the censure, because there only one set of terms is orthodox, and long use and authority may be presumed to have definitively settled their meaning.

PAL. Settled it they have, no doubt, and with such effects as you see. If, in one place, mankind have bowed down for ages, to a succession of profligates and imbeciles, it is because *Legitimacy* (imposing vocable) has become invested with some mysterious virtue, and passes for a sort of political ark which it is treason and profanity to touch. If, in another, men renounce without a murmur the right of opinion; march at a word into hopeless exile without fault or expostulation; sow that another may reap; live at the choice or die for the whim of the passing moment; it is because *Sublime Highness* or *Serene Mightiness*, or some such portentous combination of noun-adjective and noun-substantive; has so ordered it. And provided the *word* has its origin in a sufficiently remote and awful antiquity, who is there so unloyal and unreasonable as to object either to live or die at the pleasure of the potent polysyllable?

PER. The balance seems then to incline to the side of those who exercise, from time to time, the right of choosing or changing their *word-paramount*. *Adscripti verbo*, it is true; but with the whole political vocabulary before them from which to choose.

PAL. Choice, with reasonable men, implies the exercise of reason, and gives room for improvement and for hope. But the Dodo's head has led us a wider chase than its owner could have ever cost when alive; so, put it aside, and come with me up stairs, where I will show you a head of a different order.

PER. Why, 'tis a common skull. A monk's or a murderer's!

PAL. Neither; or perhaps some would say both.

PER. You speak in enigmas, but not unintelligibly. The world has seen many a cowed soldier whose profession was prayer, but whose practice was the sword.

PAL. The present subject certainly never wore a cowl, and would have scowled at the sight of one; yet he was oftener on his knees than in battle, and though a successful leader in the field, knew as well as any jesuit of them all, the artifices by which religious faith is kindled into zeal, and how sure zeal is to overlook the lawfulness of all means in its furtherance of a favorite purpose.

PER. What was his special vocation then ?

PAL. A Reformer's : one of those who set themselves to exterminate a few of the social Dodos of whom we have just been speaking. With what success you will yourself judge, when I tell you that this skull is no less (or at least so reputed) than Oliver Cromwell's.

PER. Indeed ! our old friend Noll's — friend of all puritans and republicans. Yet he himself set up at last for king-ship on his own account, though not certainly after the Dodo fashion. His was no sine-cure. What with the Spaniard and the Dutchman without, the Rump and the Levellers within, the fiend Ennui, so often the guest of royal mansions, could have been no tenant of *his* palace.

PAL. By no means : yet there is something melancholy as well as instructive in the fate of this memorable man. If he had only been, as Voltaire describes him, first a dupe and afterward a knave, we might justly deem that all the toils, anxieties and tribulations of his later life ; Care sitting as a familiar at his daily board, and Treason as a spectre by his midnight couch ; were but scant recompense for the blood he had shed, the rights he had trampled upon. But a character like Cromwell's is not to be despatched in an antithesis or an epigram ; and in the vast tableau of human life there are persons and events wholly inappreciable by a philosophical historian of the species Voltaire. The mysterious hand moving hither and thither over that tableau, now to agitate with doubts and scruples the depths of the human soul, and now to confound and transpose the results of human calculation, is still invisible from any point of view which such an observer can command. To him therefore the Brewer of Huntington* is simply a knave, (fripon) just as the Tinker of Bedford† would be simply a Bedlamite. But with much less sagacity than the keen and practised mind of Voltaire could exert when employed in its proper sphere, one may perceive a vein of sincerity, or at least of self-delusion, running through all the actions of Cromwell, even in the midst of the strangest apparent *tracasseries*. He, like other men of his stamp, must soon have felt that he was summoned to no common task ; he must even have perceived that he was to be dignified, in no ordinary manner, by being made a co-worker with Providence in some of the grandest concerns of human life. But not content with being led, seeing dimly and doubtfully through the medium of his own passions and the perplexed circumstances of the time, the object of his mission, he shortly ventures on a dispensation of Omnipotence in subordinating every mean to the settled, inflexible and unrelenting purposes of his own heart. If the life of King Charles stands in the way of a due settlement of the commonwealth, innocent or guilty, let him die. If rebellious Catholics stand out against the authority of the parliament, has not Protestant blood been shed by them ? The massacre of three thousand men, women and children at Drogheda will expiate the offence, and *perhaps* prevent the necessity of future severities. If parliaments are refractory, and refuse to see with the eyes of the Lord Protector, let them forth from the walls of Westminster, and give place to men of understanding, who can skill to do the work of the Lord right-

* SUCH was one of Cromwell's early occupations. † JOHN BUNYAN.

fully; that is, as it is understood by the Lord-Protector himself. At last, in his own memorable words to Harrison, 'What if a man should take upon him to be a king?' Has he not been led step by step to that eminence, that now the whole colossal structure must tumble in ruins upon the head of presbyterian, prelatist, fifth-monarchy-man and royalist, unless *he* agree to consolidate the mass by superadding the constitutional and customary weight of sovereignty? Thus, from the moment that his hands were first stained with crime, he is 'delivered over to strong delusion to believe a lie.' He stumbles onward from depth to depth, deceiving himself, deceiving others. Practices, *tricks*, which his soul must have loathed, become familiar, become necessary. He is at once a dupe and an impostor. But from the same moment all peace had vanished from his path. Divided against himself, no longer certain of his own motives, much more uncertain therefore of those of others; haunted by a sense of duplicity and falsehood, but striving to reconcile his conscience by a recurrence to his original intentions, he stands forth a striking instance of human inconsistency and self-contradiction. From such a career the lesson read to us by the brilliant Frenchman '*On commence par être dupe, et on finit par être fripon dans le grand jeu de la vie humaine,*' is scarcely the sole or the true one. Its import is to be read rather in the doubts, distractions and apprehensions which attended the close of that career, and which were the result at once of a sense of unfaithfulness and of a still keener sense of ultimate and irreparable failure.

PER. The generality of mankind, I apprehend, will think of Cromwell only as a strange antithetical compound of the strength and weakness, the crimes and levities, the buffoonry and cant, of the singular age in which he lived and acted.

PAL. To the practical man, however strong and confident, the necessity must always be present of wearing the form and pressure of the time in which he flourishes. For it is only by incorporating a hardier spirit and a firmer will with the outward fashion of his age, that he can hope to govern it. He must wear its livery and serve its prejudices before he can aspire to control its action and direct its destinies. This is at all times a severe tax on greatness, and in the case of Cromwell it was peculiarly so. For the uncouth but earnest spirit which then stood engaged hand to hand with the bigotry and intolerance of centuries was no offspring of court or college. What wonder that its features were grim and forbidding, lighted as they had so often been by the ghastly fires of Smithfield? And if its tones were inharmonious and nasal, they had been attuned to no sound of 'dulcimer and harp' in the midnight conventicles of Dort and Geneva. To be stern with the sternest, rough with the rudest, nasal and inharmonious above all the surrounding sons of cant and enthusiasm, was the hard task imposed by the genius of his age upon the genius of Cromwell. It is to the great *speculative* mind of an æra that the higher and happier part has been assigned of standing aloof from its prejudices, of scorning its expedients, and of speaking only the dialect of truth and humanity, in tones which the human heart can always recognize and always reëcho. Such, in the age of which we are speaking, was Milton: and who is there that

would not prefer the lot of the poet, 'poor, blind and old,' and without any sensible influence upon the men around him, yet always self-sustained, always hopeful, always confident in himself, and sure of his ascendancy over the thoughts and feelings of after ages, to that of Cromwell, all powerful as he was for a few fleeting moments, but in the midst of success doubtful of himself, distrustful of his friends, conscious of the ignominious arts and fearful crimes by which his greatness had been achieved, and instinctively sensible that the whole pageant of his grandeur and power must soon dissolve amidst the treacherous elements that surrounded it?

Oh curas hominum, oh quantum est in rebus inane!

PER. You have not yet told me by what means it happens that we find so honored a cranium in such questionable contiguity? Here a pegged tankard, there a patched shoe; a mass of half-fused nails, and something resembling a horn, though apparently of no order known to Cuvier or Buckland.

PAL. One might amuse one's self by considering how well the objects you have mentioned, and in the very order too, might stand for emblems of the varied life and fortunes of Cromwell. The tankard, whose pegs served as a measure for the draughts of our bibulous ancestors when tea and tee-totalism were alike unknown, might represent the levity and laxity of his youth, as well as the earliest occupation with which he was so often taunted by his detractors. The shoe, composed of innumerable scraps and patches, pertained erewhile to one Thomas Bigge, an assistant at the trial of King Charles, and would therefore serve to indicate a stride in Cromwell's fortunes more remarkable than any recorded of the seven-leagued wonder of the nursery tale. What could more aptly typify the force of his mighty genius in combining for its own purposes the discordant elements of his time, than this heap of nails fused into one mass by the stroke of a thunderbolt? And as for the horn, that you know was always the symbol of power; and springing, as this did, from the forehead of an old woman, it might readily be taken for a sign and token of the strength and instability of the Protectorate. But to reply to your inquiry respecting the skull, a diarist of the Restoration has informed us in terms sufficiently indicative of the spirit of that period; that 'the odious carcasses of Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw were drawn upon sledges to Tyburn, and being pulled out of their coffins, there hanged at the several angles of that triple tree till sunset. Then taken down, beheaded, and their loathsome trunks thrown into a deep hole under the gallows. Their heads were afterward set upon poles on the top of Westminster Hall.' It is to this act of wise and dignified retribution that we are indebted for our present craniological gratification; for the skull of the great Protector, when blown down by the wind, was conveyed to its present repository. Such at least is the legend; though, in respect to the question of identity, an anecdote facetiously told by Sir John Carr, seems to have cast some shade of difficulty upon the subject, not yet conclusively removed. 'Pray, Sir,' said a lady to one of the librarians of the British museum, 'haven't you a skull of Oliver Cromwell here?' 'No, Madam,' replied the man of

learning and antiquity. 'Dear me!' was the rejoinder; 'I wonder at that, for they have a very fine one in the museum at Oxford!'

PER. It is a question which should be incontinently submitted to the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim. If from the head they can infer the qualities, surely from the qualities they might infer the head. But however that might be settled, it is something to know that the impotent malice which would vent itself on the breathless clay, (a spirit similar to that of the foolish child, who, having dashed its foot against a stone, turns to crush it in meaningless revenge), has lost countenance in this world of ours, and would now be ashamed to show itself in the face of any Christian people. Napoleon, who has been so often compared with Cromwell, and who really resembled him in so many points of character and fortune, sleeps under the noblest mausoleum which his own Paris could supply.

PAL. There might be politic and by no means flattering reasons assigned even for that act of grace on the part of the world's masters. But if you speak of this difference in the posthumous destiny of Cromwell and Napoleon as indicating a more enlightened spirit of toleration in the world at large, I am constrained to say, that in my opinion intolerance has rather changed its features than its character: prohibited from doing its work by open means, it resorts to processes no less effectual, but concealed under that veil of proprieties which the world has such a vestal solicitude to preserve.

PER. It is well, at any rate, to have got rid of the stake and the faggot; to know 'that no living nostril has scented the nidor of a human creature roasted for faith.' Even here in England, one disqualifying shackle after another has fallen from the limbs of Catholic and Dissenter, nor have I heard as yet of any enactment by which it is made death by hanging, to marry together a Repealer and a Unionist.*

PAL. Nor in New-England, for a century or more, of any old woman expiating by hemp or water the dire offence of being poor, friendless and disconsolate. Nay, I can well believe that Lord Peter himself will hardly again disquiet the orderly households of Martin and Jack by bull or anathema; that even the people of Toulouse have ceased to celebrate the massacre of St. Bartholomew's by an anniversary festival.† In eighteen hundred years, precocious christendom has advanced to that point of wisdom and humanity, that, without another French revolution, it is extremely improbable that the grave will be again violated to glut the insensate vengeance of a court or a mob. But even in the days when such posthumous process against the dead was considered neither irrational nor extraordinary, I find that there was a different mode of procedure, and that it was not the fate of every flagrant offender to be violently torn from the grave and consigned to the gibbet. Owen Gwynneth was a hero of Wales, as Cromwell of England. But he had been reckless enough to marry his first cousin, and notwithstanding the excommunication of Becket, continued to live with her till

* In the reign of George II. it was ordained that no Papist should marry a Protestant; any priest celebrating such a marriage to be hanged. *Ed. Review*, 1808.

† See *VOLTAIRES* on Toleration.

her death. Here was an offence worthy of signal and summary vengeance ; but being a prince, and possessing some church-interest withal, when Owen himself came to die, his remains were actually buried under the consecrated pavement of Bangor Cathedral. Not long after, however, Archbishop Baldwin chanced to travel that way, piously intent on preaching a crusade against the Saracens, and spying the tomb, charged the bishop of the diocese to remove the body out of the cathedral, when he could find a fit opportunity so to do. The bishop, says the narrative, in obedience to the charge, made a passage from the vault through the wall of the church, under ground, and so *secretly shoved the body into the church-yard*. It is lawful to use real history as a parable : do you understand the meaning of mine ?

PER. I much prefer that every seer should expound his own meaning. It saves trouble, and prevents mistakes.

PAL. To tear the dead body from the grave and expose it on a gibbet might give offence in more ways than one, but to shove it secretly into unconsecrated ground was a refinement by which the ends of justice were attained, while at the same time all unnecessary scandal was avoided. To pursue its old ends by its old and approved methods is a feat at which the most bigoted sectarism or party-spirit would not now even venture to hint. It is denied all such nidiorific delicacies as a grilled Heretic or a carbonadoed Catholic. But the world, like the Bishop of Bangor, well knows that there are other means of carrying into effect a sentence of excommunication, than by any such overt acts of violence and outrage. Venture to dissent from its opinions, deride its jargon, or even assert for yourself an impartial neutrality, and it will silently and secretly, but so effectually, shove you beyond the pale of its sympathies and charity ; you shall be so completely eliminated from its confidence and consideration, that possibly you may think of Oliver Cromwell's skull, stuck on a pole at the top of Westminster Hall, as not the worst exemplification of human intolerance, nor the most striking instance of social isolation.

L I N E S

IN RETURN FOR A BEAUTIFUL PEN.

Thou delicate and pearly wand of thought !
 Kind token from a spirit, ever fraught
 With pleasant sympathies, I greet thee now,
 And dedicate thee, on this natal day
 Of our companionship, with playful vow,
 Unto the service of that gentle fay,
 Bright pinion'd POESY. Oh ! silent friend,
 The poor and heartless task shall ne'er be thine
 To trace at Flattery's call the grovelling line,
 Nor yet for sordid gain thy vigor spend ;
 But through all coming time thy lot shall be
 To paint blue skies, rich sunsets, scenes of bliss,
 Visions too glowing for a world like this,
 Yet meet for the pure realm of POESY.

M. R. L.

T H E W A N D E R I N G J E W .

BY DE RANORE.

CHRISTIAN! for the traveller lone
 Leave a cup before thy door;
 I am he, who wanders on,
 Borne by whirlwinds evermore:
 Young, yet weighed with years, each thought
 On the world's last doom is set;
 Still each night with hope is fraught,
 And the sun arises yet:
 Evermore, evermore,
 Rolls the earth I wander o'er —
 Evermore! evermore!

Eighteen centuries! — alas!
 O'er the dust of Greece and Rome,
 O'er each nation's wrecks I pass,
 By that fearful whirlwind borne:
 I have seen the fading good,
 Seen Columbia's flag unfurl'd;
 Seen two kingdoms from the flood
 Rise to veil the ancient world!
 Evermore, evermore,
 Rolls the earth I wander o'er —
 Evermore! evermore!

God has slain, to punish me,
 All to me or mine attached;
 From each roof that shelters me,
 I am by that whirlwind snatched;
 Many a being in distress
 Seeks such balm as I may shed,
 Who hath not the time to bless
 The poor hand that gave him bread.
 Evermore, evermore,
 Rolls the earth I wander o'er —
 Evermore! evermore!

Lonely 'neath the very bowers,
 On the soft grass by the wave,
 Though my grief may rest on flowers,
 Yet I hear that whirlwind rave!
 Oh! what to an angered Heaven
 Is that instant, lone and blest?
 Is *eternity* but given
 For my journey's close, and rest?
 Evermore, evermore,
 Rolls the earth I wander o'er —
 Evermore! evermore!

How those children small and glad
 Of mine own, bear memories!
 While they fix my glances sad,
 Lo! I hear that whirlwind rise;
 Aged men! no wealth the while
 Pays a dread career like this;
 Children! on whose paths I smile,
 Know! your dust my feet shall kiss.
 Evermore, evermore,
 Rolls the earth I wander o'er —
 Evermore! evermore!

Of the halls where I was born
 Shall I find one ruin lone?
 Yet, to see them still I turn,
 But the whirlwind murmurs, 'On!
 'On!' the deep voice crieth still,
 'Live, when all to doom are swept,
 Thy forefather's tomb to fill;
 For *thy* dust no place is kept.'
 Evermore, evermore,
 Rolls the earth I wander o'er —
 Evermore! evermore!

I outraged the man of God,
 Mocking him whose breath was gone!
 But my footsteps fly the sod,
 By that whirlwind hurried on!
 Ye who know not charity,
 Tremble at the avenging rod;
 Dread! lest wronged Humanity
 Rouse the vengeance of a God!
 Evermore, evermore,
 Rolls the earth I wander o'er —
 Evermore! evermore!

T H E A D V O C A T E . L O U B E T .

BY JOHN HUNTER.

IV.

THE Palace of Justice of the city of Aix was an ancient edifice, the most modern part of which had been built many centuries. Three antique towers overtopped the gloomy walls. The highest of these, named the clock tower, was a magnificent mausoleum, erected to the memory of a Roman patrician, who had died in the colony founded by Caius Sextus. The old counts had preserved in the enclosure of their palace this monument, left standing by the hordes of barbarians whose invasion swept away the last traces of former civilization. But the splendors of this retreat, founded by the Berengers, and afterward occupied by king René d'Anjou, had long since disappeared, and on the spot where the courts of love formerly rendered their gallant edicts, the parliament of Provence now held its sterner sittings.

The prisons of the different courts were located in the interior of the palace, under the massive walls built during the Roman sway. One of the least gloomy of these was situated on the second floor of the clock-tower; here the sun penetrated for a short time at noon, and the voice of the deep-toned bell was heard from the summit of the tower as it slowly told the lagging hours. For many years, the spiders undisturbed had woven their filmy nets around the blackened walls of this apartment; a solitary swallow had built her nest inside the window, which was secured by a narrow grating; and between the disjointed stones, a slender tuft of wall-flower extended its delicate tendrils. It was here Catherine Loubet, having passed the first night in the terrible dungeons beneath,

was now imprisoned. Some little arrangements had been made for her in this place of confinement. A small cot, resembling a bier upon its two trestles, was spread in one corner ; a vessel with holy water and a crucifix were placed near the head of the bed, and an earthen pitcher, a little bread, and a few books of devotion stood on a worm-eaten table under the window.

The captive was seated in the middle of this chamber, damp and gloomy as a cavern ; a ray of the sun fell obliquely upon her head, surrounding her as it were with a luminous halo. There was a melancholy composure in her countenance and attitude ; her calm, pale forehead rested upon one hand ; her lips moved without a sound ; she was reading in silence a book placed upon her knees : it was '*The Lives of the Martyrs* !'

After remaining a long time absorbed in the perusal of the volume, Catherine raised her eyes toward the heavens, a glimpse of which might be seen through the gratings of her prison window. The swallow raised from her nest her little black head and shining bosom, poised herself for a moment, brushing the wall with her forked tail, then glided through the bars, and flew off in the bright sunbeam. The humble wall-flower stretched through the arched window its tiny branches adorned with a few late blossoms, whose faint perfume the morning breeze wafted into the prison. Then a tear dimmed the glance which Catherine turned toward the sky.

A moment afterward, the door opened with that terrible sound of keys and bolts which falls so dismally upon the ear of the captive. The young girl turned her head with a movement of terror, and remained motionless in cruel suspense. She believed they were coming to take her before the judges.

A person entered saying, in a grave tone : ' God be with you, Catherine Loubet !'

' Father Athanasius ! is it you ? You have come ! your charity has not abandoned me !' exclaimed she, rising with clasped hands, and trembling violently : ' Alas ! I thought that no one, not even my confessor, would dare to penetrate this gloomy prison.'

Father Athanasius was an old priest, of a simple and devout character. Although not possessed of much learning, or gifted with great eloquence, he was universally respected for his gentleness of manners and sanctity of life.

' Daughter,' said he, turning toward Catherine a look full of sadness and compassion, ' I knew that you had need of me, and I obtained permission from the First President to visit you before the sitting of the court. I have come to confess you : when you have unburdened your conscience at the shrine of repentance, you will go more tranquilly before the judgment-seat of men. Your life only is in their hands ; but your eternal welfare is with God.'

' This thought, father, is my only consolation, and my only hope. You have come to hear my confession ; I am ready. Alas ! I have had full time here to make a long examination of myself.'

The monk seated himself on the only stool the prison afforded ; Catherine knelt beside him, and having in a few moments collected herself,

recited in a low tone the *confiteor*. Father Athanasius also prayed, with hands crossed upon his white scapulary, and his eyes fixed upon the prisoner in mournful expectation. He encouraged her with a mute gesture to proceed, pointing to the crucifix suspended from his ebony chaplet ; but after finishing the *confiteor*, she remained silent.

The monk then cast down his eyes, and said mildly : ‘ My daughter, you are at the feet of a God who is full of mercy : the repentance of the greatest sinner has found favor in his sight.’

‘ Father,’ replied she, in a humble voice, ‘ it is only a month since I received absolution from you ; it was on the Sunday before Saint John’s day. Since then I do not think I have committed any mortal sin.’

The monk looked her full in the face, and said in a half indignant tone : ‘ My daughter, you are speaking to your confessor, and not to your judges. God sees your inmost soul ; there is nothing hidden from Him !’

‘ I believe it most sincerely, father, and I place all my hope in His aid ; for in His sight I am free from mortal sin. I am accused of a dreadful crime ; I am covered with disgrace and ignominy ; human justice is ready to condemn me. But though found guilty at a human tribunal, I am innocent before that of God.’

The young girl raised to heaven a calm and mild look, and seemed engaged in mental prayer. The serenity of a pure and unshaken conscience shone in her countenance. There was a moment’s silence. Father Athanasius was shaken : the look, the accent, the words of Catherine, had suddenly changed his conviction of her guilt ; and forgetting his part of confessor, he assumed that of counsel and advocate.

‘ My child,’ said he, gently raising her, ‘ there are terrible charges against you—I may say, proofs ! In the name of our Saviour, hide nothing from me ! Answer my questions without dissimulation, and without fear ! Where were you on the evening of Saint John ?’

‘ I was at home, in our own house, with my poor aunt Loubet ; I never left her.’

‘ And yet, you have heard what Marius Magis asserts ?’

‘ Yes, I learnt it when confronted with him,’ replied she, coloring with indignation ; ‘ but what could I answer to such a frightful falsehood, which covers me with disgrace, and may perhaps cost me my life ? The truth ? I have spoken it, but no one believes me ; and I can bring no proofs to contradict him.’

‘ Is there no witness who can testify that you remained at home on Saint John’s night ?’

‘ There were some ; but alas ! which of them can now raise their voice in my defence ? My aunt is dead ; Veronica, our old servant, no longer retains her senses ; ever since our misfortune she has been completely beside herself ; and my cousin, Jaques Loubet, has fled the country.’

‘ But that glove, Catherine, that glove all stained with blood, and the fellow of the one found near the body of your unfortunate sister ? You have been seen to wear similar ones.’

‘ Alas ! my good aunt made them for me ! But the one found in the drawer of the bureau did not belong to me. Who could have put it

there ? I cannot tell ; there is some terrible mystery in all this ; it will be discovered one day, when it will perhaps be too late.'

She put her hands to her forehead, and leaned against the wall, as if overwhelmed by her emotions. Father Athanasius raised his arms and eyes to heaven.

'I now remember,' resumed Catherine, 'that on Saint John's night some one knocked at our door ; Jaques ran to open it ; I followed, and he immediately sent me back. Doubtless a woman then entered our house. But who was she ? How did she leave it ? Jaques alone knows, and could tell.'

'His testimony must be procured to clear up this dreadful business !' exclaimed father Athanasius. 'I will go to the First President, to all the judges ; I will obtain a suspension of proceedings.'

'But Jaques cannot return under pain of death ; he has fought a duel, and killed a man.'

'That is a great misfortune, and a grievous sin in the sight of God ; to atone for which a life of penitence and good deeds will be required. But Jaques perhaps will not run much risk in coming to defend you ; he fought in the Papal domains, and the ordinance of the King only punishes a duel with death when it takes place within the territory of France. If the family of M. de Lansac do not prosecute the affair, it will be overlooked, and in time be forgotten. We must obtain a delay of proceedings. Both as a witness and advocate, Jaques Loubet may save you.'

'If this is the only means of safety for me, father, I must decline it.'

'But this, my child, is self-destruction ; it is a great sin in the sight of God not to use all lawful means to preserve life.'

'And the life of Jaques, my father ? would God command me to put that in jeopardy to preserve mine ? My poor cousin ! Oh father ! if you knew how generous he is, how disinterested and devoted to those he loves ! As soon as he hears of my misfortune, I am sure he will instantly return, without a thought for his own safety, or caring whether the family of Lansac pursue him as the murderer of this unhappy man, who has disgraced and destroyed my poor sister. And shall I, awaiting the award of human justice, and about submitting to its blind decree, shall I give up the head of Jaques also ? Never ! never ! I will speak the truth before my judges, as I speak it before you, before God, and then will submit to my fate.'

'Unhappy child ! But the question, the rack !'

'I know it !' replied Catherine, turning deadly pale, 'I know it, and dread it more than death ! Blessed Virgin ! Holy Mother ! give me strength to bear this terrible trial, that I may maintain my innocence to the last !'

'But God will not permit such injustice ; He will save your life, my child,' exclaimed the old monk, passing his hand across his eyes, which were filled with tears.

Catherine threw herself on her knees before him. 'My father,' said she, 'it is not death that terrifies me ; life now seems to me so sad, so miserable ! When I think on my situation, I feel an impatient longing to go to that better world, whose door may be opened by my sufferings.'

I bless God, who calls me to him by this painful road ! Amidst the terrible calamities which have befallen our family, I am not the most to be pitied ! My unhappy sister ! It is for her we must pray ! Cut off so fearfully, without confession ! Dying without a moment for repentance ! Wretched soul ; how must she appear before her Maker ? And Jaques Loubet ; so good, so just, so honorable, has killed a man ; and now there is no more peace for his conscience ; night and day a voice cries to him, ' Murderer ! ' But I, my father, have no fear, no remorse. Ah ! what matters the prison, the torture, the disgrace ? Above, in Heaven, there is my refuge. I shall die innocent before God, before you, who will receive my last confession. I bear no hatred in my soul ; dying, I will freely pardon my enemies, my judges, my executioners !'

On finishing these words, Catherine raised her eyes to Heaven with calm resignation ; there was no display of false courage, no mixture of pride in her firmness ; a secret, deep-rooted sorrow rendered this complete detachment from life easy to her.

' My child,' said the monk, filled with deep compassion at the sight of such misery ; ' do you then find nothing here below worthy your regrets ?'

' Nothing, my father.'

' And yet, before this dreadful misfortune, you seemed a happy young girl.'

She shook her head, and replied, after a short silence : ' All my happiness, father, has been over for a long time past ; I have experienced many sorrows, of which none have been aware.'

Father Athanasius looked at her with surprise.

' Yes,' continued she, ' while they thought me so tranquil, so happy, I suffered much ; I wept often in secret. I had already resolved to renounce the world, and had determined to enter a convent before the close of the year.'

' Enter a convent before the close of the year ! But you were affianced to Jaques Loubet ?'

' Our marriage would never have taken place : Jaques would have espoused me contrary to his inclination, to obey the wishes of his mother. By entering a convent I should have left him free.'

' And you would not then have shrunk from the sacrifice of all you hold dear in this world ; and now you refuse the means of saving your life for fear of hazarding that of Jaques Loubet ? My daughter, do you then love him better than all other things, and more than yourself ?'

' Yes, father,' replied she, with earnest simplicity ; ' I would sacrifice myself a thousand times for his safety ; my last prayer shall be for him.'

The monk arose.

' My daughter,' said he, with the authority which his age and character gave him, ' God forbids such devotedness ; He wills not that you should abandon the care of your life and your honor. The testimony of Jaques Loubet must be procured to preserve both ; a declaration written and signed by him might arrive in time. Do you know where he is ?'

Catherine made no reply.

‘At least tell me to what place I must address a letter, to acquaint him with your situation.’

She hesitated and cast down her eyes, not daring to express a refusal.

‘No false scruples, my daughter,’ continued the monk; ‘speak, I enjoin you!’

‘Well then! my father, I obey; I confide the care of all that concerns Jaques Loubet to your mercy, to your prudence. It is to Genoa, to the care of a merchant named Pietro Filomarini, that you must address your letter, if you think proper to write to him. But will it reach the hands of Jaques? Who can tell whether he has been able to pass the frontier?’

‘After this unfortunate duel, did he return hither? Have you seen him?’

She made a gesture in the affirmative.

‘Can you tell me on what day?’

‘The evening before my arrest.’

‘That is but five days since; the police are not yet in pursuit; I am assured that no process to bring him back has been issued. Perhaps he is not as far off as you suppose. He may have hid himself in the environs of Aix, and not being disturbed, may now be waiting until the affair shall blow over.’

‘Wherever he may be, my father, I entreat you to command him not to return: *his* liberty, *his* life, above every thing!’

‘My daughter, I will answer for both: we will make interest in his behalf with the counsellors of parliament. Although but a poor monk, and the least among the servants of God, I have some influence with persons in power. I will supplicate a noble lady of great virtue and piety to intercede in your behalf. She will obtain a delay of the trial. Can we but gain time, the truth will emerge from the darkness which covers it! Keep up your courage; I will come daily to see you.’

The jailer came to reopen the doors: he stood waiting at the threshold.

‘I now leave you with God, my daughter,’ continued father Athanasius, extending his hand toward Catherine to give her his blessing; ‘pray to Him to restore tranquillity to your soul. I will perform a mass every day on your behalf.’

‘May God reward you, father, for all your kindness to me!’

When the monk had departed, the broken-hearted captive sank down upon her bed and wept bitterly. The hope of living no longer animated her soul, crushed by the loss of all it held dear. She turned with a feeling of disgust and terror from that world where she now found herself separated forever from the only object of her affections.

v.

As he crossed the public square, on his way to the house of the First President, father Athanasius met Marius Magis, the cadet Beauregard, and a few others, who were walking to and fro, awaiting the opening of the court. They were all speaking of Catherine Loubet; for three days nothing else had been talked of in the city. The Basochian was giving his opinion, probably for the hundredth time, upon the affair, in which his testimony would play so conspicuous a part. He felt a certain

degree of satisfaction at finding himself a party to such an important procedure, of which reports and pamphlets would be published. Still, he could not be said to nourish malice or hatred in his heart; but was merely a noisy, conceited, mischief-loving fellow, whose chief delight was in strife and litigation. Nothing ever occurred in the city in which he did not manage to have a finger. Did a quarrel arise in the street, as if dropped from the clouds, he was sure to be seen in the midst of it; was a piece of scandal afloat, he was the first to know all the minute details and particulars: in short, his chief occupation seemed to be that of bearing tales, making censorious remarks, and spreading news, good or bad, true or false, which he lighted upon, by dint of ferreting incessantly through the good city of Aix.

'Gentlemen,' said he, halting in the midst of the group that followed him; 'all that you have just heard is recorded in my deposition, committed to writing on the very spot where the crime was perpetrated, and signed by my own hand. God knows what it has cost me to accuse this unhappy girl! But my conscience could not rest under such a load. Not one of my words has been spoken lightly; in a criminal process nothing must be affirmed except *de visu*.'

'And yet who can assure us that your feeble and limited vision may not be deceived?' interrupted father Athanasius, touching the shoulder of Marius Magis. 'I have just visited Catherine Loubet in prison; she persists in saying that in the matter of your deposition, there is some strange and dreadful mistake.'

The only reply that Marius Magis made, was to shrug his shoulders and shake his head with a gesture of sad conviction. A murmur arose among the by-standers; public indignation required a victim; it cried for vengeance upon the assassin of the fair Loubet; and Catherine, against whom so many fearful proofs were arrayed, stood already convicted in the opinion of all.

Filled with dismay at this manifestation of public feeling, the monk withdrew sadly. Dreading to find a similar sentiment prevailing with the judges, instead of going directly to the First President, he resolved first to secure the aid of the Marchioness d'Argevilliers.

As he entered the gateway of the hotel, Genevieve, the chief waiting woman of the Marchioness, arrived from the pavilion.

'Reverend father,' said she, approaching the monk with respect, 'Providence surely has sent you here to advise and assist me. I am in great trouble and know not how to act.'

'If it is any thing to be said in confession,' replied he, 'go wait for me at the church, I will be there in half an hour.'

'No, reverend father, it does not concern myself, but a person in whose service I have been a long time, a noble lady for whom I have the highest esteem and affection, and whose spiritual adviser you are.'

'In that case I am ready to hear you now; proceed.'

'If your reverence would enter the garden for a moment, I could speak more freely than in this hall, where some of the servants may be listening at the door. The things I have to say are for your private ear alone.'

Father Athanasius, astonished at the solemn and mysterious air of

the woman, followed her into the garden. When assured that no one was within sight or hearing, she began to weep, and in an agitated tone exclaimed: 'Holy father, I hardly know how to tell you what I fear — but my mistress the Marchioness d'Argevilliers — has become deranged! quite out of her head! — and it will be impossible to conceal this dreadful calamity.'

'Holy mother! what do you mean, Genevieve?'

'No one yet knows it, not even Monsieur the First President; and I dare not tell him.'

'But what has been done? You should have sent for me; has not Madame the Marchioness asked for me?'

'Alas! no, reverend father, she will see no one, she does nothing but weep, day and night; it is almost a whole week that this has continued; but I think her malady has been a long time coming on. Since the death of Monsieur the Marquis, Madame has declined visibly. She is dying here in her large chamber hung with black. Monsieur the First President insisted upon her receiving all those visits of ceremony; from morning till night, Madame was surrounded by figures in deep mourning, who entertained her with nothing but her afflictions; this almost killed her. I thought she would recover when she had permission to go and pass a month at the pavilion. There she received no more company, and Monsieur her father-in-law was content to have tidings from her, without visiting her himself. Madame began to recover her spirits; and was getting much better, when on Sunday last, the Advocate Loubet came——'

'The Advocate Loubet? on Sunday? at the house of Madame d'Argevilliers?'

'He himself. He seemed in great trouble, and I immediately suspected that some misfortune had happened to him. Madame received him in the great hall; he only staid a quarter of an hour, and I know not what passed, but when I returned to Madame I found her in a piteous taking, all bathed in tears, and moaning aloud. I closed the doors that no one might see her in this condition, and tried to comfort her.'

'And what did she say?'

'Nothing. I could not get a word from her; sometimes she would weep until she became exhausted, and then she would remain motionless, with a look that frightened me. At last she fainted away, and fell as if dead in my arms. I called the other women who helped me put her in bed. As soon as she recovered her senses, she forbade us to send for the physicians or to inform Monsieur the First President; since then all she has said has been to repeat these orders. She lays awake the whole night, and refuses all nourishment; one would say that she had made up her mind to die. If this lasts, I do not think a fortnight will pass before she is laid along side Monsieur the Marquis, in the vaults of Saint-Sauveur. There is something wonderful in this great affliction. I have no doubt the Advocate Loubet told Madame the Marchioness some bad news, some misfortune——'

'At any rate, it could only have concerned himself, and with all her great kindness, Madame the Marchioness ought not to take the matter so

much to heart. Has she heard of this terrible business in the city ; and what has been discovered ?

‘The death of the fair Loubette, and the crime of Catherine Loubet ? No, reverend father, I would not for the world speak to her of these things in her present condition, it would only make her still more gloomy. I have tried, on the contrary, to divert her by pleasant stories, and lively conversation ; but nothing has succeeded. This melancholy which is devouring Madame the Marchioness cannot be concealed ; company will come to the pavilion, and then what is to be done ? Madame cannot remain shut up in this manner, not speaking to a living soul. In spite of her commands, I must inform Monsieur the First President of her situation. What do you advise me, reverend father ?’

‘I can say nothing before seeing Madame the Marchioness,’ replied the monk after a moment’s reflection : ‘they are waiting for me at the confessional ; but no matter, I will go at once to the pavilion.’

The windows of the Italian saloon were closed, and darkness, almost total, reigned in this spacious apartment, where no sound was heard but the pendulum of the large copper clock which stood over the chimney piece. The Marchioness d’Argevilliers was reclining upon a sofa, with eyes closed, and arms crossed upon her breast. There was in her attitude a degree of rigidity, accompanied with slight startings, which showed that the mind was still wakeful in the midst of this apparent slumber, and the expression of gloomy thoughts passed at intervals over the countenance of the sleeper, like the shadows of dark clouds flitting rapidly across the fields during a tempest. She had apparently been praying, for a small rosary of mother of pearl was entwined around her arm.

‘Madame,’ said Genevieve, approaching with noiseless tread, ‘the reverend father Athanasius desires to speak with you.’

‘Father Athanasius !’ exclaimed the Marchioness with a sudden movement, ‘he wishes alms for the poor probably ; let him enter, and give me my purse, Genevieve.’

The monk advanced conducted by the waiting woman ; his eyes could at first distinguish no object in the obscurity of the vast apartment. Groping along, he took a seat near Madame d’Argevilliers, and said without seeing her : ‘May God’s blessing be with you Madame the Marchioness ! I hope the residence in the country has been conducive to your health.’

‘It has, reverend father ; I feel much better, and think I shall remain here for some time.’

‘And yet, Madame, you should not keep yourself in total solitude ; seclusion produces the greater part of the diseases of the mind, and saints only should dwell in a desert. I reproach myself for not having visited you sooner ; but the duties of my profession leave me but little leisure ! There are always the sick to confess, the miserable to succor. People of the world have time enough for their pleasures ; but there is no repose for him who devotes himself to the relief of the wretched !’

‘The miserable !—the poor ! the wretched !’ interrupted the Marchioness, ‘they say God loves such, and that they find more favor in his sight than the rich and happy. I will give you money for them, reve-

rend father; I have resolved to devote the greater part of my wealth to good works. It may be God will take account of it! We should think of our soul's welfare, even when far from death.'

As she finished these words Genevieve threw open the shutters of a window; daylight suddenly broke into the saloon, and the bright rays of the sun shone full upon the face of the Marchioness. She was of a livid paleness, faint tints of a darkish hue were visible around her discolored lips, and were it not for the gloomy fire which glowed in her hazel eyes, she might almost have been supposed dead. There was something fearful in her aspect. Disease in effacing the freshness and beauty of youth, had deepened the furrow which divided her eyebrows, and displayed the square and strongly marked conformation of her forehead; a physiognomist might have detected something lion-like in the contour of her head, around which, like a mane, a profusion of auburn hair fell in thick clusters. The monk was seized with vague terror at sight of so unexpected and fearful a change.

'Heavenly powers!' exclaimed he, 'you are very ill, Madame the Marchioness, you must have suffered greatly!'

'I have been a little indisposed these few days past,' replied she with assumed indifference; 'Genevieve made me keep my bed, but I am much better now — indeed I am quite well.'

'Resignation to the will of God is the only remedy for the troubles of this life; but it is not his will that the affliction he has sent should make you neglect your health. The physicians must be consulted, Madame the Marchioness.'

She shook her head, and giving the monk the purse Genevieve had brought her, said to him:

'This is for the poor: let them pray for me. Spare not this supply, and whenever an opportunity of doing a deed of charity presents itself, come to me, reverend father: the poor are the members of CHRIST, and we secure our salvation by relieving their wants.'

From such christian sentiments, father Athanasius was satisfied that Madame d'Argevilliers was in full possession of her reason, and concluded that her mind, overwhelmed by her recent affliction, must be diverted and consoled by the performance of deeds of charity. Providence seemed to have directed him to a sure source of relief for poor Catherine, and he said devoutly: 'If you will vouchsafe me the aid of your charity, Madame, it may save the life of an unfortunate young girl.'

The Marchioness raised her head as if to listen.

'The affair to which I allude,' continued the monk, 'is a deed of blood, a dreadful event, of which probably you have not yet heard; a terrible calamity has befallen one of the most respectable families of the townsmen of Aix, the family of Loubet. Clara Loubet, better known as the fair Loubette, has been assassinated, and her sister Catherine is accused of the crime —'

The Marchioness at this sank back as if lifeless; her head fell upon the pillow, she stirred not a limb, while the monk related, without omitting a single detail, the discovery of the murder, and the accusation which hung over Catherine Loubet.

During this long recital, the Marchioness uttered not a word; her

eyes half open, gazed upon vacancy, her clenched hands were pressed against her bosom ; a cold moisture bedewed her temples whose arteries throbbed with irregular pulsations, but her attitude remained calm, impassible.

‘And now, Madame,’ said the monk as he concluded his sad narrative, ‘will not your powerful influence be exerted in behalf of this poor girl ? She is innocent ; you would be convinced of it could you only see her in her prison, as I have done : she is tranquil, resigned ; her thoughts are those of a saint ; still there are proofs against her which to human justice seem conclusive, she will be convicted if her trial takes place before Jaques Loubet can get here to defend her. He alone knows the assassin ; he alone can disclose the truth ; for this purpose a delay of the trial is requisite ; if Catherine obtains it, she is saved ; will you not save her, Madame ?’

The Marchioness again raised her head ; the terrible position in which she found herself, restored for a moment all her presence of mind, and clearness of judgment.

‘Yes, my father,’ said she with energy, ‘yes ; I will save her : but the method you propose is uncertain, perhaps impossible. Are you sure of finding Jaques Loubet ? Will he return ? His life is in danger — no, no ! it is not *his* testimony that will save Catherine. Let her confess the deed, and I will answer for her life with mine — with my own life ! do you mark me, father ? If escape shall be impossible, I will procure letters of pardon.’

‘Life may be saved in this manner, Madame, but honor — reputation.’

‘A delay of trial will save neither.’

‘Then is our hope in God alone ! oh, heavenly Father, do thou come to the aid of this poor innocent !’ exclaimed the monk in consternation.

There was a long silence. The Marchioness, with fixed gaze, her head resting upon her hand, seemed again to be falling into a state of insensibility ; and forgot the presence of Father Athanasius. He at length arose, saying :

‘I will return to-morrow, Madame the Marchioness, after I have informed Catherine Loubet what your charity proposes for her.’

Madame d’Argevilliers only replied by a motion of the head. As he was about leaving the room, the monk again turned back. The state in which he was leaving the Marchioness filled him with much uneasiness, and his piety saw but one method of affording prompt relief.

‘My daughter,’ said he, with simplicity ; ‘it is a long time since you have made confession ; perhaps your mind has need of spiritual succor ; you know what effectual consolation is found at the shrine of repentance.’

Madame d’Argevilliers shuddered, and replied with a broken voice : ‘I will confess one of these days, father ; I must first make examination of my conscience.’

Genevieve was waiting in the anti-chamber.

‘Well ! reverend father,’ said she, ‘what do you think of the situation of Madame the Marchioness ? She has at last spoken, at sight of you !’

‘She seems sound in mind, although very much cast down and changed by her malady.’

‘Must we, in spite of her orders, give notice to Monsieur the President and the physicians?’

‘Wait ’till to-morrow, Genevieve; I would first see her again.’

Toward evening, Madame d’Argevilliers had her sofa placed before a window which looked into the garden. The day had been very warm; but the breeze which arose at sunset, blew at intervals with a gentle freshness, and murmured through the large chestnuts on the terrace. The flowers, whose blossoms had unfolded in the mid-day sun, exhaled delicious odors; the double jasmine, the heliotrope, the flame-colored carnation, waved their fragrant petals in the air. In the calmness of a beautiful night, and its vague harmonies, which float in the heavens, along the streams, and through the foliage, there are mysterious influences which can charm the deepest grief, and lull to temporary repose even fear and remorse. Madame d’Argevilliers experienced this relief; leaning upon the casement, she turned her face to the breeze, and inhaled its balmy sweets: for a moment, thought was suspended; she was severed from the past and from the future; she forgot the devouring anxieties of the present, and cruel memory preyed no longer upon her. A deep sigh escaped her burning bosom; she abandoned herself to this cessation from care, this respite from suffering, as the wretch on the rack, whose torture is for a moment suspended. She stretched forth her wasted arms, her head sank down in complete repose, and she murmured in a low voice, ‘What a lovely night!’

Genevieve, seeing her mistress thus composed, drew the shade over the lamp, and seated herself at a little distance. All the doors were open; there was no one in the anti-chamber; the domestics were keeping watch in the farm-house, about a hundred paces from the pavilion. Profound silence reigned in the hall; the rays of the lamp fell obliquely upon the squares of black and white marble; the figures painted in bas relief stood out like phantoms from between the panels; a faint noise was heard from without; it was the murmur of the evening breeze, and the gentle ripple of the streamlet through the herbage.

Suddenly the figure of a man appeared, like a shadow, at the door of the saloon. Genevieve started up with a movement of affright, and called out: ‘Who is there?’

It was the Advocate Loubet. His disordered dress, his shaggy beard, his shoes covered with dust, gave him the appearance of a robber or a mendicant. His haggard, sun-burnt visage seemed to have grown ten years older. He advanced without speaking, close to the sofa. The Marchioness remained motionless; her hair rose upon her brow; it seemed as if an iron hand was grasping her throat. After a moment, she said, ‘Withdraw, Genevieve.’

The Advocate closed the door after her, and then returned toward Madame d’Argevilliers with folded arms, and a sad and terrible look. She raised herself, and placing her two hands upon her head, as if to insure its safety, exclaimed wildly:

‘You have come to denounce me! But there are no proofs. Who will believe you?’

‘No one,’ replied he; ‘of that I am well assured. And therefore, it is not you, but myself, I am about to surrender. I also have a murder

upon my conscience ! for I have slain your lover, Madame, I have killed Hector de Lansac ! His blood was needed to avenge your honor ! Miserable fool ! I loved you ; I adored you as a being virtuous, pure, noble above all other women ! and you are a monster of immodesty — of cruelty !

She fell back as if fainting, murmuring :

‘Loubet, spare me ! Speak not to me with reproaches, with threats. My crime was involuntary ; and I would give my fortune, my blood, every thing except my reputation, to expiate it. Do you not believe me ?’

‘No !’ replied he, turning away his eyes. ‘I am going to give my life to redeem that of this innocent girl, whom your crime would send to the scaffold. Thank God ! who permitted me to hear of this terrible affair in time ! I might have been too late.’

‘Catherine shall not die ; her life is safe, whatever may be the verdict. I will provide means for her escape ; and she shall afterwards have letters of pardon.’

‘Letters of pardon ! They may avert the punishment ; but the dishonor ! the infamy ! No, no ; it is a clear, a signal justification that must save the innocent head of Catherine ! I will devote myself for her. The homicide will undergo the punishment of the assassin ; it is a decree of the justice of God, Madame. It spares you now ; but sooner or later you must appear before his tribunal. Do you remember the spots of blood on your arm, on the evening of Saint John ? they will then reappear !’

The Marchioness instinctively concealed her arms beneath her white mantle, and replied in a hollow, broken voice :

‘God will perhaps have mercy on me, Jaques Loubet. If He condemns me, the torments of hell will not be more dreadful than those I now endure. My conscience is my torturer ; and God punishes me by the death of him I loved so much. Your hands also are stained with that blood for which I would joyfully have given all of mine. Lansac lies in his bloody grave ! Never, never more shall I see him ! That noble face is now but a death’s head, and I — I still live ; I live consumed night and day by this dreadful grief !’

On finishing these words she burst into a passion of tears.

‘You have well loved this man, who was unfaithful to you !’ said the Advocate, with contemptuous pity ; ‘he loved you no longer, Madame.’

She clasped her hands convulsively. These words again awakened in her soul the sentiments of jealousy and vengeance.

‘You must now confess all to me,’ continued the Advocate ; ‘and reveal the whole truth. This murder was premeditated ! You went to the garden of M. Lansac to kill your rival !’

‘No, no !’ interrupted she ; ‘I call God, who now hears me, to witness ! I thought I was the only female who ever entered that place, when I found there the fair Loubette ——’ She stopped ; this name came with difficulty from her lips.

‘Proceed !’ said the Advocate, sternly.

‘Well then ; this girl recognized me ; she insulted me ! dared even to threaten me ! My secret, my reputation, were in her hands. The

unhappy creature told me that our meeting should next day be made public. The Marchioness d'Argevilliers at the same rendezvous with the fair Loubette! I was afraid of her: a knife lay on the chimney-piece; I seized it; Loubette cried out; I know not what happened; I was mad! I struck at hazard!—and thus the deed was done!

'The Marchioness ceased; her voice and breath failed her; she put her handkerchief to her mouth and immediately withdrew it filled with a bloody foam. The Advocate, horror stricken, turned away his head.

'Since that day,' resumed the Marchioness, in a plaintive voice, 'I have slept no more! What terrors do I not suffer! what a torture is my life! Soon, I trust, it will end; but hereafter what shall I find? My God, have mercy upon me!

'May He pardon all of us,' said Jaques Loubet, with gloomy resignation; may my punishment expiate your crime! To-morrow I will take the place of Catherine. Poor angel! she will be left without a home, in this dreary world; what will become of her? what man would espouse her? what religious community will receive her? All will shun the near relative of a man publicly executed.'

Madame d'Argevilliers fell on her knees in terror, exclaiming:

'Jaques Loubet, you will not persist in your resolution; you will denounce me!'

'No, no! do you not remember, I have no proofs? As I go to the scaffold, Madame Marchioness, I will salute from a distance the door of your hotel. Will you not be there to assure yourself that death has delivered you from the only witness who could say, 'Louise d'Argevilliers, the noble widow of a Marshal of the King, murdered the fair Loubette!'

The Marchioness hid her head in the cushions, uttering deep groans, and made a sign to the Advocate to leave her. On this, he seized her arm, and said:

'I go to take your place in prison—on the scaffold. As you hope for God's pardon at the day of your death, do justice to the memory of poor Jaques Loubet!'

VI.

At the time of these events judicial proceedings, in criminal cases, were more expeditious than at present. The trial of the Advocate Loubet could not be long delayed: he had given himself up as a prisoner, and his confession had greatly expedited the preliminary steps of the case, whose fatal result seemed no longer doubtful. The strange incidents of this drama had produced a great sensation in the city of Aix. On the day of trial the passages of the palace of justice were early in the morning blocked up by the throng of spectators. Marius Magis was haranguing on the square a crowd of inquisitive auditors. It was not without a degree of disappointment, that in consequence of the confession of Loubet, that he found himself prevented from playing the important part he had anticipated, and reduced to a secondary personage in the new proceedings, where his testimony could neither condemn or save any one. But his ingenuity led him to a supposition which found some credence with the public.

'Gentlemen,' said he, to some score of attorneys and advocates who had collected around him, 'I persist in believing that Jaques Loubet is the heroic victim of love; he devotes himself to save the life of Catherine. What is the meaning, I ask you, of that circumstance which he cannot explain, and of which I myself have given such clear and positive evidence? Who was that woman I saw come out of the garden where the crime was committed, and take refuge in the house of the Loubets? He himself has named her; the discovery was a singular one, and I mentioned it at the time to many of you. And this glove? Gentlemen, there needs no great skill in legal proceedings to see clearly into this business. I repeat it: Catherine Loubet committed the crime for which she was in the first instance imprisoned; the investigation was proceeding in the right track, when the Advocate with unparalleled devotion, has placed himself under the stroke of the law. The procedure instituted against him is based upon facts which have no probability, and his innocence seems to me demonstrated. He will be convicted however; but the truth will one day come out, and instead of one criminal process we shall see two. Mark my words, gentlemen: very soon, perhaps, the memory of the poor Advocate Loubet will be vindicated!'

A murmur of approbation followed this confused tirade. Marius Magis in triumph, casting his ill-omened expression upon his auditors, continued:

'This is not all, gentlemen! there are some more details in my possession, which I have kept as a *bonne-bouche* for you.'

The circle contracted itself; all the gaping visages were thrust forward.

'I have seen, this morning, the peasant at whose house the Advocate Loubet was arrested on the other side of the Durance; he is a fine fellow, an old client of the Loubets; he told me how the Advocate heard that Catherine was in prison: a pedlar brought the news, and the shepherds were talking about it over their work in the evening; this was eight days ago. Immediately the Advocate fell into a swoon; when he came to he wished to set off instantly; he cried like a mad man: 'I will save her! — I will give *my* life!' — and a hundred other such like speech. s.'

A great movement at the door of the court cut short the speech of Marius Magis; every one ran in that direction. The proclamation was about to be publicly pronounced. The Basochian did not care to enter with the rabble into this narrow enclosure, where the best located were those on the shoulders of their neighbors, but preferred remaining under the trees, in the open air. Some dozen cadets, a babbling, idle race, collected around him to hear once more the recital of the proceedings commenced against Catherine Loubet.

In about a quarter of an hour, a dull murmur announced the termination of the sittings. The cadet Beauregard first sallied forth and behind him the excited and vociferous multitude.

'Condemned unanimously,' said he, 'condemned to death! They say he is to be executed to-morrow morning.'

‘At these words, Marius Magis raised his arms toward heaven and began to run up and down the square with violent gesticulations.

‘They shall not shut my mouth!’ exclaimed he; ‘I will testify aloud that I saw the Advocate upon this very spot on the evening of Saint John; he was applauding the fine feats of arms of the Basoche, poor man! not a hair of his head thought of going to the rampart, to kill the fair Loubette! He is innocent! I say, and *there* is the guilty one!’

With these words he pointed out Catherine, who was just then passing along the little street Portalet, conducted by father Athanasius: she was returning to the prison. The poor girl was like one half dead; she heard neither the outcries that rose around her, nor the threats that followed her; she might have been stoned without her turning her head.

The monk, terrified, clasped her with one arm, and with the other repelled the mob, exclaiming:

‘Gentlemen, gentlemen! for God’s sake ——’

‘What do they want of me?’ asked Catherine, impeded by the tumult.

Just then a voice quite near cried out: ‘Justice! the Advocate is innocent! there is the guilty one!’

Father Athanasius dragged Catherine into the prison whose formidable door was immediately closed upon them.

The Advocate had just heard his sentence of death, and had requested to see his confessor and Catherine. He could now see them without restraint, the law allowing this last consolation to the condemned.

On entering the cell, the young girl threw herself on her knees before Jaques Loubet, and seized his hands. Father Athanasius, pale and agitated, whispered in a low voice: ‘The mob are clamoring without; Marius Magis has stirred up the cadets; they say you are innocent — they threaten Catherine ——’

‘Poor girl!’ exclaimed the Advocate mournfully, pressing her to his bosom, ‘I have saved nought but her life! Catherine, submit with patience to the will of God! pray to Him for the welfare of my soul! I would not leave the world without telling you for your consolation, that I am as innocent as yourself of the crime of which you were accused!’

‘Ah! Jaques, I was sure of it!’ interrupted she with vehemence; ‘Why did you not leave me to die? They believed you — I never did, not for a moment!’

The monk, struck with sad astonishment, exclaimed: ‘You have then confessed the crime to save this child! And you — you also are innocent! Who then is the guilty one?’

‘I will tell you at confession, father;’ replied Jaques Loubet with calmness; ‘after I have taken my last farewell of Catherine, I will give you the little time that remains to me.’

He then turned toward the young girl, and passing one hand through the long tresses of her dishevelled hair, spoke to her in a low tone for some time. She listened to him on her knees, with clasped hands, and downcast eyes, as if at the feet of her Maker.

For one moment he pressed her to his bosom, saying, ‘Dear Catherine, adieu! we must part; your presence takes away my courage;

near thee, I regret life — we might have been so happy ! I despised my good fortune ! Ah ! could it be restored to me !

She raised her head at these words ; a beam of joy passed over her countenance ; she smiled faintly and murmured.

‘ Jaques, I shall die soon ! I shall rejoin you before the end of the year ; in death as in life, am I not your betrothed ? ’

Jaques Loubet kissed her forehead, then placing her in the arms of the monk, said :

‘ Adieu, adieu, Catherine ! my father, let her withdraw ! We must remain alone, that I may be prepared for death. ’

The Advocate was not a devotee, but his faith was simple and pious. His confession was sincere, complete ; he told the whole truth before begging absolution from father Athanasius.

The monk listened to him with profound attention ; tears ran down his furrowed cheeks ; he clasped his hands in amazement mingled with horror and pity. When he had heard all the sad story, he gave the absolution *in articulo mortis* to Jaques Loubet.

‘ My son,’ said he then to him, ‘ I am now going to solicit a reprieve for you. ’

‘ Alas ! and for what purpose, my father ? ’

‘ Though providence should give us but a day, a single hour, this short delay may suffice to bring a guilty soul to repentance. The secret of your confession is sacred ; but I am going to watch the remorse of this unhappy woman ; her life is drawing to a close. ’

The Advocate shook his head mournfully. ‘ My sacrifice must be accomplished,’ said he, ‘ I have no hope. ’

Father Athanasius obtained a delay of the execution for three days. As soon as he was assured of it, he hastened to the pavilion. Midway, he saw a litter approaching, surrounded by a number of persons, the carriage of the chief President followed ; the domestics were on foot. Father Athanasius trembled at sight of this black retinue ; he believed that Madame d’Argevilliers was dead. The sad train advanced slowly ; four men bore the litter ; the president was in the carriage. He caused it to stop on seeing the monk, breathless and bareheaded, by the side of the road.

‘ Ascend, reverend father,’ said he putting his head from the window ; ‘ I am bringing Madame the Marchioness back to the city, she is extremely ill, and I was about sending for you. ’

With these words, the President drew back in the carriage, and motioned father Athanasius to take a seat by his side. The heat was overpowering, there was not a breath of air stirring, not a cloud in the burning sky, profound silence reigned around, the cricket alone chirped in the sun, upon the motionless branches of the trees.

‘ What Egyptian weather ! ’ exclaimed the monk : ‘ Monsieur the First President, this burning heat is enough to cause the death of Madame the Marchioness on the road ! ’

‘ May God help her ! it was absolutely necessary to bring her back : in her present situation how could she be left at the Pavilion ? Her apartments there are too small to receive company ; and to-morrow, to-day even, as soon as her danger is known, all the city will be coming

to visit her. I intend to ask for her the prayers of forty hours; the church owes it to a person so eminent for her rank and virtues.'

An hour afterward, the Marchioness was laid on a couch in her spacious chamber hung with black velvet, and darkened by thick curtains. Against one of the walls a large ivory crucifix was erected between a crystal vase of holy water, and a reliquary. Five or six ladies of high rank were standing around the bed, speaking in subdued tones. Father Athanasius and Genevieve were at the pillow of the Marchioness whose face was turned toward the wall. She spoke not a word, made no complaint; her quick irregular breathing, and at times a dry cough were alone heard.

The monk in a low voice said to her: 'My daughter, your sufferings are great, but be of good cheer, the mercy of God is infinite; he sends me to prepare you for the gloomy passage which leads from this life to another. Do you not think of receiving your sacraments soon?'

The Marchioness made no reply; he repeated the question several times: she at length answered impatiently; 'There is time enough, father; to-morrow, perhaps.'

'When you please, my daughter: I will not leave you.'

Genevieve in tears led the monk into an adjoining cabinet: 'Madame is dying,' said she; 'the doctors declare she has not two days to live; she may go off at any moment, and has not yet confessed herself! She is a saint, however!'

'God grant she die not the death of the sinner,' said the monk.

Genevieve crossed herself devoutly.

'Reverend father,' said she, 'it is that last visit of the Advocate Loubet that is killing Madame the Marchioness; he has cast a spell upon her as it were; I am sure of it. They say he is to be broken on the wheel for the crimes he has confessed! If they were to burn him in the public square, it would be but God's justice!'

'Peace! Genevieve, you blaspheme!' interrupted the monk, as he turned to seat himself at the bedside of the Marchioness.

What an empty parade! what a mockery of woe, surrounded this bed of death! The chamber resembled a funeral chapel; a crowd, composed of the noblesse of the city, had come to gratify a feeling of morbid curiosity, and to cast a passing look upon a departing fellow being.

The sufferer was surrounded by all the dismal ceremonies which the catholic faith prescribes for the dying. Consecrated tapers were burning day and night around the bed; the relics of Saint Mitre and Saint Madelaine had been procured; an altar for prayer was erected in the chamber of death; to afford a final example of the grandeur and piety of her house, the Marchioness must die as she had lived, in a public display. She had no children, no blood relatives, no other connections than the family of her deceased husband. Not a soul in that world where she had held so lofty, so envied a place, would in reality mourn her loss. The physicians had given her up. She seemed as if already a corpse in the midst of these devotional observances; and her last agonies seemed as nothing in the eyes of the heartless by-standers. Impassible, unheeding, she submitted to these inhuman ceremonies.

Stretched at full length upon her bed, with eyes closed, hands clasped tightly together, she uttered not a word, noticed nothing around her. It seemed as if the faculties of the mind were extinguished, as if death was only disputing for a body already stark and cold. Once, however, in the middle of the night, the Marchioness opened her eyes, and cast around her a look clear, and instinct with life: it was but of momentary duration, and she presently relapsed into her previous state of death-like insensibility.

Father Athanasius left not the bed of death for a moment; he continued unceasingly to exhort the Marchioness: he watched with intense anxiety for a look, a word, a gesture, but nothing could be distinguished, nothing heard but dull moanings and dreadful shudderings.

On the last night of this sad tragedy, two priests were repeating the prayers for the dying in the chamber of the Marchioness; her women were watching around her, father Athanasius kneeling behind the curtains muttered mechanically the *miserere*; gradually his words became indistinct, his eyes closed, overcome by watching and fatigue he slumbered. The dim tapers in the sconces of the chimney threw a flickering light over all these worn out figures; the windows were half opened, the first beams of day were whitening the eastern sky; the cool morning breeze rustled through the elms of the *Place des Precheurs*.

Genevieve was arranging the silken coverings which had fallen from the bed; as she stretched forth her hand she touched the feet of the Marchioness, they were icy cold and insensible. At this moment Madame d'Argevilliers made a sudden movement, a torrent of blood gushed from her lips, her limbs stiffened, she seemed in the last agony.

'She is dying!' exclaimed Genevieve, horror stricken; 'let her kiss the crucifix!'

Suddenly the Marchioness raised herself, as with a supernatural effort, and with outstretched hands, exclaimed in a voice hoarse and broken by the death rattle: 'I am dying! — I must confess! Monsieur the First President, let him come! Notaries! — witnesses! — I must have them all! Call every body! — time presses! My God! give me but a moment more!'

'Witnesses!' cried father Athanasius; 'my daughter, there is yet time; speak! relieve your conscience!'

The attendants ran to alarm the family; they awoke the First President; in a few moments all the inmates of the house were assembled, terror depicted on every countenance. Father Athanasius with deep earnestness, continued his exhortations to the Marchioness, and presented the crucifix to her every moment.

'My daughter,' said he, 'be of good courage! God points out to you the way to approach him.'

'A notary!' repeated the Marchioness with vehemence; 'some one to write down my last words! Time presses!'

'Do you wish to make your will, Madame?' said the First President, gazing coldly on his daughter-in-law; 'you have nothing to bequeath; your property is already disposed of by the law.'

'No! it is my last confession I would make! — all of you witness it!'

She turned toward the monk, and added in a stronger voice, in the

midst of profound silence. 'My father, I declare before you, and before all here present, that Jacques Loubet is not guilty. It was I — I, who killed the fair Loubette !'

A cry of horror burst from every mouth : father Athanasius stretched forth his hand toward Madame d'Argevilliers and in trembling tones, pronounced the form of absolution !

'My daughter,' said he, 'may God forgive you ! your repentance has saved an innocent head ; a few hours later, and it would have been too late !'

She fell back, and in a voice so feeble that the monk as he bent over her could hardly hear it, murmured : 'I could not speak until my dying hour ! Thank God ! — it has come at last !'

L I F E A N D D E A T H .

What is Life ? — an empty bubble ?
A breaking wave on Time's dark shore ?
A fading dream ? — a day of trouble ?
Surely, life is something more.

If a bubble, 'tis a bright one ;
'Tis a wave with silver crest ;
Dreams have often glad awakings —
Troubled days bring nights of rest.

Why did the all-wise CREATOR
Our immortal nature give ?
What to us were mind or reason,
If 'twere all of life to live ?

What are all our pure aspirations,
Thoughts that spurn the grovelling earth,
But the spirit's bright revealings
Of its high and holy birth ?

What is Death ? — a gloom, a shadow ;
O'er all joys it flings a blight :
'Tis a cloud of awful blackness —
'Tis the darkest shades of night.

Gloomy 't is ; but gloom and shadow
Flee before the breath of morn ;
Behind the cloud the sun is shining —
Night is darkest just at dawn.

God himself this truth has taught us,
Every where it meets the eye ;
In our inmost hearts it whispers :
'Tis not all of death to die !'

Light and darkness ! — strangely blended ;
Life and death ! — thus linked in one ;
May we, this existence ended,
Find in death new life begun !

FREDERICK S. AGATE.

THE death of this intelligent and estimable artist has led many to seek for some record of his life and character. With some difficulty we have been able to collect a few incidents connected with his career; but those who were acquainted with him must be aware, that with a person of his retiring disposition and uninterrupted devotion to his profession, his life offers little for narration, and therefore to his works, rather than to his personal history, we must look for materials for an article of this character.

He was born in the village of Sparta, West Chester County, N. Y., in the year 1807. When very young he showed a fondness for drawing figures of horses, ships, cattle, etc., and at the age of thirteen, through the instrumentality of Mr. Rollinson, who at that period was one of the most popular copper-plate engravers in this city, and by the aid also of a Reverend gentleman by the name of Wittingham, he was sent to New-York and placed under the tuition of John R. Smith, Esq., who taught drawing and painting with considerable success. Mr. Smith being an excellent judge of pictures, and a very able teacher, from his thorough knowledge of the arts generally, Mr. Agate had an opportunity to improve himself which rarely occurred to the young American artist at that date. Mr. Smith's scholars were numerous, but among them we do not learn that any adopted painting as a profession, except Mr. Agate and Thomas S. Cummings, the present Treasurer of the National Academy of Design. Mr. Stout, who has become favorably known for his models in plaster, was also a pupil of Mr. Smith's. His other scholars were amateurs, or persons who very properly studied drawing as a necessary part of an accomplished education. While with Mr. Smith, Mr. Agate applied himself with great industry, and became a very careful and correct draughtsman, a qualification too much neglected in the education of the present race of young artists. We cannot find that he attempted any original subject at this period, save a very spirited sketch of his friend Cummings, which is still preserved among his drawings.

In the year 1825 he left Mr. Smith and entered as a pupil to S. F. B. Morse, who was then among the most prominent artists of this city, but who, like Fulton, has since laid aside the brush and conferred upon his country an enduring benefit in the invention of the Magnetic Telegraph. Under Mr. Morse's tuition he commenced the practice of oil painting, studying at the same time from the antique in the old American Academy of Fine Arts. He employed himself chiefly in copying Mr. Morse's pictures; and such was his fidelity that few persons could designate the originals from the copies.

About this time difficulties occurred between the artists of this city, who now form the National Academy of Design, and the American Academy of Fine Arts, whose location was in the old Alms House in the rear of the City Hall. It appears that the younger artists were in the habit of drawing from the casts in the antique room of the American

Academy, but instead of meeting with a liberal and accommodating spirit on the part of those who had charge of these rooms, they frequently had to wait at the doors, seeking in vain for admittance. On one occasion Mr. Agate and Mr. Cummings, finding the doors locked against them, returned home and had a petition drawn up, addressed to the Directors of the Academy, asking for the use of the directors' room to pursue their studies during the winter evenings, they agreeing to furnish, at their own expense, the fuel and lights. While this paper was passing round among the artists for signatures, a suggestion was made by one of their number that they should form themselves into a club, meet at each other's residences, and draw from such casts as each artist might have in his studio. This suggestion was adopted, and the petition to the directors abandoned. The initiation fee to this club was five dollars per annum, and the plan succeeded so well, and they found their number increasing so fast, that it became inconvenient to entertain them at their respective dwellings, and accordingly application was made to the New-York Historical Society for the use of their room, which being readily granted, each member brought his casts to this room, and thus was laid the foundation of a new Academy instituted and managed exclusively by the artists. In all these proceedings Mr. Agate, though very young and still a pupil, took an active and zealous part. In the formation of the National Academy of Design, it was resolved to intrust its entire management to thirty professional artists, residents of the city, fifteen of whom were named and elected at once, and they were authorized to appoint fifteen others. Mr. Agate was one of the fifteen thus appointed.

In 1827 he left Mr. Morse and took rooms at No. 152 Broadway, where he established himself as an historical and portrait painter. In portrait painting he was unusually successful for so young an artist, and his works were spoken of as being cleverly colored and always faithful likenesses.

The first exhibition of the National Academy of Design was held at the corner of Reade-street and Broadway, in May 1826; and it is worthy of remark that at that exhibition there were one hundred and twenty-two pictures exhibited, and the receipts so small that the artists had to submit to an assessment of seven dollars upon each member, at the close of the exhibition to meet its current expenses; while now, eighteen years after, the number of pictures exhibited is rising of four hundred, and the income over the expenses, several thousands of dollars! To this first exhibition Mr. Agate sent four pictures, two of which were landscapes and two portraits. At the second annual exhibition in 1827 he exhibited six pictures, all of which were portraits; and in 1828 he exhibited eleven pictures, one of which, 'a mother lamenting over her child,' from a poem by Pickering, was a most excellent production, and placed the artist at once above the ordinary class of painters. Previous to this he had been painting portraits merely; and although several of these were full-lengths of children, where he had an opportunity to exhibit his knowledge and taste, yet it was not until this picture was exhibited that he displayed that fine imagination which placed him so much above the mere imitator of nature. The subject represents the corpse of a beautiful child, snatched

away in the moment of health, with its mother hanging over it with the most intense expression of grief, while by her side stands a little daughter, too young to understand the loss she has sustained, but old enough to be touched with her mother's suffering; presenting at a glance one of those scenes of affliction which reaches and softens the heart of all who behold it. It was well drawn and carefully painted, and the expression upon the countenances of the figures showed great observation on the part of the artist. We believe this painting is still in the possession of Mr. Alfred T. Agate, a brother of the artist. In 1829 he had fifteen pictures in the exhibition, being a greater number than any artist exhibited that year, with the exception of those of Henry Inman: they were however all portraits but two; one a neat and spirited India-ink drawing of 'a mother and child,' and the other, 'children with fruit,' to which was attached some lines written, it is believed, by the artist himself. In 1830 he exhibited eight pictures, two of which were full-lengths of children, and in 1831, fourteen, among which was the 'dead child,' a picture similar in character to his 'mother lamenting over her child.' We have had an opportunity of examining this picture recently, and were curious to see whether the judgment formed by us thirteen years since would be confirmed by a reëxamination. It has faded a little in color, but the chasteness and simplicity of its arrangement, its careful finish, and touching expression, have had the same effect upon us as when it was first exhibited. In 1832 Mr. Agate exhibited but three pictures, and in 1833 also three, among which was 'Metamora,' the first of his large paintings. Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, stood for the figure, which is drawn and designed with great boldness and vigor. The stern chief is represented at the moment when he says, he 'owns no master, save that One who holds the sun in his right hand; who rides on the dark storm, and who cannot lie.' To be seen to advantage, such paintings should be hung in a large room, and at a distance from the spectator; but there are so few rooms in this country where works of this character can be located permanently, that it seems a waste of labor in our artists to undertake them. In 1834 another large work, called 'Ugolino,' was exhibited, together with a cabinet-size picture, 'the old oaken bucket,' and two portraits. Ugolino is the most finished of his large paintings, and in color and effect is of great merit. Some of the critics at the time it was exhibited complained of the melo-dramatic attitude of Ugolino; but as George Jones, another actor, sat for it, we presume this fault must be laid at his door, rather than that of the artist. The children however, clinging to the knees of their parent, and the boy weeping over the sufferings of his younger brother, form a group which in point of pathos we have rarely seen surpassed: the countenance of Ugolino exhibits his mental as well as bodily suffering, and realizes the sentiment: 'I heard my sons (who were also confined with me) cry in their troubled sleep, and ask for bread.' The 'old oaken bucket,' taken from Woodworth's poem, was perhaps the most popular picture he ever painted. It was rich and transparent in color, of a pleasing effect, and well drawn and composed. This picture remained for a long time in his rooms unsold. We believe it at last found a purchaser, and we congratulate the owner upon possessing a work of so much merit.

In the fall of 1834 he sailed for Havre, intending to spend the ensuing three years in Europe. After remaining a short time in Paris, he set out for Italy; at Genoa he remained long enough to examine the fine collections of pictures which that city affords, which though not as numerous, are more choice than those of either Rome or Paris. On arriving at Florence he commenced copying a few pictures to fulfil orders which he took out with him, but the only one that he completed, as far as we can learn, was one from Raffaele's celebrated *Medona Della Seggiola*, which he finished for his friend and patron, James Boorman, Esq., of New-York. He assigned as a reason for not making more copies, that he thought his time could be much more profitably employed in drawing from the living models and making notes and memoranda of the works of the old masters; and in this opinion he was undoubtedly correct, as almost every intelligent artist, after a short stay in Italy, comes to the same conclusion. It was his usual practice in studying old pictures to accompany his notes and remarks with a water-color sketch, from two to three inches in size. A practice which we would recommend to all artists visiting Italy, from the great benefit which they confer after they return home, in refreshing the memory with the characteristic features of those works.

While at Florence his mind became strongly bent upon historical compositions, and he was full of enthusiasm for the highest style of the art. No exertions seemed to be too great, and for six months he labored with the greatest assiduity. In the midst of his studies he commenced a large picture, the subject of which was, 'the first efforts of the Jesuit missionaries in converting the Indians,' a most excellent subject for an historical painting of life-size. He had it nearly two-thirds painted, and was about rolling it up to finish it during the ensuing winter in Rome, when he was seized with a severe illness, arising out of his intense devotion to his studies. This picture, we are informed by one who saw it, was exceedingly bold in composition and effect, and would have been decidedly the best picture he ever painted, could he have remained abroad to finish it. We learn with regret that he never could be persuaded afterward to touch it, and finally destroyed it, which was frequently the fate of many of his other works left in an unfinished state.

It was originally his intention to have remained in Italy two years, and then spend the other year in visiting Germany, Holland, and England; but the loss of his health with the prostration of all his high hopes so affected him, that when his friends in Florence finally prevailed upon him to return to the United States, they did not expect he would live to make the voyage. He was however taken to Leghorn, and then embarked in a vessel for New-York, at which place he arrived in the fall of 1835. It appears that the sea voyage proved beneficial, and partially restored his health. Had not, however, this misfortune befallen him, we confidently believe that Mr. Agate would have become one of the first among American painters. When we remember that nearly all of his large pictures were painted previous to his voyage to Europe, and painted too under those disadvantages which historical painters know are almost insurmountable in this country; namely, the difficulty of getting life models, costumes, suitable apartments, etc.; we may readily believe,

from what he did accomplish under all these disadvantages, how much he could have done in Florence or Rome, with every facility of the kind at his hand. With the loss of health he seemed to have lost that ambition so essential to great effort; indeed we are persuaded he never sufficiently recovered from that attack to grapple with the difficulties which present themselves in painting large historical pictures. His lungs were evidently affected; and we do not believe he ever afterward saw a day that he was not troubled with the lingering effects of that illness. But such was the mildness of his disposition, and such his disinclination to alarm his friends, that he allowed no murmur or complaint to escape him, but submitted quietly to the lot that was assigned him, with a sure trust in that religious hope on which, through his whole life, he had been accustomed to place the fullest reliance. In the May exhibition of 1837, there were four pictures painted by him on its walls, the most attractive of which was 'Genevra,' painted we presume while abroad, and while fresh from contemplating the works of the Flemish school: appended to this picture in the catalogue were the following lines:

'I'm weary of dancing now,' she cried:
'Here tarry a moment; I'll hide — I'll hide!
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place.'
Away she ran; and her friends began
Each tower to search, each nook to scan:
And young Lovell cried, 'Oh! where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride!'

It was painted of cabinet size, and had a remarkably brilliant and Rembrandt-like look. In color we think it surpasses his other pictures: the light flickering through a large Gothic window of stained glass at the top of the picture, gave it a peculiarly rich and happy effect. It was also more transparent and luminous than his former works, and was one of the most popular pictures in the exhibition. If we remember right it was afterward purchased by the committee of the Apollo Association, and distributed among the subscribers of that institution. In the same exhibition was another of his productions styled 'The Devil's Deacon:' of this we have a very faint recollection. In 1838 he exhibited four portraits, and in 1839 three portraits, and an historical subject called 'Columbus and the Egg,' which was well drawn and well composed, but not as happily colored as his former productions. In 1840 he exhibited two portraits, and was elected curator of the academy, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of William James Bennett. And during the same year, Mr. Richardson, the Scottish landscape-painter, who was a member of the council of the academy, being about to embark for Europe, Mr. Agate was also elected a member of the council. To the exhibition of 1841 he sent his picture of 'CHRIST, the Good Samaritan,' in which the SAVIOUR is represented with the cup, pronouncing the words, 'Drink ye all of this, for this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you.' In 1842 he appeared with another large picture, 'The Ascension,' a work which, if he had had time to finish, would have been one of the best of his productions; but having commenced it late in the season, and being anxious to have it ready for exhibition, he did not devote that time and labor upon it necessary to make it a finished

picture. The subject however was well conceived, the grouping skillfully managed, and the expression of a majority of the figures very appropriate. In 1843 he exhibited but one portrait, and the last he ever sent to the academy. During the last winter, (1843 and '44,) an association of artists was formed for the purpose of improving themselves in designing original subjects. Although but two hours in each evening were allowed for making the sketch, and the artists all confined to illustrating the same subject, the productions of this society were of a very interesting character. Mr. Agate was a member of the association, and his sketches exhibited the same elevation of thought, purity of design, and boldness of composition, that distinguish all his other works. We have seen one of his sketches, produced at one of these meetings, and cannot refrain from describing it. The subject given out was 'a hard case;' and among the various illustrations of this idea, Mr. Agate represented a husband returning to his family in a state of intoxication. The mother sits at the table, with two interesting little children, partaking of a scanty repast, when the father enters. He has a basket, containing the fatal bottle, on his arm; his clothes tattered and torn, his hat beaten in, and a segar in his mouth; exhibiting the coarse beastliness of a man lost to reason and all sense of delicacy. He has upset a chair, and the little family is thrown into grief and mourning by the condition of that parent, who, by the laws and customs of society, is denominated their guardian-lord and master. The composition and effect, although but a sketch, is excellent; and had the artist lived, and been prevailed upon to finish it in oil, it would have been a very interesting and instructive picture. In the same winter he was elected a member of another association, composed of some of the most distinguished artists and literary men of this city, and which is so difficult of access that among several gentlemen proposed as members during the winter, he alone was elected. It was attending a meeting of this latter association, in the upper part of the city, during a very stormy night in February last, that he took a severe cold, which brought on his old disease, and threw him again on a sick bed. He recovered sufficiently to proceed to the residence of his mother at Sparta, where he became a confirmed invalid, and lingered until about the beginning of May, when he expired, in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

His death cast a gloom over the feelings of the artists; and at a meeting of the members of the National Academy of Design, convened for this purpose, resolutions were passed testifying their respect for his memory, and sympathizing with his friends in the loss they had sustained.

Touching the character of Mr. Agate, we feel a pride in exhibiting it as a model of a truly pure and virtuous man. He possessed mildness of disposition, application to study, a capacity to learn and judge, and a desire to win the esteem of all men. Indeed, we do not believe he ever had an enemy, or was ever jealous of another's success. A single man, always in his studio, with no disposition to indulge in extravagant pleasures, he became independent of that pinching feeling of want which so frequently mars the destiny of men of genius. Ever anxious to acquire knowledge, and never satisfied with what he had accomplished, he was

not ashamed to be seen among the veriest tyros in the arts, drawing from the antique as if he had just commenced his studies. An enthusiastic lover of the profession which he had adopted, and shrinkingly diffident of his own merits, he was ever willing to receive advice, even from those who were not equal to himself in ability, and who were far behind him in knowledge and experience. While curator of the National Academy of Design, by his mild and conciliatory deportment, his readiness to impart instruction, and constant attention to his duties, he obtained the respect of the students, and was regarded by them with an affection and fondness that is rarely evinced toward one who occupies a position of such a trying and difficult character.

As a member of one of the most respectable religious societies of this city, by his exemplary life and uniform observance of the duties which it required of him, he not only won the esteem of his Christian brethren, but attached to himself many valuable friends, who sincerely and deeply deplored his early death.

In his younger days he occasionally tried his skill in poetry, and most of the lines inserted from time to time in the catalogues of the academy, in illustration of the subjects of his own pictures, are believed to be from his own pen.

As an artist, he had a vivid imagination, a correct eye, and a good knowledge of drawing, composition, and effect. His works, perhaps, sometimes exhibit a want of finish, as if he had been impatient in their completion; and sometimes there may be observed a latitude in portraying the subject not always in accordance with good taste; but this, we think, arose from a disinclination to be restricted to the time and place of the scene which he had chosen for his pencil.

His occasional remarks upon distinguished works of art, showed great observation and matured judgment; and his opinions of the works of his contemporaries, though rarely given unless sought for, displayed an impartiality and fairness, of the most honorable character.

He believed that painting was not merely an ornamental art; that it had higher and nobler objects in view; that it could be made the instrument to instruct the mind, to refine the feelings, and elevate the character; and entertaining such sentiments, he brought the strongest powers of his intellect to bear upon every thing he undertook. He was of opinion that artists should appeal through their works to the understanding of men; that mind should have precedence of mere skill and manner; that simple imitations of what is called nature, without aiming at that which awakens a responsive feeling in the heart, ought to be viewed in no other light than as a curious display of human dexterity, which can be exercised with equal success in any of the mechanical arts.

To reach this high order of painting he strove with unremitting industry; and although his hand may not have been able to execute all that his imagination conceived, yet his works bear the impress of a mind that has thought long and deeply upon what it was doing; and if he is not ranked hereafter among the first of painters, he will be remembered for his efforts to preserve the noble art to which he was devoted, from all contaminations of a false or pernicious character.

F. W. E.

D E A T H .

'On various funeral monuments of the ancients, Death is represented as a beautiful youth leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude of repose, his wings folded and his feet crossed.'

I.

DEATH! with thy folded wings and slumbrous eye,
 Sweet seraph, hail!
 Thou lean'st on Life's unflaming torch; yet why
 Before thee should we quail?
 Sleep's sadder brother, oh! how truly called!
 Kind soother of our care;
 Who at thy noiseless step should be appalled?
 There is no terror there!

II.

I would not go with thee unto the grave;
 Not there — not *there*!
 Thou tak'st the spirit hands immortal gave
 Unto a home more fair:
 Angel of mercy sent us from the skies
 To free the weary clay,
 On the hushed face thy hallowed impress lies,
 Taking grief's lines away!

III.

Yet chide we not the mourner's flowing tears
 O'er loved one's rest;
 Each broken tie, lost bliss of many years,
 He knoweth best:
 And while so beautiful the sleep of death,
 The fond, fond heart
 Broods o'er the form so void of quick'ning breath,
 Unwilling thence to part!

VI.

It is a sorrow when the dear one goes
 Forth from our stricken breast;
 What though he 'scapeth clouds of earthly woes,
 He was our heart's own guest:
 Oh! meet it is the eye should grow more dim,
 The lip forget its smile,
 Though Memory chaunt with softened tone her hymn,
 And Grief's excess beguile.

V.

To me be ever thus a seraph seen,
 O Death, with slumbrous eye!
 Near my last couch, upon Life's dim torch lean,
 And 'neath thy wings I'll lie:
 Thy beauteous wings to shield me as I sleep,
 Thy calm, pale face
 To look in kindness upon those who weep
 Around my resting-place!

Boston, (Mass.) April, 1844.

WILLIAM W. MORLAND.

A P A S S A G E

FROM A LEGEND OF THE SUBJUGATION OF SPAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

AFTER the capture of Merida, as recorded in the last chapter, Muza ben Nozier gave a grand banquet to his captains and distinguished warriors in that magnificent city. At this martial feast were many Arab cavaliers who had been present in various battles; and they vied with each other in recounting the daring enterprises in which they had been engaged, and the splendid triumphs they had witnessed. While they talked with ardor and exultation, Abdalasis, the son of Muza, alone kept silence, and sat with a dejected countenance. At length, when there was a pause, he turned to his father, and addressed him with modest earnestness. 'My lord and father,' said he, 'I blush to hear your warriors recount the toils and dangers they have passed, while I have done nothing to entitle me to their companionship. When I return to Egypt, and present myself before the caliph, he will ask me of my services in Spain; what battle I have gained; what town or castle I have taken. How shall I answer him? If you love me, then, as your son, give me a command; intrust to me an enterprise; and let me acquire a name worthy to be mentioned among men.'

The eyes of Muza kindled with joy at finding Abdalasis thus ambitious of renown in arms. 'Allah be praised!' exclaimed he; 'the heart of my son is in the right place. It is becoming in youth to look upward and be aspiring. Thy desire, Abdalasis, shall be gratified.'

An opportunity at that very time presented itself, to prove the prowess and discretion of the youth. During the siege of Merida, the Christian troops which had taken refuge at Beja had reinforced themselves from Penafior, and, suddenly returning, had presented themselves before the gates of the city of Seville. Certain of the Christian inhabitants threw open the gates and admitted them. The troops rushed to the alcazar, took it by surprise, and put many of the Moslem garrison to the sword: the residue made their escape and fled to the Arab camp before Merida, leaving Seville in the hands of the Christians.

The veteran Muza, now that the siege of Merida was at an end, was meditating the recapture and punishment of Seville at the very time when Abdalasis addressed him. 'Behold, my son,' exclaimed he, 'an enterprise worthy of thy ambition! Take with thee all the troops thou hast brought from Africa; reduce the city of Seville again to subjection, and plant thy standard upon its alcazar. But stop not there: carry thy conquering sword into the southern parts of Spain: thou wilt find there a harvest of glory yet to be reaped.'

Abdalasis lost no time in departing upon this enterprise. He took with him Count Julian, Magued el Rumi, and the Bishop Oppas, that he

might benefit by their knowledge of the country. When he came in sight of the fair city of Seville, seated like a queen in the midst of its golden plain, with the Guadalquivir flowing beneath its walls, he gazed upon it with the admiration of a lover, and lamented in his soul that he had to visit it as an avenger. His troops, however, regarded it with wrathful eyes, thinking only of its rebellion and of the massacre of their countrymen in the alcazar.

The principal people of the city had taken no part in this gallant but fruitless insurrection; and now, when they beheld the army of Abdalasis encamped upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, would fain have gone forth to make explanations, and intercede for mercy. The populace, however, forbade any one to leave the city, and barring the gates, prepared to defend themselves to the last.

The place was attacked with resistless fury. The gates were soon burst open; the Moslems rushed in, panting for revenge. They confined not their slaughter to the soldiery in the alcazar, but roamed through every street, confounding the innocent with the guilty in one bloody massacre; and it was with the utmost difficulty that Abdalasis could at length succeed in staying their sanguinary career.

The son of Muza proved himself as mild in conquest as he had been intrepid in assault. The moderation and benignity of his conduct soothed the terrors of the vanquished, and his wise precautions restored tranquillity. Having made proper regulations for the protection of the inhabitants, he left a strong garrison in the place to prevent any future insurrection, and then departed on the further prosecution of his enterprise.

Wherever he went his arms were victorious; and his victories were always characterized by the same magnanimity. At length he arrived on the confines of that beautiful region comprising lofty and precipitous mountains and rich and delicious plains, afterwards known by the name of the kingdom of Murcia. All this part of the country was defended by the veteran Theodomir, who, by skilful management, had saved a remnant of his forces after the defeat on the banks of the Guadalete.

Theodomir was a staunch warrior, but a wary and prudent man. He had experienced the folly of opposing the Arabs in open field, where their cavalry and armor gave them such superiority; on their approach, therefore, he assembled all his people capable of bearing arms, and took possession of the cliffs and mountain passes. 'Here,' said he, 'a simple goatherd, who can hurl down rocks and stones, is as good as a warrior armed in proof.' In this way he checked and harassed the Moslem army in all its movements; showering down missiles upon it from overhanging precipices, and waylaying it in narrow and rugged defiles, where a few raw troops could make stand against a host.

Theodomir was in a fair way to baffle his foes and oblige them to withdraw from his territories; unfortunately, however, the wary veteran had two sons with him, young men of hot and heady valor, who considered all this prudence of their father as savoring of cowardice, and who were anxious to try their prowess in the open field. 'What glory,' said they, 'is to be gained by destroying an enemy in this way, from the covert of rocks and thickets?'

'You talk like young men,' replied the veteran. 'Glory is a prize one may fight for abroad, but safety is the object when the enemy is at the door.'

One day, however, the young men succeeded in drawing down their father into the plain. Abdalasis immediately seized on the opportunity and threw himself between the Goths and their mountain fastnesses. Theodomir saw too late the danger into which he was betrayed. 'What can our raw troops do,' said he, 'against those squadrons of horse that move like castles? Let us make a rapid retreat to Orihuela, and defend ourselves from behind its walls.'

'Father,' said the eldest son, 'it is too late to retreat; remain here with the reserve, while my brother and I advance. Fear nothing; am not I your son, and would I not die to defend you?'

'In truth,' replied the veteran, 'I have my doubts whether you are my son. But if I remain here, and you should all be killed, where then would be my protection? Come,' added he, turning to the second son, 'I trust that thou art virtually my son; let us hasten to retreat before it is too late.'

'Father,' replied the youngest, 'I have not a doubt that I am honestly and thoroughly your son, and as such I honor you; but I owe duty likewise to my mother; and when I sallied to the war she gave me her blessing as long as I should act with valor, but her curse should I prove craven and fly the field. Fear nothing, father; I will defend you while living, and even after you are dead. You shall never fail of an honorable sepulture among your kindred.'

'A pestilence on ye both,' cried Theodomir, 'for a brace of misbegotten madmen! What care I, think ye, where ye lay my body when I am dead? One day's existence in a hovel is worth an age of interment in a marble sepulchre. Come, my friends,' said he, turning to his principal cavaliers, 'let us leave these hot-headed striplings and make our retreat; if we tarry any longer the enemy will be upon us.'

Upon this the cavaliers and proud hidalgos drew up scornfully and tossed their heads: 'What do you see in us,' said they, 'that you think we will show our backs to the enemy? Forward! was ever the good old Gothic watchword, and with that will we live and die!'

While time was lost in these disputes, the Moslem army kept advancing, until retreat was no longer practicable. The battle was tumultuous and bloody. Theodomir fought like a lion, but it was all in vain: he saw his two sons cut down, and the greater part of their rash companions, while his raw mountain troops fled in all directions.

Seeing there was no longer any hope, he seized the bridle of a favorite page who was near him, and who was about spurring for the mountains. 'Part not from me,' said he, 'but do thou at least attend to my counsel, my son; and, of a truth, I believe thou art my son, for thou art the offspring of one of my handmaids who was kind unto me.' And indeed the youth marvellously resembled him. Turning then the reins of his own steed, and giving him the spur, he fled amain from the field, followed by the page: nor did he stop until he arrived within the walls of Orihuela.

Ordering the gates to be barred and bolted, he prepared to receive the

enemy. There were but few men in the city capable of bearing arms, most of the youth having fallen in the field. He caused the women, therefore, to clothe themselves in male attire, to put on hats and helmets, to take long reeds in their hands instead of lances, and to cross their hair upon their chins in semblance of beards. With these troops he lined the walls and towers.

It was about the hour of twilight that Abdalasis approached with his army, but he paused when he saw the walls so numerouslly garrisoned. Then Theodomir took a flag of truce in his hand, and put a herald's tabard on the page, and they two sallied forth to capitulate, and were graciously received by Abdalasis.

'I come,' said Theodomir, 'on the behalf of the commander of this city, to treat for terms worthy of your magnanimity and of his dignity. You perceive that the city is capable of withstanding a long siege, but he is desirous of sparing the lives of his soldiers. Promise that the inhabitants shall be at liberty to depart unmolested with their property, and the city will be delivered up to you to-morrow morning without a blow ; otherwise we are prepared to fight until not a man be left.'

Abdalasis was well pleased to get so powerful a place upon such easy terms, but stipulated that the garrison should lay down their arms. To this Theodomir readily assented ; with the exception, however, of the governor and his retinue, which was granted out of consideration for his dignity. The articles of capitulation were then drawn out ; and, when Abdalasis had affixed his name and seal, Theodomir took the pen and wrote his signature. 'Behold in me,' said he, 'the governor of the city !'

Abdalasis was pleased with the hardihood of the commander of the place in thus venturing personally into his power, and entertained the veteran with still greater honor. When Theodomir returned to the city, he made known the capitulation, and charged the inhabitants to pack up their effects during the night, and be ready to sally forth in the morning.

At the dawn of day the gates were thrown open, and Abdalasis looked to see a great force issuing forth ; but, to his surprise, beheld merely Theodomir and his page in battered armor, followed by a multitude of old men, women, and children.

Abdalasis waited until the whole had come forth ; then, turning to Theodomir, 'Where,' cried he, 'are the soldiers whom I saw last evening, lining the walls and towers ?'

'Soldiers have I none,' replied the veteran. 'As to my garrison, behold it before you. With these women did I man my walls ; and this, my page, is my herald, guard, and retinue.'

Upon this the Bishop Oppas and Count Julian exclaimed that the capitulation was a base fraud, and ought not to be complied with ; but Abdalasis relished the stratagem of the old soldier, and ordered that the stipulations of the treaty should be faithfully performed. Nay, so high an opinion did he conceive of the subtle wisdom of this commander, that he permitted him to remain in authority over the surrounding country, on his acknowledging allegiance and engaging to pay tribute to the caliph ; and all that part of Spain, comprising the beautiful pro-

vinces of Murcia and Valencia, was long after known by the Arabic name of its defender, and is still recorded in Arabian chronicles as 'The land of Tadmir.'

Having succeeded in subduing this rich and fruitful region, and having gained great renown for his generosity as well as valor, Abdalasis returned with the chief part of his army to the city of Seville.

When Muza ben Nozier had sent his son Abdalasis to subdue Seville, he departed for Toledo, to call Taric to account for his disobedience to his orders; for amidst all his own successes, the prosperous career of that commander preyed upon his mind. What can content the jealous and ambitious heart? As Muza passed through the land, towns and cities submitted to him without resistance; he was lost in wonder at the riches of the country, and the noble monuments of art with which it was adorned: when he beheld the bridges, constructed in ancient times by the Romans, they seemed to him the work, not of men, but of genii. Yet all these admirable objects only made him repine the more, that he had not had the exclusive glory of invading and subduing the land; and exasperated him the more against Taric, for having apparently endeavored to monopolize the conquest.

Taric heard of his approach, and came forth to meet him at Talavera, accompanied by many of the most distinguished companions of his victories, and with a train of horses and mules laden with spoils, with which he trusted to propitiate the favor of his commander. Their meeting took place on the banks of the rapid river Tietar, which rises in the mountains of Placencia, and throws itself into the Tagus. Muza, in former days, while Taric had acted as his subordinate and indefatigable officer, had cherished and considered him as a second self; but now that he had started up to be a rival, he could not conceal his jealousy. When the veteran came into his presence, he regarded him for a moment with a stern and indignant aspect. 'Why hast thou disobeyed my orders?' said he. 'I commanded thee to await my arrival with reinforcements, but thou hast rashly overrun the country, endangering the loss of our armies and the ruin of our cause.'

'I have acted,' replied Taric, 'in such manner as I thought would best serve the cause of Islam; and in so doing I thought to fulfil the wishes of Muza. Whatever I have done has been as your servant. Behold your share, as commander-in-chief, of the spoils which I have collected.' So saying, he produced an immense treasure in silver and gold, and costly stuffs, and precious stones, and spread it before Muza.

The anger of the Arab commander was still more kindled at the sight of this booty, for it proved how splendid had been the victories of Taric; but he restrained his wrath for the present, and they proceeded together in moody silence to Toledo. When he entered this royal city, however, and ascended to the ancient palace of the Gothic kings, and reflected that all this had been a scene of triumph to his rival, he could no longer repress his indignation. He demanded of Taric a strict account of all the riches he had gathered in Spain, even of the presents he had reserved for the caliph; and, above all, he made him yield up his favorite trophy, the talismanic table of Solomon. When all this was done, he again upbraided him bitterly with his disobedience of

orders, and with the rashness of his conduct. 'What blind confidence in fortune hast thou shown,' said he, 'in overrunning such a country, and assailing such powerful cities with thy scanty force! What madness, to venture every thing upon a desperate chance, when thou knewest I was coming with a force to make the victory secure! All thy success has been owing to mere luck, not to judgment nor generalship.'

He then bestowed high praises upon the other chieftains for their services in the cause of Islam; but they answered not a word, and their countenances were gloomy and discontented, for they felt the injustice done to their favorite leader. As to Taric, though his eye burned like fire, he kept his passion within bounds. 'I have done the best I could to serve God and the caliph,' said he, emphatically; 'my conscience acquits me, and I trust my sovereign will do the same.'

'Perhaps he may,' replied Muza bitterly; 'but, in the mean time, I cannot confide his interests to a desperado, who is heedless of orders and throws every thing at hazard. Such a general is unworthy to be intrusted with the fate of armies.'

So saying, he divested Taric of his command, and gave it to Magued the renegade. The gaunt Taric still maintained an air of stern composure. His only words were, 'The caliph will do me justice!' Muza was so transported with passion at this laconic defiance that he ordered him to be thrown into prison, and even threatened his life.

Upon this Magued el Rumi, though he had risen by the disgrace of Taric, had the generosity to speak out warmly in his favor. 'Consider,' said he, to Muza, 'what may be the consequences of this severity. Taric has many friends in the army; his actions, too, have been signal and illustrious, and entitle him to the highest honors and rewards, instead of disgrace and imprisonment.'

The anger of Muza, however, was not to be appeased; and he trusted to justify his measures by despatching missives to the caliph, complaining of the insubordination of Taric, and his rash and headlong conduct. The result proved the wisdom of the caution given by Magued. In the course of a little while Muza received a humiliating letter from the caliph, ordering him to restore Taric to the command of the soldiers 'whom he had so gloriously conducted;' and not to render useless 'one of the best swords in Islam!'

It is thus the envious man brings humiliation and reproach upon himself, in endeavoring to degrade a meritorious rival. When the tidings came of the justice rendered by the caliph to the merits of the veteran, there was general joy throughout the army; and Muza read, in the smiling countenances of every one around him, a severe censure upon his conduct. He concealed, however, his deep humiliation, and affected to obey the orders of his sovereign with great alacrity; he released Taric from prison, feasted him at his own table, and then publicly replaced him at the head of his troops. The army received its favorite veteran with shouts of joy, and celebrated with rejoicings the reconciliation of the commanders: but the shouts of the soldiery were abhorrent to the ears of Muza.

The dissensions, which for a time had distracted the conquering army, being appeased, and the Arabian generals being apparently once more

reconciled, Muza, as commander-in-chief, proceeded to complete the enterprise by subjugating the northern parts of Spain. The same expeditious mode of conquest that had been sagaciously adopted by Taric was still pursued. The troops were lightly armed, and freed from every superfluous incumbrance. Each horseman, beside his arms, carried a small sack of provisions, a copper vessel in which to cook them, and a skin which served him for surcoat and for bed. The infantry carried nothing but their arms. To each regiment or squadron was allowed a limited number of sumpter mules and attendants; barely enough to carry their necessary baggage and supplies: nothing was permitted that could needlessly diminish the number of fighting men, delay their rapid movements, or consume their provisions. Strict orders were again issued, prohibiting, on pain of death, all plunder excepting the camp of an enemy, or cities given up to pillage.

The armies now took their several lines of march. That under Taric departed toward the north-east; beating up the country toward the source of the Tagus, traversing the chain of Iberian or Arragonian mountains, and pouring down into the plains and valleys watered by the Ebro. It was wonderful to see, in so brief a space of time, such a vast and difficult country penetrated and subdued; and the invading army, like an inundating flood, pouring its streams into the most remote recesses.

While Taric was thus sweeping the country to the north-east, Muza departed in an opposite direction; yet purposing to meet him, and to join their forces in the north. Bending his course westwardly, he made a circuit behind the mountains, and then, advancing into the open country, displayed his banners before Salamanca, which surrendered without resistance. From hence he continued on toward Astorga, receiving the terrified submission of the land; then turning up the valley of the Douro, he ascended the course of that famous river toward the east; crossed the Sierra de Moncayo, and, arriving on the banks of the Ebro, marched down along its stream, until he approached the strong city of Saragossa, the citadel of all that part of Spain. In this place had taken refuge many of the most valiant of the Gothic warriors; the remnants of armies, and fugitives from conquered cities. It was one of the last rallying points of the land. When Muza arrived, Taric had already been for some time before the place, laying close siege: the inhabitants were pressed by famine, and had suffered great losses in repeated combats; but there was a spirit and obstinacy in their resistance surpassing any thing that had yet been witnessed by the invaders.

Muza now took command of the siege, and ordered a general assault upon the walls. The Moslems planted their scaling ladders, and mounted with their accustomed intrepidity, but were vigorously resisted; nor could all their efforts obtain them a footing upon the battlements. While they were thus assailing the walls, Count Julian ordered a heap of combustibles to be placed against one of the gates, and set on fire. The inhabitants attempted in vain from the barbican to extinguish the flames. They burnt so fiercely, that in a little while the gate fell from the hinges. Count Julian galloped into the city mounted upon a powerful charger, himself and his steed all covered with mail. He was followed by three

hundred of his partisans, and supported by Magued, the renegado, with a troop of horse.

The inhabitants disputed every street and public square ; they made barriers of dead bodies, fighting behind these ramparts of their slaughtered countrymen. Every window and roof was filled with combatants : the very women and children joined in the desperate fight, throwing down stones and missiles of all kinds, and scalding water, upon the enemy.

The battle raged until the hour of vespers, when the principal inhabitants held a parley, and capitulated for a surrender. Muza had been incensed at their obstinate resistance, which had cost the lives of so many of his soldiers ; he knew also that in the city were collected the riches of many of the towns of eastern Spain. He demanded, therefore, beside the usual terms, a heavy sum to be paid down by the citizens, called the contribution of blood ; as by this they redeemed themselves from the edge of the sword. The people were obliged to comply. They collected all the jewels of their richest families, and all the ornaments of their temples, and laid them at the feet of Muza ; and placed in his power many of their noblest youths as hostages. A strong garrison was then appointed ; and thus the fierce city of Saragossa was subdued to the yoke of the conqueror.

The Arab generals pursued their conquests even to the foot of the Pyrenees : Taric then descended along the course of the Ebro, and continued along the Mediterranean coast ; subduing the famous city of Valencia, with its rich and beautiful domains, and carrying the success of his arms even to Denia.

Muza undertook with his host a wider range of conquest. He overcame the cities of Barcelona, Gerona, and others that lay on the skirts of the eastern mountains : then crossing into the land of the Franks, he captured the city of Narbonne ; in a temple of which he found seven equestrian images of silver, which he brought off as trophies of his victory. Returning into Spain, he scoured its northern regions along Galicia and the Asturias ; passed triumphantly through Lusitania, and arrived once more in Andalusia, covered with laurels, and enriched with immense spoils. Thus was completed the subjugation of unhappy Spain.

S O N N E T .

STANDING all lonely by the spirit-sea,
Across its waste of waters looks the soul,
Unheeded round it tides tumultuous roll,
While anxiously it watcheth, if there be
Hid by the dreamy haze, far, far a-lee,
Truth's snowy pinnace, last faint hope to save :
Do its fair sails now gleam upon the wave ?
Oh ! come no stars to hid these shadows flee !
Hope on, and wait ! Though but the sea-gull's wing,
Glancing through foam and spray, false semblance bring,
Look onward still ! When storms to calm are lain,
When moons wane slowly from the golden heaven,
Some clear young morn that glad sight shall be given ;
T'will come ! — and ye two melt on white wings o'er the main ! a

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW. No. CXXIV. July, 1844. Boston: OTIS, BROADBEN AND COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS.

THIS is a very excellent number of our oldest and most authentic Review. It opens with an article upon 'The Morals, Manners, and Poetry of England,' which is full of palpable hits and pungent facts, that serve as a keen retort to the paper upon 'American Poets and Poetry,' in a late number of the Foreign Quarterly Review. A pretty sort of people are the English, to inveigh against the cruelty, brutality, ignorance, and lack of literature and taste of the Americans! If our readers are desirous to see with what an *especial* good grace charges of this description come from the other side of the water, we commend to their attentive perusal the article to which we have alluded, and which we greatly regret we have not space to take up in detail. We shall probably advert to it more at length hereafter. 'DANIEL WEBSTER as an Author' is the second paper. It is a clear and forcible vindication of our great statesman's claim to be held as one among the most eminent authors of our country, whose *spoken* works are infinitely superior to the labors of many among us who have a wide reputation for *writing* books. The next article, upon 'The Life, Voyages, and Exploits of Admiral Sir FRANCIS DRAKE,' we have not found leisure to peruse. Justice is rendered in the succeeding paper to Mr. SPARKS' popular and very valuable 'Library of American Biography;' and the review of the works of Rev. SIDNEY SMITH, which follows it, is copious and satisfactory. The two ensuing papers are upon the 'Life and Writings of H. R. CLEVELAND, and NORTON'S Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels.' 'The Longevity of Trees' is an admirable article; abounding in interesting facts, written in a pleasing style, and evincing in the writer both a thorough love and knowledge of his subject. The ninth article embraces a review of 'The Literary Remains of the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.' Of the 'Ollapodiana' papers, the reviewer among other things remarks: 'They are written in a free and flowing style, merry and sad by turns, now in the sunshine and now in the shade, but always with an undercurrent of deep feeling, in which there are no impurities. Occasionally poems are introduced, showing the taste and graceful power of the author, and the habitual tendency of his mind toward the beautiful. The whole tone of his mind is highly poetical, and his thoughts continually flow into rhythm if not into rhyme.' After illustrating his praise by quotation, the reviewer closes as follows: 'All Mr. CLARK's friends (and few men have had more or warmer ones) will welcome this volume, as a mirror of his mind, of his quaintness, his humor, his pathos, his easy, careless manner, and above all, of his gentle, humane, and generous heart.' It may not be amiss to remark, that the prose and poetical writings here spoken of are now complete, in numbers or bound volumes, and may be obtained, by booksellers and others, of the publishers, Messrs. BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY, corner of Broadway and Ann-street. The new publishers of the 'North-American,' we are glad to perceive, sustain with credit their own department of the work.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE: OR THE ADVENTURES OF MILES WALLINGFORD. By the author of 'The Pilot,' 'Red Rover,' 'The Two Admirals,' etc. In two volumes. pp. 504. Philadelphia: Published by the Author.

WE read these volumes of our eminent novelist through, 'from title-page to colophon,' at three sittings; and we rose from their perusal with the consciousness of having been greatly entertained, instructed and amused. The author, in the person of MILES WALLINGFORD, is necessarily, we may suppose, more or less autobiographical. It is impossible not to see, that the various pictures of ocean life, and sketches of perilous adventure, which are interspersed throughout the work, are veritable transcripts of real scenes. There is a spirit, a nature about them, which affirm their truth. Of these, as we read, we selected several for insertion; until at length, when we sat down to render justice to the volumes, we began to experience what the French term *l'embarras des richesses*, the embarrassment of riches. We found we had pencilled the glowing narrative of the escape of the ship 'John' from the rocks of Madagascar; the awful scene with the Delaware-river oarsmen; the capital story of the negro Neb's warlike demonstration on board the 'Tigris'; the engagement between the *Crisis* and *La Dame de Nantes*; two of WALLINGFORD's adventures in London; no less than four admirable illustrations (taken from the story of affection interwoven in the narrative) of the truth of the poet's line 'that the course of true love never did run smooth'; together with sundry sententious passages, in which the writer had indulged in trenchant satire upon the faults and follies, local or general, of American character and habits. Of all the extracts thus marked for insertion, we can only find space for a description of the novel exploit of 'Ned,' and two or three other brief passages. WALLINGFORD, it should be premised in order to understand the first named *ruse de guerre*, is in the main-top of the American vessel, watching the movements of a hostile Frenchman, while Neb, a negro, under the captain's orders, has filled a small ship's-engine with boiling water from the coppers:

'As soon as all was ready, the captain sternly ordered silence. By this time the brig was near enough to hail. I could see her decks quite plainly, and they were filled with men. I counted her guns too, and ascertained she had but ten, all of which seemed to be lighter than our own. One circumstance that I observed, however, was suspicious. Her fore-castle was crowded with men who appeared to be crouching behind the bulwarks, as if anxious to conceal their presence from the eyes of those in the Tigris. I had a mind to jump on a back-stay and slip down on deck, to let this threatening appearance be known; but I had heard some sayings touching the imperative duty of remaining at quarters in face of the enemy, and I did not like to desert my station. Tyros have always exaggerated notions both of their rights and their duties, and I had not escaped the weakness. Still I think some credit is due for the alternative adopted. During the whole voyage I had kept a reckoning, and paper and pencil were always in my pocket, in readiness to catch a moment to finish a day's work. I wrote as follows on a piece of paper, therefore, as fast as possible, and dropped the billet on the quarter-deck, by enclosing a copper in the scrawl, *cents* then being in their infancy. I had merely written 'The brig's fore-castle is filled with armed men, hid behind the bulwarks!' Captain Digges heard the fall of the copper, and looking up—nothing takes an officer's eyes aloft quicker than to find any thing coming out of a top—he saw me pointing to the paper. I was rewarded for this liberty by an approving nod. Captain Digges read what I had written, and I soon observed Neb and the cook filling the engine with boiling water. This job was no sooner done than a good place was selected on the quarter-deck for this singular implement of war, and then a hail came from the brig:

'Vat zat sheep is?' demanded some one from the brig:
'The Tigris of Philadelphia, from Calcutta home. What brig is that?'
'*La Folie—corsair Française*. From vair you come?'
'From Calcutta. And where are you from?'
'Gaudaloupe. Vair you go, eh?'
'Philadelphia. Do not luff so near me; some accident may happen.'
'Vat you call 'accident'? Can nevair hear, eh? I will come *tout près*.'
'Give us a wider berth I tell you! Here is your jib-boom nearly foul of my mizzen-rigging.'
'Vat mean zat bert' vidair? eh? *Allons mes enfans; c'est le moment!*'
'Luff a little, and keep his spar clear,' cried our captain. 'Squirt away, Neb, and let us see what you can do!'

The engine made a movement just as the French began to run out on their bowsprit, and, by the time six or eight were on the heel of the jib-boom, they were met by the hissing hot stream, which took them *en echelon*, as it might be, fairly raking the whole line. The effect was instantaneous. Physical nature cannot stand excessive heat, unless particularly well supplied with skin; and the three lending Frenchmen, finding retreat impossible, dropped incontinently into the sea, preferring cold water to hot—the chances of drowning to the certainty of being scalded. I believe all three were

saved by their companions in-board, but I will not vouch for the fact. The remainder of the intended boarders, having the bowsprit before them, scrambled back upon the brig's fore-castle as well as they could; betraying, by the random way in which their hands flew about, that they had a perfect consciousness how much they left their rear exposed on the retreat. A hearty laugh was heard in all parts of the Tigris, and the brig, putting her helm hard up, wore round like a top, as if she were scalded herself.

This amusing incident, the author informs us in a note, actually occurred in the war of 1798. Here is a picture of the North-River side of New-York, in 1797, when it had not more than fifty thousand inhabitants; when 'the theatre' was in John-street, and a lion was kept in a cage, quite out of town, near where Chatham-Square now is, lest his roaring should disturb the people:

'New-York, in that day, and on the Hudson side of the town, commenced a short distance above Duane-street. Between Greenwich, as the little hamlet around the State-Prison was called, and the town proper, was an interval of a mile and a half of open fields, dotted here and there with country-houses. Much of this space was in broken hills, and a few piles of lumber lay along the shores. St. John's church had no existence, and most of the ground in its vicinity was a low swamp. As we glided along the wharves, we caught sight of the first market I had then ever seen—such proofs of an advanced civilization not having yet made their way into the villages of the interior. It was called 'The Bear,' from the circumstance that the first meat ever exposed for sale in it was of that animal; but the appellation has disappeared before the intellectual refinement of these later times—the name of the soldier and statesman, WASHINGTON, having fairly supplanted that of the bear! Whether this great moral improvement was brought about by the Philosophical Society, or the Historical Society, or 'The Merchants,' or the Aldermen of New-York, I have never ascertained. If the latter, one cannot but admire their disinterested modesty in conferring this notable honor on the Father of his Country, inasmuch as all can see that there never has been a period when their own board has not possessed distinguished members, every way qualified to act as god-fathers to the most illustrious markets of the republic. But Manhattan, in the way of taste, has never had justice done it. So profound is its admiration for all the higher qualities, that Franklin and Fulton have each a market to himself, in addition to this bestowed on WASHINGTON. Doubtless there would have been Newton Market, and Socrates Market, and Solomon Market, but for the patriotism of the town, which has forbidden it from going out of the hemisphere in quest of names to illustrate. Bacon Market would doubtless have been too equivocal to be tolerated, under any circumstances. Then Bacon was a rogue, though a philosopher, and markets are always appropriated to honest people. At all events, I am rejoiced the reproach of having a market called 'The Bear' has been taken away, as it was tacitly admitting our living near, if not absolutely in, the woods.'

There is something of the *argumentum ad crumenam* in the annexed suggestion. Speaking of the depredations by Great-Britain upon American trade during the war, our author remarks:

'SHE drove us into a war by the effects of her orders in council and paper blockades, and compelled us to expend a hundred millions to set matters right. I should like to see the books balanced; not by the devil, who equally instigated the robberies on the high seas, and the 'suspension' or 'repudiation' of the State debts; but by the Great Accountant who keeps a record of all our deeds of this nature, whether it be to make money by means of cruising ships, or cruising a-crip. It is true, these rovers encountered very differently-looking victims in the first place; but it is a somewhat trite remark, that the aggregate of human beings is pretty much the same in all situations. There were widows and orphans as much connected with the condemnation of prizes, as with the prices of condemned stock; and I do not see that fraud is any worse when carried on by scribes and clerks with quills behind their ears, than when carried on by gentlemen wearing cocked hats, and carrying swords by their sides. On the whole, I am far from certain that the account-current of honesty is not slightly—honesty very slightly—leavens either transaction—in favor of the non-paying States; as men do sometimes borrow with good intentions, and fail from inability, to pay; whereas, in the whole course of my experience, I never knew a captor of a ship who intended to give back any of the prize-money, if he could help it.'

We are glad to encounter the following rebuke of that species of low cunning in adroit dishonesty, which passes under the designation of 'Yankee trick':

'YANKEE trick! This phrase, so often carelessly used, has probably done a great deal of harm in this country. The young and ambitious—there are all sorts of ambition, and among others, that of being a rogue; as a proof of which, one daily hears people call envy, jealousy, covetousness, avarice, and half of the meaner vices, ambition—the young and ambitious then, of this country, too often think to do a good thing, that shall have some of the peculiar merit of a certain other good thing that they have heard laughed at and applauded under this designation. I can account in no other manner for the great and increasing number of 'Yankee tricks' that are of daily occurrence among us. Among other improvements in taste, not to say in morals, that might be introduced into the American press, would be the omission of the histories of these rare inventions.'

An amusing mistake is very pleasantly related in the following passage. We have seen many persons as astonished as Mr. MARBLE at the idea of a gentleman sitting upon the

box with a negro 'tiger,' as if the latter were the person who was being driven out to take the air:

'OUR mate made a violent attack on the liveries. He protested it was indecent to put a 'hired man' in a cocked hat. I had some notions of the habits of the great world through books, and some little learned by observation and listening; but Marble scouted at most of my explanations. He put his own construction on every thing he saw; and I have often thought, since, could the publishers of travels have had the benefit of his blunders, how many would have profited by them. Gentlemen were just then beginning to drive their own coaches; and I remember, in a particular instance, an ultra in the new mode had actually put his coachman in the inside, while he occupied the dickey in person. Such a gross violation of the proprieties was unusual, even in London; but there sat Jehu, in all the dignity of cotton-lace, plush, and a cocked hat. Marble took it into his head that this man was the king, and no reasoning of mine could persuade him to the contrary. In vain I pointed out to him a hundred similar dignitaries, in the proper exercise of their vocation, on the hammer-cloths; he cared not a straw; this was not showing him one *inside*; and a gentleman inside of a carriage, who wore so fine a coat, and a cocked hat in the bargain, could be nothing less than some dignitary of the empire; and why not the king! Absurd as all this will seem, I have known mistakes, connected with the workings of our own institutions, almost as great, made by theorists from Europe.'

The following remarks in relation to the loss of the President steamer proceed from one whose judgment and experience render them worthy of more than common attention:

'THERE is no doubt that well-constructed steamers are safer craft, the danger from fire excepted, than the ordinary ship, except in very heavy weather. With an ordinary gale they can contend with sufficient power; but, it is an unfortunate consequence of their construction, that exactly as the danger increases their power of meeting it diminishes. In a very heavy swell, one cannot venture to resort to a strong head of steam, since one wheel may be nearly out of water, while the other is submerged, and thus endanger the machinery. Now, the great length of these vessels renders it difficult to keep them up to the wind, or head to sea, the safest of all positions for a vessel in heavy weather, while it exposes them to the additional risk of having the water break aboard them near the waist, in running dead before it. In a word, I suppose a steamer difficult to be kept out of the trough, in very heavy weather; and no vessel can be safe in the trough of the seas under such circumstances; one of great length less so than others. This is true, however, only in reference to those steamers which carry the old-fashioned wheel; Ericsson's screw and Hunter's submerged wheels rendering steam-ships, in my poor judgment, the safest craft in the world.'

We take our leave of these volumes, with the expression of a single complaint. It was cruel in the author to leave the final history of the loveliest heroine in the work to be revealed hereafter. We have only to add, that if Mr. WALLINGFORD does n't in the end marry LUCY HARDINGE, he will be very improperly treated by his historian. This is a consummation devoutly wished for in the sequel to the present narrative.

COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES: OR THE JOURNAL OF A SANTA FE TRADER: during eight Expeditions across the Great Western Prairies, and a Residence of nearly nine years in Northern Mexico. Illustrated with Maps and Engravings. By JOSEPH GREGG. In two volumes. pp. 636. New-York: HENRY G. LANGLEY, 8 Astor-House.

THERE is a physiognomy in books as in men; and when we first opened upon the large-type pages, good paper, and striking engravings, of these two handsome volumes, we augured well of them; nor has the attentive perusal of the work at all disappointed our expectations. Mr. GREGG informs us that being for some months previous to 1831 afflicted with a wasting illness, his physicians, as a last resort, recommended him to take a trip across the prairies, and in the change of air and of habits which such an adventure would involve, to seek that health which they had failed to restore. He followed their advice, by joining one of those spring caravans which were annually starting from the United States for Santa Fé. The effects of this journey were to reëstablish our author's health, and to beget in him an irresistible passion for prairie-life. Accordingly, at the conclusion of the season which followed his first trip, he became interested as a proprietor in the Santa Fé trade, and continued to be so for the eight ensuing years. During the whole of these periods, he crossed the prairies eight different times; and save the time spent in travelling, the greater part of the nine years were passed in Northern Mexico. Having thus been actively engaged and largely interested in the commerce of that country, and across the

prairies, for so long a period, Mr. GREGG had opportunities of observation superior to those enjoyed by any writers who have preceded him. No attempt has heretofore been made to present any full account of the origin of the Santa Fé trade and modes of conducting it; nor of the early history and present condition of the people of New-Mexico; nor of the Indian tribes by which the wild and unclaimed regions of that department are inhabited. Most of the facts also, presented in the writer's sketch of the natural history of the prairies, and of the Indian tribes who inhabit them, are now published for the first time. He has not entered, in short, to any extent upon grounds which have already been occupied by other travellers. The work has been prepared chiefly from a journal, in which the author was careful to preserve memoranda of his observations while engaged in the Santa Fé trade, without however any purpose of publication. In addition to this, every opportunity was embraced of procuring authentic information through others upon such matters as were beyond the sphere of the writer's own observation. We perceive that Captain MARRYAT's '*Monsieur VIOLET*' has made free with Mr. GREGG as with Mr. KENDALL, by copying without acknowledgment certain of his published letters upon the history and condition of the Santa Fé trade, etc. The style of our author is simple and unpretending. The incidents, and objects described, he had the good sense to perceive, were abundantly interesting in themselves, and required no 'overlaying with words' to produce a decided impression. The work is illustrated by several spirited engravings on steel and wood, and by more faithful maps of the regions described than have hitherto been published. We take pleasure in warmly commending volumes so creditable to American enterprise and American literature to the favor of the public.

EXCURSION THROUGH THE SLAVE STATES: from Washington on the Potomac to the Frontier of Mexico: with Sketches of Popular Manners and Geological Notices. By G. H. FEATHERSTONHAUGH. In one pamphlet-volume. pp. 168. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MR. FEATHERSTONHAUGH might have saved himself the trouble of writing his long explanatory and apologetic preface, wherein he sets forth what he terms the 'reasons' why he has thought fit to contribute his share of misrepresentation and abuse of the manners and customs of Americans. Fortunately, while he was acquiring a knowledge of us, we were also acquiring such a knowledge of him, that any thing he might write, to aid in supplying the home demand for detraction, must needs be considered as unworthy of serious refutation, and scarcely indeed of any notice whatsoever. His domestic career; his tergiversations in and out of office; his unfaithfulness to one government and his sycophancy to another; these are matters in the history of our 'United States' Geologist, which are familiar to many persons in this country. Here is a very good synopsis of his book:

'PRIVATE character is assailed without so much as the cover of a mere initial; private conversations are detailed, which were evidently intended to go no farther than the bounds of that fireside, the hospitality of which should have rendered them sacred. And all this too as the mere *sauce-piquante* to a book, the great staple of which is a dull and dry and hard detail of geological statistics, the aggregation of many years stumping among rocks and stones, at the expense of a government, which, while it was deriving no kind of benefit from the labors of its *employée*, was enabling him to lay up a fund upon which to draw thereafter, for the detraction and abuse of itself. . . . THE omnibus in which our geologist, his wife, and 'my son' are carried from Barnum's in Baltimore, to the railroad station, is dirty; the driver has a 'characteristic twang' to his voice; the rest of the passengers are 'unshaven, unpromising looking fellows'; one of them has the misfortune to be a hump-back, a personal peculiarity which renders him very distasteful to the refined senses of our traveller; a mistake arises as to the settlement of fare, and the agent of the stage coach is 'obstinate,' and 'insolent,' and a 'cheat'; the remarkable pass of the Potomac at Harper's Ferry is no great things; at the warm springs of Virginia, the ladies were 'queer looking,' some of them had, and some of them had not 'tournures,' which were 'corsetted up in all sorts of ways, and their hair dressed in every possible form.' The men, of course, chewed, and smoked, and stared, and spat; the waiters were dirty, and impudent, and black; the landlord was a great dancer; and farther on, at White Sulphur Springs, every bedroom being full, there was no room for any more, a heinous offence in the eyes of our geological grumbler, his wife, and 'my son.' The people there were generally 'ill dressed, vulgar looking fellows; milk was scarce; the kitchen was dark and cavernous, and the cooks looked like Cyclops; at dinner

the company bolted their food like hounds in a kennel, and some of them seeing the author 'curious about rocks and shells,' called him *doctor*, others dubbed him *colonel*, and as a general rule, the 'blackys' called him *judge*! And so, and in such an amiable spirit, our author makes the whole tour across the Alleghenies, through the Western States, up the Ohio, across the country to Arkansas, up the Red River, back again to the Mississippi, down to New-Orleans, through the Creek Nation to Augusta in Georgia, to Charleston in South Carolina, through the gold region of North Carolina and Virginia, back to the seat of the National Government and the principal theatre of his great professional services.'

We have had sufficient knowledge in this country of those blustering 'complainants,' whom Mr. COOPER describes as 'persons who talk large, drink deep, and have a lofty disdain for every thing in the country, though it is very certain they are in better company where they are, than they have ever seen at home;' and their comments, adverse or otherwise, upon us and ours, have come to be estimated at precisely what they are worth.

WORKING A PASSAGE: OR LIFE IN A LINER. Published for the Benefit of Young Travellers. By C. F. B. New-York: JOHN ALLEN, office of the KNICKERBOCKER.

PERHAPS in nine cases out of ten, the gravest fault that could be alleged against a book, in these days of 'literary tradesmen,' would be, that there was too much of it; the tendency to over-write being glaringly apparent. Not so, however, with the little pamphlet-volume before us. There is not half enough of it; for being full of lively, graphic pictures, and replete with a sly humor, one does not like so soon to arrive at its end. But the writer tells his whole story, we suppose; certainly in such a way, that it is easy to see he relates nothing but actual occurrences. We have a shrewd guess at the author; and our readers may safely take our word for it, that the little volume will better repay perusal than any work 'of its size' which they have encountered for a twelvemonth. The hardships and perils which sailors suffer, that others may comfortably 'go down to the sea in ships,' are here well set forth; and in the person of our author they seem to have been endured with a philosophical independence. Here is a pleasant description of the captain of the first vessel in which the writer undertook to return from Liverpool to New-York: 'Unlike all the other American ships in the dock, she was a very shabby, disorderly-looking, craft; her rigging all hanging in bights, points and gaskets flying from her yards, and her sides and bulwarks stained with iron rust, she looked as though she had been fitted out by the parish. Her decks were in confusion, and her mates looked like any thing but sailors. I stepped on board and asked for the captain: the cook, a Chinaman, pointed him out to me standing upon the poop. He was a feeble little old man, dressed in a long snuff-colored surtout; his hands were incased in a pair of buckskin mittens, and he was trying to screen himself from the penetrating mist by holding a faded green cotton umbrella over his head. The ship, her master, and her crew, seemed made for each other.' This miserable little captain (who was a tailor, that six months before had commanded a clothing-store in Philadelphia,) when a slight storm subsequently arose, 'walked back and forth in front of the poop, with his hands behind him, looking pale and frightened, and every now and then called one of his mates to him, and asked him what he thought about it!' It was plain enough that the captain thought it a very doubtful prospect. Some idea of the comfortable quarters which our sailor enjoyed on board this nice craft may be gathered from the following passages: 'The fore-castle was a wretched hole. It was even with the ship's deck, a mere shelter from the rain, called a top-gallant-fore-castle. The berths were merely rough boards loosely nailed together, and as the chain-cables led directly through it, warmth and comfort were utter impossibilities, for the hause-holes would admit water in all weathers, when there was the least motion to the ship, and the bulk-head was too slight and rickety to keep out the wind. It was not a very encouraging prospect for a winter's passage across the Atlantic, particularly for me, as I had but a scant supply of sea-clothing; yet I was not disheartened by it.' But our space fails us. Buy the lively, gossiping booklet, (it costs but *little* more than nothing,) and confirm or reverse our judgment of its merits.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A FRIENDLY REMONSTRANCE. — WE quote the following passage from the half-serious, half-jesting letter of an esteemed friend in the country, partly because of its pleasant manner, and partly that our readers may see how much we forfeit, in not being able to forego, even for a brief space, our never-ending, still-beginning labors for their entertainment: 'Are you, or are you not the man, who some two months since made me a rash vow one morning, and straightway forgot it? Perhaps, Sir, you *are* the man. Perhaps you will not deny it. Perhaps you *did* covenant in a solemn manner to make up the odd point of our triangle. Well, Sir, twice thirty suns have gone up and down these heavens, and the stars have wheeled about and turned about in a style which the remainder of forty-four shall not look upon again, but as yet it has not suited your pleasure to even show a hand upon your profound calculations touching that promise. It would be curious to learn whether the thought of us, after the tremendous energy of that vow, did not react so far that it never found its way back again; or whether, like the bat, we may not have occasionally flitted across your vision, because there was nothing else afloat. But perhaps we are game that you will bag at your leisure. Perhaps we are to be warmed over, like a cold dinner! Thank you kindly; but it is quite possible that we should decline the process. But think you we are disconcerted in the slightest degree? Certainly not; we are only profoundly indifferent. Why, Sir, these things are matters of nerve merely. How it would be with yourself in a like case, is another affair. As for instance: you visit the country in search of a tonic, and there learn what it is to make a passion of trifles. There you sleep under a shingle roof, the warm rain pattering down all night, and brag to yourself that you are learning a trick or two that the world knows nothing of. Then you wake with the feeling that something new is going on. A tolerable world, after all. Then you go about whistling and chanting to yourself, for lo! of a sudden some things are beautiful, many are strange, very many are wonderful, and all are new and glorious beyond any thing you have dreamed of. You write your friends to that effect, as news-items, matters of information, actual discoveries. And now your heart opens, your chest expands, you grow a lift taller every day, and if you don't embrace every body, it is because every body won't let you. When, after leaping a hedge one morning, you come suddenly upon the young strawberry-girl and kiss her unawares, why is n't she vexed? Because she knows you could n't help it. You are sorry, very sorry, but there was not the slightest design; it was one of those involuntary and rhapsodical movements that somehow could n't be stopped till it was all over. Precisely because of this exuberance of heart, you now begin to think of old friends again, the distant, the far-away. They are dearer than ever. What wonders have you to tell them! What new worlds have rolled around to your vision! And now it comes to pass that the mail-hour is the important time of day. How bright is that morning when, by careful estimate of time and distance, you are to receive the expectant letter! You hurry your breakfast, and go bounding through the fields, stopping occasionally to ag-

gravate the pleasure, and think over what you are to expect; the sly hits, the jokes, the eager questions, the infinite nothings of tremendous moment, the odd expressions, the nameless charm that shall be about it, though it contain only the signature of your friend. With what an indescribably happy manner you enter the office, elbowing your way through the crowd, and choking down your anticipations, lest your friends think you crazy, while now and then you steal a tip-toe look at the box that is to show you the thin and neatly-folded sheet which of all others is to be the crowning joy. Presently your parcels are thrown out, and dealing them over rapidly, you find the thick, dumpy letter, the business-letter, the half-sheet sealed with a wafer, and the member of congress, but *the* letter is not there. Then as by a sudden blow the world becomes dark to you, and with a confused brain, you steal away out of the hearing of others, to ask yourself what great event has happened, what earthquake has swallowed up your promise of the morning! But blessings on old Father Time! there are more mails to come. And so day after day, and week after week, you go the same round, wondering and inventing, chiding and forgiving, but hoping always, till at last, from sheer exhaustion, you calmly and deliberately write down that your friend is *not* your friend; that he is an ass, a great goose, and he may go *hang*; you care nothing about him.

'Now, Sir, how simply and ridiculously nervous is all that! You have then, the rheumatic, the neuralgic, and almost the hysteric 'type;' all from a bad state of the nerves. You may think that I have been quoting from some recent experiences touching yourself; but, Sir, do n't flatter yourself: we have done nothing of the kind. The man who has seen a fly die in a rotary manner will avoid any thing of a convulsive nature. But our gardens, and their occupants, those gentle-folk that seldom resent an unkindness though they will under it; they, Sir, have been on the look-out. There has been a tremendous vegetable effort among the potatoes, the peas, the early corn, and such like country gentlemen; but the greedy things have drank more water than I shall carry them again. Our sun-flower has nearly twisted his neck off in looking for you; and our strawberries, the plump beauties, they too had their blush at your coming; but they passed away after a little, and then we asked, how should we summer you in some sweet association, if you came not in time for raspberries? But they too have gone by; and now, your name, that has been music to us, is so no longer. As if by common consent it has gradually gone out of use; and if any chance allusion is now and then made to its owner, it is in some round-about way that avoids the mention of a name. Don't imagine, Sir, that we look for you any more. Our candles have burned out in waiting, and every thing that brightened for awhile has fallen back into the ease and carelessness of country manners. The sheets that F—— had written over, the embroidered pages of 'L. G. C's.,' have long since been *curled*, whether into real or fancied flames, is no matter; but they are gone, lamp-lighters and all; and though I blush at the thought, I am not sorry that she has lost the trick of it. And so have gone the shouting feeling of the early morning, the swagger of the heart at the thought of a day that was to be so infinite in its pleasantries, so glorious in its happy nothings, and all from the arrival of one man; the mid-day speculation; the look-outs of the afternoon; the whispered queries and exclamations of that holiest time o' night, the early evening; all these are *past*, and even our dreams have ceased to wonder at the why of your not coming. But, Sir, we shall not altogether deny you, even at this late day. *You may come*; that much is permitted; but if you look for us at the outer edge, you shall not find us; nor at the garden-gate; we shall not be there, even. We shall be 'at home.' You will knock, or ring the bell, as you please. Some one shall show you the way; but I will not promise that F—— shall rise at your entrance, or that her boy will not have unlearned the 'Ollapod' that he has nearly choked himself to utter. No, Sir; you shall be *tortured*, and that too in an easy and pleasant manner, which you shall find impossible to resist. Your rooms, that have been darkened to the requisite coolness for these sultry days, shall be pleasant to you; the bobolink shall sing for you; the wines shall sparkle to your satisfaction; the pure air and bright sun shall be freely yours, to enjoy in your own way; and the waters that come down in thunder round about us may put you dreaming even at mid-day. Yet, there shall be some-

thing *wanting*; something undesigned but inevitable; not spoken, nor whispered, nor even hinted at; which shall tell you, not less plainly than the hand-writing on the wall, that you have tried *too long* the patience of your friends.'

THE GREAT BERKSHIRE JUBILEE. — We were about inditing a paragraph in reference to this approaching festival, something of which our readers have doubtless heard, through a public notice in the daily journals, signed by Messrs. BRYANT, DEWEY, SEDGWICK, and other metropolitan 'Berkshires,' when the following eloquent communication, from an esteemed correspondent, resident in the very heart of the Berkshire district, was placed in our hands. We welcome it with cordial good will, and commend it as cordially to the attention and affections of our readers: 'THERE may be some persons so ignorant, as not to know that the GREAT BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL is to take place on the twenty-second and twenty-third days of the present August. We say there *may be* such persons, but they certainly do not belong to our county. Here, every body knows it, and every body is 'lotting' upon it, from the boys who play ball under the elm-tree to the oldest man in town. Village folk and country folk, the daughter of the 'Squire and the farmers daughter, the weary laborers at the loom, and the hale tillers of the mountain soil, are all on the tip-toe of expectation and preparation for this unwonted gathering of children to their mother-land. Far back in the hill-towns, too far for the dan.sels to foot it, there is neither horse nor wagon to be engaged for that day, either for love or money. Every body means to go, and every body is getting ready. To the store-keeper at the corner, and to the mantua-makers, the prospect of it has brought a golden harvest; for many a bright dollar, laid by for a rainy day, has gone for ribbons and silks to furnish meet garniture for the festival.

'A stranger, passing through our county, might smile at all this stir of expectation, and regarding our jubilee as an ordinary holiday only, set us down as a people so very rustic that we know nothing of the frequent festivals which the world keeps. But it is not so. Once indeed, before the Great Western Rail-road broke its way through our mountain barriers, we might have been called a rustic people. But *now*, why our very dairy-maids send their morning churnings to Boston, and our young ploughmen talk with as much familiarity of stock in the market as they do of stock in the barn. And then for festival days, though we are in little too direct a descent from the old Puritans to care much about Christmas or New Year's, who has not heard of the annual Berkshire Fair, the oldest and most famous agricultural anniversary of the whole country; of the glorious Fourth of July in Berkshire; of Berkshire Thanksgivings, observed with scrupulous exactness according to olden forms?

'It is not in this that the reason is to be found for all these stirring sounds of preparation for the Berkshire jubilee. The old man bowed upon his staff, and the grand-daughter who leads him along the path, have a chord which vibrates in common between them, as they converse about the coming day, other than that which regularly-returning festivals excite. It is that chord which is found every where, among all the sons and daughters of men, linking them together as a brotherhood in this world, and binding them firmly to another: *it is the reunion of friends*. The mother's eye is moistened in the expectation of clasping to her bosom again her long-absent son, and the heart of the ruddy-cheek'd mountain lass bounds joyfully in the hope of greeting once more under the old roof-tree the play-mate of her childhood. Every class participates in this; the poor and the rich, the grave and the gay; and there is not a village or hamlet, nay there is scarcely a cottage or home-stead, in the whole county, where hearts are not glad in prospect of welcoming home the loved ones of other days.

'In Pittsfield, which for its central location and ease of access has been selected as the place of the gathering, every body is astir. Usually we are the most quiet people in the

world ; but now, what with the unwonted preparations on foot, the meetings of citizens and committees of citizens, and the voluminous correspondence carried on between the managers in town and the managers here, all our sobriety is turned upside down ; every body has a hand in the matter, and every body is running to keep ahead of the progress of events. Generally every thing goes on smoothly enough : now and then, indeed, some burly old publican, snuffing at some fancied innovation upon established customs, will bolt out of the path ; but a few kind words soon bring him into humor again, and he harnesses to the work.

'Not only in Pittsfield, but all over the county, has prevailed this same unanimity in forwarding arrangements for the jubilee. One cannot but notice with pleasure how readily old prejudices are surmounted, when the better feelings of the heart are called into action. In former times Pittsfield held but a subordinate place, and being still in the gristle of its prosperity, and having withal a 'Mind-your-concerns and-I-will-mind-mine' sort of an air, was considered by the gentle-folk of the county as well enough in its way indeed, but then a little plebeian, and not to be treated with too much familiarity. As the young town grew into fairer proportions, and began to make a respectable appearance for itself, this feeling gradually died away, until with a new generation Pittsfield began to be considered, as it really was, the leading town of the county. There are those, however, relics of a former age, who still look upon its pretensions to respectability as something *parvenu* ; and some very excellent spinsters, even to this day, though they admit it to be a very well-behaved village in its way, can never be persuaded that it has the true stamp of gentility about it, or that it is quite up to the established standard of refinement.

'To the honor of all our county-folk be it said, however, that in preparation for the jubilee, every spark of jealousy has been extinguished. No sooner was Pittsfield named for the place of holding the festival, than all classes in all parts of Berkshire lent a hand to speed it on. Our minister did not indeed, preach about it, nor did our deacons mention it in the conference ; but our minister did head the committee of arrangements, and nobody was more active than one of our deacons in helping every thing forward. All the old men came together and counselled, and all the young men went forward and worked. The ladies gave their influence and aid, and cheered it on by their smiles ; the lawyers talked of it to their clients, and the physicians to their patients ; the school-master harangued of it to his boys ; the poets wrote of it in song ; and the fair authoresses of Berkshire immortalized it in story.

'In all the preparations for the jubilee, nothing strikes one more pleasantly than the good taste which has prevailed throughout the whole. There has been no striving after what is always unattainable in the country ; no aping of city festivals ; no mawkish sensitiveness, lest there should be a falling below a city standard. We are a country people ; and so far from being ashamed of the appellation, or abashed by the side of city-folk, we are willing to set our Berkshire villages, whether in education, in refinement, or in wealth, in contrast with any commercial metropolis in the country. Our jubilee is to be throughout a country festival ; the welcome we shall give our guests a hearty country welcome. They will be mostly our own county-boys, or better still, our own county-girls, grown to the stature of men and women indeed, but still the same boys and girls in heart who left us years ago for the wide world, and are now to return on a visit to the old homestead firesides.

'The President of our college, himself born and bred in Berkshire, a noble specimen of what a country boy can be at home, is to give the public welcome. What that welcome will be, those who have known his heart or his intellect need not be told. To others of our county sons and daughters ; to SPENCER, BRYANT and DEWEY, to SEDGWICK and BACON, rumor assigns other distinguished parts, enough at least to insure a literary banquet for hosts and guests during the days of the gathering. Every house is made ready for the reception of friends from abroad, and with the exception of the dinner of the second day, the festivities are intended to be eminently social. That dinner also is in character

with the rest, saving only that it is to be prepared by a distinguished caterer from our metropolis; the place selected for it, the old cantonment-grounds, being unsurpassed in rural quiet and beauty.

'It is not however for the festivities of the jubilee, nor yet for the sake of greeting old acquaintances and neighbors *à la* mode, that we wish our friends to visit us. The boys of Berkshire grew up in the midst of a natural scenery unsurpassed for its various beauty, and we wish them to gaze again upon those objects from which they first learned to love the works of the Great Architect. Old Graylock, which stands as a watch-tower at our northern boundary; the Hoosac and Taughannoc ranges of mountains which shut us in from the world without; the quiet, brook-murmuring Housatonic, with its banks of green hills and greener meadows; the dashing waters of Bish-bash; the winding roads, and thrifty homesteads, and steeped churches; all are here, nearly all as they used to be when the oldest of those who will visit us sought another home. Our broad placid lakes are here, mirroring from their clear depths the sunlight and starlight; and our trout-streams too, so beautiful as you trace them far up among the mountains, now brawling along some rocky ravine, and now spreading into clear limpid pools, that even the gray-haired angler's eye might brighten, as he threw his line across the breezy blue of their wrinkled surface. The same blue sky will bend above them, and the same mother earth spread out beneath; now alas! holding in her embrace the mortal part of friends and loved ones, making her all the dearer.

'The old cemeteries are where they used to be, unencroached upon by the crushing foot of Innovation. There is not a visitant to our jubilee who might not read in the burial-place of his native town the names of nearly all who were familiar to him in boyhood for our population does not change, except in the successive changes of generations, and we bury our dead, not to forget them, but to perpetuate their memories for the example of our children. The pastor and his flock, the lawyer and his clients; the village doctor, the venerable deacon; the sheriff, who in more than a quarter of a century became so identified with his office, that upon his decease it seemed almost desecration to appoint another to his place; the generous landlord; the justice, the school-master, the leader of the village-choir; all the last generation, saving a few gray-haired lingerers, sleep quietly in the church-yard.* This permanence of population is one of the beautiful features of New-England. The children watch over their fathers' graves, as *they* did over *their* fathers; then sleep beside them; so that in all our burial-places you can trace back the generations, from son to sire, until you find the grave and history of the first settler of the town.

'This feature in the New-England character gives us an individuality, which, however it may be laughed at abroad, is most beautiful at home. You may know a Yankee every where because he *has* a home, while the origin of the metropolites and cosmopolites one meets all over the world is as doubtful as the stormy petrel's. Never a Yankee boy yet, whether he were a millionaire in a southern city, or a trapper on the Rocky Mountains, failed to be known by his Yankee peculiarities, or ceased to make his Yankee birth-place foremost in his estimation. To a Yankee absentee or a Yankee denizen nothing is like New-England, and nothing is as good. The schools, the colleges, the forms of religious worship, the customs of life, the habits of thought and feeling, are equalled by none other; and wherever he goes, the native of New-England is never content, until existing forms have been supplied by the better ones he learned to love in boyhood. It is this feeling, common without exception to every son of New-England, that has given rise to our Berkshire Jubilee. It is the same feeling which will give it a zest above every other festival. It is not the commemoration of any long-passed event; not the observance of any religious or national holiday; but the simple return of long-absent children to the rural scenes and social enjoyments of home. Home affections, the strongest and best affections of our nature, which, unlike all others, increasing as we grow older, bind the tired wanderer to his birth-

* 'Our Burial-Place,' written by Miss Sedgwick for this Magazine, contained an admirable sketch of this place of sepulture.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

place with cords not to be broken, will draw many far distant absentees to our gathering. We have alluded to the former seclusion of Berkshire county from the great world around it. This is emphatically true. Hemmed in on one side by that long barrier of mountains which divides the waters of the Housatonic from those of the Connecticut, and on the other by the great natural boundaries between Massachusetts and New-York, less has been known of Berkshire county, until within the last few years, than probably of any other portion of New-England. And yet in its arable soil, its natural scenery, and its social refinement, Berkshire is unsurpassed. Both in soil and cultivation, the whole valley is really the garden of the Bay State. Day after day, as the traveller journeys slowly through the county, he will find farm joined to farm, each vying with the other in fertility, and a succession of comfortable homesteads and thriving hamlets, and neat white villages, not surpassed by the oldest settlements of the sea-board. On every waterfall stands an ever-busy manufactory; sometimes clustering its little dwellings around it in a deep narrow glen, sometimes extending them in a long narrow street on the edge of the steep mountain forest. The uplifted arm of Labor, honest, thrifful labor, meets his eye every where, in the paper-mill, and grist-mill, and saw-mill, and planing-mill, and turning-mill; in the excavated lime-kiln and the deep marble-quarry; by the roaring fire of the iron-furnace, and the heavy clank of the trip-hammer.

'An agreeable style of architecture, although one wonders that it is so, obtains very generally through the whole county. It is of a strange composite order, made up of the old puritan palace, as the British soldiers named the great double-parallellogram buildings around Boston, and of the steep-roofed gable-end Dutch domiciles of the last century. There is a neatness however about the whole, an air of home-bred comfort within and of thrift and independence pervading every thing without; so that one forgets all the architectural incongruities in the substantial excellence of the dwellings.

Berkshire county bears a strong resemblance in its natural scenery to the western parts of North-Carolina. The mountain sides and outlines are less rugged, and the deep green of the pastures and meadows throws over the former an air of beauty, which is always missed at the south; but in the *tout-ensemble*, in the scaurs and seams and bold headlands among the hills, there is a strong affinity between Buncombe county and Berkshire. Whichever may be the most beautiful, it is certain that each in its way could hardly be surpassed. At certain seasons of the year there are points of beauty about Berkshire which it would be difficult to equal. The drive from Pittsfield to Williamstown, on the old road, affords at any season of the year a variety of mountain scenery which is indescribably fine; but in the autumn, when the forest foliage is just changing, and the mellow sunlight is sleeping on tints gorgeous and brilliant as sun-set hues, it is worth a voyage across the Atlantic! At the colleges also in Williamstown, the mountain scenery is commanding, and in some parts of the neighborhood magnificent; the hills rising and swelling around you like huge ocean-billows. In truth, the mountain scenery in every portion of Western Massachusetts is well worth the seeing, and is really far more beautiful and grand than much in other portions of the world that has been celebrated in song and story.

'Mingled among our mountains are our ponds — lakes they would be called every where out of New-England — which are spread out here and there over the valley. You cannot miss them, go whichever way you will; and there is not one which has not its own peculiar attractions, to compensate you for a visit. In the minds of the people they are all individualized, all dear. We love them as we love our mountains, or rather with a gentler love, as the sisters of our mountains. They are all beautiful; some lying in the bosom of hills where scarcely a tree grows, and some surrounded with dark Norway forests, whose solitudes are wild and beautiful as though human foot had never broken them. For them all there is an affection cherished, so connected with the associations of boyhood and manhood, that the heart is linked to them by bonds which nothing but death can break. To select any one of them as most deserving, would be impossible; for like sister graces each in its own way has charms which are unrivalled. Hoosac, Unkanunk, Taughannuc,

Pontoosuc ; Mellville Pond, West Pond, Long Pond, and Pike Pond ; each one has its admirers, and each one in its way is perfect. Just below Pontoosuc, far enough to make the hum of industry fall pleasantly on the ear, is one of our bustling manufactories, with its stirring life all around ; and yet you may thread the dells running far in and out among the hill-banks all day, or muse under the shadow of the island-forests through the noontide, or lying listlessly as the boat rocks on the ripples, greet the rosy-fingered Morning as an old familiar friend, without seeing human face, or hearing human sound, unless it be the distant laugh of children at the school-house, or the carol of some idle fisherman strolling along the shore.

'We have mentioned but very few of the thousand beautiful gifts which Nature has bestowed upon Berkshire, and yet have exceeded the bounds prescribed for a gossiping communication like this. Come and see us ! You, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, Dutchman though you be, and your readers, Dutchmen though they are, come one and all, and see us at the Jubilee ! Come from the pent-up atmosphere of the city, and breathe the fresh mountain air of New-England ! Come and see our beautiful lakes, our green fields, and our famous trout-brooks, leaping along in the bright sunshine ! Above all, come and partake of the generous hospitality of our people ; and although your ancestors were sadly worsted ——' (here our friend's manuscript is quite *illegible* ; beside, it's no such thing ; 'twas n't so ;) 'forget it all, in consideration of a hearty New-England welcome.' N. S. D.

MORE OF THE SEATSFIELDIANA : ADVERTISEMENT. — As many readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, in their vague ideas of the existence of a SEATSFIELD, have looked upon our 'SEATSFIELDIANA' as apocryphal, the Proprietor of the Journal from which these notes are extracted, would respectfully insist upon their genuineness. He is aware that much of it may seem puerile, and that the minutiae of conversation and manner might be abridged to advantage. For many of the opinions, and much of the criticism too, he is by no means willing to hold himself responsible. But he prefers to give in its simplicity, without curtailment or remodelling, the original memoranda, feeling assured that it is better, even at the risk of offending the few, to give as literal and close a talk-transcript as possible of the *oddities-profundities*, whims and vivacities, of so remarkable a man. We must look upon SEATSFIELD as the exponent of young America. He is not an individual, but the age ; not a myth, but a broad fact. His mission is doubtless to represent the idea of the whole inner habit of man, as it is developed among us. The literature of the North ; the generous chivalry of the South ; the vast resources of the 'Empire' and 'Key-stone' States ; the lone star of Texas, and the grand and growing energies of the West ; are all embodied in the fertile soul-grasp of SEATSFIELD. It is only this view of his genius that can excuse the apparent pettiness of some of our chroniclings.

'AFTER refreshment, we smoked together upon the terrace, under the shade of a large linden-tree. Before us, at no great distance, I observed a tall statue, half concealed among some shrubbery. 'What statue is that ?' I inquired.

SEATSFIELD : 'A poor figure of Hygeia. PRIESSNITZ sent to Dresden for it, and paid a round sum too ; but it looks as much like Dyspepsia or Consumption as the nymph of Health.

'If we moderns now had the Grecian sentiment, we should canonize a new goddess. Surely we should have a '*Hydoria*,' to represent the divinity of water.'

SEATSFIELD : 'Yes, Sir ; and brandy-and-water too deserves

'An apotheosis and rites divine.'

Yes, Sir ; depend upon it, in those fond, simple days of old, when men adored what

they loved, and not a theory, not a formula, such a power as that of alcohol would not have been long without its temple — its *delubrum*. We should have an ode of HORACE's beginning

'Eau de vie O divina!'

'Santa Cogniaca' I do n't think would have sounded badly i' the calendar.'

Our conversation touching this statue led SEATSFIELD to general observations upon art; and I took this opportunity to *tow* his talk, if I may so express myself, toward the subject of American art. 'It is astonishing what a race of sculptors we are breeding,' said I.

SEATSFIELD: 'Not at all. I look upon them as the natural growth of a flourishing republic as far advanced as ours in luxury and refinement. Sparta, it is true, did not produce a great race of artists; but the Spartans were boors, after all. Athens, as a republic, did much; but under her kings, she merely made good copies. The genius of republicanism, that is when it possesses any genius at all, is always original: it borrows from no one but Nature.'

'Do you consider any of our artists truly great?'

SEATSFIELD: 'Unquestionably; the greatest. I look upon GREENOUGH's WASHINGTON, for instance, which I saw in his studio at Florence, as worthy of the first and purest artistic age of the ancients.'

'How do you rate it, as compared with the Laocoon and Apollo?'

SEATSFIELD: 'Far before both. As for the much-lauded Venus, 't is beneath all comparison with GREENOUGH's work. Why, Sir, the WASHINGTON is the loftiest creation of the chisel. I do not say in point of execution and grace, but in grand utterance of inward soul-limning.'*

'Do you think we have any other sculptors of equal merit?'

SEATSFIELD: 'Why, approaching to him — closely *approaching*. FISK's bust of Mrs. BABCOCK is a glorious thing.'

Here I was obliged to confess that I had never even heard of FISK.

SEATSFIELD: 'No, Sir, I'll be sworn that very few of his countrymen have heard of him. That's it, Sir: we are ignorant of our own resources; we hunt for pearls abroad while we have diamond mines at home. FISK, Sir, is none the less great for never having been heard of. How many people in Vermont have heard of me! But the time will come, and very soon too, when taste will have become universal, and America will duly appreciate the labors of the high minds of the present generation. Did you ever take notice of the two statues which occupied the niches formerly — I do n't know whether they stand there now or not — on the façade of the Tremont-Theatre, in Boston?'

'I remember them. They are down now, the theatre having been sold to some speculating deacons.'

SEATSFIELD: 'Did you not admire them?'

'I confess that I was never particularly struck with their beauty.'

SEATSFIELD: 'Was you not? Well, I can explain to you why. It must be from a deficiency of eye. Those statues, Sir, though scarcely heeded by the passers-by, were models of art. I look upon them, Sir, as a test of a person's ability to judge of sculpture. If you did not relish them, depend upon it, you lack the power of appreciating art. I consider them a test. There must be a radical deficiency of the art-germ, if you were not struck with them.'

'I never heard them spoken of as great productions.'

'SEATSFIELD: 'Of course not. We, as a people, are deficient in the art-germ. I have even heard those figures laughed at. Sir, had the name of PRAXITELES been engraven on their base, people would have worshipped them.'

* I AM pleased to observe, and would note as a curious coincidence of criticism, in a late number of the 'Democratic Review,' that the Hon. A. H. EVERETT is of the same opinion.

'But I admire the Laöcoon; I appreciate the Apollo; and the Antinous took me at first sight.'

SEATSFIELD: 'That may be: it was partly from having been taught to admire the drawings of them. You have doubtless educated yourself to look on those things as beautiful; you *know* that they are so; you feel secure in admiring them, and they suit your expectations: but you must be fundamentally wanting in the natural feeling for art. Pardon my freedom; I do not say this in the slightest disparagement. Men of the greatest abilities and keenest faculties are often void of this delicate sense of the *To kalon*. Doctor JOHNSON had no ear for music, yet he loved the drone of a bag-pipe. His love for the bag-pipe was a fact *per contra*, yet it altered not the original principle that he had no ear for music. Many men are naturally ungifted with a talent for mathematics: they may learn the multiplication-table, and acquire a little insight into algebra; yet the radical lack of the mathematical faculty does not the less remain. Now, your natural constitution debars you from the true appreciation of excellence in sculpture.'

I was unwilling to admit this, for I really am fond of the Fine Arts, and felt a little nettled at being held deficient in this point. I therefore endeavored to combat SEATSFIELD's notion, by arguing that in mere matters of taste two men might not agree, though each might be equally sensible of the *To kalon*.

SEATSFIELD: 'No, Sir; a man who is dull to the sublimity of BEETHOVEN, cannot truly relish BELLINI.'

'I cannot agree with you. The Roman ladies dislike exceedingly the smell of a rose, yet they are excessively fond of perfumes. You might as justly say that the ladies of Rome had no noses.'

SEATSFIELD: *with energy*: 'No, Sir; I would not say that they had no noses, anatomically speaking; but I would say, Sir, and insist upon it, Sir, that they have d——d bad noses.'

'I will acknowledge then, that I have a bad taste; but I certainly am an admirer of a fine statue.'

SEATSFIELD: 'You may think so, but it cannot be. Let me try you now by an architectural test. Are you an admirer of the little Episcopal church in Cambridge?'

'I must avow that I never could see in it the beauty of St. Peter's, or the cathedral of Milan.'

SEATSFIELD: 'Then I am sure—I am more convinced than ever—that you are deficient in eye. The Episcopal church has in it all the elementary æsthetic principle that you can find in either of the edifices you have cited. Why is it then that you admire Saint Peter's more? Superior size, Sir; height, carving, and gilding; that makes the difference. What is it that charms you in the duomo of Milan? The white marble, the tall steeple; not the development of the inward art-germ into the *To kalon*; not the unfolding of the radical essence of grace in outward manifestation, all which you find clearly uttered in the little wooden chapel of Cambridge. But this is the way men judge. They think they are admiring the art-germ and they are admiring something else. A New-York citizen will tell you that the City-Hall is a finer building than the Park Theatre. Why? Because it is bigger; because 'tis made of marble. But, Sir, the true votary of the *To kalon*, the ardent appreciator of that which is æsthetically conceived, would see in the plain wooden pile, in the modest stucco of the play-house, more true development of the inward principle of beauty than in the most gorgeous heap of Parian blocks, where the art-germ was poorly developed. Give me the cheap, unpretending pine edifices of my native land; the fair Ionic of Staten-Island; the timber-temples of Poughkeepsie, and the clap-board simplicity of Cambridge-Port or Bangor, before all your 'trabes Hymettie,' or trabes Sing-Singie of vulgar architects.'

Here SEATSFIELD paused; and as he appeared as exhausted by talking as I was weary of contending with his singular opinions, I proposed to compound a cordwainer of Xeres, and we retired to the *Schnapp-und-bier-haus*, or bar-room of the establishment.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — It is a subject of great delectation to an Editor who loves his readers, that he is enabled (through the thoughtful attention of obliging correspondents) to present them with such daguerreotype transcripts from nature as the annexed welcome communication; doubly welcome, let us gratefully add, that its receipt lightens the labors and lessens the fervors of the summer solstice: 'Doubtless there is a cool time of life, when the question as to how much game we may have bagged, and whether it has been worthy of the chase, is one of some importance. We may live long enough to rejoice even at having failed in some particular run, or some close shot, that missed only by a hair's breadth: and so also in other matters, there are those who live beyond hope, and who for the first time begin to *remember*; and such generally look with a different eye upon the various ways in which they have attitudinized the great world; and if they have lost all capacity for any farther attitude, are very apt to be struck with a certain paralytic morality, and condemn in toto all matters of sport. But up to this time of life, you will have remarked that *excitement* is the object of the sportsman. For myself, I confess that in matters of this sort, I think more of the quantum of agreeable sensation, no matter how produced, than the contents of my game-bag. In this sense, when being cajoled after fox-squirrels some five miles from Augustine, I found myself in the centre of a large rattle-snake patch, (the burrows being as thick as fiddler's holes on the beach,) my sensations were quite as acute as though I had bagged my half-dozen squirrels; and when still farther on, I mounted a high tumulus, discovered a new grave on the top, and saw a column of smoke rising close by, doubtless from some Indian encampment, the sport was complete. Indeed, I made no farther adventure in that direction. So also in duck-shooting on the St. John's; it is ten to one that you will not hit, or in case you do, that you will lose your game; but if you are unaccustomed to the paddle, and while a mile and a half from shore, the wind comes on to blow, and a thick fog sweeps down the river, your efforts at getting ashore, remembering what point the wind hailed from, and steering by the roll of the sea, will be highly exhilarating. Mistaking a buzzard for a wild turkey is also very pleasant while it lasts; and when, as every body knows, there are very many who love dearly to be deceived, there is here a great opening, and always available. When my friend HARRY brought down his buzzard, after a long chase, in a swamp near St. Mary's, he never suffered the fact to disturb his foregone enjoyment; indeed his anticipations were so indelible that he still has an after-dinner account of the number of turkeys which he brought in on that occasion. Next to this, perhaps, I prefer marsh-hens, and for the locality the banks of the Altamaha. It is difficult to say what your sensations are as you approach a marsh-hen. Standing at the edge of the grass, you hear her calling to you thirty yards off, and you start in pursuit. You know that she will not break her cover, but you may think it just possible that she may wait for you to scoop her up with your hat, as you remember of catching bumble-bees when a boy; but as you reach the spot you hear her calling again from another quarter, and are quite at liberty to speculate anew; and if in rambling about you sink suddenly waist-deep in the mud, and find the descent produce a more shocking than pleasurable emotion, there is always the pleasure of getting out again, and the marsh-hen is the most enticing of birds. The flamingo also has his attractions; ditto the pelican, the parrot, and many other strange birds and beasts, common to low latitudes. The alligator is too clumsy, too easy to hit, and too difficult to harm. He is only interesting to the anatomist, or the curious, who like to look at a terrible giving up of the ghost. But to those who are on the look-out for new sensations, the above are tame and common-place. I take great pleasure therefore in recommending something quite original; something which, in the way of elaborate excitements, I do not hesitate to say, is decidedly the nonpareil, the most exquisite of any thing yet discovered. I allude to shooting red squirrels with a lead-pistol, touched off with a sun-glass. You require for this purpose a walnut-grove, on a hill-side if possible, with a crooked rail-fence running through it; as many large rocks

scattered about as you may fancy ; a clean sod under foot, sprinkled with last year's remains, and over head a sky that is spotless. If the morning is soft and warm, as it should be, to contrast strongly with your murderous design, you will find the grove very quiet, except that as you enter and look around for your patch of sunshine, there may be a scampering among the leaves for a few moments ; but after this, the woods about you are quite still, and amid the slumberous noises that seem to exhale from the landscape with the morning dew, the cock-crow from the distant farm-house is distinct and effortless as the babble of the neighboring brook. Not a sound round about that is rough or labored in the slightest degree. If the bull on the hill-side should undertake to roar, he would finish like an interrupted sneeze, with a vowel sound, and forego his ferocity. But in about five minutes, if you are quite motionless, there will be a very sudden and fierce 'Chur-r-r-r-r-womuck, womuck, uck, uck, zeet !' and directly before you, with his hind-quarters cocked up on a bald rock, is a red squirrel, taking observations. But do n't shoot now ; certainly not. If you raise an eye-brow even, the game is lost. Breathe through your pores for a moment or two, and you will see the little fellow's cheeks expand suddenly and his body going into convulsions with the effort : he will again ring out a variety of martial exclamations, and then if your eyes are good, you will discover at a dozen different points a bit of a nose, a pair of ears perked up, or a tail whisking about ; while here and there on the leaves you hear a pattering like the first drops of a shower. After each one has had his look, and declared you not worth notice, they all rush together helter-skelter, scratching, hugging, and chasing tails, till one of them takes the fence, and all following the lead, away they go down the grove, with tails up, and a chattering that would make *OLE BULL* perfectly happy. Now is the time to get your rest ; take aim at the third rail of the fence, and bring your glass to operate on the powder, for very shortly the oldest of that scampering family will come back. It is useless to speculate why he comes ; he may have given his comrades the slip, or he may wish to take another look at you ; but come he will, and seating himself midway of the rail, proceed to wash his face, and perhaps sneeze once or twice with peculiar energy. I pause here to remark, that you may hope nothing, expect nothing, unless to be wretchedly disappointed, if you lack self-possession. And by this I mean, not the mere instinct of self-preservation, which on great occasions is mistaken for presence of mind, but the kind of nerve which bears without flinching the trifles which are commonly considered too contemptible for human endurance. If in whirling bumble-bees over your head, you have had the nerve to hold fast while some of the stragglers were crawling over your thumb and fingers ; if you have done this, knowing they would soon be too drunk to sting, you may proceed. And now, the squirrel having sneezed perhaps for the third time, you approach the climax. With one eye taking the deadly aim, the other is eagerly watching the small white spot playing about on the edge of the powder ; and what with a certain blushing sensation that will pervade your whole system just at this moment, the beautiful smoke-curl that rises previous to the flash, the passage of a cloud over the sun, the twisting of the saltpetre, and the bound of the squirrel just *before* the explosion ; I say, if in all this you do not reach a most excruciating thrill, a sensation incomparable, then

'DESPAIR ! your name is written on
The roll of common men.'

THE recent death of *THOMAS CAMPBELL*, at an advanced age, at Boulogne in France, will not have escaped the notice of our readers ; nor will they need to be reminded that in him the world has lost one of the noblest poets of Christendom. He has 'solved the great mystery ;' he has gone to satisfy the aspirations of that undying faith, which while on earth his pen contributed so much to confirm and to strengthen. He has

— 'SOUGHT new worlds untravelled by the sun,
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run ;'

and there we doubt not, through evidences which 'eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and

the heart of man hath not conceived,' has he found his immortal conceptions verified, and the full fruition of that Hope, of which he sang in strains of such heavenly sweetness. How forcibly, while we think that *he is dead*, come back upon the memory his striking lines :

'*THERE live, alas ! of heaven directed mien,
Of cultured soul and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee Man ! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay ;
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower ;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life and momentary fire
Light to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm ;
And when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink forevermore !*

*Oh ! if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life ;
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour ;
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while ;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse and visionary brain !
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb !'*

Such, in all his works, and to the last, were our author's hopes and aspirations. In 'The Last Man,' one of the sublimest of all his poems, he breathes the same trusting, fervent spirit :

'*THE spirit shall return to HIM
Who gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark !
No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By HIM recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from Death !*

'*Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste ;
Go tell the night that hides thy face
Thou saw'st the last of ADAM's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God !'*

It would be trite, were we to dwell upon the general characteristics of CAMPBELL's poetry. His 'Pleasures of Hope' are familiar to every reader ; and many of his lyrics, as 'The Battle of the Baltic,' 'The Soldier's Dream,' 'Hohenlinden,' 'The Mariners of England,' etc., are as familiar as household words, wherever the English tongue is spoken. Nothing can exceed the force and purity of his language, or the melody of his diction. His intimate acquaintance with the literatures of Greece and Rome, no doubt added greatly to the high attributes of his style. His translations from the ancients are uniformly correct, and replete with the spirit of their originals. His imagination *sometimes* revelled in the unrelieved *Horrible* ; witness 'The Death Boat of Heligoland,' which always struck us as more open to criticism on this score, than even the well-known revolting passage in BYRON's 'Siege of Corinth.' 'The Spectre-Boat' is somewhat kindred in character with the Death-Boat, but is far less objectionable in its supernatural features. The ensuing stanzas, which we take from it, are very picturesque and striking :

'*TWas now the dead watch of the night — the helm was lashed a-lee,
And the ship rode where Mount *Ætna* lights the deep *Levantine* sea ;
When beneath its glare a boat came rowed by a woman in her shroud,
Who, with eyes that made our blood run cold, stood up and spoke aloud !'*

'*You may guess the boldest mariner shrunk daunted from the sight,
For the spectre and her winding-sheet shone blue with hideous light ;
Like a fiery wheel the boat then spun with the waving of her hand,
And round they went, and down they went, as the cock crow from the land.'*

How artistic the closing line; 'down they went, *as the cock crew from the land.*' The poem 'On a Dead Eagle, written at Oran,' was originally published in the *KNICKERBOCKER*; yet we cannot avoid recalling the reader's attention to a few of its admirably graphic lines:

— 'DOWNWARD, faster than a falling star,
He neared the earth, until his shape distinct
Was blackly shadowed on the sunny ground;
And deeper terror hushed the wilderness,
To hear his nearer whoop. Then, up again
He soared and wheeled. There was an air of scorn
In all his movements, whether he threw around
His crested head to look behind him; or
Lay vertical, and sportively displayed
The inside whiteness of his wing declined,
In gyres and undulations full of grace,
An object beautifying Heaven itself.'

But we are forgetting our tether, and that we have 'metes and bounds' which it behooves us to observe. Let us simply add, in closing, that CAMPBELL, though dead, is immortal, even in this world. He has 'linked himself to undying fame.' He needs no monument; for in his own matchless words:

'WHAT hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'T is not the sculptured piles you heap:
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

'But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or pen has served mankind—
And is he *dead*, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die!'

INDULGE us in a little gossip, reader, touching a pleasant trip which we lately made, in company with agreeable friends, to the Cherry-Valley country. Beautiful Otsego!—not soon shall we forget her lofty mountains, from the summits of which landscapes may be commanded second only in beauty and extent to those beheld from the Kaatskills; her pleasant valleys, sleeping in pensive quietness between swelling hills, crowned with a profusion of richest verdure; her placid streams; her blue lakes, reflecting the calm sky, and the summer-clouds that fleck it, in its glassy bosom; her neat villages, with their church-spires pointing to heaven; her accomplished and beautiful 'woman-kind,' the cordial hospitality of her people; all these are matters to be remembered and cherished. It so chanced, moreover, that during our sojourn in the 'Valley of Cherry-Trees,' a sight was vouchsafed to us, which was not less novel than striking. In one of 'God's first temples,' a grove of vast extent and surpassing beauty, we were initiated into the mysteries of those political gatherings, so familiar to the people of the West under the name of *Barbecues*. For hours in the morning, from every direction, came streaming into the village the yeomanry of the county, singly or in companies, with flags flying and martial music resounding; and when they all took up their position around the platform in the grove, verily there was spread around that verdant amphitheatre an 'army with banners.' The mass were farmers, with their sons and daughters; then there were visitors from far and near; the spruce city denizen, and the languishing invalid from adjacent summer resorts; together (very possibly also) with not a few fervent patriots, who were ready to die at any moment for their country and a fat office; men who 'went' for the consolidated JEREMY BENTHAM principle, 'the greatest good of the greatest number,' but with whom the greatest number happened to be 'Number One.' Our own political principles were intact, being those of '98; of the speeches therefore we '*something* heard' only, and 'not intently;' being moved continually with pity for the big ox, revolving over a slow fire in the near vicinity, with a large peeled sapling thrust through his person and out at his mouth; his teeth grasping the huge spit, as 't were in mortal agony. It was a painful sight; for knowing that he had been roasting, to the music of a most melancholy creak, all night, we could not help reflecting how much he must have endured while we had been reposing in the arms of Sleep. Surely, he must have been impaled alive; that expression of agony was not born of a *dead*

ox. How had he 'turned and turned again, and found no rest' during the long night-watches, over that wasting fire! But a truce to sympathy: we had a piece of him afterward, and must admit that we never tasted more tender and delicious beef. Returning from the 'Barbecue,' our companion entertained us with some passages in the early history of the Valley; a history rich in border story and narratives of Indian warfare, in which his progenitors were prominent actors and sufferers. We visited the spot where Wornwood and his party were surprised and massacred by the Indians, and stood upon the very rock beneath which his tawny murderers lay in ambush. We saw the house from which the victim set forth in the bloom of health; a dwelling to which

'A STEED came at evening; no rider was there,
But its bridle was red with the sign of despair.'

We visited 'the Falls,' which, in the wild grandeur of the surrounding scenery, equal those of Kauterskill, and only need an extra gallon or so of water to exceed in volume that tremendous cataract! We rode, on a pleasant morning, beneath a sky through whose depths of blue a balmy west wind was rolling the round white clouds of summer, to the delightful village of Cooperstown; noting only, as we journeyed along, the smooth roads, and the fresh breeze flitting in airy undulations of supremest grace over the wide fields of grain upon the upland slopes. Pleasant was the fishing-excursion upon the clear waters of the blue Otsego, immortalized by the author of 'The Pioneers;' pleasant, and 'sweet to remember,' that we were 'King-Hook;' pleasant the ride with congenial spirits along the eastern branch of the Susquehanna, that debouches from the lake; pleasant the cordial hospitalities that were lavished upon us by kind hearts; pleasant the early morning, as we bowled away from the village along the 'Lake-road,' and beautiful the views upon its picturesque banks; pleasant were all the days we passed, the scenes we saw, and the thoughts awakened, in the beautiful Otsego country; pleasant our rail-road trip down the rich Mohawk valley; pleasant our parlor state-room, and our friend the captain's woodcock supper, on board the matchless palace-steamer KNICKERBOCKER, in which we returned to town; and pleasant, in fine, seemed our airy sanctum, as we sat down once more, amidst 'familiar colors and forms of art,' to transcribe a brief and hurried record of our rare wanderings. . . . THERE is an affecting passage in one of the letters of Mrs. GRANT of Laggan, recently published, describing the death of Mrs. BRUNTON, author of 'Self-Control,' 'Discipline,' etc. Being for a long time without offspring, she signalized herself by her tender care of the forlorn and helpless children of others. At length, after being nineteen years married, her only earthly wish seemed about to be granted. 'Why,' says Mrs. GRANT, 'should I tell you of our hopes and joys on this occasion? After three days of great suffering, she gave birth to a still-born child. She insisted on seeing it, held its hand, and said, 'The feeling this hand has caused to my heart will never leave it.' Shortly after, a relative came in, and spoke tenderly of her loss. 'There was nothing so dear to me as my child,' she replied, 'and I make my SAVIOUR welcome to it.' She 'sorrowed most of all,' as she lay upon her death-bed, for her bereaved husband; thinking sadly with the tender English poet:

'HALF could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge; and shall there then be none
In future times, no gentle little one
To clasp thy neck, and look resembling me?'

'THERE is to us,' says CHRISTOPHER NORTH in BLACKWOOD, 'more of touching pathos, heart-thrilling expression, in some of the old psalm tunes, feelingly displayed, than in a whole batch of modernisms. The strains go home, and the 'fountains of the great deep are broken up;' the great deep of unfathomable feeling, that lies far, far below the surface of the world-hardened heart.' The truth of this remark will be acknowledged by all who have

any feeling; a thing with which certain of our modern church choristers are apparently unsupplied. Even when a psalm or hymn, to which a time-honored tune has been set, is read by the minister, ten to one that it is not murdered in the singing by being married to some lumbering combination of sounds, whose only merit perhaps is, that it affords the leader or his female assistant an opportunity to display their own sweet voices in solitary 'execution.' We shared the aversion visible upon the countenances of very many at the Church of the Messiah, a few Sabbath evenings since, when the leader, in executing the beautiful hymn, 'While **THEE** I seek, protecting Power,' etc., changed the noble original tune to one which had not a note of genuine music in it, but which 'dragged its slow length along,' conveying no enjoyment, except the feeling of relief with which the congregation seemed to welcome its close. To 'let well enough alone' is as good a maxim in musical matters as in any other. Our 'reforming' church choristers may rest assured, that so far as regards old psalm-tunes, their auditors 'seek no change, and least of all such change as *they* would give them.' . . . **WHERE**, in the whole circumference of Christendom, save in gay, volatile, immoral France, could such an occurrence as the following have taken place! However, 'Was it a crime?—no!' exclaims the narrator, a delicious moralist, in the person of Madame GIRARDIN:

'**AND** this puts me in mind of the bigamist courier who had a wife at Paris and another at Strasburg. Was it a crime?—no; a faithful but alternate inhabitant of these two cities, has he not a right to possess a ménage in each! One establishment was not sufficient for him; his life was so regularly divided, that he passed two days in each alternate week at Paris and Strasburg. With a single wife he would have been a widower for the half of his time. In the first instance he had lived many years *uniquely married* at Paris, but he came soon bitterly to feel the inconvenience of the system. The care which his wife took of him at Paris made him find his solitude when at Strasburg too frightful. In the one place ennui and solitude, a bad supper and a bad inn. In the other, a warm welcome, a warm room, and a supper most tenderly served. At Paris all was pleasure; all blank gloominess at Strasburg.

'The courier of the mail interrogated his heart, and acknowledged that solitude was impossible to him, and reasoned within himself, that if marriage was a good thing, therefore there could not be too much of a good thing, therefore it became him to do a good thing at Strasburg as well as at Paris.

'Accordingly the courier married, and the secret of his second union was kept profoundly, and his heart was in a perpetual and happy vibration between the two objects of his affections. When on the road to Strasburg he thought of his fair Alsatian with her blue eyes and blushing cheeks; passed two days gaily by her side, the happy father of a family of little Alsacians, who smiled around him in his northern home. However one day he committed a rash act of imprudence. One of his Strasburg friends was one day at Paris, when the courier asked him to dine. The guest mistaking Caroline for the courier's sister, began talking with rapture of the blue-eyed Alsatian and the children at Strasburg; he said he had been at the wedding, and recounted the gayeties there. And so the fatal secret was disclosed to poor Caroline.

'She was very angry at first, but she was a mother, and the elder of his sons was thirteen years old. She knew the disgrace and ruin which would come upon the family in the event of a long and scandalous process at law, and thought with terror of the galleys, the necessary punishment of her husband, should his crime be made known. She had very soon arranged her plan. She pretended she had a sick relative in the country, and straightway set off for Strasburg, where she found Toinette, and told her all the truth. Toinette, too, was at first all for vengeance, but Caroline calmed her, showed her that the welfare of their children depended on the crime not being discovered, and that the galleys for life must be the fate of the criminal. And so these two women signed a sublime compact to forget their jealousies, and it was only a few hours before his death that their husband knew of their interview. A wheel of the carriage breaking, the mail was upset over a precipice; and the courier dreadfully wounded, was carried back to Strasburg, where he died after several days of suffering. As he was dying he made his confession: 'My poor Toinette, pardon me. I have deceived thee. I was already married when I took you for a wife.' 'I know it,' said Toinette, sobbing, 'do n't plague yourself now, it's pardoned long ago.' 'And who told you?' 'The other one.' 'Caroline?' 'Yes, she came here seven years ago, and said you would be hanged were I to peach; and so I said nothing.' 'You are a good creature,' said the two-wived courier, stretching out his poor mutilated hand to Toinette; 'and so is the other one,' added he with a sigh; 'it's hard to quit two such darlings as those. But the time's up now; my coach can't wait; go and bring the little ones that I may kiss them; I wish I had the others too. Heigh ho!'

'But here they are!' cried the courier at this moment, and his two elder boys entered with poor Caroline, time enough to see him die. The children cried about him. The two wives knelt on each side, and he took a hand of each, and hoped that Heaven would pardon him as those loving creatures had; and so the courier died.

'Caroline told Francois, her son, who had grown up, that Toinette was her sister-in-law, and the two women loved each other, and never quitted each other afterward.'

THE experience and opinions of ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, could they be honestly expressed, touching the *small* ocean watering-places in the vicinity of great cities,

would be found to coincide with those of our friend 'Mr. CHAWLS YELLOWFLUSH,' at 'Bolong Sir Mare,' as he terms Boulogne: 'In the morning, before brekfust, we walked on the beach, purvided with long sliding opra-glasses, called tallow-scoops. With them we igsamined very attentively the otion, the sea-weed, the pebbils, the dead cats, and the waives, like little children playing leap-frog, which came tumblink over one another on the shoar. It seem'd to me as if they were scramblink to get there, as well they might, being sick of the sea, and anxious for the blessid peasable *terry-firmy*. After breakfast down we went ag'in, and puttin our tallow-scoops again in our eyes, we igsamined a little more the otion, pebbils, dead cats, and so on; and this lasted till dinner, and dinner lasted till bed-time, and bed-time lasted till nex day, when cum brekfust, and {dinner, and tallow-scoop-ing, as before.' Not such the accompaniments, nor such the routine, at Nahant; not such at Newport, Rhode-Island; and better than all, not such at Long-Branch, which we had the great pleasure recently to visit for the first time. At no point on the Atlantic coast is there a more sublime prospect of 'the great and wide sea.' Compared with all the other ocean-views that we have seen, it is like the vast panorama commanded from the summit of the Kaatskills, contrasted with the limited landscapes which open upon the eye of the traveller as he begins the mountain-ascent. The long, straight line of sward, level as a house-floor, green as a meadow, and extending for miles; the abrupt bank, dropping twenty-five or thirty feet from the edge of the lawn, sheer down to the hard sand of the beach; the parti-colored expanse, so *entirely* different from all other ocean-aspects that one encounters on our coast; the ever-rolling, ever-sounding surf; all these unite to make Long-Branch unparalleled in its external attractions. *There* is the spot for a landsman to feel that the Sea is indeed the 'throne of the INVISIBLE.' Very precious to us were the thoughts which swelled for utterance, as we sat alone under a green arbor, upon the very edge of the bank, and called to mind the sublime lines of the 'Bard of Hope:'

'EARTH has not a plain
So boundless or so beautiful as thine;
The eagle's vision cannot take it in:
The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
Sinks half way o'er it like a wearied bird:
It is the mirror of the stars, where all
Their hosts within the concave firmament,
Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
Can see themselves at once. Nor on the stage
Of rural landscape are there lights and shades
Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
How vividly this moment brightens forth,
Between gray parallel and leaden breaths,
A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league!
Cameleon-like thou changest, but there's love
In all thy change, and constant sympathy
With yonder Sky, thy Mistress; from her brow
Thou tak'st thy moods and wear'st her colors on
Thy faithful bosom; morning's milky white,
Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve;
And all thy balmier hours, fair Element,
Have such divine complexion; crisped smiles,
Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings,
That little is the wonder Love's own Queen
From thee of old was fabled to have sprung.'

It was a noble sight too, to watch the 'ships upon the main,' a hundred in view at once, outward and inward bound; here standing for the capes of Delaware, there setting toward the harbor of the Great Metropolis; some flitting into dimness on the verge of the horizon, some lying in broad shadow, some with the sunlight full upon their snowy sails:

—— 'To realms beyond
You highway of the world my fancy flies,
When by the tall and triple mast we know
Some noble voyager that has to woo
The trade-winds and to stem the ecliptic surge.
The coral groves, the shores of couch and pearl,
Where she will cast her anchor and reflect
Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves,

And under planets brighter than our own:
 The nights of palmy isles that she will see
 Lit by the boundless fire-fly; all the smells
 Of tropic fruits that will regale her; all
 The pomp of nature, and the inspiring
 Varieties of life she has to greet,
 Come swarming o'er the meditative mind.'

The sea-side is of all others the place for solemn self-communion. How like a vapor appears this vain life; what a mere *point* of time our mortal being, compared with that of the 'gray and melancholy waste' spread out before us: for

'OLD Ocean was
 Infinity of ages ere we breathed,
 Existence; and he will be beautiful
 When all the living world that sees him now
 Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun!
 Quelling from age to age the vital throb
 In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
 The pulse that swells in his stupendous breast,
 Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
 In thundering concert with the quiring winds.'

THE '*Lay of the Pump*,' in all its *thoughts*, is a rank plagiarism from HAWTHORNE'S admirable '*Rill from the Town-Pump*.' The author may really be, for aught we know, what he claims to be, a 'Temperance Man;' but he is a thief, notwithstanding. By the by, speaking of pumps, there is a very-mysterious contrivance of this sort in the village of Cherry Valley. When the good citizens are pumping it, it utters a sort of subdued screech, that seems to be a cross between the guttural catterwaul of an enraged grimalkin and the opening bray of a donkey. We heard it three or four times, with increasing amazement; and at length ventured to ask of a by-stander, who was watching the Richfield cohorts winding their way down 'White's Hill' into the village, 'In the name of Discord, friend, is that a pump or a jack-ass?' 'It's a pump, I guess; though it doos sound sumthin' *like* a jack, that's sartin.' Our informant was a singular-looking genius. He had a jolly, twinkling eye, a broad-brimmed, low-crowned old hat, a nose that turned under instead of up, and a face that *laughed* in every line of its surface. 'We had a curious jack,' he continued, 'down in our town. He belonged to a terrible obstinate man, who kept him in a lot back o' the meetin'-house. Every Sunday, when the hosses was driv' under the shed along the back-end o' the meetin'-house, that tarnal jack would begin to bray, and keep it up all sermon-time. In summer, when the windows was open, you could n't hear nothin' else, scasely. The man that owned him hated the minister as he did pizen, and he would n't put the blasted critter into any other lot, out o' clear spite. But the folks could n't stand it; and one day one of the deacon's sons caught the jack, and putting a knife up his nose, cut out a piece of the dividin'-gristle, about the size of a dollar, so 's to prevent his braying any more; and he *did n't* make a great deal o' noise while 't was gettin' well; but when it healed, and he tried to play a bray on it, it made the *awfullest* noise you ever heer'd! It was a different instrument altogether. At fust goin'-off, it was a terrible bray, but it come out at the eend with the *shrillest whistle* you ever see; sharper than a fife, and as loud as the scare-pipe of a locomotive engine. It was tew much; folks could n't bear it; and a good many of the congregation j'ined together and went to buy the plaguy nuisance off. The owner laafed when they called on him and told their business; but they gi'n him his price, and put the noisy critter out o' the pale of the church!' . . . THERE is just praise, as well as caustic criticism, expressed in this sentence from a late St. Louis Révéille: '*Head or Tail*,' as the gen'lman said at New-Orleans ven he was a havin' a toss-up as to whether he should go to see PLACIDE or BURTON.' 'There was that about the *class* of POWER'S performances,' wrote the late lamented OLLAPOD, on one occasion in his gazette, 'which inculcated a devotion to friends, to country, and to *religion* even; which, while it completely delineated the character, was replete at the same time with a generous and salutary amusement,

which the aged, the sedate, and the reflecting, seemed to enjoy beyond measure. No coarseness, no vulgarity; none of the jibes of the mere wittol, or the stereotyped grimaces of the buffoon; of these he had not a particle. In private life, he was a refined and thoroughbred gentleman; infinitely above any small or coarse impulses, such as are too common among that portion of his profession whose calling is to amuse.' What is here said of POWER, will apply with equal force to HENRY PLACIDE; a gentleman, who in playing with POWER, always fairly 'divided the honors.' . . . THE '*Lines*' of our 'female correspondent' at Reading, (Penn.), are quite as 'trifling' as she seems to think them. As we *do* 'agree with her,' we take the liberty to mention the fact, in compliance with her request. Moreover, her forty-eight lines contain no less than seven grammatical errors; two of which are *so* gross, that we must in charity assume that they are accidental. We could almost say to the writer, (but that we have a soft and foolish heart toward the gentle sex,) in the words of Sir HUGH EVANS: 'Oman, art thou lunatic? Hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires!' . . . SOME idea of the terrible cruelties of the African slave-trade, may be gathered from the following scene on board the '*Progresso*,' a slaver captured on a voyage to Rio Janeiro. It is from a late work by Rev. PASCOE GREENFELL HILL, entitled '*Fifty Days on board a Slave-Vessel in the Mozambique Channel*.' One tempestuous night, four hundred and forty-seven human beings were crowded into a 'slave-deck' hold, thirty-seven feet long, twenty-one feet wide, and three and a half deep. The writer proceeds to relate what ensued. 'The night,' he says, 'being intensely hot, four hundred wretched beings thus crammed into a hold twelve yards in length, seven in breadth, and only three and a half feet in height, speedily began to make an effort to re-issue to the open air. Being thrust back, and striving the more to get out, the after-hatch was forced down on them. Over the other hatchway, in the fore part of the vessel, a wooden grating was fastened. To this, the sole inlet for the air, the suffocating heat of the hold, and perhaps panic from the strangeness of their situation, made them press; and thus a great part of the space below was rendered useless. They crowded to the grating, and, clinging to it for air, completely barred its entrance. They strove to force their way through apertures in length fourteen inches, and barely six inches in breadth; and in some instances succeeded. The cries, the heat—I may say, without exaggeration, '*the smoke of their torment*'—which ascended, can be compared to nothing earthly.' When the vessel was captured, fifty-four crushed and mangled corpses were lifted up from the slave-deck, brought to the gangway, and thrown overboard. 'Some were emaciated from disease, many bruised and bloody. Some were found strangled; their hands still grasping each other's throats, and tongues protruding from their mouths. The bowels of one were crushed out. They had been trampled to death for the most part, the weaker under the feet of the stronger, in the madness and torment of suffocation from the crowd and heat. It was a horrid sight, as they passed one by one, the stiff, distorted limbs smeared with blood and filth, to be cast into the sea. Some, still quivering, were laid on the deck to die; salt-water thrown on them to revive them, and a little fresh water poured into their mouths.' An 'avenging God' must visit with just retribution barbarity so horrible as this. . . . It is related of the Duke of WELLINGTON, that upon a friend's expressing a fear lest he should not succeed as a speaker in Parliament, to which he had been elected, his Grace replied: 'Oh yes, you will succeed well enough, never fear. You have good common sense; and all you have to do is to say your say, stop when you've done, and quote no Latin.' There's a good-deal in this advice; not that an ancient or modern tongue may not sometimes be felicitously employed as an auxiliary, but that the tendency to over-use and abuse of foreign interpolations is to be guarded against by all who wish to be understood by all. Many persons are of opinion with the old Welch curate, who said of the Hebrew names in the Old Testament, that 'Hard name went to hard place.' We were not a little amused at the record of a dialogue which recently took place between a judge and an attorney in a London court of justice. A medical witness, in giving his evidence,

remarked, that the prisoner, by a heavy blow, raised a 'large tumefaction' upon the head of the complainant. 'I suppose,' said the justice, 'that by tumefaction' you simply mean a swelling!' 'Yes, my lord.' 'Then,' replied the justice, 'it would be much better for you to use plain English, than to speak in a sort of mongrel Latin.' We hope our 'lady-correspondent' at Troy, (whom we suspect to be studying Italian,) will take the London justice's hint. Does she remember the remarks of the Mohawk warrior upon the same theme? Listen: 'Wahhonniron, orighwiyu ne radinaghskwa yakhinhodon yaghtadeyny-deryentarah, nokhony eghradikennyade jikanhokaghrondon dehhadinohhanonghne: nok ji-nenth wakwanhodonko, yahhonka nonkweh deyakhiyadatsheinyonh.' Now this remark, although not particularly relative to our correspondent, will be understood by her as clearly as six out of ten of our readers would understand the unnecessary Italian phrases with which she has interlarded her otherwise pleasant enough sketch. . . . Our old friend 'LAURIE TODD' is doing us and himself injustice by publishing as original in the 'New-World' articles which were written for and long ago published in the KNICKERBOCKER. Was it for this, that we mended his 'awful' spelling, corrected his 'dreadful' grammar, and re-wrote his 'terrible' manuscript? Ungrateful Scotchman! . . . We think we never saw a better description of an 'honorable' *chevalier d'industrie* than YELLOWPLUSH gives in his portrait of the younger son of the 'Earl of Crabs,' Hon. ALGERNON PERCY DEAUCEACE, Esq. There are 'sitters,' by the by, for the likeness, every where: 'The young gnlmn was a gnlmn, and no mistake. He got his allowents of nothink a year, and spent it in the most honorable and fastinable manner. He kep a kab; he went to CROCK-rud's; and moved in the most squizzit suckles. Those fashnable gents have ways of git-in money, which common pippel doant understand. Tho he had only a third-floor apart-mint, he lived as if he had the wealth of Creashus. The ten pun-notes flew about as common as haypence; clarit and shampang was with him as vulgar as gin; and very glad I was, to be sure, to be a valley to a zion of the nobility. He had in his sittin-room a large pictur on a sheet of paper. The names of his family was wrote on it: it was wrote in the shape of a tree, a-groin out of a man-in-arme's stomick, and the names was on little plates among the bows. My master called it his podygree. I do bleev it was because he had this pictur, and because he was the *Honrabble* Deuceace, that he mannitched to live as he did. If he had been a common man, you'd have said that he was no better than a etrocious swinler. For it's no use diagysing it—he was a gambler.' For a man of vulgar family, that's the wust trade that can be; for a man of common feelinx of honesty, this purfession is quite impossible; but for a rale thuro-bred genlmn it's the easiest and most prophetable line he can take.' . . . An affecting account is given in a late English work, of the last interview which the good Bishop PORTEOUS had with the dissolute Prince of Wales. It seems his Royal Highness had sent out a summons for a great military review which was to take place on a Sunday. The Bishop had long been very ill, and did not hope nor wish ever in this world to go out again. He ordered his carriage, however, upon hearing this, proceeded to Carlton House, and waited on the Prince, who received him very graciously. He said, 'I am come, Sir, urged by my regard to you, to your father, and to this great nation, who are anxiously beholding every public action of yours. I am on the verge of time; new prospects open to me; the favor of human beings or their displeasure is as nothing to me now. I am come to warn your Royal Highness of the awful consequences of your breaking down the very little that remains of distinction to the day that the AUTHOR of all power has hallowed and set apart for Himself.' He continued in this strain of solemn reproof for some minutes, concluding with: 'And now, were I able to rise, or were any one here who would assist me, I should, with the awful feeling of a dying man, give my last blessing to your Royal Highness.' The Prince upon this burst into tears, and fell on his knees before the Bishop, who bestowed upon him with folded hands his dying benediction.' The Prince attended him to his carriage; but the exertion had been too great for the venerable prelate. The 'good and faithful servant entered into the joy of his Lord' on the fifth day after. . . . We have not been so greatly regaled by 'PUNCH,' since the very

warm weather set in. Here are a couple of new ingredients, however, which we commend to the reader's risibles. The first are parliamentary 'Notices of Motion': 'Colonel SIBTHORPE, to move that an inquiry should be made whether the Mr. GUNN, who married the Duke of Sussex to Lady AUGUSTA MURRAY, did not, as a clerical Gun, place himself in direct opposition to the canons of the church. Mr. W. WILLIAMS, to move for a copy of the passage in which the Duke of Sussex declares GUNN to be the parent of all his (the Duke's) happiness; and whether the phrase, 'Son of a GUN,' may trace its origin to this circumstance. Mr. BROTHERTON, to move that an inquiry should be instituted as to the secret intrusted to Gunn, and whether an explosion would have been the consequence of Gunn's having let out the important matter with which he was loaded.' Here is a 'Receipt for making an Irish Stew.' It hits cleverly the incidents of the recent Dublin trials: 'Take several 'traversers,' the more the better, if your hash is to go far. Shut them up in a close place with eight Irish barristers. Those with the loudest voices and longest winds are the best. Then take a bench of judges, with an infusion of strong political opinions. Throw in some personal spite, which gives piquancy to the dish. Lard your barristers with posteas, writs of error, motions in arrest of judgment, and any other condiments, to your liking, and shake all well together. You will then have an Irish stew which will go a great way, and is very easily made.' . . . The 'Stanzas to a Bride who died on the Eve of her Nuptials' are sorrowful, but notwithstanding the nature of the theme, their execution leaves them scarcely pathetic. Moreover, the theme has been better treated, we think. These lines run in our mind; but whence they are taken, is more than we can remember:

'AND long — for this heart is but human —
The desolate bridegroom shall grieve;
And that sweet face, half child and half woman,
Still haunt him at morning and eve.
At the sound of her light footsteps falling,
He shall murmur and smile in his sleep,
In dreams he shall hear her voice calling,
And wake, to remember and weep.'

Our contemporary of the 'Democratic Review,' being upon the confessional, thus discourseth: 'Literary criticism has been our hobby, a little over-ridden of late; and we must confess we begin to tire of the trade. Say what we may, there is a certain *cant* of criticism, a species of scholastic slang, into which one is apt to fall. We get after a while into the habit of reading books almost solely for the sake of writing upon them, and lose all relish for works that do not make a constant appeal to the judgment, and critical analysis. Short, incidental critiques, written from fulness of knowledge, in a sincere and hearty spirit, and with a clear eye, are certainly more grateful than long, formal, set criticisms.' Frank, sensible, undeniable, and 'our views exactly.' Of all bores in the infinite region of Boredom, save us from the man who, never producing any thing himself, gives up his mind and pen to eternal *comment*, 'long drawn out.' 'The public at large,' says Mrs. GRANT, 'is an excellent judge of literary merit: some very fine things indeed are too much refined for its great wide ear; but, when it is much and long pleased, there must be excellence;' and it needs no tedious dissertation to convince the reader that he is delighted, or to show him that he ought not to be. . . . An incident in 'My First and Last Duel,' by an 'Ex-Editor,' (which bides its time for insertion) reminds us of the blustering fellow who, when kicked from a high door-step upon the side walk, turned and addressed the man who had administered the *coup de pied*, with: 'Mister, who tapped your boots?' They were probably well done, from the feeling; and the Ejected was doubtless desirous of giving the cobbler his custom. . . . THE following passage from a lecture by Mr. ELIHU BURRITT, 'the learned blacksmith,' must have been suggested by a very spirited poem entitled 'The Iron Horse,' published in this Magazine five years ago. Many of the thoughts are quite identical: 'I love to see one of these huge creatures, with sinews of brass and muscles of iron, strut forth from his smoky stable, and saluting the long train of cars with a dozen sonorous puffs from his iron nostrils, fall gently back into his harness. There he stands,

champing and foaming upon the iron track, his great heart a furnace of glowing coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his sinews; he pants to be gone. He would 'snake' St. Peter's across the desert of Sahara, if he could be fairly hitched to it; but there is a little sober-eyed, tobacco-chewing man in the saddle, who holds him in with one finger, and can take away his breath in a moment, should he grow restive and vicious. I am always deeply interested in this man, for, begrimed as he may be with coal diluted in oil and steam, I regard him as the genius of the whole machinery, as the physical mind of that huge steam-horse.' . . . We avow an honest pride in our present number. The paper on 'Æsthetic Culture,' and the 'Walks and Colloquies in Oxford' will arrest the attention and sustain the interest of the reader. The highly dramatic narrative of 'The Advocate Loubet' is brought to a close; and 'Dominie ZIMPEL in search of a Bride' tells his amusing story in language befitting a Dr. DRY-ASDUST, or JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM. His is a tale which should be devoured by the ladies. We commend it to all persons already married, all that are going to be married, all that expect to be married, all that mean to be married, all that wish to be married, all that ought to be married, and all that have any influence over those that are married. There are other articles that as much deserve mention as the foregoing; but let them speak for themselves. . . . SOMETIMES it happens the *other* way, let us inform you, Sir (or Madam!) 'INCIGNITA.' Your 'Tale of Domestic Life' is a good one, though its incidents are trite. Yet, as we have said, the great evil begins at home. 'Mrs. SHUM's Husband,' by Mr. YELLOWFLUSH, has a fruitful passage on this point: 'Finally, they had regular quirls. Werry different, I can tell you, from all the hammerous billing and kewing wich had proceeded their nupshums. Master could n't stand this eternal scoldink; he went out, slamming the door in a fury. 'If I can't have a comforable life,' says he, 'I can have a jolly one;' and so he went off to the hed tavern, and kem home that evening beecely intawaicated. Wen high words begins in a family, drink ginrally folos on the gen'l-man's side; and then, fearwel to all conjubial happyniss!' . . . THERE will be no little difference, doubtless, between our own and the reader's appreciation of the following lines. They are not included, however, in the poetical writings of the author, recently published; and we have thought them not unworthy a place in these pages:

MY DREAMING HOURS.

BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK,

I CONFESS me a dreamer; and oft when the eyes
Of the midnight burn brightest in depths of the skies,
My spirit takes wing for the realms of the blest,
And basks in the light of their mansions of rest.

There bright on the mountains the sunshine is seen,
And fair in the vales their profusion of green;
How the pure air sways soft through their fruitage of gold—
How sweet the rich fragrance their bowers unfold!

There the streams in their crystalline mirrors display
A light that out-dazzles the splendor of day;
And along their green banks, with their white-faded wings,
How many a seraph in happiness sings!

There are harp-voices ringing around and above,
The air is all filled with the music of love;
The anthem of joy floateth wild from the woods,
The rainbow's bright arch overhangeth the floods.

No care dims that region, where Dreams have their reign,
'Tis unmixed by remorse, disappointment or pain;
In the blue of the mountain, the glow of the sky,
I read of a clime where no pleasures can die.

And oh, shall these pictures that gladden my brain,
Forever in void unsubstantial remain?
No, no! let me hail them as something to come,
When the earth-fettered spirit shall soar to its home.

THAT was an intelligent youth who, according to PUNCH, was examined before a 'Committee to Inquire into the Overloading of Thames-River Steamers: 'Has been in the naval profession two months, but has been many years accustomed to the water, having been employed by the water company as a turn-cock. Never served any apprenticeship as a sailor, but has seen Mr. T. P. Cook play William in 'Black-Eyed Susan.' Understands the different parts of a vessel. The companion is the mate; the painter is a respectable plumber, who gave her a fresh coat at the beginning of the season; and the captain's gig, if he happens to keep one, is a tilbury. Going before the wind, is starting off rather early when a breeze is expected; and a ship's papers are the tickets given on the payment of their fares to the passengers. Boxing the compass is putting the compass away in a box until it is wanted.' . . . We are obliged for the kind intentions of the correspondent who sends us, in three numbers, the paper upon 'Education.' We have already published several articles on this theme, and do not consider any others a desideratum at this moment. Children, as well as 'the world,' are 'governed too much.' Education, says one, whose remark is recorded in our note-book, does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look; with a father's nod of approbation, or a sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with handfull of flowers in green dells, on hills, and daisy meadows; with bird's nests admired, but not touched; with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets; with humming bees and glass bee-hives; with pleasant walks in shady lanes; and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself. . . . We do not know who the author of the gossiping papers entitled 'Bon Gaultier and his Friends' may be, but he is almost equal to CHRISTOPHER NORTH in the 'Noctes.' In his last colloquy he has a hit, as pleasant as it is palpable, at the mania for rail-roads and other improvements, now raging in Scotland. Every body seems to have been bitten by the tarantula of speculation. Three railway lines from England to Scotland are in the market. 'Night and day the bellows of prospectus are kept in perpetual puff. Strata of coal are discovered, which have not been worked since the days of JULIUS CÆSAR; and pigs of lead with the stamp of the Twentieth Legion, are fished from morasses, to testify to the exuberance of galena. A population starts up on each side of the rail as miraculously and more rapidly than the harvest of the serpent's teeth.' BON GAULTIER, however, shunning canal and rail-road stocks, sets about him for a new enterprise, which he at length hits upon: 'I have it! THE GREAT NATIONAL UNION JOINT-STOCK WHISKEY-TODDY COMPANY OF SCOTLAND, with a Reservoir on the Calton Hill, calculated to mix and project seven thousand gallons of that incomparable fluid, per minute, through pipes to be conveyed to every house in the city and suburbs; and a main pipe direct to Glasgow! Our fortune is made! What a splendid idea! A toddiometer in every cellar, and tumblers piping with perennial hotness! Methinks I see the great piston of the central steam-engine go crashing through the hills of sugar!' There is a sort of maudlin grandeur in the very conception; and as a 'winter-stock,' we think the 'Whiskey-toddy fives' would be at a premium. . . . THACKERAY is even a more skilful painter with his pen than with his pencil. His 'Yellowplush Correspondence' is a succession of graphic pictures, and as 'MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH' he has hung upon the walls of our 'memory's mansion' many an admirable sketch. Observe this too-faithful limning of one 'WAGSTAFF,' a species of husband and father, who may be as often found, we doubt not, in the 'London of America' as the London of England:

'He has promised to take his little girl to ASTLEY's circus-theatre any time these four years. She could hardly speak when he promised it. She is a fine tall lass, and can read and write now; and though it was so long ago, has never forgotten the promise about ASTLEY'S. When he is away from

home, Wagstaff talks about his family with great affection. In the long, long days when he is away, their mother, God help her! is telling them what a good man their papa is; how kind and generous, and how busy he is; what a pity! he is obliged to work so hard and stay away from home! Poor creature, poor creature! Sure Heaven will pardon her these lies if any lies are pardonable. Whenever he says he will walk with her, Arabella dresses herself in the gown he likes, and puts on her pink bonnet, and is ready to the very minute, you may be sure. How often is it that he is ready at the minute? How many scores and scores of times has he left the heart-sick girl?—not forgetting her in the least—but engaged elsewhere with a game of billiards, or a jolly friend and cigar, and perhaps wishing rather to be at home all the time; but he is *so* good natured, such a capital fellow! Whenever he keeps his appointment—Heaven help us! she brightens up as if it were Paradise coming to her. She looks with a triumphant air at the servant who opens the door, and round about at the neighbors' windows as if she would have all the world know that she is walking with her husband. Every now and then as she walks, (it is but twice or thrice in a year, for Wagstaff has his business on week-days, and never gets up till one of a Sunday,) every now and then as she walks with him, the delighted creature gives a skip, and squeezes his arm, and looks up in his face, she is so happy. And so is he too, for he is as good-natured a fellow as ever breathed; and he resolves to take her out the very next Sunday—only he does n't. Every one of these walk-days are noted down in the poor soul's little Calendar of Home as saint's days. She talks of them quite fondly; and there is not one of her female friends whom she won't visit for weeks after, and to whom she will not be sure to find some pretext for recounting the wonderful walk.

Mr. TITMARSH draws two 'companion-sketches,' one of the simple, white-robed, spotless wife, thinking about her husband, amidst her children at home, and he at a *Partie-Fine*, among tawdry good-for-nothing opera-dancers, guzzling wine and talking infinite nothings with foreign nobodies, whose legs have run away with his head; not his heart, for he *has* none:

'Frizz! there goes the first champagne cork, Mr. Wagstaff is making a tender speech to Madame Virginie. At that moment Arabella is up stairs in the nursery, where the same moon is shining in, and putting her youngest boy to bed.

'Bang! there goes the second cork. Virginie screams; Fitzsimons roars with laughter; Wagstaff hob-nobs with the old lady, who gives a wink and a nod. They are taking away the fish and putting down the *entrées*.

'At that moment Arabella has her second child between her knees (the little one is asleep with its thumb in its mouth, and the elder even is beginning to rub her eyes over her favorite fairy tale, though she has read it many scores of times.) Arabella has the child between her knees, and just as Wag is clinking his glass with the old lady in London, his wife at Bognor says something to the child, who says after her,

'*Dod bless my dear papa:*' and presently he is in bed too, and sleeps as soundly as his little sister.

'And so it is that these pure blessings are sent, yearning after that fellow over his cups. Suppose they reach him? Why, the spotless things must blush and go out again for the company in which they find him. The drinking goes on, the jokes and fun get faster and faster. Arabella by this time has seen the eldest child asleep in her crib, and is looking out at the moon in silence as the children breathe round about her a soft chorus of slumber. Her mother is down stairs alone, reading 'Blair's Sermons'; a high-shouldered, hook-nosed, lean, moral woman. She wonders her daughter don't come down to tea; there is her cup quite cold, with the cream stagnant on the surface, and her work-basket by its side, with a pair of man's slippers nearly done, and one lazy scrawl from her husband, four lines only, and tea days old. But Arabella keeps away thinking, thinking, and preferring to be alone. The girl has a sweet soft heart, and little sympathy with the mother's coarse, rigid, strong-minded nature. The only time they quarrel is, when the old lady calls her son-in-law a brute: *then* the young one fires up and defends her own like a little Amazon.

After a slight dissertation upon the secret of that love of woman which no indifference can estrange and no neglect can kill, Mr. TITMARSH proceeds:

'WAGSTAFF, so splendid with his dinners and so generous on himself, is not so generous at home. He pays the bills with only a few oaths; but somehow he leaves his wife without money. He will give it to anybody rather than to her; a fact of which he himself is, very likely, unaware at this minute, or of the timidity of his wife in asking for it. In order to avoid this asking, the poor girl goes through unheard-of economies, and performs the most curious tricks of avarice. She dresses herself for nothing, and she dresses her children out of her own frocks. Certain dainties, caps, pin-afores, and other fallals have gone through the family; and Arabella, though she sees ever such a pretty thing in a shop-window, will pass on with a sigh; whereas her Lancelot is a perfect devourer of waistcoats, and never sets his eyes on a flaring velvet that strikes his fancy, but you will be sure to behold him the next week swaggering about in the garment in Pall Mall. Women are ever practicing these petty denials, about which the lords of the creation never think.

'I will tell you what I once saw Arabella doing. She is a woman of very high breeding, and no inconsiderable share of family pride: well, one day, on going to Wagstaff's house, who had invited a party of us to Blackwall, about a bet he had lost, I was, in the master's absence, ushered into the drawing-room, which is furnished very fine, and there sat the lady of the house at her work-table, with her child prattling at her knee.

'I could not understand what made Mrs. Wagstaff blush so; look so entirely guilty of something or other; fidget, answer *à travers*, and receive an old friend in this strange and inhospitable way.

'She, the descendant of the Smiths of Smithfield, of the Brews of Brown Hall, the proud daughter

of the aristocracy, *was making a pair of trousers for her eldest son.* She huddled them away hastily under a pillow; but hah! we have keen eyes—and from under that pillow the buttons peeped out, and with those buttons the secret—they were white ducks—Wagstaff's white ducks—his wife was making them into white ducklings for little Fred.

'The sight affected me. I should like to have cried, only it is unmanly; and to cry about a pair of little breeches!—I should like to have seized hold of Mrs. Wagstaff and hugged her to my heart; but she would have screamed, and rung for John to show me down stairs; so I disguised my feelings by treading on the tail of her spaniel dog, whose squealing caused a diversion. But I shall never forget those breeches.'

'There is a fruitful moral in this evidently truthful sketch. 'O, ye WAGSTAFFS of this world, profit by it. O, ye gentle, meek angels of ARABELLAS, be meek and gentle still; for if an angel cannot reclaim a man, who can?' . . . WE shall look to our friend and correspondent, Mr. N. S. DODGE, for a report of 'the doings' at the '*Great Berkshire Festival*,' which he has so graphically and eloquently heralded. 'A vermillion edict. Respect this.' . . . WE are reminded by a correspondent, that 'The proposition of a member of the 'New-York Historical Society' to withhold the usual vote of thanks for the lecture delivered by Dr. BRACKLEY, was treated with appropriate contempt. The vote of thanks was passed with the greatest unanimity, amidst unwonted demonstrations of applause. Subsequent efforts were made by the mover of the resolution to renew the agitation of the subject in one of our public journals; but it passed alike without observation or response. There is a saddled hobby at large, therefore, without a rider. Who will assist the ambitious equestrian to mount?' . . . OUR friend of '*The Columbian*' Magazine, speaking of Mr. WILLIS's portrait, lately published, says of it 'that it might as well stand for the likeness of any body else.' This is especially true, let us add, of his *own* portrait in his July issue; (a very excellent number by the by, and from first to last his own.) It is not nearly so much like the original as the portrait of the author of 'Charles O'Malley,' SAMUEL LEVER, in a late number of CAMPBELL's Magazine, which might almost be taken for a portrait of Mr. INMAN. . . . We frequently receive communications from contributors with such remarks in relation to them as these: 'I send you a little article which I have thrown off in haste. Please correct, amend, etc., as may seem to you meet.' Now, we have no necessity for such correspondence; nor do we desire to receive any articles which require 'pruning' or 'amending,' or 'altering,' or which are 'written in haste.' We have employed months in 'pruning' duties heretofore, for which others have received the credit. We wish our correspondents to remember that if they send us any thing, we want *their best*, and not their indifferent or 'hurried' articles. This Magazine is read in every quarter of this country, and it is widely perused abroad. Every number of it finds readers in London, Edinburgh, and Paris; in Florence, in Rome, in Naples, and in Copenhagen; in Constantinople and at Smyrna; in Gottingen, Germany; at Graffenburg in Silesia, and other European places of note. Let our friends and contributors, therefore, *finish* their papers, be they long or short, for they will be widely 'seen of men' in both hemispheres. . . . WINCHESTER, at the office of the 'New World,' has begun the publication of SUE's new work, '*The Wandering Jew*.' Its *promise* is of a high order, and the translation by Mr. HERBERT is excellent. *En passant*, there is a poem by BERANGER, on this ancient cosmopolite, in preceding pages. It is well rendered into English by ELLEN PERCY, who dates from 'The Big Prairie,' Illinois. . . . WE know the subject of 'C.'s' clever satirical sketch; but 'it is small beer, and not worthy of space,' as indeed himself partly hints. As a specimen, however, of the manner in which 'the gaberlunxies of Parnassus, who go about suing for a scrap of immortality,' elevate themselves to transient notoriety, we annex a sentence: 'Give me some name, in noticing my poems,' said he to the editor of a weekly journal, 'that shall stick; something short and strong.' 'What shall it be?' replied the journalist. 'Call me,' said 'APOLLO's beggar-man,' hesitating, call me—yes, call me '*The Tom Moore of America*!' The appellation, although employed, we believe did not 'stick.' . . . WE should be inclined to doubt the *faux-pas* recorded in our Illinois contributor's '*Sketches of the West*,' but that similar instances are not infrequent in the '*cultivated regions*' of which he speaks. Our friend Col. STONE, at a Hudson-

river steam-boat table, was on one occasion helping himself to a piece of pudding, from a dish, which in its revolutions around the board had well nigh been exhausted, when a 'huge paw' seized it, with the expostulatory remark: 'Haäves, Mister, haäves! Some takes all, but you leaves none!' HANS VON SPIEGEL, also, informs us that at the supper-table the other evening, going up the Hudson, he asked a verdant person near him for a bowl of powdered sugar that stood at his elbow. The man looked at the sugar, but probably not having seen it before in that form, he did not recognize it. The request was repeated, with no better success. HANS now saw, by the 'uncertain musing,' the 'doubts confusing' of his neighbor, and changed the form of his request: 'Will you hand me that *bowl of salt*?' he asked. 'Sartain!' was the reply, and the sugar was placed before him.' . . . Mrs. KIRKLAND's school, at 214 Thompson-street, between Bleeker and Amity-streets, will commence on the first Monday in September. The various 'courses' include every branch of an accomplished education. Mrs. KIRKLAND's skill and tact as a teacher have, as we predicted, already established for her school a deservedly high reputation. . . . 'M.' is self-complacent and Pharisaical. His advice and censure are appreciated at their full value. 'I shall never meet those men in Heaven,' said WHITFIELD to the librarian of Harvard College, pointing to the works of TILLOTSON and of other eminent English divines. 'Perhaps it will not be *their fault*,' was the reply. Can our anonymous adviser and 'complainant' make the application? . . . WE reverence and honor *Love*, but love-stories, full of hackneyed incident, are our very great aversion. Do not consider us soured-spirited or cross-grained, O lovely daughter of Lowell, that your '*Tale of the Tender Passion*' does not appear in our pages. We know as well as another

'How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying!'

but we know also that the best report of such scenes does no justice to them, while an indifferent one turns them into burlesque. 'Excuse us, if you please,' therefore. . . . THE *Louisville Kentucky Gazette*, alluding to the 'Quod Correspondence,' and the recent drama in Missouri, says: 'How strange it is, that about the time the merely, imaginary scene between MICHAEL RUST and the seducer of his daughter was careering over the country in the mail-bags, a real scene, so much its counterpart in all essential features, should have been enacted in St. Louis!' By the by, let us say to our obliging contemporary, that the department of the KNICKERBOCKER to which he alludes is that of literary *record*, merely, not of criticism. One may be led to *expectations* of excellence in a work, which may be disappointed. . . . OUR friends of the '*Commercial Advertiser*' daily journal recently made themselves and the public merry over an embellishment 'engraved expressly' for a religious magazine, representing the 'Embarkation of the Pilgrims; but no sign of an embarkation is to be perceived, the view being merely that of some harbor, with a ship of war lying at anchor, and two steam-boats moving in the waters. Now, the embarkation took place in 1620—*almost* two hundred years before a steam-boat was in existence!' This was rather awkward, certainly; but the thing is quite common. '*Engraved expressly for this Journal*' means, in too many instances, old plates, bought for a song, and palmed upon the public as 'costly embellishments.' We except from this trickery, however, the better class of American pictorial magazines. . . . WE shall always be glad to hear from the writer of the lines entitled '*Life and Death*,' in preceding pages. The name, which was written rather blindly, we 'could not well make out,' as SOUTHEY's Blenheim colloquist has it. . . . THE '*Song of the Katy-Did*' might be much more original. It is very far from being as musical as its subject. We shall never permit Miss KATHARINE DID or ROBERT LINKUM, Esq., to be 'lowered in poetry' in this Magazine. They are too old and familiar friends of ours, to be treated with such indignity. . . . OUR entertaining Milwaukee friend shall be 'reported' in our next.

'THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INSANITY.'—If this periodical, edited by the Officers of the New-York State Lunatic Asylum, at Utica, shall fulfil the promise of the first number, it will take very high rank among kindred publications. We have perused the contents of the initial issue with unabated interest. The second paper, 'Insanity, illustrated by Histories of Distinguished Men, and by the Writings of Poets and Novelists,' would do credit to any magazine or review in Christendom. It evinces a thorough knowledge of the nature and causes of insanity, and exhibits a remarkable amount of literary research and professional observation. Of the numerous examples of insanity which are cited and considered, none have interested us more than those of SHAKESPEARE and SCOTT. 'There is scarcely a form of mental disorder,' says the writer, 'that SHAKESPEARE has not alluded to, and pointed out the causes and mode of treatment.' Macbeth, Hamlet, Ophelia, King Lear, are put to the test of a minute critical examination; and the result is the irrefragable conviction that the great dramatist's knowledge of insanity was not only extensive but varied, and that his views respecting it were far in advance of the age in which he lived. 'He must have seen individuals affected with the various forms of insanity he has described; heard their histories, and marked their conversation, or he could never have been so minutely correct.' Sir WALTER SCOTT also, by the examples of Madge Wildfire, Norma, and Clara Mowbray, is shown to have shared the faithfulness of his great prototype in the delineation of insanity. We shall have occasion, it is not unlikely, to refer to this paper, and that which succeeds it, containing numerous cases of mental derangement, on a future occasion.

MACKELLAR'S POEMS.—We are in the receipt of a small, neat volume of poems entitled 'Droppings of the Heart,' by THOS. MACKELLAR, of Philadelphia, which it would appear we ought long since to have received, but for inadvertence on the part of the publisher. We have read it through 'piece by piece,' and in so doing, find that we have heretofore introduced into our careless 'Gossip' many of the feeling and graceful lines which compose the work. We observe with especial pleasure that the great merit of never straining after effect is one of the most prominent characteristics of Mr. MACKELLAR'S verse. He writes from the impulse of poetical emotions, rather than from the less ennobling incitements of merely literary ambition. He has simplicity, evident feeling, a good ear for the melody of verse, and a warm, benevolent heart; and although we cannot claim for him a wide reach of imagination, he yet possesses the power to touch the general heart by the fervor of his affections and the winning naturalness which characterizes the expression of his thoughts. We commend his volume to the *hearts* of our readers.

LIFE AND SERVICES OF MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN THOMAS.—Mr. CHARLES COFFIN of this city, has performed an act of justice, and an acceptable service to the American public, in the compilation of this pamphlet. It is now easy enough to see why Gen. THOMAS was held in such high estimation by WASHINGTON, congress, the army, and the country. The manner in which, among other daring exploits, he took and occupied Dorchester Heights, and by his advantageous position, compelled the British to evacuate Boston, reflects the highest honor upon his courage and military skill; while his letter to his wife, announcing the result, proves him to have not less worthy honor as a man whose modesty was equal to his merit. The pamphlet contains valuable letters from Generals WASHINGTON, LEE, SCHUYLER, and JOHN ADAMS, which have never before been published, and which are of much value, as connected with the early movements of the revolution.

ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY.—We have received a little work, 'with notes and illustrations by JAMES B. THOMPSON, A. M., New-Haven,' together with a highly commendatory notice of the book, from the publishers. The 'æ' in these pages we prefer to have proceed from the Editor, as the gentleman who left the notice in question was informed by our publisher; but he thought otherwise. 'Most all the editors,' he said, 'liked to get 'em.' If this be true, (which we take the liberty to doubt,) it accounts for the remarkably unanimous 'opinions of the press' in favor of Mr. THOMPSON'S books. The work *may* be a good one; we have not examined it, and are not willing to pronounce a high eulogium upon it *before* we have had leisure to look through its pages.

'THE ROSE OF THISTLE ISLAND.'—A very pleasant and interesting novel, translated from the original Swedish by Mrs. EMILIE CARLEN, and published by WINCHESTER, of the 'New World' press. Perhaps one of the best evidences of its appreciation by the public, is to be found in the number of copies which one sees on board rail-road cars, steamers, at watering places, etc. In the Valley of the Mohawk; among the rich landscapes of the interior; along the Saratoga 'iron-road,' by the 'ever-sounding sea,' as at Rockaway and Long Branch, we have within three weeks encountered eager readers of 'The Rose of Thistle Island.' There must therefore be 'something in it.'

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXIV.

SEPTEMBER, 1844.

No. 3.

ALLSTON'S FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR.

BY GEN. A. H. S. DEARBORN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

DEAR SIR:—The exhibition of Allston's Feast of Belshazzar has established an era in the history of painting, which will be as memorable as those that have been commemorated by the celebrated productions of Polygnotus, Zeuxis, Apelles and Protigenes in Greece, and of Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian and Michael Angelo in Italy.

The point of time selected for the scene presented is that when Daniel is declaring the interpretation of the mystic writing, which 'the astrologers, sooth-sayers and Chaldeans could not read,' and had not been able to 'make known to the king.' In the fore-ground the chief personages are the king, queen, Daniel, and four of the wisest magicians of Babylon. In their rear is a group of Jewish men and women, and beyond extend the banqueting-tables, which are sumptuously embellished with gold and silver vessels; and on the sides are seated numerous guests of both sexes. In the distance, on an elevated platform, which is approached by a broad flight of steps, is a colossal golden statue of a Persian god, which is dazzlingly refulgent, from the intense flood of light that descends upon it from numerous brilliant lamps that are suspended around a circular opening in the lofty ceiling, directly over the divinity. A host of idolators are assembled round the statue, in various attitudes of reverence, or are ascending the steps.

Above the royal party which had been assembled to participate in the feast, is a spacious gallery, which is thronged with spectators who appear to be deeply interested in the imposing spectacle which the astounded court below presents. The apartments of the palace which are disclosed, are oriental in the barbaric grandeur of their construction. The numerous massive columns and other architectural appendages in the distance are of richly variegated and beautifully polished marble: in the royal saloon they are of porphyry, but in an unfinished state. The spacious hall in which the princes and nobles are entertained is

illuminated by the supernatural beams which emanate from the inscription on the wall ; while the artificial light in the distance tinges with a mellow roseate radiance, like that of the glowing west on a serene summer's eve, the colonnades and entablatures of the vast area appropriated to the sacred image. There are more than sixty full-length figures, busts and heads introduced, which are so elaborately executed that each claims special attention as admirable specimens of art.

The impression on first beholding this painting is that of profound admiration, wonder, and awe. A solemn grandeur pervades the whole, as if some grave and hallowed religious rite was being performed in the most holy and reverential manner. So harmoniously combined are the various portions ; so sublime and imposing ; so startling and truthful is the general effect ; so august, moveless, silent, and yet so full of life is the scene before us, that it seems as if we were in the actual presence of a real, living auditory, which was listening with rapt attention to those awful revelations that announced the dreadful, inevitable, and speedy destruction of mighty Babylon.

Near the centre of the figures in the fore-ground stands the inspired Daniel, draped in a plain tunic of a sombre tint, over which is gracefully disposed an ample and appropriate mantle of a dark blue color. His face is turned toward Belshazzar, and with his left arm elevated, he is pointing toward the inscription, 'over against the candlestick, upon the wall of the King's palace.' In his high, broad, perpendicular and massive forehead, projecting brows, full, dark and soul-penetrating eyes, radiant with celestial intelligence ; and in his composed, dignified and commanding attitude, we behold the self-collected, undaunted and majestic prophet of the living God. There is the firm and undoubting expression of absolute confidence in his divine inspiration, and an entire belief that unhesitating credence must be given to the appalling truths which he has been called upon to utter, under the solemn and high responsibilities incident to his exalted station, both as 'the chief of the governors over all the wise men' of the empire, and as the recognized herald of the fiat of JEHOVAH. His serene aspect and lofty bearing indicate an upright, just and fearless man, who is neither actuated by vindictive passion, nor entertains any desire or hope of anticipated revenge for the accumulated wrongs which had been inflicted on long subjugated Judea and his enslaved countrymen. Calmly, and even with apparent sorrow and commiseration, he announces the startling interpretation of those blazing and incomprehensible words which, when 'the King saw, written by the fingers of a man's hand, his countenance was changed and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosened and his knees smote together.'

The first sentence, 'GOD HATH NUMBERED THY KINGDOM AND FINISHED IT!' had fallen so like the crashing shock of a thunder-bolt upon the ears of the astounded and horror-stricken monarch, that he has involuntarily thrown himself back upon the throne, in a posture of despair ; and in the intense agony of his tortured mind, clenches with his right hand the side of his regal seat with such violent and spasmodic energy, that the fingers appear cramped and almost disjointed ; as of a man expiring in the pangs of a remorseful and horrible death. The left hand has been

nearly obliterated, after having been once finished ; but one of the fingers and the position of the others are sufficiently apparent to disclose the fact that the knee had been grasped in such an energetic manner as to have drawn up the royal robe which covers it into numerous short and acutely-angular folds.

As only the outlines of the head of the King remain, its contour and the features are barely discernible ; but the attitude of the whole figure, and especially the withdrawal of the right foot near to the base of the throne, as is evident from the folds of the drapery, and the extension of the left, with the toes contracted in that convulsive exertion which the hands so emphatically evince, under the thrilling influence of that awful malediction which had been pronounced, give almost as complete a conception of the mental sufferings of the monarch as if the face had been fully delineated in that significant and able manner which the artist had intended ; making it to conform to the other physical demonstrations of the excruciating agonies of his riven soul ; as does that of the expiring Laocoon to the muscular developments of his limbs and body, while writhing in death-spasms within the cold, complicated and crushing folds of those monstrous serpents which envelope that impious high-priest of Apollo and his two beautiful sons.

In the painting of the death of Iphigenia, by Timanthes, which was so much extolled by the ancient orators, that young princess was represented standing before the altar at the moment she was to be immolated ; and having exhausted all the resources of his art in expressing the affliction of Menelaus and her other attendants, he threw a veil over the face of Agamemnon, it not being possible to delineate by an expression of the features the tumultuous thoughts of the father ; and although a like grand effect is unintentionally produced by the seeming misty atmosphere which obscures the features of Belshazzar, and thus calls upon the imagination to fill up the evanescent touches of the pencil, Allston required no such adroit subterfuge ; for he was capable of far exceeding in execution the most vivid conceptions of genius. The foot alone is a model of perfection, a study for all future artists, from its anatomical correctness in form and the exact similitude to that of a living man ; for it is an actual incarnation ; so natural in color and texture is the flesh that it seems impressible to the touch ; and the swollen veins appear tinged with vitality. The royal robe is formed of cloth of gold, and so well is it represented that it has the ponderous, stiff and brilliant appearance produced by the interweaving of that precious metal. The folds are as different from those of linen, silk, or woollen cloth as is the material of which the garment is made ; being in fact exactly such as must be produced by that heavy fabric. A crimson robe with a broad, green border is thrown over one side of the throne, which is supported by gold elephants standing upon a basement of verd-antique marble. Near the throne on the right is a large golden shaft, round which is entwined a silver serpent.

On the left of the throne stands the Queen,* who ' came into the ban-

* ALTHOUGH Nebuchadnezzar is called the *father* of Belshazzar, in the Scriptures, as was common with the Hebrews, he was in fact, the *grand-father*. Belshazzar was the Labyrinth of Herede-

quet-house by reason of the words of the king and his lords;' and had recommended that they should send for the 'man whom the King Nebuchadnezzar brought out of Jewry,' as there 'was found in him light and understanding and the wisdom of the gods,' for interpreting of dreams and shewing of hard sentences and dissolving of doubts.'

The Queen, if not the most conspicuous, is certainly the most interesting figure in the painting. She is tall, with a symmetrical and perfectly developed form, accurately-proportioned and gracefully-rounded limbs; a head and neck of unrivalled excellence in conception and execution. The face is eminently beautiful, and radiant with that expression of intelligence for which the Psyche of Grecian mythology is distinguished; a being in whom the exalted faculties of the mind are made to triumph over those of the passions, and give such an impress of celestial genius to the impersonations of that imaginary divinity of the soul which forms such a marked and strong contrast with the merely physical attributes and anatomical delineations of the female figure, as presented in some of those celebrated statues and paintings of the Cyprian paragon, in the execution of which the skill of the ablest artists have been employed. In one the features are lighted up by the coruscations of intellect, while those of the other are only animated by the less dignified emotions of the heart.

The head of Napoleon appears to have been the model on which that of the Queen was formed, and the similitude is discoverable in that of her son. The selection of a type that should actually embody the grand presentiment of the artist, as to the characteristic intellectual qualities and personal appearance for which the Queen was to be preëminently distinguished, is in conformity to the universal opinion of the sculptors, painters and most learned physiologists of Europe, who consider the head of the imperial Hannibal of modern times as more completely fulfilling all the conditions which are required for exhibiting the most exact and imposing development of those transcendent powers of mind with which man may be endued, that had ever been presented for their consideration, either in nature or the most celebrated productions of ancient or modern art.

The Queen is partially enveloped in a deep green mantle, under which appears a drapery of a grave porphyritic tint. Her hair is very dark, and so tastefully arranged as to disclose a large portion of the magnificent forehead by being confined under a golden tiara, studded with diamonds. A cordon of emeralds and other precious gems set in the form of cameos and united by links of gold, passes over the left shoulder, across the chest and under the left arm, and again appears amidst the folds of the mantle on the right side. Around the waist is a richly-wrought silver cestus. A brilliant opal ornament sparkles in the corsage, and a truly Cleopatrian pearl is suspended from the ear, which

tus, and was the son of Evil. Merodach, the eldest son of Nebuchadnezzar by Nitocris; who, according to Herodotus, was 'a woman of superior understanding,' and was actually reigning queen after the early death of her husband, for a number of years before her son Belshazzar ascended the throne, which was but a short time before the invasion and conquest of Babylon by Cyrus. The queen, therefore, who as is stated in the book of Daniel, to have 'come into the banquet-house' by the request of the king, was his mother.

is so exquisitely painted as to seem not only lustrous in oriental purity but absolutely pendulous and moveable. She is attended by two females whose peculiar features, complexion and costume indicate that they are Arabic slaves, or natives of some more eastern nation.

As Daniel had been selected by Nebuchadnezzar from among the captive 'princes of Israel,' and carefully educated in his palace in 'the learning and tongue of the Chaldeans,' and then elevated to the highest station in the kingdom; and as he appears to have been a distinguished favorite and sincerely respected by the Queen, she evidently anticipated that his explanations would be of a most acceptable and cheering import. But when those astounding and fearful words were uttered that had filled the whole court with dismay, and actually prostrated all the manly qualities of the King, her position was entirely changed, and became not only difficult to sustain, but was of intense interest to the aghast multitude, who were eagerly listening to all that was said, and wistfully observing whatever was done at that eventful moment. She was the fond and anxious mother of the young and inexperienced sovereign. His adverse fortunes, her own deplorable fate, and the calamitous destinies which impended over her country, all rushed upon her mind. She had not been one of the participants of the feast, and must have perceived with what profound solicitude all eyes had been turned toward her as she entered that sumptuous apartment; with what respect she had been greeted by those who had known her in the august court of the great conqueror of Judea, Media and Egypt. How responsible, perplexing and onerous was her condition when the king, princes, nobles and astrologers had been dismayed by the wonderful phenomenon that had so suddenly broken up their hilarious entertainment, and who now quailed with abject fear on hearing the first passage of the interpretation; and how important it was that she should rouse all the energies of her mind and present that masculine fortitude and commanding deportment which a Semiramis would have evinced under like unparalleled circumstances. With such lofty conceptions of duty she has assumed a dignity of manner that is truly imperial and sublime; a determined, and even haughty expression of countenance, which strongly contrasts with the subdued, cowering and humiliating condition of Belshazzar; and seems resolved to hear, with an unflinching spirit, the whole of those dreadful tidings which had been commenced with such fatally portentous indications that others of a far more disastrous character were to be apprehended. In the accomplishment of that purpose she has taken a firm and imperious attitude; and with her right hand strongly grasping the superb cordon of precious gems, while she has seized that of one of her attendants on her left, which she clenches in such a manner as to intimate that she must keep silent while Daniel speaks, that not a word should be lost. At this moment the devoted slave, alarmed at the changed appearance of her royal mistress, and utterly regardless of all other objects, is earnestly looking up into her face with a grieved, anxious and imploring expression of inquisitive solicitude; as if endeavoring by mere inspection, to discover the incomprehensible cause of such unwonted excitement.

With contracted brows and the lips firmly closed, the Queen has fixed

her luminous eyes upon Daniel with such an intense and eagle-gaze, as though she would read his inmost thoughts ; and listens with such rapt and motionless attention as evinces the violence of those conflicting passions, sentiments and feelings which agitate her oppressed mind and deeply afflicted heart. In her pallid countenance is discoverable, mingled with that haughty and undaunted look, which has been assumed, such indications of surprise, disappointment, grief, and sad forebodings of the future misfortunes which the whole country is destined to experience, that our sympathies are instantly and powerfully excited, and we behold her with the deepest commiseration. Never can we efface or forget the strong impression which that magnificent woman, that unfortunate Queen, that agonized mother, has produced upon our mind and our heart. Who can restrain their compassionate and generous feelings in behalf of a woman in such a moment of human trial and endurance ? We are involuntarily urged onward to offer words of consolation in a crisis so fraught with woe and misery ; and would avert the awful judgment for her sake, were it possible to do so. There she stands alone, remediless and hopeless in widowed isolation, on the very verge of existence. Neither prince, noble, or any man or woman, of any rank or office, offer protection or consolation. No one but her faithful and sorrowing slaves stand by her to soothe, encourage or support in this hour of her utmost need. Sublime in moral grandeur she awaits the result, as the doomed Niobe of a vast empire which 'GOD HATH NUMBERED AND FINISHED !' and who is soon to witness the advent of that wide-spreading desolation which buried the ruins of 'Great Babylon,' that 'glory of kingdoms,' 'that beauty of the Chaldee's excellence,' in the drifting sands of the desert : thus fulfilling the prediction of the prophets, that it should 'be converted into a chase for wild beasts and a possession for the bittern.'

On the extreme left, under the inscription on the wall, is a group of four soothsayers. One, who presents nearly a full view of his face, is looking at the chief among them, as if endeavoring to ascertain what was his opinion of the truth of the interpretation which Daniel is delivering to the King ; but there is also perceived, by the drawing down of the right corner of the mouth, in such a manner as to expose the clenched teeth, a deadly hatred, and a wrathful spirit of revenge for the indignity offered to the Persian astrologers by a foreign and despised pretender to greater powers of divination than they possessed, who belonged to the long-honored and most ancient order of the nation ; and in the wild glare of the eyes there is an aspect of astonishment, in which terror is mingled with furious expressions of rage. The second of the soothsayers is seen in profile, and by the contemptuously closed mouth, the protruding under-lip, lowering brows and malignant eyes sternly fixed upon Daniel, he betrays the utter scorn and proud defiance of an arrogant and presumptuous rival for the confidence and favor of the court, and that bitter spirit of envy which only waits an opportunity to break out in some act of long-meditated vengeance, or an occasion of malignant triumph, which he confidently anticipates will soon be afforded by the non-fulfilment of those predicted events which the Jewish prophet has the effrontery to proclaim in the presence of royalty.

The principal astrologer is of gigantic proportions, and towers above his exasperated compeers with such a diabolical expression as might well be presumed to denote a God-defying potentate of hell. The other has been only so far delineated as to prefigure the size and position, with a mere indication of the profile and features; but even in that there is discoverable a steadfast look toward the prophet, and a stubborn disbelief in his revelations.

Next to the soothsayers, but beyond them in the middle-distance, sits an old man who is evidently a Jew of distinction; leaning forward, with his left hand a little raised, the lips slightly parted, and looking earnestly toward Daniel, he seems an actual personification; a real, living man, who is not only intensely interested, but listens with profound reverence and a full belief in the correctness and truth of the interpretation which the wisest and most venerated of his nation is giving of that miraculous 'writing' which no other man 'could read;' and there is also discoverable a slight scintillation of gladness that his aggrieved countrymen were to be avenged by the downfall of that dynasty which had despoiled their holy city and sacred temple.

Next, on the right of the last described figure, there is seated a much younger man, who is thrown so entirely into the shade, that it requires a near approach to the painting and a close examination to distinctly perceive his features; then they come out in as bold and definite relief as those of a statue. It is a wonderful achievement—the very triumph of genius and art; for through the incumbent shadow, which invests it like the twilight, is discovered one of the most difficult yet finished, expressive, and remarkable portraits in the painting. The hair, beard and eyes are intensely black, the complexion very dark, and there is that marked national physiognomy, which at once designates him to be an Israelite indeed, who has never forgotten Judea, or forgiven the wrongs she has endured. Having keenly felt the degradation of his race, and possibly experienced some outrageous act of injustice, or an unbrookable and unforgivable insult, his flashing eyes are immoveably directed toward the King; and so distinctly does his countenance exhibit the burning thoughts which are raging in his mind, and the revengeful passions which are rankling in his breast, that words could not more definitely denote them than do those scowling brows and fierce malignity of expression which makes rigid every muscle of his face; for there may be plainly seen this horrible imprecation: 'Tremble, thou blasphemous tyrant; for Daniel, our great prophet, the bold, independent, and holy man of our nation, has proclaimed the righteous judgment and swift-coming wrath of God—of the Jew's God; and I rejoice in your overwhelming fears, and your agony of mind! I thank JEHOVAH that I shall witness your dethronement, and that the destruction of your whole kingdom is near.'

On the left of Daniel, and in front of several superb Jewish women, who are anxious spectators of the wondrous scene before them, are two youthful females; one of whom, with an eager effort yet timid expression, is leaning forward and cautiously extending her hand to touch the hem of Daniel's garment, as an act of reverence peculiar to the Jews. The other has kneeled near the feet of the prophet, lowly bowed her head,

and with united hands and her eyes cast down, has assumed the humblest posture of self-abasement and of the most profound adoration for the chosen messenger of the Almighty. In this surpassingly beautiful girl are united all the most attractive attributes of loveliness. Her form, features and complexion are of Caucasian perfection. The auburn hair is of that lustrous golden hue which has ever been the most admired and celebrated by poets and painters. It appears to have been tinged in the mellow beams of the setting sun. The light so falls upon her shoulders, neck, and a portion of the left side of her face, and the shades are so skilfully managed, as to give an astonishing relief to the whole figure, and in an especial manner to the head, arms and hands. The latter are absolutely isolated from the canvass, and look as if they could be grasped. Well might she be considered as personating the scriptural Rebecca; 'the fair daughter' of Bethuel, as she appeared at the well of Mesopotamia.

This angelic group presents a tableau which would have immortalized the artist, had he never finished any other portion of the painting. Like GRAY'S *Elegy*, in poetry, it is so distinct, conspicuous and inapproachable in creation, so invested with the veritable insignia of genius and skill, that it will be forever admired and remembered above all other productions in the art of painting.

During the feast, Belshazzar had commanded his attendants 'to bring in the golden and silver vessels which had been taken by Nebuchadnezzar out of the house of God, which was at Jerusalem; and the King and his princes, his wives and his concubines drank in them.' These sacred vessels are to be seen on the banqueting-tables, and on the floor of the apartment, near the throne and behind Daniel. A young man, who forms a prominent figure in front of the group of Jews which have been named, having been enabled from his advanced position to perceive a number of those vessels, has turned his face toward the women in the rear, and extending his left hand in such a manner as to invite their attention, points with the other to this revolting desecration of those sacred symbols of their faith. So strikingly significant is the attitude and expression of his countenance at the discovery of this sacrilegious outrage, and the import of the intelligence which he is eagerly endeavoring to communicate, that they could not have been made more definite, certain and impressive, were he a living, exasperated and speaking man; so life-like is the vivid realization of the artist's conception. There is an ornament on the breast of this young man, in which is set a single diamond that actually sparkles with all the brilliancy of a real gem. It is in fact, such a miraculous and inexplicable deception, as to render it almost incredible that it is the result of art.

With the richly-wrought vases, flagons and cups which the King had ordered to be brought into the palace, was one of the golden candlesticks, with seven branches, which had been placed above his head, upon the most elevated part of the throne. Behind the two attendants of the Queen is a man standing quite alone, who from costume and bearing appears to be a Hebrew of the highest rank. He has just discovered that consecrated appendage of the 'sanctuary of the temple;' and greater surprise and reverential awe could not have been evinced, had

he beheld the spectre of Moses suddenly arising behind the throne of Belshazzar. So unexpected and extraordinary is the spectacle ; so absorbed and undivided is his attention, that he neither hears the awful words of Daniel, or sees any other object, in the midst of that vast, confounded, and variously agitated multitude ; but has fastened his eyes upon it in such an intense and scrutinizing manner, as to be certain that it was possible such an impious act could have been done, even by a prince who despised their religion and scoffed at their God, or whether it was not an imaginary delusion ; an unsubstantial and airy vision.

At the head of the table which is seen between the Queen and Daniel, is a group which presents a remarkable antithesis in painting. A princess who occupies the highest seat has fainted, and a lady on her left has risen up, and leaning over her, is imploring assistance ; but so rapt in wonder are all the other guests, that no one regards them. Immediately below is a grandee of the empire, who is earnestly looking at and eagerly listening to Daniel, utterly regardless of the effect which terror had produced so near to him. The head of that noble is of the heroic form, and is grandly executed. The countenance has a stern and fearless expression ; and he seems prepared to firmly hear and boldly meet, the worst that can be said or done. On the opposite side of the table is another most striking figure. He leans a little forward, and has only so far turned his head as to expose the left side of his face ; but that is enough to disclose the workings of his mind, for the eye is widely expanded and absolutely glares upon Daniel, with the wild expression of one who was nearly driven to insanity by what he had seen and heard.

Under the upraised arm of the prophet are to be seen, at the other table, a man and woman, who have risen up, turned their backs upon the guests, and are gazing with amazement strongly depicted in their faces at 'the writing on the wall' which becomes visible to them by the light that gleams from it, between the massive columns on the left side of the apartment. They are characters which cannot fail to command attention, from the life and energetic spirit with which they are invested.

Each of all the other numerous figures, at the tables and in the gallery, merit the most exact examination. They are so diversified in position, expression and costume, and afford such conclusive evidence of the inexhaustible resources of the accomplished artist, that it becomes difficult to determine which is the most astonishing and admirable, his genius to conceive or his consummate skill in execution ; for so perfect are they in contour, anatomy, coloring and design, and so infinitely various, and yet distinctly perceptible are the effects produced upon the mind and heart of each by what they behold and hear, that they will severally become studies through all future ages for the emulous pupils of an art which has been elevated to such an exalted height by this sublime and matchless painting of Belshazzar.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Allston had not lived to finish this largest and most important of his numerous beautiful and grand productions ; but still there are considerations which qualify this deeply deplorable contingency. To the artists who are ambitious of attaining

honorable distinction in their profession, it is beyond all price, even in its present condition ; for they are all conscious that excellence can only be reached by the same zealous, laborious, and untiring efforts which have characterized the career of all other successful aspirants in the rugged route to imperishable fame. By this incomplete painting they are enabled to discover the process by which the master-spirit which conceived it was enabled to produce his glorious results. They can trace every step he took, from the first rude chalk-lines to the final finishing-touch of his graphic pencil. In this point of view, the Feast of Belshazzar will be as instructive and valuable to the present and all future disciples of the American Apelles, as was the Torso of Hercules to the great Tuscan sculptor and painter. Beside, while standing before this wondrous production, no one can refrain from associating with it the untimely death of the eminently gifted artist ; for it was his last work ; and in that nearly finished head of the Chaldean, we behold the last impression of his mighty hand. Thus he seems to have expired while in the very act of rearing a superb monument to perpetuate his illustrious name. The fact, therefore, of the picture being unfinished, so far from diminishing its consequence and value, will render it still more precious. It is now in a condition similar to that of one of the most admired productions of Apelles, called the *Anadyomene*, which was placed in the temple of Cæsar by Augustus. Having been partially defaced in its removal from Greece to Rome, Pliny observes 'that no artist could be found who was capable of repairing it ; so that even this injury tended to increase the glory of Apelles.' And where is the artist who is capable of finishing, or that would presume to undertake the completion of, the Belshazzar of Allston ?

In attitude, expression, the manner of disposing of the figures, style of execution, and general effect, Allston has approached nearer to the Grecian masters than any other painter, since the revival of the arts. Instead of assuming as a standard of excellence the works of the Italian school, as had been done by nearly all his predecessors, and as unfortunately was the case in architecture, he looked far above and beyond, and went back to that which had been established by the Greeks at the period when all the arts were carried to the highest state of perfection. Thus by the distinct, prominent, and significant arrangement of the characters, the truthful exhibition of the event intended to be commemorated, and the sublime result, we are instantly and powerfully reminded, on beholding his great paintings of those wonderful sculptures in the tympanums of the Parthenon, representing the contest of Neptune and Minerva, and an assembly of the gods, which have claimed the undivided admiration of the world for more than two thousand years.

Before the publication of the researches of Stuart and Wilkins, the architectural treatise of Palladio, which had been founded upon the degenerated Roman rather than the pure Grecian orders, was the text-book of construction throughout Europe. But the accurate representations and descriptions of the temples of Theseus and Minerva having revived a chastened taste in architecture, Allston made an independent, bold and honorable effort to achieve a like revolution in painting ; and his glorious success has established the correctness of his estimation of the Greek

painters as completely as have the productions of Canova, Thorwaldsen, Greenough, Powers and Crawford, the preëminence of their sculptors ; for they were alike guided in their labors by those examples of skill which have survived the ravages of war and the dilapidations of time.

From the exact, full, and interesting account which Pliny has given of the Grecian painters, they must have been as eminent as were their sculptors and architects in each of their exalted professions : and great credence is to be given to the opinion of so well qualified and illustrious a man ; for he was not only one of the most learned and able authors in literature and science, and held the highest civil and military stations in the empire during the prosperous reigns of Vespasian and Titus, but he possessed a most refined taste for the arts, and was keenly susceptible to those grand and delicate impressions which are produced by all that is sublime and beautiful in nature and art ; and that taste had been highly improved by devoting his whole life to intellectual cultivation, and an attentive and delighted examination of those numerous celebrated paintings, which had been either purchased at an enormous price, received as magnificent presents, or seized as precious trophies of victory by the distinguished heroes who had triumphantly returned as the conquerors of subjugated nations. The style of the Greeks may with truth and propriety be called heroic—the very *Epopœia* of painting ; and as many of the subjects were illustrative of some of the most remarkable events in the *Iliad*, the lofty conceptions of Homer were actually realized, if we do not put at defiance the concurrent judgment of all the renowned sovereigns, statesmen, orators, poets and historians of antiquity ; and it is as improbable that they were not quite as capable of appreciating the productions of the pencil as those of the sculptor and architect. For the verification of the correctness of their decision, as to the two latter artists, there are still to be seen statues which they had formed, and temples which they had reared ; and we are no more justified in doubting the validity of their opinion as to the former than of the truth of any other fact which comes down to us under the sanction of such unimpeachable and conclusive testimony. The first men of Greece and Rome could no more be deceived as to the merits of a painting than of an oration of Demosthenes, the statue of Olympian Jupiter, or the tragedies of *Æschylus*.

Sculpture, architecture and painting were almost simultaneously developed, and carried to higher perfection in Egypt, Greece and Rome, than they have ever since attained, by the demands which RELIGION and PATRIOTISM afforded in rearing and embellishing vast temples to the gods, and superb monuments to commemorate the names and public services of the honored benefactors of their country.

After the revival of letters, science and the arts, the power and wealth of the Catholic hierarchy enabled them to evince their religious zeal, gratify their ambitious assumptions, and indulge their luxurious propensities in the construction of immense cathedrals, sumptuous monasteries, and other ecclesiastical edifices, which again called into emulous and vigorous action the fine arts ; and they continued to flourish while all the nations of Europe were submissive adherents and willing tributaries to the pontifical sovereign. But the invigorating influence of those

potent causes, which had fortunately reilluminated the long expired flambeaux of human intelligence, civilization and refinement, having rapidly diminished after the accomplishment of that momentous revolution which was commenced by the enlightened, independent and fearless Luther, architecture, sculpture and painting once more gradually declined ; and cannot be said to have reëssumed their consequence until within the last hundred years. In fact there was no great and decided advancement before the reign of Napoleon ; and since that period the Russian Emperors, Alexander and Nicholas, have munificently encouraged the arts. But the King of Bavaria is entitled to higher commendation than any other sovereign, for his liberal and patriotic patronage, in erecting elegant edifices for the reception of the most valued works of native and other artists which could be procured, and dedicating a noble temple, which has been denominated the Walhaller, to the honor of the most distinguished men which Germany has produced, where their statues are to be placed, like those of the gods in the Pantheon of Agrippa.

In Great Britain, the construction of a new Parliament House has roused a generous and enlightened disposition in the government to render it subservient to an extensive and grand effort for the practical development of native genius, by causing all the spacious and numerous apartments to be embellished with fresco and oil paintings illustrative of the history of England.

In this country, at a comparatively early period, several painters had executed works which were honorable to their genius and skill, and encouraging indications of that prospective glory which was to be acquired by their emulous successors in one of the most interesting and beautiful of the arts. West, Trumbull, Copley and Stuart, have each produced such conclusive testimonials of their proficiency and talents as will secure to them a high rank among the ablest of their European contemporaries in the various departments of painting for which they were severally distinguished. In portrait-painting, the only prominent rivals of the two latter, since the decease of Van Dyke, are Reynolds and Lawrence.

Hitherto there has been no other encouragement for cultivating the arts, in this country, than was afforded by a very limited private patronage. But Congress has at last evinced a spirit worthy of the nation and the age. Paintings and statues have been ordered and executed, commemorative of the most interesting events in the history of the Republic, and of him who was 'first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.' These are cheering indications that still more enlarged and munificent encouragement will be given to American artists in the future ; and more especially when such splendid illustrations of native genius, talent and taste have already been displayed. The portraits of the five first presidents by Stuart ; the Marius and Ariadne of Vanderlyn ; the Miriam, Jeremiah, Saul in the Cavern of the Sorceress of Endor, and the Feast of Belshazzar, by Allston ; the Medora and Washington, by Greenough ; the Orpheus and Bride of Abydos, of Crawford, and the Eve, of Powers, will be admired as long as the arts of painting and sculpture shall be appreciated on this earth.

The statue of Orpheus, which was executed by Crawford in Rome,

has been recently purchased by the proprietors of the Athenæum, and placed in an apartment which was expressly erected for its reception and exhibition. That self-created artist has thus early evinced a genius, taste and skill, which places him in the first rank of sculptors. This statue rivals in form, grace of attitude, expression and execution, the best models of the Athenian school. It is remarkable for anatomical fidelity, proportional elegance, impress of agility, youthful beauty, and that animated spirit of life which has been diffused throughout the whole figure. So like is it, in conception, the delicate manner in which it is wrought, and high finish of the details and surface, to the best examples which have reached us from the hands of the ablest sculptors who flourished in the brilliant age of Pericles, that it may well claim an admiration as deserved as that which they received from their enlightened countrymen, and all succeeding generations.

There is also exhibited with the Orpheus a bust of the Bride of Abydos, (which belongs to a gentleman of Boston,) executed by the same artist, that fully sustains the exalted reputation he has acquired. It is in truth the beautiful Zuleika, as described by Byron :

'Fair, as the first that fell of woman-kind;
The might, the majesty of loveliness,
The purity of grace.'

To these invaluable specimens of Crawford's genius is soon to be added a Ganymede, which he has recently completed; and for the purchase of which, several gentlemen of Boston have liberally subscribed three thousand dollars. Thus it appears, that if we have not a Lorenzo de Medicis, to make glad the heart of modest merit and struggling genius, we have citizens who are princes in their enlarged and generous disposition to foster letters, science, and the arts.

A. H. S. D.

Roxbury, July, 1844.

A P R A Y E R .

I.

SPARE the sufferer, cruel Pain!
Spare the child!
Let her breathe in sleep again,
Calm and mild.
All our hopes are centered here,
And we pray with many a tear,
Spare the child!

II.

She hath never injured aught
'Neath the sun!
Pure is she as Love's first thought—
Gentle one!
Ah! we cannot bear the fear
Her little life must vanish here:
Spare the child!

Woodstock, Vermont.

CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

C A L I G U L A .

INCITABATUR insomnia maxime; neque enim plusquam tribus nocturnis horis quiescebat; ac non his quidem placida quiete, sed pavida miris rerum imaginibus; ut qui, inter ceteras PELAGI QUANDAM SPECIEM colloquentem secum videre visus sit
 SUTOMIUS, IN VIT. CALIG.

He was terribly shaken by want of sleep; nor was he able to rest more than three hours at night and not well then, quietly, but disturbed by frightful spectres; and among others, he seemed to behold a sort of PHANTOM OF THE SEA discoursing with him.

THE Pagan from his gorgeous bed,
 Of wroughten ivory chased with gold,
 Bowedlered raised his restless head,
 When heart and life were growing old;*
 The cruel dream that fired his youth
 And led the man—a faded thing—
 And through the wreck the Spectre, Truth,
 Naked by life's exhausted spring.

At midnight, through his pillared halls
 The purple mockery well might grope,
 And hear his footstep's languid falls
 Announce Despair, but never Hope!
 Oh, could he find what never came,
 Some boundless Lethe's generous flood
 To slake his heart's infuriate flame,
 And drown his ocean-stain of blood!

And vassal guards, that shrank and cowered
 To meet their master's haggard eye,
 And shook as if some demon lowered,
 When 't was *the Cæsar* tottered by!
 His golden state, his circled head,
 The pangs that wrung the stifling groan,
 What slave would mount his guilty bed,
 To call the Roman's world his own?

Oblivion! 't were the dearest word
 That ever blessed prophetic strain!
 Be once those cooling waters poured,
 The Cæsar were himself again;
 But no; dark Lord of dreaded power!
 Whom long his prophet-heart has warned,
 Oblivion were too sweet a dower
 From angry gods he feared and scorned.

The Thracian, on that marble floor,
 In weary slumbers sweet and deep,
 Roams o'er his wastes a slave no more;
 What dreams disturb an Emperor's sleep?
 Restless away is all his own,
 His own the world's supreme command,
 And thrills at earth's remotest zone
 The menace of his lifted hand.

Some deep-impending wo must shake
 The heart beneath that purple pall;
 Do hosts the Roman slumbers wake,
 Goth, Vandal, Greek, or grisly Gaul?

* Although CALIGULA was assassinated before he had reached the age of thirty, yet a life like his was not and could not be counted by years.

No; Rome still sleeps, and all the world
 Yet pulsates with her mighty heart;
 Round him alone the shadow furled,
 The *Cæsar's* own peculiar part!

And there he glides, a livid thing,
 Pale, glaring, feeble, fearing, feared;
 Oh say, what Furies round him cling,
 This new Orestes, phantom-scared!
 'THE SEA, THE SEA!' wild, deep and drear,
 Dim, dread, mysterious, undefined,
 The image of a formless Fear,
 A waste, void Horror haunts his mind!

Ah conscience! though the voiceless doom
 No Roman seer might dare to tell,
 The boding of that unknown gloom,
 The fountain of thy living hell!
 'T was Blood! thou guilty creature! blood!
 The coming of an endless dread,
 The spell of that relentless flood,
 THE PURPLE SEA thy hands had shed!

C. L.

M Y L E G !

It was a most dismal night, in that most dismal of months, November. The storm howled loudly without, and the sleet drove furiously against the windows. I sat in my apartment alone, in my easy-chair, before a blazing wood-fire. There was no other light in the room. My LEG, my *lame* leg, rested on a chair before me, with a soft cushion under it. Without raged elemental war; within, all seemed peace and comfort; but it was only in seeming, for in the bosom of the lonely occupant of that room a battle was going on between hope and fear, as violent as that of the elements without.

Oh, that leg! It was the torment of my life. Years ago I had strained my knee, and what was at first a slight affair, had by neglect, mismanagement and rheumatism, increased to such an inconvenient and alarming degree, that I was regularly confined to the house every winter, and constantly threatened with the loss of my limb. There it was before me, always before me; I could not get rid of it. The sight of it tormented me by day, and the thought of it haunted me by night. It had thrown me out of business; it had cut off my prospects of happiness in life, of usefulness to myself, my friends, and the world; and, last *and* least, it had tormented me night and day with bodily pain. I detested, I perfectly hated that leg! I had tried coaxing and good treatment; I had tried driving and rough usage; but all in vain; for 'still the leg kept on' its old course of obstinate and incurable lameness. It headed me off in every undertaking. It flattered me when idle, but if I imagined myself well, and entered into the active business of life, it invariably drove me again into retirement, with a few additional twinges as a punishment for my temerity. If my fancy were excited, my reason convinced, or my heart touched by the charms and accomplishments or

the talents and virtues of a fair daughter of Eve, I must close my heart at once ; I must conceal my thoughts and feelings ; I must shun her society. My bosom must be mailed against the darts of Cupid ; for should one chance to strike home, what gentle hand would extract it, and apply the healing balm of affection returned ? Who would love and marry me ? I had a most inveterate spite against that leg ! Well, there I sat ; sometimes looking into the fire, in which I could see nothing but surgeons' knives, plasters and tourniquets ; sometimes around the room ; but the dancing shadows on the wall looked like so many cripples 'going it' with their wooden legs, with which they beckoned me to become one of their number ; while a grin on the countenance of each seemed to say, 'Our invitation, like that of royalty, must be complied with ;' and then, not relishing this picture, I turned my eyes toward the windows, but nothing pleasant was *there* to be seen. The space just outside the windows seemed crowded to the utmost with the malignant faces of the baffled demons of the storm. There they were, glowering in at me, vaguely terrible, with little visible save their horrible eyes. They seemed to say : 'Oh, how we would rain, hail and snow upon you ; how we would pierce you with the cutting blast ; how we would stiffen your joints for you, and rack your frame with rheumatic pains, if we only had you here !' Then, raging with disappointment, they vanished, while the storm howled more loudly than ever, and shook the house to its base ; and the sleet beat more furiously against the windows, as if the malevolent spirits of the tempest were making a last effort to beat in the glass or overturn the whole establishment.

I shrank back and buried myself in my easy-chair and in thought. The current changed : Fear vanished and Hope triumphed. I looked into the fire again : the surgeon's knives and plasters had disappeared, and in their places were green fields, wooded glens, and forest-glades. On a mossy rock, by the banks of a winding brook, under a green and graceful canopy of waving elms, sat my lady-love and myself. The declaration had been made, the suit had been successful, and happiness was in our hearts and on our countenances. Again the scene changed. I saw a noble house, a commodious and elegant country-seat, with grand avenues leading to it, and verdant lawns and beautiful gardens surrounding it. On the green in front of the house, three or four children were playing, and under the piazza sat a good-looking couple, who seemed to be highly amused at the pranks of the young ones. And that good-looking couple was myself and my wife ; and those were my children ; and that house and those beautiful lands were mine too ; earned by my own labor ; and we were all very happy.

Just then a stick of wood, which had burnt through the middle, parted, and one of the brands fell point foremost toward the hearth-rug and scattered half-a-dozen coals upon it. I jumped up as well as I could, seized the brush, swept the coals into the fire, and sank back exhausted into my easy-chair. The bright vision had fled forever, and for its loss I had nothing to console me but an extra quantum of pain.

I looked at that leg again, half-spitefully, half-sorrowfully. 'Oh !' thought I, 'what would I not give to the man who should restore that limb to health ! I'd be his servant for five years ; I'd bind myself to

a blacksmith for seven years: I'd trundle a wheel-barrow three hours a day during my life: I'd do *any thing*, almost.'

'Would you?' said a voice near me.

I looked up in astonishment. I was not aware that I had uttered my thoughts aloud; how then could any one know what was passing in my mind? I had not heard the door open; how then came any one into the room? 'The speaker must be the Devil himself,' thought I.

'Hem!' said the stranger; 'just so! just so!'

The fire brightened up at that moment, and enabled me to obtain a good view of my visitor. He was of a perfect brimstone hue; he might have been taken for a gigantic yellow-bird. His boots were yellow; his trowsers were yellow; his coat, vest and cravat were yellow; his hair, whiskers, eye-brows and skin were yellow: in fine, he was all yellow, from top to toe, except his coal-black eyes. Such eyes I never saw before in my life, and hope never to see again. Instead of sparkling as black eyes generally do, the iris of each seemed to have no glistening cornea in front, but appeared rather to be the circular mouth of a deep cave, in which darkness alone was visible. I looked into those terrible eyes, and felt that the owner could be no other than Satan himself. At that instant a light flashed up in the depths of their dark recesses; and while I gazed more intently, I distinctly saw in those gloomy caverns two miniature pictures of hell.

At length the stranger spake: 'Well, I see we know each other; and you probably can guess my business with you to-night, as you are a Yankee.'

'To tempt me, I suppose?' said I.

'Why, not exactly that,' said he; 'I come to make a bargain with you; that's all; and I intend to be perfectly fair. For value received I expect you to render me service equivalent.'

'That sounds well,' said I; 'but what is the value I am to receive, and the service I am to render?'

'The value is a good sound leg and health as long as you live. The service is, to gamble three hours each day through life, instead of wheeling a wheel-barrow for the same length of time. Certainly these are better terms than you had any right to expect; especially are they so, considering that I shall insure you success in all your gambling speculations.'

'But,' said I, 'I wish to live respectably in the world, and to win the regard of my fellow-citizens. I cannot do this, and be a professed gambler.'

'Pooh! pooh!' growled the man in yellow; 'I am astonished at you: you are not the man I took you for; you are a perfect green-horn. There are more ways of gambling than by venturing money on games of chance. Gamble in stocks, man! gamble in bread-stuffs! gamble in fuel! You can be a deacon of the church, if you please, and do these things, without perilling your character as a Christian or a man of honor. I will furnish you with a large capital with which to commence business, and will guarantee success in all your commercial enterprises; and the more extensive they are, the more successful they shall be.'

In the back part of the easy-chair in which I sat, lay a small Bible, a

gift from my mother ; I remembered it at this moment, and recollecting also the many stories which I had heard of the devil's being baffled by the Holy Book, I determined to play him a trick. Not bearing in mind the old proverb, 'He who would sup with the Devil should use a long spoon,' and foolishly hoping 'to dance without paying the piper,' I opened the negotiation thus :

'Well, old gentleman, suppose you make a trial of your skill ? I do not believe you can give me a good sound leg, and I should like to have that point established before I conclude a bargain with you : if you can, I frankly acknowledge it will be a great temptation to me. If, after a few minutes' trial of my restored physical powers, I should refuse to accede to your terms, you could, undoubtedly, cause me to return to my former condition ?'

'To be sure I could !' quoth my diabolical visitor ; 'and I have not the slightest objection to gratify you. There, now ! move your leg, and see whether it is not perfectly well and strong.'

I hesitated, for there was an eagerness in the manner of Satan, a glow, as of anticipated triumph, in his horrible eye, which startled me, and caused me to pause and reflect. I felt that I had only to will myself to take one step, to be restored to physical soundness. I revolved my scheme in my mind ; there seemed to be no flaw in it ; and at last, overcome by a sudden impulse, I moved my leg. I lifted it up, I put it down, I drew it toward me, and then, extending it suddenly, kicked the opposite chair against the Devil's shins with such force that he roared out lustily, in real or pretended pain, and stooped to rub the injured parts, casting at me a glance of malignant joy, which was hardly noticed at the time, though afterward vividly recalled ; for at that moment I seized my Bible, jumped up, and after dancing round the room two or three times, to make sure of my entire restoration, ran up to the Devil and thrust the Holy Book in his face, expecting of course the results which are said invariably to follow such a proceeding. A howl in my ears, and a brimstone stench in my nostrils, were all that I imagined would be left of his Satanic Majesty in one instant after that operation. 'Have I not read so a thousand times ?' thought I, as I put the book to his nose.

'Yes, you have !' answered Satan aloud, rising at the same time with a malevolent grin on his countenance, and knocking the Bible into the farthest corner of the room ; 'yes, you have ; but those stories were all lies, got up at my order, and published to bamboozle such green-horns as you, who would fain obtain the agreeable portion of the wages of iniquity without doing the work. Fool ! to think that a certain quantity of paper and ink, bound in sheepskin, could save you from the consequences of sin ! I know there is a vulgar superstition to that effect, but that is all my work. Had you treasured the principles of yonder book in your heart, you would have been invulnerable to my attacks : you would not have invited temptation by discontent and murmuring ; you would not have tampered with me, knowing me to be one 'who goeth about seeking whom he may devour ;' nor, if you had obeyed the spirit, would you have placed dependence on the letter of your Bible. 'The letter killeth, the spirit leadeth to life.' I quote from memory,' continued

Satan, with a mocking air, 'and if I am wrong, you, who rest your hopes of salvation so much on the letter, ought to be able to set me right. Ha, ha!' laughed the gentleman in yellow, after a short pause; 'a goodly number of servants have I on this earth; excellent Christians, as they deem themselves, dear delightful old scandal-mongers, as they really are, who go to meeting twice a week, read their Bibles every morning and night, and would not tell a lie for the world, but who circulate with a rapidity equal to that of Morse's Telegraph,* every lie concerning their neighbors which they can find ready-made for their use, and who, if the story be not complete, think it no harm to make the requisite emendations. With hearts filled with envy, they eagerly spread every thing which they hear to the disadvantage of those whom they fancy the world thinks their betters; and they practically spend a great portion of their time in mentally thanking themselves, (not the LORD,) that they are not like other people, sinners living without God in the world. Ha! ha! ha! a rich harvest do these faithful servants gather in for my garner! These are they whose lives cast reproach upon the religion they profess; who neither go in themselves, nor allow others to go in. Disgust at their hypocrisy causes the voluntary banishment from your infinity of Christian churches of many better people than themselves. These are my tools; yet they read their Bibles daily; they, like you, trust to the letter, and like you, they are MINE.'

I retreated as Satan stretched forth his hand, struck with horror by the conviction that I had overreached myself.

'Overreached yourself!' ejaculated the Devil, giving utterance to my thought; 'you have taken the purchase-money, and so bound yourself to the contract. You cannot escape, and might as well surrender at discretion gracefully.'

'I am not satisfied with my leg,' said I, sitting down in my chair; 'you may return it to its former condition, and be off.'

'But suppose I will do no such thing? I tell you, my fine fellow, you are just as much compelled to do my will, as the man whom I fitted with that famous 'cork leg' was compelled to travel.'

And thereupon I found myself rising against my will, and advancing to meet Satan who stood in the middle of the room. He took my hands in his; a sort of diabolical music, that might have come from Satan's own royal band, fresh from his infernal palace, struck up without, and immediately I found myself dancing a jig with the Devil. No words can describe the steps or the figure of that dance. Such a cutting of demoniac pigeon-wings, such diabolical double-shuffling, never before were witnessed on earth! The music grew louder, the dance more 'fast and furious,' and my brain whirled amid evolutions which seemed interminable, and which my body performed in spite of my mind. I now sincerely repented that I had ever entered into negotiations with Satan; I attempted to kneel and ask pardon of Heaven, but found that instead of sinking to the floor, the most I could do was to bend my knees by lifting my legs. Gravitation seemed annihilated; I kneeled on air, and in this position I continued to pop up and down, and hither and

* We thought the devil had something to do with that wonderful invention! Ed. KXJGKXKXKXKXKX.

thither, in precise imitation of the Devil, who performed opposite to me, and kept his cavernous eyes fixed steadily on mine, while our hands were locked in an embrace which I vainly strove to loosen.

Thus things went on for several minutes, I still dancing on air, with my knees bent, when suddenly I observed an expression of vexation take the place of the look of triumph which the face of Satan had hitherto worn. It deepened gradually, as our movements grew slower, until at last, with a horrible glare of disappointed malignity, he let go my hands and disappeared, while the demoniac band without gave a parting flourish, compounded of groans, screeches and howls, which made the house rock. Simultaneously I fell to the floor with a tremendous shock, and became painfully aware, as I waked from my dream, rubbing my knee, that at any rate the Devil had not flown away with my lame leg.

I had risen from my chair during my sleep, and fallen across the stool in front; and I leave it to mental philosophers to settle the question whether the whole dream was caused by that accident or not. Be this as it may; concerning the noises which saluted my ears on waking, it was difficult to persuade myself that they came from any other source than Satan's own brass band. The roaring of the wind through the trees, the furious beating of their branches against the house, the rattling of the windows, and the hollow moaning of the storm about the corners of the dwelling, were enough, one would think, to justify that suspicion. But add to this the slamming of doors, and the rushing up stairs of half-a-dozen persons from the room below, alarmed at my fall, and you can hardly wonder that for a moment I doubted that I had been dreaming. 'The Devil makes more noise in departing than he did in coming,' thought I; but at the next instant the quickly-opened door, the thronging heads, and friendly though anxious faces, set me all right again.

THAT limb had 'offended me,' and not long after, I 'cut it off and cast it from me.' It is many years since Satan lost the power of tempting me through MY LEG.

Portsmouth, N. H.

J. K. J.

S O N N E T .

THE moon is gliding on her clear blue way;
I've watched her as she rose above the clouds which lay
Darkly along the horizon. As she threw
A glorious halo round them, and then drew
With her still power away the fogs which night
Gathers upon the earth; then touched with light
The tree-abounding city, till its stately domes
Of Gothic and of Dorian art, and quiet homes,
Slept 'neath a sea of beauty; then, sweet lady! I
Was bidden in my heart remember thee,
How thou hast risen in thy angel purity,
And light of heavenly truth, to beam on me,
And scatter far the darkness, doubts and fears,
Which rose from out the tomb of my young, misspent years.

New-Haven, Conn.

G. P. T.

T H E D Y I N G S A G E .

'Twas awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats though unseen among us.'

THE shadows of night lay calm and deep,
As early thoughts in the soul that sleep ;
And stars looked down on the Ægean sea,
Where the blue wave swept in music free ;
Silent and hushed was the slumbering air,
And earth seemed bowed in a voiceless prayer.
An old man gazed, with the touch of death
In the sunken cheek and fleeting breath,
O'er the broad realm of the solemn night,
Serene and still in its sacred might ;
The scattered locks of the silver hair
Were worn from the forehead broad and fair,
Where the spirit's master-hand had wrought
The lofty grace of sublimest thought ;
The restless glance of the piercing eye
In reverence turned to the starry sky,
Bright with the dreams of a daring soul,
Told of a strength that had spurned control ;
That smiled on the woes of an earthly life,
And tearless looked on the last fierce strife.
His pale lips moved, and the holy spell
Of Night was broke by the words that fell
From one who sought o'er the tomb to soar ;
A soul half way to the spirit shore :

'Spectres of dreams long fled !
Discarded visions of an erring brain ;
Ye come like phantoms from the silent dead
To haunt my soul again ;
Away ! away ! ye would unnerve me now,
When Death's cold pinion fans my pale and fevered brow.

'With spirit strong and brave,
I would go forth to meet the conquering foe ;
And as the rock beats back the foaming wave,
Repel the sudden flow
Of doubt and fear and shrinkings, Death ! from thee,
That stir the founts within as strong winds stir the sea.

'Through the bright hosts of night,
Earth, Ocean, Air, my restless mind has sought
The source of being — life — the Infinite,
Till with high dreams o'er-wrought,
Weighed to the dust it lies a shrivelled scroll,
Scared by the fiery tides of thought that o'er it roll.

'And I have turned away
From the sweet words of Love, the voice of Fame,
As meaner things, and lived but in the ray
Of the consuming flame
That wastes my life ; and through the boundless sky
With the proud eagle soared but to fall back and die.

'And die ! Beyond the tomb,
On pinion strong shall not my spirit soar ?
The flower that droops beneath the winter's gloom
Springs up to life, when o'er
The joyous earth the summer breezes sweep ;
Then shall not man awake from his unbroken sleep ?

'There is an unseen power
Whose presence guides the storm and rules the sea ;
A shadow round me in the midnight hour,
When souls are mounting free,
From all the grovelling cares and petty strife
That clog the spirit's wing and fetter it to life.

'There is a light divine,
A beacon light from stars that never wane,
And I have traced it up to God's own shrine
Through being's endless chain ;
And like yon meteor's bright and glancing eye,
Have wove a golden thread between the earth and sky.

'And now unearthly might
Is born within my faint and struggling soul ;
The mists of time fade fast before my sight,
And spirit hands unroll
Eternity's unmeasured page on high ;
It is sublime to live, but more sublime to die.'

The gems grew dim in Night's fading crown,
The morning ray from the east looked down,
But one pale star on its ruby throne,
Lonely and still, in radiance shone ;
'Twas a light that gleamed beyond the sky,
A smile from the soul that passed on high.

M. G.

LESSONS OF LIFE.

BY REV. FRANCIS P. LEE.

Εἰδότες τὸν Καίρον.

THE heart shudders at the recollection of the millions whom the heavy tread of sixty centuries has ground to powder. Every particle of dust which is floating in the sun-beams, or is lifted on the wings of the viewless winds, once formed a portion of a human body ; and philosophers tell us that the buried dead who lie undistinguished from the surrounding soil, would outnumber three hundred times its living multitudes. The world around us is but a tomb ; the garden that we cultivate with so much care is a grave-yard ; and we poor toilers after pleasure, are like the sexton, delving in an element of which we are soon to form a part. Life ! Poets have reminded us of every thing that is short, and every thing that is uncertain to tell us what it is : the glancing of an arrow through the air, or the rushing of a keel through the water, or the dispersion of vapor by the sun. An old author compares it to the bubbles that rise upon the surface of running water ; ' of which some soon fall to flatness and froth, and are born but to die ; while the longest lived are in perpetual eddies, and are never at rest till they sink beneath the stream.' But in the silent watches of the night, or the strenuous exertions of the day, or whenever the tumult within is felt, no image comes

over the soul with more power than that which we owe to a living writer :

' Our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.'*

But though the fancy may be pleased or the imagination aroused, or the judgment convinced by such statements, we know all the difficulty of realizing practically the truths which they embody. We do not wonder at the ancient monarch, who employed a slave to proclaim them every moment in his ears ; we can well suppose that this proclamation failed of its effect, and that the substance of it was as unheeded as if it had been false. We do not wonder at the ancient Egyptians, who feasted in state with a human skeleton assisting at the board ; we can conceive that it was soon regarded without unpleasant emotion, and became at last no barren subject for their jests. For what is the daily experience of our lives ? We know that beneath this fleshly covering we all conceal a skeleton ; veiled it is true by muscle and by skin, and covered sometimes by a mask of beauty ; we know that a skeleton we are, while we stalk about upon the surface of the earth, as much as when we are laid away in the grave ; but how often does this knowledge occur to the memory, or how long is the memory suffered to indulge it, when it comes ? We do not easily realize *what we are and shall be* ; we do not like to entertain the thought at all. This would be wise, if such thoughts were painful merely, and had nothing profitable in them. It would be wise to suffer no shadows from the future to fall upon the sunshine of the present, if there were not virtue in the mitigated glare ; and if that calmer light were not favorable to such thoughts as would better fit us for that future. If we could agree with the Epicurean that we die to-morrow and finally, then could we imitate him in gleaning the pleasures which to-day affords ; but if, with the Christian, we know that upon the day after that morrow we shall live again, then is it not wise to forget it, either in the drunkenness of pleasure or the heaviness of sleep. For such, the presence of death or its expectation produces no despair. While their heart is measuring out drop by drop its own existence, and warning us each moment of the time when the purple flood will be exhausted, and the liquid life will flow no longer ; their soul, dwelling in its own immortality, is heedless of the decay of its mortal tenement, in the anticipation of its blessed dissolution. It is for this reason that the tolling of the funeral bell, which falling on the ear of the man of this world causes the step to linger, and the eye to moisten and the heart to be sad, comes to the Christian like martial music ; and as the sound of a trumpet, calls him to the battle. The grave into which others look as into a pit, where a once strong human body is to be chained by death for ever—the grave for him is but the standing-place into which he stoops for a moment, in order that he may the better spring into the heavens. The body of the dead itself, which speaks to others of nothing but sundered ties, and broken plans, and despairing hearts, tells him of the bright soul which has left it, and with rapid wing

* LONGFELLOW : ' Psalm of Life,' written for the KNICKERBOCKER.

has fled away into the company of the blessed angels, and is glad to be at home with God. Though his human heart may be wrung with human sorrows and human sympathies, yet he thanks God for every new revelation which teaches him to 'know the time;' and he accepts as a new exhortation to awake out of sleep many of the events of life which plunge others into despair.

F. P. L.

Camden, (S. C.), May, 1844.

S P I R I T V O I C E S .

BY MISS MARY GARDINER.

A VOICE of plaintive music fell
 Upon the summer air,
 Faint as the broken murmur
 Of a spirit's dying prayer;
 It was the music of a heart
 O'er which the storm had passed,
 And left but one imperfect chord
 To answer to the blast.

'A soulless harp, a faded flower,
 A shadow on Life's stream;
 A clouded day, a starless sky,
 A night without a dream!
 Oh! why beneath the flowing wave
 Dost thou not sink, my soul?
 What bears thee up when rayless clouds
 And billows o'er thee roll?'

'My strength is immortality!
 The soul's clear voice replied;
 'Twas like an angel's when it kneels
 A tempted one beside;
 'I watch the surges as they break,
 The tempest raging high,
 As some brave mariner whose home
 Gleams bright before his eye.

'The warrior seeks the battle-plain
 To conquer or to die;
 A dauntless Faith must tread the field
 Between the earth and sky;
 And we must mount to reach the goal,
 Fling back the weight of life,
 To win the crown, must bide the storm,
 The conflict and the strife.'

Is it a bitter thing for thee,
 Worn heart! to tear away
 The idols thou hast cherished here,
 The sun-beams of the day?
 Or agony to hear the knell
 Of all thy bright hopes toll?
 List to the better voice within,
 The teachings of the soul!

Shelter-Island.

L U C Y H I L L .

FROM THE TWINKLE PAPERS: EDITED BY HANS VON SPIEGEL.

THE beauty and the gentleness of Lucy Hill had made her the idol of all who knew her, both young and old ; and many a poor widow, as she lay down at night, prayed the Giver of all Good to bless her. Lucy was the daughter of a farmer who lived near one of those lovely villages which lie scattered among the valleys of New-England. She had never been beyond the boundaries of her native town, and had never received an education beyond what the village school afforded ; but like a wild rose, had budded and bloomed there, in the quietness and retirement of her humble home, with scarce a thought save those of joy. To say that she was lovely, is not enough ; she was eminently beautiful ; and many an eye was directed to the gallery, as every Sunday she quietly took her seat in the choir of the village church, and awaited the giving out of the opening hymn. Her voice was sweet and full, and mingled like an angel's with the melody which went up in praise to the Author of all blessings. Her eye was the reflection of the softness and purity of the summer heavens, and the tinge of the early morning rested on her cheek. Although she must have known that she was beautiful, by the smiles which lit up the faces of all she spoke to, she did not show it by a single appearance of vanity : she plaited her shining auburn hair in simple folds upon her forehead ; and if her tresses flowed over her shoulders in luxuriant curls, it was only that her straw hat might sit more closely upon her head, and shade more fully her sweet face. Early in the morning, while yet the dew glistened upon the grass, and the birds sang their matin-song to the golden sun, you might have heard the hum of her spinning-wheel. And when the snow of winter lay upon the hills, and brooks ran murmuring beneath the transparent ice, the sound of her loom was accompanied by some sweet though simple song, long before the day, as she sat and plied her shuttle by the light of the candle of her own dipping. She was an only child, and her father and mother regarded her with pardonable pride. The butter and the cheese which were used at their plain board, were made by her ; and if at night, when farmer Hill came back, wearied from his toil among the fields, and sat down to supper at the clean pine table, which needed no cloth to render it neater, the bread was whiter than usual, or the Indian-cakes lighter and sweeter, they were so because Lucy had made them. The products of her loom and wheel clothed the little family in the winter ; and a little outlay at the village store supplied those articles which summer made necessary for their use. Industry and the fresh air had given Lucy strong health : and if she was beautiful while engaged in the labors of love during the day at home, or twining the hill-flowers among the tresses of her hair, in the afternoon shade of the beeches and elms on the gentle slope of the hill beyond the brook, which flowed

through the orchard behind the house, she was doubly so when asleep at night in her little chamber. Often would her father and mother, before they retired to rest, softly steal in and kiss her white forehead, and draw the counterpane more closely over her lily bosom, which heaved gently in her calm slumber. It is not alone on canvass or in the pages of poetry that we meet with creations of beauty ; for there are, infrequently to be sure, real forms of female loveliness, which the art of the poet or painter cannot excel. Lucy Hill was one of them. Graceful, and not too tall, this farmer's daughter, far from the world of elegance and fashion, had grown up almost to womanhood, and no skill in costume or attitude could have added one grace which she had not.

As yet, Lucy had not thought of love, other than the holy affection which bound her with silken bonds to her beloved parents. In the midst of her pleasant tasks, she had not even thought of that farther, brighter, yet not more blissful emotion ; and if in dreams her young heart fashioned to itself some image other than her parents, it was so vague and indistinct that it did not busy her waking thoughts. Light-reading, as it is termed, was then neither so common nor so cheap as at present ; and had not found its way to the little library which adorned the top of the old-fashioned desk in the front room of Lucy's dwelling. A well-worn edition of some old commentary on the Bible, and the sacred volume itself only were there, with the exception of some touching narrative of the old martyrs, or some simple but beautiful story, like that of the 'Shepherd of Salisbury Plain.' There were files also of the religious newspaper, which every week was issued from the metropolis ; but these were filled only with religious matters ; and served but to call attention more closely to the business and practical avocations of life, or the wonders of the eternal world. The world is wiser now, but how little better !

Though all the village regarded Lucy with admiration and affection, there was one who watched for her appearance on the Sabbath more eagerly than the rest, and listened with more emotion to the soft music of her voice ; and when he met her in his walks, or waited upon her home from some evening meeting, his mantling cheek and half-stammering voice would have told a less simple heart than his that he loved her. This was William Herford ; the son of the unassuming yet wealthy village lawyer ; who took more pleasure in adjusting the few disputes that arose in the quiet neighborhood than many now can imagine. Squire Herford, as he was termed, had studied rather to have a profession than to gain a livelihood by it ; and being left with a small fortune, which by care in management increased steadily every year, had married and settled down in unambitious quiet in this retired village. He had two children, William and a lovely daughter, younger by two or three years : and on these he bestowed all his leisure moments. William was intended for the law ; and although Squire Herford's means were such as to have warranted a more expensive course, he preferred to give William the advantages of home while preparing for college. Accordingly, after attending the village school until he was fourteen, William was placed under the care of the minister, to whom he recited his preparatory exercises in the languages ; while his father un-

dertook his mathematical instruction. William was a noble-hearted boy ; full of hope ; and the minister saw with delight, that he possessed both talents and application in no common degree. His father, although not ambitious himself, was pleased with the promise which William gave of becoming distinguished, and spared no pains in advice and encouragement, to render him not only a good scholar, but well-informed in history ; and sought to improve the taste which he already showed for general literature. In his father's well-stored library William found an almost exhaustless fund of profit and pleasure ; and many a day in the summer he would take a volume of some poet and stroll among the hills, to read and compare the beautiful descriptions of Nature with the more lovely and interesting reality. The song of the birds and the bubbling of the brooks, as they stole out from their shaded sources and ran sparkling through the green meadows, filled him with an indescribable joy. The hawk sailing up in the clear sky, or gracefully perched upon the top of some tall and distant tree, seemed an emblem of untrammelled freedom, and he longed for the same power to track the pathless air, and take in at a glance hill, and quiet valley, and waving meadow.

It was in one of these walks that he encountered Lucy Hill, who had wandered farther than usual in search of wild flowers to deck the old china vase on the mantel-piece of the front room at home. Her straw bonnet had fallen back, and dangled over her shoulders, as if in play with her long tresses ; and her loose sleeve showed her fair round arm as she reached up and plucked the scented flowers from a wild-briar. She did not see him until he was close beside her, and a turn in the foot-path had concealed her from him. She started as he bade her good afternoon, and in her haste a slender branch of the bush got entangled with her sleeve. Throwing down his book, William disengaged it ; and she blushed while he gave her the bunch of flowers which she had dropped : and blushed still more, because *he* did, while he took hold of her soft wrist and plucked out a thorn which had pierced the delicate skin and reddened it with a drop or two of blood. William had never thought of loving her before, although from a child he had been at the same school, and had picked wild berries with her and his sister a thousand times. But as he sat there, with that beautiful girl, arranging her flowers, and looking into her rosy face and soft blue eyes, he all at once loved her tenderly, and felt the new emotion come like a dream of fairy-land into his heart. As he walked homeward by her side, and placed a wreath of leaves upon her still uncovered head, and listened to her merry laugh at his bashful awkwardness, he was in a new world, and all the descriptions of maiden loveliness that he had ever read, seemed realized to him. Heretofore he had only admired inanimate or insensate Nature ; but now those passages descriptive of female beauty, and the witchery of its charms, flashed into his memory, and he wondered how they could before have passed unnoticed. Songs which he had heard his sister and mother sing, which never possessed meaning to his ear or pleased him, except for the melody which was linked with them, seemed new, and expressive, though faintly, of the very emotions that now filled him. By the time they reached her father's gate, he had grown so timid that he hardly dared bid her good evening ; and that brave,

frolicsome boy was changed into the bashful lover! That night he lay awake thinking of the afternoon's vision of beauty; and the sweet image of Lucy Hill was present in his sleep. Her white, soft arm, and the rich blood starting out from the transparent skin, which lightly draped, like a gauze covering, the blue veins beneath; her waving auburn tresses, and her blue, eloquent eye; her sweet voice and clear, ringing laughter, echoing, like the louder notes of the blue-bird, among the trees on the hill, came to him in his dreams.

There is something holy in such first, early love, so unselfish and pure. How the man of the world, in his musing hours, looks back upon it after years have glided by; even with tears, though it be not sorrowful, except in contrast with the present! That eye, which to the world is so cold as it scans the crowd, is sometimes moistened with such remembrance; and the knitted brow relaxes for a moment, forgetful of its pride.

William did not remit his industry, nor forget in this new feeling his ambition. Love but increased his energy, and added a fresh incentive to exertion. Many were the air-castles he built however, and more frequent his rambles among the hills; but that simple wild-briar by the foot-path, had more interest than valley or glistening brook, or meadows of waving verdure. Oftentimes he met Lucy there during the next two summers, but although she had grown sisterly and confiding, he was scarcely less timid than when he first began to woo her. As for her, she liked to be with him there on the hill behind her father's house, and playfully even called him her brother; but she did not know that her fondness for him was love, nor that she was the object of such a passion in him. To be sure, on the Sabbath, she first glanced down from the gallery at Squire Herford's pew, to see if William was already there, and felt a sort of fluttering when she met his glistening, dark eye; and was uneasy when he was not in his wonted seat the Sunday through; and grew yet more rosy when she asked of his sister if he was ill, and was more gleeful when he took her and his sister out to ride in his father's chaise, than when twirling her wheel at home: but she did not think this arose from love; indeed she did not think to ask herself the reason. She liked her brother William, and was happy.

Lucy was admired by more young eyes than those of William; but she was too young to be 'courted' by the young farmers; and again too, William was 'so thick with her,' as they remarked among themselves, 'that others must stand aside.' There was not much heart-burning, however, for 'Bill Herford,' as he was familiarly termed, was liked by all for his open, manly demeanor, which was far above his years, and won good will among all the young folk of the town.

Delightful June had come, with its roses and balmy south winds: a deeper green upon the trees of the upland had succeeded the tinge of the spring-tide; and the blue haze rested all day long upon the hills in the horizon. The swallow passed and repassed over the daisied meadows, or lightly dipped its wing in the ripples of the stream as it caught up the insects hovering over the surface. Deep in the leafy solitudes the ring-dove cooed, and the wood-robin warbled its low, sweet note. The wild-briar by the foot-path was again in bloom, and every thing

was brimming with delight to the ear and eye. All was joyfulness ; but none more joyful than Lucy Hill, as with William's assistance she gathered flowers for the old vase. This was her seventeenth summer, and William had also reached the same age ; but his heart was not so light as hers, for he had nearly completed his preparatory studies, and the next August was to enter college ; and he dreaded the approach of the time when he must leave Lucy and settle down among his books ; away from her blue eyes and confiding smile.

They were sitting one afternoon on a mossy bank, where a spring welled up from the silvery-white sand below it. He had been reading her a beautiful passage in Thomson's 'Summer,' and his arm just touched her waist, while she leaned upon the alder-bush which bent over them. Gradually he began to talk of his approaching absence ; and as he spoke, a tear, like a drop of dew resting in the hare-bell, glistened in Lucy's eye. 'But, brother William, are you going really so soon ?' she said. That moment she was folded in his embrace : and they wept there together, with mutual avowal of affection and promises of truth and constancy ; his arm clasping her waist, and her soft warm cheek laid closely to his, and her sunny curls mingling with his dark hair. The sun was tinging the western clouds with purple and gold, ere that guileless pair left the mossy bank, and departed homeward down the shaded dell. Beautiful dreams played in their sleep that night ; and although Lucy did not tell her parents how happy she was in the love of that noble boy, she did not deem the concealment wrong. The weeks flew by apace, and a little while before it was time for William to go, he told his father of his love.

Squire Herford was too wise to instil false pride into the mind of his son ; and although he was not exactly pleased with the idea of William's making such promises so young, and to one whose education was so limited, he made no objection to it ; for he loved his boy, and did not wish to damp his ardor.

Farmer Hill and his wife were pleased when Lucy told them at last of William's love, and his father's consent ; and the reflection of a rich marriage for their daughter did not once enter their minds. Long was the ramble of the lovers on the day before William left ; and the moon was high before he kissed Lucy at the gate, and bade her good-bye for three long months.

The next morning, as the stage passed by, and William waved his hand in farewell, Lucy returned it from the window, and when the rattling of the wheels had died away in the distance, she went into her chamber and wept ; nor for the whole day did she regain her usual lightness of spirits. But the next morning, after dreams of love, she arose as joyful as ever, and went about her pleasant labors with new cheerfulness. She trusted in William so fully that not one single thought of fear for the endurance of his attachment to her once crossed her mind. He had promised to write to her as soon as he had fairly settled in college life ; and she awaited the reception of her first love-letter with a little fluttering impatience, to be sure, yet with joyful anticipation. Ah, how pure was the love of that young girl ; and with how many rainbow hues did it span her soul ! Happy in the affection of her

parents, and blest in that of William, the winged hours flew by unheeded. A fortnight passed away, and one morning as Farmer Hill returned from the village, he brought the expected letter, and Lucy hid it in her throbbing bosom, and went into her little chamber alone, to read it. Her tears fell fast; for it was written with glowing warmth, and she felt as if talking with her absent lover. The labors of the household were despatched that day long before the usual time; and in the warm air of the August afternoon, she went up on the shady hill to read it over and over again, there on the mossy bank, by the bubbling spring. Many a heart looked on her with love as the next Sunday that beautiful girl, made still more beautiful by her happiness, took her place in the choir, and poured forth the melody of her heart in the songs of praise. It was with a more heartfelt devotion that she sang the words of the hymn, and her whole heart went up in gratitude to the all-gracious Father of Mercies. The words of the grey-haired minister, as he discoursed to his flock as a friend and father, seemed more deeply impressive, and she listened to his kind voice and kinder teachings with more interest than ever before. The look of admiration with which Squire Herford regarded her, as the congregation turned round to listen to the closing hymn, was unnoticed by all eyes save hers: and as Ellen, William's sister, took her hand in the vestibule, with the inquiry, 'Have you heard from William yet?' and invited her home to tea, Lucy felt proud and happy.

Ellen was just fifteen, and though a lovely girl herself, she thought how happy she would be if she was as beautiful as Lucy. But there was no envy in this thought; for she loved her brother too dearly to feel any thing but the warmest love for the sweet object of his affection. Ellen was a frequent visiter of Lucy's; and when vacation brought William home, in the last bright days of September, she shared Lucy's joy at his return. Two years wore away, and Lucy was still happy; for William's letters were full of affection, and her innocent bosom swelled with pride as she heard now and then, through the letters which Squire Herford received from the college president, that William was winning golden opinions from his instructors.

William Herford studied closely, and won the respect and esteem of his teachers and his fellow students. He had a strong and brilliant mind; and while his talents gained respect, his affability and goodness of heart gained him many friends. Keeping aloof from dissipation, he preserved his health; and although his forehead was pale, and his sparkling eyes a little sunken, he was not much changed, save in height, from the boy of seventeen. He still loved Lucy, and longed for vacations with impatience, that he might again kiss her soft cheek, and hear the music of her voice; but near the close of his second year, he became acquainted with one who, while she rivalled Lucy's beauty, possessed cultivation and mind far superior. She was older than William, and being not only accomplished, but extremely fond of history and poetry, he soon found pleasure in her society and conversation; and when the term closed, he was for the first time loth to return home, for his first love was cooling. Not so with Lucy; for when he returned she welcomed him as eagerly, and returned his kiss as warmly as before, and

only felt unhappy that the six short weeks could not last forever. How like a fawn she tripped at his side on the hills, and how merrily her glad laughter echoed among the trees, her bright hair floating in careless tresses, and the rich blood mantling her cheek! William's love grew warm again as he looked on her, and he forgot that he had felt sorry to leave Laura Gay. It is true that Lucy could not converse as Laura did, and framed no delicate compliments to reach his vanity; but in the pure love of that artless but beautiful girl he forgot Laura, and thought that he could never grow cold again.

Lucy was now nineteen, and her full though slender form was round and graceful. A woman now, she had all a woman's tenderness; and as her blue eyes beamed into William's face, he thought that she had never appeared so lovely. Confiding in him, she looked forward to the time when she should be his wife and bear his name. But oh, how sadly was that poor girl to be disappointed! A few weeks at college, and with Laura Gay, and he again forgot Lucy Hill; and while she grew sad that he did not write her, and felt an indefinite alarm for something, she knew not what, he was all life and animation; and though he still applied himself to his books, and loved them, he loved more the light of Laura's brilliant eye and the soft smile which always welcomed him to her presence. She was indeed a noble girl; tall, with flashing dark eyes and raven hair, and a soft, warm, delicate hand, that did not refuse the ardent pressure which the young student gave it whenever they met. True, some whispered that she was a coquette, and only displayed her beauty and charms of conversation to triumph over the unwary; indeed they named those whom she had trifled with; but what cared young Herford for that, so long as she was to him so warm and confiding? She even spoke to him of what people said of her, and seemed grateful that he alone among so many knew her real character, and valued her as she wished to be valued. That term glided away like a leaf upon the running water, and William's heart smote him as the vacation found him once again at home, for he no longer loved Lucy Hill! He was too generous at first to show it to her, but when he reflected that she must some time or other know that his feelings were changed, he determined at once to tell her all. It was not without a trembling hand that he drew the latch of the gate and walked up the pathway to Lucy's door; he even wavered whether he should tell her or not; and all his resolution melted away, as she met him with tears and kisses, and told him how she had wept many a lonely night, and in the morning too, because no letter had arrived from him.

It was a glorious October day, and as they passed through the orchard on their way to the hill, the apples hung red upon the rustling boughs, and the woodpecker flew from tree to tree before them, uttering his short, shrill cry; and the yellow-hammer dodged round the stakes of the rail-fence, and seemed to nod them recognition. The flowers and the leaves were gone from the wild-briar; and the arch look which Lucy gave Herford as they passed it, filled him with keen grief, and his lip quivered, and his eye was moist as they sat down together on the moss by the spring, where more than two years before they had confessed their mutual affection. He saw that she perceived it, and taking her hand in his, he then told her all. Oh, how the heart of that lovely girl

sank within her as she heard what he told her! He felt her hand tremble and grow cold as ice, and saw her brow and cheek grow pale, but she did not weep. 'God knows, William,' said she, as she turned her blue eyes to his, 'how well I have loved you these two happy years! I love you still; for you have a noble heart, and I know that you do not willingly inflict this cruel wound. Do not pity me — do not weep,' for his tears came, in spite of himself; 'I can bear it, to make you happy. Will you not love me as a sister, and be 'brother William' still?' He did not answer, but folded her to his heart in one last embrace of overwhelming emotion, and though she was still pale, she strove to look cheerful as they returned to the house. That evening they told her parents; and though her father's brow lowered at first, and her mother looked sorrowfully upon the pale face of her beautiful daughter, yet William's open-hearted frankness atoned for all. The large Bible was taken down from the old desk, and after a chapter had been read, they all knelt down together, and the voice of farmer Hill went up in prayer for the well-being of William Herford, and his own sweet daughter; and when William bade them good night, Lucy kissed him, but without tears, though her bosom swelled thus to part with him. They met afterward while the vacation lasted, and although Lucy would steal out alone to weep by the naked wild-briar and the spring, they never went there together. Only to Ellen did William confide the occurrences of that day; for he feared that his father would blame him, though he felt himself that he had acted honorably. William returned to college, and in Ellen, Lucy found a warm-hearted, sympathizing friend. As their engagement had not been known in the village, so Lucy's pride was not hurt by ill-natured remarks, when in the course of the next two years William did not return home, except for a day or two at a time, and then did not make more than hasty calls at farmer Hill's, although he never neglected to send his love to Lucy; and she, poor girl! found some little consolation in reading the letters which he wrote to Ellen, and which contained this little token of his remembrance and esteem. Hers was not a heart to break, simply because she was so unselfish; and this too was the reason why William did not show how deeply his heart was wounded, and how bitterly his pride was stung, when he found that Laura Gay was in truth the heartless coquette she had been represented. He felt that the pain he suffered was perhaps the just punishment for his fickleness; but it seared over his heart, and shut it to love, and he went out into the world proof against the assaults of beauty, yet with a heart open to the distress of his fellow-men, the while it beat high with a loftier ambition.

THREE or four years after, when Lucy was the wife of a young farmer in the neighborhood, William Herford, who had become a lawyer in one of the Atlantic cities, returned on a wedding tour to his native village; and as he presented his wealthy but plain-looking lady to the guests assembled in his father's house, a momentary sadness flitted over his face, while he shook hands with the young farmer's lovely blue-eyed wife, and remembered the wild-briar and his first love for the blooming Lucy Hill.

I M I T A T I O N S O F S A P P H O .

BY MRS M. E. HEWITT.

I M I T A T I O N I .

I.

If to repeat thy name when none may hear me,
 To find thy thought with all my thoughts inwove;
 To languish where thou 'rt not — to sigh when near thee,
 Oh! if this be to love thee, I do love!

II.

If when thou utterest low words of greeting,
 To feel along each vein the torrent pour;
 Then back again the hot tide swift retreating,
 Leave me all powerless, silent as before:

III.

If to list breathless to thine accents falling,
 Almost to pain, upon my raptured ear,
 And fondly when alone to be recalling
 The words that I would die again to hear:

IV.

If 'neath thy glance my heart, all strength forsaking,
 Pant in my breast as pants the frightened dove;
 If to think on thee ever — sleeping, waking —
 Oh, if this be to love thee, I do love!

I M I T A T I O N I I .

I.

SHALL I portray thee in thy glorious seeming,
 Thou that the Pharos of my darkness art;
 The star above life's waters ever beaming,
 To guide the lonely voyager, my heart!

II.

Vain were my art the semblance all transcendent
 On other tablet than my heart to trace;
 As well the flower might paint the orb resplendent,
 That warms its beauty into life and grace.

III.

Like the blue lotus on its own clear river,
 Lie thy soft eyes, beloved! upon my soul;
 And in its depths thou mirrored art forever,
 How dark soe'er the clouds above may roll.

IV.

Shine ever on me thou, that brightly beaming,
 The radiant Pharos of my darkness art;
 The one true star above life's waters gleaming,
 To guide the lonely voyager, my heart.

VISION OF KAR-IS-TA-GI-A, A SACHEM OF CAYUGA.

'Who then lives to mourn us? None. What marks our extermination? Nothing.'

RED JACKET.

ALL the antiquities of our nation are essentially Indian ; but as there is no tie between their race and ours, save that of common humanity, we have, with indifference, suffered the shade of obscurity to grow darker upon their receding footsteps, until we may justly fear that posterity will seek in vain, in the literature of the present age, for traces of Indian society or government, which reach beyond the most general and comprehensive characteristics. We, who have been reared in the land of the Iroquois, can merely give in evidence that we beheld the slender fabric of Indian government while it was shaking in pieces, and that we have since carelessly looked upon the fragments. We also, who dwell on the banks of the beautiful Cayuga, can scarcely tell whence came the nation who bequeathed to it its name, or whither it has departed; how long they exercised dominion over these fair territories ; how numerous their warriors ; or how frequent their religious and martial festivals. On these and kindred topics the records are scanty indeed; while of the traditional lore of the Cayugas there is scarcely a vestige to be found.

The subjoined vision, however, came into the writer's possession in a manner so singular and unexpected as to awaken considerable interest, and it is presented nearly as it was received. It runs in the following words :

'On a summer evening, about ninety years since, the Sachem Kar-is-ta-gi-a stood upon a gentle eminence overlooking the present site of the village of Aurora, and gazed upon the darkening shadows as they gathered over the bosom of the lake. The sun had set behind the land of the Senecas, leaving the stillness of the twilight hour to reign over the unbroken scenery of Nature. To the left of where he stood, about two miles in the distance, a point of land juts out into the lake ; its bluff and curving banks diminishing as the eye advances, until the point itself seems to disappear under the surface of the water. To the right also, at about an equal distance, another point puts out into the broad Cayuga, thus forming the segment of a great circle, of which the eminence mentioned is midway upon the circular line, and commands one of those wonderful combinations of the beautiful and the grand in natural scenery, on which the eye might ever rest with unsatisfied admiration. The opposite western shore likewise forms an apparent curve, following the Cayuga as it sweeps around the points on either side, and is soon lost between the hills. Over this vast and beautiful prospect the glories of parting day yet lingered which were cast by the sun's 'setting indescribable.' The hues of twilight had shed their brightness on surrounding nature and disappeared, while Karistagia still continued to muse in silence, and unmoved by the grandeur of the scene before him, or the

future destinies of his people. He was now in the vigor of manhood :

'His sinewy frame, his noble air,
His lofty brow and martial frown;
Who saw him thus might well declare
A sachem he, of high renown.'

But in the midst of his meditations he was sorrowful, and dark forebodings of the future weighed heavily on his mind. The unbroken forest indeed yet waved over him, and the wild deer roamed its pathless wilds. His chiefs and warriors, whose simple abodes were scattered thickly along the margin of the lake, where yet within his call. The light canoe might yet glide upon the sunny waters in safety, and the hunting grounds be resorted to, with none to molest : but a party of whites had this day crossed his lands. They had scanned with eager and impatient looks the beauty and fertility of this inland region ; and Karistagia had marked their coming and departure with a suspicious and anxious eye. They were the first that had penetrated the territories of the Cayugas ; and it brought vividly before the mind of the sachem the fate of those kindred races 'toward the rising sun,' who had been overrun and finally exterminated. The rising fortunes of this white race, their superior sagacity, their enterprise and their civilization, suggested to the mind of the chieftain the figure of a cloud rising darkly over their political horizon ; which gathering strength and energy with its ascent, seemed even then to hang over the house of the Iroquois with a threatening potency, which must visit it eventually with utter desolation.

'With his mind filled with these impressions, he had continued to stand in thoughtful silence until the shades of evening had fallen around him, and the stars of heaven had come forth to cast their faint illumination over the scene. Being thus admonished that the hour of repose drew on apace, he retired beneath the shelter of an oak, and having gathered the simple folds of his mantle about him, he laid down to rest upon the grassy turf. The mild air of summer was loaded with the fragrance of the woodland flowers ; and under its balmy influence the forest chieftain soon fell into the arms of sleep. It was then came over his spirit strange visions of the night. He thought the forest had cast its leaves for the ninetieth time, and he again stood upon the same little eminence from which he had but then retired to rest. But a prospect now rose up at once astonishing and incomprehensible. The noble forest had disappeared, and trees and shrubbery of another kind met his eye in every direction. Just below him rose the spire of a church, where once had stood the lofty elm. The Indian trail had been changed to a broad and commodious street ; and the cottage and the more stately edifice were ranged along the places where but yesterday were seen the wigwams of his warrior-chiefs. In the grove where they were accustomed to celebrate their national rites and offer up their adoration to the Great Spirit, an institution of learning had been reared. On the still surface of the lake, steam-vessels were gliding with graceful ease, whose motion and size were to him a mystery and a wonder ; while nearer the shore there appeared a small but gaily-decorated boat, which conveyed over the sunny waves a thoughtless and joyous company ; and from whom the

strange harmony of many instruments seemed to Karistagia to arise, until the summer air was tremulous with melodious voices. From whithersoever he turned his eye, every vestige of Indian sovereignty had vanished. He discovered indeed those majestic outlines which Nature delights to trace upon all her works, and which the mutations of centuries could not obliterate from his remembrance; but all else was changed, and to him impossible. Their hunting-grounds had become places of pasturage; and the denser wilderness having been levelled, the share of the husbandman had turned the sod. From these fearful scenes the chieftain endeavored in vain to turn his eyes. They stood before him so vividly as to render the conviction irresistible that the dominion of the Cayugas was about to terminate. 'The white man,' he murmured, 'the white man has possessed the land of the Indian. Can the Great Spirit desert his children and bestow their inheritance upon this proud oppressor, who has pursued the Indian with unrelenting destruction in his heart?'

'His agitation now sufficiently roused him to shift the mental train. Other ages glided away, whose events were too dimly shadowed forth to arrest his attention; but they indistinctly spoke of the conflicts, the triumphs, and the boundless prosperity of the Pale-face. Then rose up before him a new and different spectacle. It was the grove wherein stood the council-house, and wherein from time immemorial they had celebrated their Indian festivals. Upon one side, beneath a cluster of waving elms, a council-fire burned brightly, and revealed here and there a dusky warrior gliding through the wood. Presently, from the farthest extremity of the forest, a numerous band emerged, and wending their way upon the beaten trail with slow and solemn tread, they drew toward the council-fire. Another party here brought in a captive, and placed him beside the fire, around whom the approaching warriors formed a festive circle, and then in silence rested on their bows. They were clad in the costume of the ancient Cayugas; the costume of those warlike periods when the Iroquois sent forth their confederate bands to exterminate the Algonquins of the North, their hereditary foe, or to drive the Hurons and the Ottaways to the Upper Mississippi; to subjugate the Illinois of the West, or to invade the land of the Cherokees in the distant South. The sachem of the band then advanced to the centre, and before him knelt the captive in the attitude of taking a vow, preparatory to his adoption as a warrior. When this ceremony was over, the war-dance commenced around the new Cayuga, and the braves of the nation relaxed for the time their wonted gravity, and indulged in the innocent and singular amusements of Indian life. In view of this spectacle the spirit of Karistagia was enkindled, and he endeavored to address his brethren. He rose to his feet under the impulse of feeling, and seized his tomahawk instinctively; but the scene had shifted; the flitting figures of the night had vanished; and he opened his eyes upon the same prospect which was spread out before him a few hours before, when he retired to rest. The stars yet glimmered in the heavens, and the moon shed her effulgence upon the lake, which stretched far away beneath him in quiet repose. The fair Aurora, which had risen before him, had disappeared, and the noble elm yet spread its branches where fancy had reared a church.

This prefiguration however of future events made a deep impression upon the mind of the sachem, and he resolved to unfold it to Delanoga, the aged and honored Ha-nah-yo-oh, or prophet of the Cayugas. With this view he early bent his steps toward the lodge of the Ha-nah-yo-oh, which was situated a few miles distant, in the still solitude of the forest, and upon the verge of a dark ravine, along which reverberated the sound of a murmuring waterfall. At the interview which ensued he depicted to Delanoga the shadowy scenes and figures which had risen before him, and earnestly desired an interpretation. The prophet turned upon him his dark and thoughtful eye, which was the only indication of past prowess and distinction left him by the ravages of time and infirmity, and having listened with much emotion, but with fixed attention, to the narrative of Karistagia, after a brief silence he thus addressed him:

“Brother, the Great Spirit has taken his garment from before the future and permitted you to discover the destinies of our race. The first part of this vision foretells that the pale-faces will ere long people the land, and the Indian be compelled to wander from the home of his fathers. They will become a mighty and a powerful nation. Like the leaves of the forest they will cover every hill and be scattered over every vale, till the Indian, to escape the overwhelming tide, has passed the great mountains toward the setting sun. There, and there only, will this great tide of human life be stayed; and there also shall the house of the Iroquois be again for a season erected. For know ye, great sachem, that when the wise men and fathers of our race, consolidated the Cayugas, the Onondagas, the Tuscaroras, the Senecas, the Oneidas and the Mohawks, into one great Indian empire, the empire of the Iroquois, they likened the confederacy to a house. The Tek-a-ri-ho-ge-a, or war-chieftain of the confederate nations, represented the dome, and was upheld and supported by forty-eight sachems; eight from each of the Six Nations. The sachems, in their turn, were sustained by twelve head-warriors, or generals, two from each nation; and surrounding and supporting the whole structure, were ranged the warriors of the whole confederacy. They framed our government in the fashion of a house, that it might be taken in pieces and carried away, if necessity should compel their children to seek new homes; and they also foretold, that although this house would be rent by the intrusion of an unknown race, yet it should never be entirely destroyed. This unknown race has now made its appearance, and the time for these changes is at hand. In a few short years we shall be surrounded, compressed, and this mighty inundation must finally lift us from our seats, and having borne us away upon its angry waves, we shall be cast, shattered as a nation, and pursued by hostility as a people, upon the wilderness of the western world. Our empire will fade away, without leaving a vestige or memorial behind; and oblivion and forgetfulness will sleep over us for ages, in the land over which we have so long exercised dominion. No ruined monuments will attest the power and sovereignty of the Iroquois. No crumbling temples will give evidence of their piety or their superstition. The Indian leaves no record but tradition, and no monument save the scanty mound of earth which is heaped upon his bones.

“Brother: continue to listen! The interpretation of the second scene

is evident and full of promise. It indicates that future period when the race of these oppressors of the red man shall be finished. When, having risen like the sun to the central heavens, and shed their influence over this great island; and like the sun having set, but not to rise again, the mantle of perpetual night shall cover their name and deeds. Then shall the oak again grow up in their deserted cities, and their proud monuments of civilization be buried in the underwood of the forest. Their boasted science shall fall back upon the page of nature from which it was deciphered, and their triumphs of genius fade away like the evening cloud. The Great Spirit will again cover the face of Nature with its original drapery, and guide back the Indian, our remote descendant, to inherit the land of his fathers. Then shall the festival of peace be again celebrated upon our hunting-grounds, and the war-song once again resound upon the hills of Cayuga. The central council fire shall again be lighted by the Onondagas, and the Oneidas will reproduce the calumet of perpetual union and friendship. The Mohawks shall again come forth to guard the eastern door of the House of the Iroquois, while the Senecas in like manner will open and protect the western. A new and brighter day will dawn upon the Indian, and ever afterward will he roam these boundless forests in full security and independence. The Great Spirit will again smile upon him, and universal peace and happiness shall prevail in the great family of the Iroquois.'

'The Prophet here ceased speaking; and Karistagia, whose mind had been more absorbed by the former than the latter part of these predictions, with hasty impatience thus addressed him:

'Great Ha-nah-yo-oh: Listen! This cannot and shall not be. Give up our inheritance, and without a struggle? Never! We will rouse the Confederacy for a final effort to shake off the destroyer. We will call in the Indian nations toward the setting sun, and again raise the tomahawk to strike for our wives and children, and for our fathers' graves. We will range every war-path, and contest for every tree and shrub, before one shall be yielded to the pale-face. They have pursued the Indian with unrelenting animosity. They have discharged among us every arrow from the quiver of vice; and fraud, ingratitude and oppression have ever rewarded our simple generosity and confidence. They found their title to our country upon our weakness, and seek our extermination to erect their empire upon the ruins of ours. We must then stand from beneath the oak which is ready to fall upon us. We have learned to look to the white man for nought but destruction, and we therefore can render nought but vengeance. And in the final conflict of the Iroquois for their existence and sovereignty, which is now at hand, if the six stars of our Indian empire, which have shone so long and so brightly in this western hemisphere, are doomed to set in perpetual obscurity, the last one, while it glimmers on the verge of the western horizon, shall cast back upon our pursuers a glance of hatred and defiance.

'Brother,' said Delanoga, 'allay this fiery impulse. The Great Spirit is wise, and orders all things for the best. He has decreed these things, and his purposes never change. It is terrible to the Indian to look forward upon his destiny, and to look back upon the causes by

which it has been guided. It is difficult to bend with resignation under these multiplied wrongs ; but to murmur availeth nothing, and we must be content. The Great Spirit, in the long course of ages, by the lapse of which his mighty works are wrought, will arrange the balance between the white race and the red, and full justice will finally be rendered to the Indian.'

'Karistagia made no farther response, but excited and dejected, he left Delanoga, and bent his way homeward through the forest.'

The original manuscript here terminates abruptly.

The Indian name of the Iroquois, Ho-de-nau-sau-nee, is in accordance with the figurative representation of the Confederacy, for it signifies a 'house newly built.' The organization of the Six Nations appears to have been exceedingly simple, and in many respects democratic. The Tek-a-ri-ho-ge-a was their military chieftain ; but in time of peace he seems to have retained authority only over his individual tribe or clan. Each of the Six Nations were subdivided into eight families or tribes, and were named as follows, in the Seneca language:

1. WOLF,	TOR-YOH-NE.
2. TURTLE,	GA-NEAR-TEH-GO-WAH.
3. SWIFT HAWK,	OS-SWEH-GAH-DA-GA-AH.
4. BEAVER,	NON-GAR-NEAR-GOH.
5. WHITE DEER,	NA-O-GEH.
6. SNIPE,	DOO-ESE-DOO-WE.
7. BEAR,	NEEAR-GUYE.
8. HERON,	JO-AS-SEH.

The eight sachems who governed these tribes were equal in point of rank, talent only being the measure of influence ; the office was elective, and for life, but the sachem was chosen from the tribe over which he was called to preside. His duties were entirely of a civil character.

In each nation there were also two head warriors, or generals, who had command of the people in time of war. They were next to the sachems in rank, and the title was hereditary in the female line ; one of them being always chosen from the Tor-yoh-ne tribe, and the other from the Doo-ese-doo-we.

Anciently there were no chiefs in either of the nations ; the office was made after they commenced their intercourse with the whites ; and to preserve the symmetry of their governmental emblem, they were inserted between the head warriors and the people, to act in the capacity of braces to the former, on the supposition that the 'house' had been injured by the intrusion of the whites. The chieftainship was elective and for life, and without limit as to number.

The 'council' was the most interesting, and the democratic feature of the Confederacy. It was the field of eloquence, and the pathway to distinction. From the best information that can be gathered, all the important business which concerned the Nations in their single or federal capacity, was transacted at the council-fires of the Nations respectively, or at the general council-fire of the Iroquois. The precise extent of the authority of these popular assemblies it is difficult to ascertain ; but it is clearly apparent that they were the great moving power of the machinery of this Indian government.

Of the Cayugas as a nation, their manners, customs, and history, little indeed is left or can be reached. But fifty years have passed away since their departure, and every trace of their former sovereignty is as perfectly obliterated as if as many centuries had elapsed. Their first treaty with the State in relation to their territory was held in 1789. The first section declares that 'The Cayugas do cede and grant all their lands to the people of the State of New-York forever.' The second section defines the original reservation. The third declares that 'The Cayugas and their posterity forever, shall enjoy the free right of hunting in every part of the said ceded lands, and of fishing in all the waters within the same.' The fourth provides an annual pension of five hundred dollars. In 1790 another treaty was held at Fort Stanwix to confirm the above. The third treaty was made at Cayuga Bridge in 1795, in which the reservation of one hundred square miles, lying on both sides of the Cayuga, between Aurora and Montezuma, was disposed of, with the exception of four square miles. A part of this last reservation was specially set apart at Cannogai for O-ja-geyh-ti, better remembered as Fish-Carrier, the most distinguished of the Cayuga sachems.* By another treaty in 1807, the last remnant of their own ample territories was surrendered to the State. In these treaties, beside various large sums of money, a perpetual annuity of twenty-three hundred dollars was secured to them. Prior to 1800,† nearly all the Cayugas had emigrated. The larger portion went to Sandusky in Ohio, another band to the southern part of Michigan, and still another portion, of about an hundred, joined the Senecas near Buffalo, where they still reside. From two other treaties, held in 1829 and 1831, it appears that the Cayugas at Sandusky have been removed by the general government west of the Mississippi, where they now receive seventeen hundred dollars annually from the State of New-York. The Cayugas at Buffalo receive six hundred.

It is gratifying to know that one of those Indian nations whose political existence has been extinguished to make room for a more fortunate race, is now in the enjoyment of an ample pension from the State which has reaped all the harvest in these treaties, and that by its judicious employment they may be saved from destitution.

Karistagia, who had received from the whites the appellation of Steel-trap, lived to see his vision in part fulfilled; and after all of his sons had fallen in the west, in the Indian war which succeeded the revolution, and after farther warfare with destiny itself became hopeless, he set his own mark to the first treaty for ceding away the patrimony of his ancestors. He died a few years afterward, in 1797, much lamented as an able sachem and valiant warrior, and was buried in Union Springs, at the head of the spring from which the village is named. At the foot of the grave of Karistagia had a few years before been interred the

* FISH-CARRIER died in Canada about the year 1828. Gar-nos-squa-geh-ant, (Black-Ear,) who succeeded Karistagia, died in Detroit in 1833.

† The first house in Cayuga county was raised in 1789 in the village of Aurora, and was situated near the residence of the Hon. JONATHAN RICHMOND. All the white inhabitants of the county, sixteen in number, were present; yet within twelve years, such was the influx of population, the Cayuga nation was broken up and had departed. This reservation was so surrounded, to use the words of BEN JACKER, that they were compelled to leave it.

remains of Delanoga, who, by the name of Copperhead, was known among the early settlers as the Wise Man of the Cayugas. Two painted posts for some years marked the place of their sepulture; but they were finally taken down to accommodate *public convenience*, and the lake road now passes over their graves: a striking illustration of the truth, that we retain but little feeling or respect for the unfortunate Indian, and would fain disturb him, even in the silent resting place of the tomb.

AQUARIUS.

I N V O C A T I O N T O T H E I D E A L .

‘Dost thou not
Build altars in our hearts to the sublime?
What were our thoughts without thy worship? What
Were this dark islet on the sea of Time,
But for thy lore?

BOLWEE.

I.

RETURN, thou spirit bright,
That once thy dwelling made within my heart,
Shedding around thine ever-beaming light;
Oh! why didst thou depart?

II.

All silent now, and dark,
Are thy deserted altars, whence the flame,
Kindled by thee from thine immortal spark,
In glowing radiance came.

III.

What is my heart without thee, but the tomb
Of wasted energies — dreams unfulfilled?
Hopes that have perished in their brightest bloom;
Voices, forever stilled?

IV.

Lonely, and very sad,
Are all my musings now, bereft of thee;
And the bright world thy presence once made glad,
Seems dark to me.

V.

Oh! spirit of my youth!
That with thy magic pencil dipped in light,
Tinged e'en the pictures of the living truth
With hues more bright;

VI.

Come to me yet again!
The dreams and visions of the past restore;
Waken my harp-strings to thy heavenly strain,
Return, return once more!

SUSAN PINDER.

A P A S S A G E

FROM A LEGEND OF THE SUBJUGATION OF SPAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

THE heart of Muza ben Nozier, at thought of the subjugation of unhappy Spain, was greatly lifted up, for he considered his glory complete. He held a sway that might have gratified the ambition of the proudest sovereign, for all western Africa and the newly acquired peninsula of Spain were obedient to his rule; and he was renowned throughout all the lands of Islam as the great conqueror of the west. But sudden humiliation awaited him in the very moment of his highest triumph.

Notwithstanding the outward reconciliation of Muza and Taric, a deep and implacable hostility continued to exist between them; and each had busy partisans who distracted the armies by their feuds. Letters were incessantly despatched to Damascus by either party, exalting the merits of their own leader and decrying his rival. Taric was represented as rash, arbitrary, and prodigal, and as injuring the discipline of the army by sometimes treating it with extreme rigor, and at other times giving way to licentiousness and profusion. Muza was lauded as prudent, sagacious, dignified, and systematic in his dealings. The friends of Taric, on the other hand, represented him as brave, generous, and high-minded; scrupulous in reserving to his sovereign his rightful share of the spoils, but distributing the rest bounteously among his soldiers, and thus increasing their alacrity in the service. 'Muza, on the contrary,' say they, 'is grasping and insatiable: he levies intolerable contributions, and collects immense treasure, but sweeps it all into his own coffers.'

The caliph was at length wearied out by these complaints, and feared that the safety of the cause might be endangered by the dissensions of the rival generals. He sent letters, therefore, ordering them to leave suitable persons in charge of their several commands, and appear, forthwith, before him at Damascus.

Such was the greeting from his sovereign that awaited Muza on his return from the conquest of northern Spain. It was a grievous blow to a man of his pride and ambition; but he prepared instantly to obey. He returned to Cordova, collecting by the way all the treasures he had deposited in various places. At that city he called a meeting of his principal officers, and of the leaders of the faction of apostate Christians, and made them all do homage to his son Abdalasis, as emir or governor of Spain. He gave this favorite son much sage advice for the regulation of his conduct, and left with him his nephew Ayub, a man greatly honored by the Moslems for his wisdom and discretion; exhorting Abdalasis to consult him on all occasions, and consider him as his bosom counsellor. He made a parting address to his adherents, full of cheerful confidence; assuring them that he would soon return, loaded with

new favors and honors by his sovereign, and enabled to reward them all for their faithful services.

When Muza sallied forth from Cordova to repair to Damascus, his cavalcade appeared like the sumptuous pageant of some Oriental potentate; for he had numerous guards and attendants splendidly armed and arrayed, together with four hundred hostages, who were youthful cavaliers of the noblest families of the Goths, and a great number of captives of both sexes, chosen for their beauty, and intended as presents for the caliph. Then there was a vast train of beasts of burden, laden with the plunder of Spain; for he took with him all the wealth he had collected in his conquests, and all the share that had been set apart for his sovereign. With this display of trophies and spoils, showing the magnificence of the land he had conquered, he looked forward with confidence to silence the calumnies of his foes.

As he traversed the valley of the Guadalquivir, he often turned and looked back wistfully upon Cordova; and, at the distance of a league, when about to lose sight of it, he checked his steed upon the summit of a hill, and gazed for a long time upon its palaces and towers. 'O Cordova!' exclaimed he, 'great and glorious art thou among cities,' and abundant in all delights. With grief and sorrow do I part from thee; for sure I am it would give me length of days to abide within thy pleasant walls!' When he had uttered these words, say the Arabian chronicles, he resumed his wayfaring; but his eyes were bent upon the ground, and frequent sighs bespoke the heaviness of his heart.

Embarking at Cadiz, he passed over to Africa with all his people and effects, to regulate his government in that country. He divided the command between his sons Abdelola and Meruan, leaving the former in Tangier, and the latter in Cairvan. Thus having secured, as he thought, the power and prosperity of his family, by placing all his sons as his lieutenants in the country he had conquered, he departed for Syria, bearing with him the sumptuous spoils of the west.

While Muza was thus disposing of his commands, and moving cumbrously under the weight of wealth, the veteran Taric was more speedy and alert in obeying the summons of the caliph. He knew the importance, where complaints were to be heard, of being first in presence of the judge; beside, he was ever ready to march at a moment's warning, and had nothing to impede him in his movements. The spoils he had made in his conquests had either been shared among his soldiers, or yielded up to Muza, or squandered away with open-handed profusion. He appeared in Syria with a small train of war-worn followers, and had no other trophies to show than his battered armour, and a body seamed with scars. He was received, however, with rapture by the multitude, who crowded to behold one of those conquerors of the west, whose wonderful achievements were the theme of every tongue. They were charmed with his gaunt and martial air, his hard sunburnt features, and his scathed eye. 'All hail,' cried they, 'to the sword of Islam, the terror of the unbelievers! Behold the true model of a warrior, who despises gain, and seeks for naught but glory!'

Taric was graciously received by the caliph, who asked tidings of his victories. He gave a soldier-like account of his actions, frank and full,

without any feigned modesty, yet without vain-glory. 'Commander of the faithful,' said he, 'I bring thee no silver, nor gold, nor precious stones, nor captives; for what spoils I did not share with my soldiers I gave up to Muza as my commander. How I have conducted myself, the honorable warriors of thy host will tell thee; nay, let our enemies, the Christians, be asked if I have ever shown myself cowardly, or cruel, or rapacious.'

'What kind of people are these Christians?' demanded the caliph.'

'The Spaniards,' replied Taric, 'are lions in their castles, eagles in their saddles, but mere women when on foot. When vanquished they escape like goats to the mountains, for they need not see the ground they tread on.'

'And tell me of the Moors of Barbary.'

'They are like Arabs in the fierceness and dexterity of their attacks, and in their knowledge of the stratagems of war; they resemble them, too, in feature, in fortitude, and hospitality; but they are the most perfidious people upon earth, and never regard promise or plighted faith.'

'And the people of Afranc; what sayest thou of them?'

'They are infinite in number, rapid in the onset, fierce in battle, but confused and headlong in flight.'

'And how fared it with thee among these people? Did they sometimes vanquish thee?'

'Never, by Allah!' cried Taric, with honest warmth, 'never did a banner of mine fly the field. Though the enemy were two to one, my Moslems never shunned the combat!'

The caliph was well pleased with the martial bluntness of the veteran, and showed him great honor; and wherever Taric appeared he was the idol of the populace.

Shortly after the arrival of Taric el Tuerto at Damascus the caliph fell dangerously ill, insomuch that his life was despaired of. During his illness, tidings were brought that Muza ben Nozier had entered Syria with a vast cavalcade, bearing all the riches and trophies gained in the western conquests. Now Suleiman ben Abdelmelec, brother to the caliph, was successor to the throne; and he saw that his brother had not long to live, and wished to grace the commencement of his reign by this triumphant display of the spoils of Christendom: he sent messengers therefore, to Muza, saying, 'The caliph is ill, and cannot receive thee at present; I pray thee tarry on the road until his recovery.' Muza, however, paid no attention to the messages of Suleiman, but rather hastened his march to arrive before the death of the caliph. And Suleiman treasured up his conduct in his heart.

Muza entered the city in a kind of triumph, with a long train of horses and mules and camels laden with treasure, and with the four hundred sons of Gothic nobles as hostages, each decorated with a diadem and a girdle of gold; and with one hundred Christian damsels whose beauty dazzled all beholders. As he passed through the streets he ordered purses of gold to be thrown among the populace, who rent the air with acclamations. 'Behold,' cried they, 'the veritable conqueror of the unbelievers! Behold the true model of a conqueror, who brings home wealth to his country!' And they heaped benedictions on the head of Muza.

The caliph Walid Almanzor rose from his couch of illness to receive the emir; who, when he repaired to the palace, filled one of its great courts with treasures of all kinds: the halls, too, were thronged with the youthful hostages, magnificently attired, and with christian damsels, lovely as the houries of Paradise. When the caliph demanded an account of the conquest of Spain, he gave it with great eloquence; but, in describing the various victories, he made no mention of the name of Taric, but spoke as if every thing had been effected by himself. He then presented the spoils of the Christians as if they had been all taken by his own hands; and when he delivered to the caliph the miraculous table of Solomon, he dwelt with animation on the virtues of that inestimable talisman.

Upon this Taric, who was present, could no longer hold his peace. 'Commander of the faithful!' said he, 'examine this precious table if any part be wanting.' The caliph examined the table, which was composed of a single emerald, and he found that one foot was supplied by a foot of gold. The caliph turned to Muza and said, 'Where is the other foot of the table?' Muza answered, 'I know not; one foot was wanting when it came into my hands.' Upon this, Taric drew from beneath his robe a foot of emerald of like workmanship to the others, and fitting exactly to the table. 'Behold! O commander of the faithful!' cried he, 'a proof of the real finder of the table; and so is it with the greater part of the spoils exhibited by Muza as trophies of his achievements. It was I who gained them, and who captured the cities in which they were found. If you want proof, demand of these Christian cavaliers here present, most of whom I captured; demand of those Moslem warriors who aided me in my battles.'

Muza was confounded for a moment, but attempted to vindicate himself. 'I spake,' said he, 'as the chief of your armies, under whose orders and banners this conquest was achieved. The actions of the soldier are the actions of the commander. In a great victory, it is not supposed that the chief of the army takes all the captives, or kills all the slain, or gathers all the booty, though all are enumerated in the records of his triumph.' The caliph, however, was wroth, and heeded not his words. 'You have vaunted your own deserts,' said he, 'and have forgotten the deserts of others; nay, you have sought to debase another who has loyally served his sovereign: the reward of your envy and covetousness be upon your head!' So saying, he bestowed a great part of the spoils upon Taric and the other chiefs, but gave nothing to Muza; and the veteran retired amidst the sneers and murmurs of those present.

In a few days the Caliph Walid died, and was succeeded by his brother Suleiman. The new sovereign cherished deep resentment against Muza for having presented himself at court contrary to his command, and he listened readily to the calumnies of his enemies; for Muza had been too illustrious in his deeds not to have many enemies. All now took courage when they found he was out of favor, and they heaped slanders on his head; charging him with embezzling much of the share of the booty belonging to the sovereign. The new caliph lent a willing ear to the accusation, and commanded him to render up all that he had pillaged from Spain. The loss of his riches might have

been borne with fortitude by Muza, but the stigma upon his fame filled his heart with bitterness. 'I have been a faithful servant to the throne from my youth upward,' said he, 'and now am I degraded in my old age. I care not for wealth, I care not for life, but let me not be deprived of that honor which God has bestowed upon me!'

The caliph was still more exasperated at his repining, and stripped him of his commands; confiscated his effects; fined him two hundred thousand pesants of gold, and ordered that he should be scourged and exposed to the noontide sun, and afterward thrown into prison. The populace, also, reviled and scoffed at him in his misery; and as they beheld him led forth to the public gaze, and fainting in the sun, they pointed at him with derision, and exclaimed, 'Behold the envious man and the impostor: this is he who pretended to have conquered the land of the unbelievers!'

While these events were happening in Syria, the youthful Abdalasis, the son of Muza, remained as emir or governor of Spain. He was of a generous and benignant disposition, but he was open and confiding, and easily led away by the opinions of those he loved. Fortunately his father had left with him, as a bosom counsellor, the discreet Ayub, the nephew of Muza: aided by his advice, he for some time administered the public affairs prudently and prosperously.

Not long after the departure of his father, he received a letter from him, written while on his journey to Syria; it was to the following purport:

'Beloved son; honor of thy lineage; Allah guard thee from all harm and peril! Listen to the words of thy father. Avoid all treachery, though it should promise great advantage; and trust not in him who counsels it, even though he should be a brother. The company of traitors put far from thee; for how canst thou be certain that he who has proved false to others will prove true to thee? Beware, O my son, of the seductions of love. It is an idle passion, which enfeebles the heart and blinds the judgment: it renders the mighty weak, and makes slaves of princes. If thou shouldst discover any foible of a vicious kind springing up in thy nature, pluck it forth, whatever pang it cost thee. Every error, while new, may easily be weeded out; but if suffered to take root, it flourishes, and bears seed, and produces fruit an hundred fold. Follow these counsels, O son of my affections, and thou shalt live secure.'

Abdalasis meditated upon this letter; for some part of it seemed to contain a mystery which he could not comprehend. He called to him his cousin and counsellor, the discreet Ayub. 'What means my father,' said he, 'in cautioning me against treachery and treason? Does he think my nature so base that it could descend to such means?'

Ayub read the letter attentively. 'Thy father,' said he, 'would put thee on thy guard against the traitors Julian and Oppas, and those of their party who surround thee. What love canst thou expect from men who have been unnatural to their kindred; and what loyalty from wretches who have betrayed their country?'

Abdalasis was satisfied with the interpretation, and he acted accordingly. He had long loathed all communion with these men; for there is nothing which the open, ingenuous nature so much abhors as dupli-

city and treason. Policy, too, no longer required their agency ; they had rendered their infamous service, and had no longer a country to betray ; but they might turn and betray their employers. Abdalasis, therefore, removed them to a distance from court, and placed them in situations where they could do no harm ; and he warned his commanders from being in any wise influenced by their counsels, or aided by their arms.

He now confided entirely in his Arabian troops, and in the Moorish squadrons from Africa, and with their aid he completed the conquest of Lusitania to the ultimate parts of the Algarbe, or west, even to the shores of the great Ocean sea. From hence, he sent his generals to overrun all those vast and rugged sierras, which rise like ramparts along the ocean borders of the peninsula ; and they carried the standard of Islam in triumph even to the mountains of Biscay, collecting all manner of precious spoil.

‘It is not enough, O Abdalasis,’ said Ayub, that we conquer and rule this country with the sword : if we wish our dominion to be secure, we must cultivate the arts of peace, and study to secure the confidence and promote the welfare of the people we have conquered.’ Abdalasis relished counsel which accorded so well with his own beneficent nature. He endeavored, therefore, to allay the ferment and confusion of the conquest ; forbade, under rigorous punishment, all wanton spoil or oppression, and protected the native inhabitants in the enjoyment and cultivation of their lands, and the pursuit of all useful occupations. By the advice of Ayub also, he encouraged great numbers of industrious Moors and Arabs to emigrate from Africa, and gave them houses and lands ; thus introducing a peaceful Mahometan population into the conquered provinces.

The good effect of the counsels of Ayub were soon apparent. Instead of a sudden but transient influx of wealth made by the ruin of the land, which left the country desolate, a regular and permanent revenue sprang up, produced by reviving prosperity, and gathered without violence. Abdalasis ordered it to be faithfully collected, and deposited in coffers by public officers appointed in each province for the purpose ; and the whole was sent by ten deputies to Damascus, to be laid at the feet of the caliph,—not as the spoils of a vanquished country, but as the peaceful trophies of a wisely administered government.

The common herd of warlike adventurers, the mere men of the sword, who had thronged to Spain for the purpose of ravage and rapine, were disappointed at being thus checked in their career, and at seeing the reign of terror and violence drawing to a close. ‘What manner of leader is this,’ said they, ‘who forbids us to make spoil of the enemies of Islam, and to enjoy the land we have wrested from the unbelievers ?’ The partisans of Julian also whispered their calumnies. ‘Behold,’ said they, ‘with what kindness he treats the enemies of your faith : all the Christians who have borne arms against you, and withstood your entrance into the land, are favoured and protected ; but it is enough for a Christian to have befriended the cause of the Moslems to be singled out by Abdalasis for persecution and to be driven with scorn from his presence.’

These insinuations fermented the discontent of the turbulent and rapacious among the Moslems ; but all the friends of peace and order and good government applauded the moderation of the youthful emir.

Abdalasis had fixed his seat of government at Seville, as permitting easy and frequent communications with the coast of Africa. His palace was of noble architecture, with delightful gardens extending to the banks of the Guadalquivir. In a part of this palace resided many of the most beautiful Christian females, who were detained as captives, or rather hostages, to insure the tranquillity of the country. Those who were of noble rank were entertained in luxury and magnificence ; slaves were appointed to attend upon them, and they were arrayed in the richest apparel and decorated with the most precious jewels. Those of tender age were taught all graceful accomplishments ; and even where tasks were imposed, they were of the most elegant and agreeable kind. They embroidered, they sung, they danced, and passed their times in pleasing revelry. Many were lulled by this easy and voluptuous existence ; the scenes of horror through which they had passed were gradually effaced from their minds, and a desire was often awakened of rendering themselves pleasing in the eyes of their conquerors.

After his return from his campaign in Lusitania, and during the intervals of public duty, Abdalasis solaced himself in the repose of this palace, and in the society of these Christian captives. He remarked one among them who ever sat apart ; and neither joined in the labors nor sports of her companions. She was lofty in her demeanor, and the others always paid her reverence ; yet sorrow had given a softness to her charms, and rendered her beauty touching to the heart. Abdalasis found her one day in the garden with her companions : they had adorned their heads with flowers, and were singing the songs of their country ; but she sat by herself and wept. The youthful emir was moved by her tears, and accosted her in gentle accents. ‘O fairest of women!’ said he, ‘why dost thou weep and why is thy heart troubled?’ ‘Alas!’ replied she, ‘have I not cause to weep, seeing how sad is my condition, and how great the height from which I have fallen? In me you behold the wretched Exilona, but lately the wife of Roderick, and the Queen of Spain, now a captive and a slave!’ And, having said these words, she cast her eyes upon the earth, and her tears began to flow afresh.

The generous feelings of Abdalasis were aroused at the sight of beauty and royalty in tears. He gave orders that Exilona should be entertained in a style befitting her former rank ; he appointed a train of female attendants to wait upon her, and a guard of honor to protect her from all intrusion. All the time that he could spare from public concerns was passed in her society ; and he even neglected his divan, and suffered his counsellors to attend in vain, while he lingered in the apartments and gardens of the palace, listening to the voice of Exilona.

The discreet Ayub saw the danger into which he was falling. ‘Oh Abdalasis!’ said he, ‘remember the words of thy father. ‘Beware, my son,’ said he, ‘of the seductions of love. It renders the mighty weak, and makes slaves of princes!’ A blush kindled on the cheek of Abdalasis, and he was silent for a moment. ‘Why,’ said he, at length, ‘do you seek to charge me with such weakness? It is one thing to be in-

fatuated by the charms of a woman, and another to be touched by her misfortunes. It is the duty of my station to console a princess who has been reduced to the lowest humiliation by the triumphs of our arms. In doing so, I do but listen to the dictates of true magnanimity.'

Ayub was silent, but his brow was clouded; and for once Abdalasis parted in discontent from his counsellor. In proportion as he was dissatisfied with others or with himself, he sought the society of Exilona; for there was a charm in her conversation that banished every care. He daily became more and more enamored; and Exilona gradually ceased to weep, and began to listen with secret pleasure to the words of her Arab lover. When, however, he sought to urge his passion, she recollected the light estimation in which her sex was held by the followers of Mahomet, and assumed a countenance grave and severe.

'Fortune,' said she, 'has cast me at thy feet: behold, I am thy captive and thy spoil. But though my person is in thy power, my soul is unsubdued; and know that, should I lack force to defend my honor, I have resolution to wash out all stain upon it with my blood. I trust, however, in thy courtesy as a cavalier to respect me in my reverses, remembering what I have been; and that, though the crown has been wrested from my brow, the royal blood still warms within my veins.'

The lofty spirit of Exilona, and her proud repulse, served but to increase the passion of Abdalasis. He besought her to unite her destiny with his, and share his state and power, promising that she should have no rival nor co-partner in his heart. Whatever scruples the captive queen might originally have felt to a union with one of the conquerors of her lord, and an enemy of her adopted faith, they were easily vanquished; and she became the bride of Abdalasis. He would fain have persuaded her to return to the faith of her fathers; but though of Moorish origin, and brought up in the doctrines of Islam, she was too thorough a convert to Christianity to consent, and looked back with disgust upon a religion that admitted a plurality of wives.

When the sage Ayub heard of the resolution of Abdalasis to espouse Exilona he was in despair. 'Alas, my cousin!' said he, 'what infatuation possesses thee? Hast thou then entirely forgotten the letter of thy father? 'Beware, my son,' said he, 'of love: it is an idle passion, which enfeebles the heart and blinds the judgment.' But Abdalasis interrupted him with impatience. 'My father,' said he, 'spake but of the blandishments of wanton love; against these I am secured by my virtuous passion for Exilona.'

Ayub would fain have impressed upon him the dangers he ran of awakening suspicion in the caliph, and discontent among the Moslems, by wedding the queen of the conquered Roderick, and one who was an enemy to the religion of Mahomet; but the youthful lover only listened to his passion. Their nuptials were celebrated at Seville with great pomp and rejoicings, and he gave his bride the name of Omalisam; that is to say, she of the precious jewels; but she continued to be known among the Christians by the name of Exilona.

Possession, instead of cooling the passion of Abdalasis, only added to its force; he became blindly enamored of his beautiful bride, and consulted her will in all things; nay, having lost all relish for the advice

of the discreet Ayub, he was even guided by the counsels of his wife in the affairs of government. Exilona, unfortunately, had once been a queen, and she could not remember her regal glories without regret. She saw that Abdalasis had great power in the land; greater even than had been possessed by the Gothic kings; but she considered it as wanting in true splendor until his brows should be encircled with the outward badge of royalty. One day, when they were alone in the palace of Seville, and the heart of Abdalasis was given up to tenderness, she addressed him in fond yet timid accents. 'Will not my lord be offended,' said she, 'if I make an unwelcome request?' Abdalasis regarded her with a smile. 'What canst thou ask of me, Exilona,' said he, 'that it would not be a happiness for me to grant?' Then Exilona produced a crown of gold, sparkling with jewels, which had belonged to the king, Don Roderick, and said, 'Behold, thou art king in authority, be so in thy outward state. There is majesty and glory in a crown; it gives a sanctity to power.' Then putting the crown upon his head, she held a mirror before him that he might behold the majesty of his appearance. Abdalasis chid her fondly, and put the crown away from him; but Exilona persisted in her prayer. 'Never,' said she, 'has there been a king in Spain that did not wear a crown.' So Abdalasis suffered himself to be beguiled by the blandishments of his wife, and to be invested with the crown and sceptre and other signs of royalty.

It is affirmed by ancient and discreet chroniclers, that Abdalasis only assumed this royal state in the privacy of his palace, and to gratify the eye of his youthful bride: but where was a secret ever confined within the walls of a palace? The assumption of the insignia of the ancient Gothic kings was soon rumored about, and caused the most violent suspicions. The Moslems had already felt jealous of the ascendancy of this beautiful woman; and it was now confidently asserted that Abdalasis, won by her persuasions, had secretly turned Christian.

The enemies of Abdalasis, those whose rapacious spirits had been kept in check by the beneficence of his rule, seized upon this occasion to ruin him. They sent letters to Damascus accusing him of apostacy, and of an intention to seize upon the throne in right of his wife, Exilona, as widow of the late King Roderick. It was added, that the Christians were prepared to flock to his standard, as the only means of regaining ascendancy in their country.

These accusations arrived at Damascus just after the accession of the sanguinary Suleiman to the throne, and in the height of his persecution of the unfortunate Muza. The caliph waited for no proofs in confirmation; he immediately sent private orders that Abdalasis should be put to death, and that the same fate should be dealt to his two brothers who governed in Africa, as a sure means of crushing the conspiracy of this ambitious family.

The mandate for the death of Abdalasis was sent to Abhilbar ben Obeidah and Zeyd ben Nabegat, both of whom had been cherished friends of Muza, and had lived in intimate favor and companionship with his son. When they read the fatal parchment, the scroll fell from their trembling hands. 'Can such hostility exist against the family of Muza?' exclaimed they. 'Is this the reward for such great and glo-

rious services ?' The cavaliers remained for some time plunged in horror and consternation. The order, however, was absolute, and left them no discretion. *Allah is great,*' said they, 'and commands us to obey our sovereign.' So they prepared to execute the bloody mandate with the blind fidelity of Moslems.

It was necessary to proceed with caution. The open and magnanimous character of Abdalasis had won the hearts of a great part of the soldiery, and his magnificence pleased the cavaliers who formed his guard: it was feared, therefore, that a sanguinary opposition would be made to any attempt upon his person. The rabble, however, had been embittered against him from his having restrained their depredations, and because they thought him an apostate in his heart, secretly bent upon betraying them to the Christians. While, therefore, the two officers made vigilant dispositions to check any movement on the part of the soldiery, they let loose the blind fury of the populace, by publishing the fatal mandate. In a moment the city was in a ferment, and there was a ferocious emulation who should be first to execute the orders of the caliph.

Abdalasis was at this time at a palace in the country not far from Seville, commanding a delightful view of the fertile plain of the Guadalquivir. Hither he was accustomed to retire from the tumult of the court, and to pass his time among groves and fountains, and the sweet repose of gardens, in the society of Exilona. It was the dawn of day, the hour of early prayer, when the furious populace arrived at this retreat. Abdalasis was offering up his orisons in a small mosque which he had erected for the use of the neighboring peasantry. Exilona was in a chapel in the interior of the palace, where her confessor, a holy friar, was performing mass. They were both surprised at their devotions, and dragged forth by the hands of the rabble. A few guards, who attended at the palace, would have made defence; but they were overawed by the sight of the written mandate of the caliph.

The captives were borne in triumph to Seville. All the beneficent virtues of Abdalasis were forgotten; nor had the charms of Exilona any effect in softening the hearts of the populace. The brutal eagerness to shed blood, which seems inherent in human nature, was awakened; and wo to the victims when that eagerness is quickened by religious hate! The illustrious couple, adorned with all the graces of youth and beauty, were hurried to a scaffold in the great square of Seville, and there beheaded, amidst the shouts and execrations of an infatuated multitude. Their bodies were left exposed upon the ground, and would have been devoured by dogs, had they not been gathered at night by some friendly hand, and poorly interred in one of the courts of their late dwelling.

Thus terminated the loves and lives of Abdalasis and Exilona, in the year of the Incarnation seven hundred and fourteen. Their names were held sacred as martyrs to the Christian faith: but many read in their untimely fate a lesson against ambition and vain-glory; having sacrificed real power and substantial rule to the glittering bauble of a crown.

The head of Abdalasis was embalmed, and enclosed in a casket, and

sent to Syria to the cruel Suleiman. The messenger who bore it overtook the caliph as he was performing a pilgrimage to Mecca. Muza was among the courtiers in his train, having been released from prison. On opening the casket, and regarding its contents, the eyes of the tyrant sparkled with malignant satisfaction. Calling the unhappy father to his side: 'Muza,' said he, 'dost thou know this head?' The veteran recognized the features of his beloved son, and turned his face away with anguish. 'Yes! well do I know it,' replied he; 'and may the curse of God light upon him who has destroyed a better man than himself!'

Without adding another word, he retired to Mount Deran, a prey to devouring melancholy. He shortly after received tidings of the death of his two sons, whom he had left in the government of western Africa, and who had fallen victims to the jealous suspicions of the caliph. His advanced age was not proof against these repeated blows, and this utter ruin of his late prosperous family; and he sank into his grave, sorrowing and broken-hearted.

Such was the lamentable end of the conqueror of Spain; whose great achievements were not sufficient to atone, in the eye of his sovereign, for a weakness to which all men ambitious of renown are subject, and whose triumphs eventually brought persecution upon himself, and untimely death upon his children.

Here ends the Legend of the Subjugation of Spain.

L O V E ' S S E C O N D S I G H T .

FAR through the dim, lone vistas of the night,
As eye to eye, thy form and face appear!
Love's inward vision needs no outward light,
No magic glass, to bring the absent near.

Seas roll between us; south, the palm-tree throws
Its waving shadow from yon moonlit hill,
And stars that never on my boyhood rose,
Are round me now, and yet I see thee still!

Alone thou standest on the beacons steep,
While sports thy sister by the waves alone:
Why dost thou gaze so fondly o'er the deep?
Ah, blush not, Love, the tender truth to own!

I see thee sink upon thy bended knees,
Yet not as one who bows in dumb despair;
Nor need I listen to the passing breeze,
To learn whose name is oftener in thy prayer.

Thy cheek is wet; was that a falling gem
From the pearly braid that binds thy glossy curls?
Nay, never shone from jewelled diadem
A gem so bright as Beauty's liquid pearls.

Thou turn'st away; though fair the moonlit main,
No sail is there thy yearning heart to thrill;
One long, fond gaze, and on the night again
Thy lattice closes, yet I see thee still!

On thy sweet face, as in a magic glass,
 I see the shapes that haunt thy slumbering eyes :
 What smiles of joy, when Hope's gay visions pass !
 What pictured wo, when Fear's dark phantoms rise !

Why dost thou wake before the morning lark,
 To hold sad commune with the wind and surge ?
 'T was but a dream that wrecked thy lover's barque,
 'T was but a dream that sang his ocean dirge !

E'en now that barque, before the homeward gale,
 Flies like a bird that seeks her callow nest ;
 Soon shall thine eyes behold its furling sail,
 Soon thy fond bosom to mine own be pressed !

I could not fail to hold my course aright,
 Though every orb were quenched in yon blue sea ;
 Love's inward vision needs no outward light,
 Star of my soul ! no cynosure but thee !

W. F. F.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF KITE-FLYING.

BY A YANKEE 'POOR RICHARD.'

WERE you ever in your youth addicted to kite-flying ? There is a great deal of fascination in the sport, and it must be confessed, not a little vexation also. There is poor Willie, going down the street, crying as if his heart would break ; twisting his knuckles into his eyes, and uttering an occasional 'boo-hoo !' that is absolutely touching. What is the matter with him ? I will tell you.

Willie has been saving his pence for three months past, in order to buy a huge ball of twine ; for he was determined to fly his kite high, this summer. He has been a week making a frame ; and this morning, before going to school, he covered it with a 'double' of the defunct 'Brother Jonathan,' made a long 'bobtail,' and fitted on the 'belly-band.' He fancied it would be dry and ready to fly by twelve o'clock ; but during school hours he thought so much of his kite that he missed all his lessons, and was kept in till one. There was no kite-flying for him before dinner ; and after that was over, just as he was darting out of the door, his father called him back, and told him he had some errands for him to do. Willie's face lengthened an inch, but saying nothing, he sat down on the sofa till his father was ready, and then took his little wheel-barrow and followed him 'down in town' to get some groceries. He was very much afraid the wind would fall before he could get back ; he never in his life wheeled so fast, and stopped so few times to rest. He was as red as a lobster when he reached home, and the perspiration poured from his face ; but what cared he ? The breeze blew freshly, and there were no more errands to do. Hurrah for the big kite !

I think I can see him rushing with it out of the yard : it is taller

than himself; twenty feet of tail are dragging behind; and in his hand is a great ball of twine, containing three skeins of 'twid-line.' 'Here, Tim Wilkins, set up this kite for me: now then!' and away runs Willie, 'letting out line' at every step, as his kite rises. The street makes a bend; Willie deviates from a straight course; the kite unaccountably swings to the right; 'Look out for those elms!' He runs more swiftly, hoping the kite will get above them before it reaches them: 'Either stop entirely, and pay out, or else run quick, Willie; I advise you to stop:' No? well, run then, quick! quick! it is almost clear: bah! the tail has caught! Down on its side swings the kite; Willie pulls like a good fellow, but all in vain; the tree wont let go: at last the line parts, after breaking the back-bone of the kite; the wreck remains in the tree; and Willie winds up the remainder of his line, and goes home crying. Poor Willie! this is the end of all his toiling, and saving, and anticipation!

AFTER all, what are all men, and all women too, but kite-flyers? And how great a proportion of their schemes end like Willie's, in disappointment and grief!

The most persevering kite-flyers that I know of, are the Reformers; and if they were better acquainted with the art of flying common kites, they would be more successful in their endeavors to elevate to a respectable position the various kites of Reform which they are engaged in flying. I will venture to assert that Martin Luther was, when a boy, a 'first-rate' kite-flyer. I do not believe he ever lost a kite on an elm tree in his life. And as to Father Miller, of present notoriety, I think I may with equal confidence assume, that he neither knows now, nor ever did know, any thing about kite-flying. The eager reformer too often gets his kite into some unforeseen moral elm tree.

The kite is the scheme, or plan of reform; the wind is the moral atmosphere of society, which is always in motion in some direction. Even when a calm prevails down below, there is always breeze enough aloft, if you can only get your kite sufficiently high to benefit by it. The line is the necessity and propriety of the case, combined with the motives and means of the actors, and twisted into a cord, the goodness and strength of which alone can justify the experiment, and by which the kite at the same time maintains its place in the heavens and its connexion with its originators and the earth below. Those who fly the kite, are the Reformers; and the bobtail is composed of those who strenuously oppose the new scheme; the ultra conservatives, who always, on the announcement of any new piece of kite-ism, seize its tail in order to prevent its ascension, not perceiving that they are the balancing power of the whole concern, without whom the new kite could not ascend one yard!

When any set of men wish to fly a new kite, they spend, like our friend Willie, a long time in cogitation, anticipation, and preparation. I am going to suppose a successful ascension. Every thing is ready, but a dead calm pervades the lower atmosphere. Not to be discouraged, however, the schemers 'set up' their kite, and line in hand, straightway start off at a full run through the streets and lanes, and

over the broad fields of society, raising a breeze as they go, and carefully avoiding the neighborhood of *elm trees*. Out from their workshops and houses run the inhabitants, to see what is going on: some encourage, some hoot, and others sternly determine to keep that kite down at all events. Away run these sturdy old opposers after the kite, which, meanwhile, for want of a bobtail, is doing nothing better than skim the ground, and occasionally digs into it head-foremost, and needs to be 'set up' again.

Just at this moment up comes Tom, and seizes the kite by its lower extremity, determined to keep it down. But the kite, finding itself in some measure balanced, rises and takes him off his legs. With desperate gripe, Dick seizes Tom by his ankles, and is carried up also. Harry rushes forward, makes a grab at Dick, and finds himself going up likewise: the kite is getting a respectable bobtail! A dozen more string themselves on: the kite only ascends the more steadily; the conservatives are alarmed; those below dare not fasten on, those above are too proud to let go; the kite is just balanced, and rises majestically to the breezy heavens. The Reformers may rest now, make their line fast to a tree, and enjoy their success; saying to each other: 'What an excellent bobtail those Conservatives make! Very true, Brother Reformers; but without those same adversaries, where would your kite have been? Respect them, therefore, for they answer a useful purpose, and are indispensably necessary to the successful issue of your scheme. Acknowledge your obligations, then, and be thankful.

Let us look into the sky of the Past. What a multitude of vast and shadowy kites do we there see flying! There soars the kite of Galileo, with a host of learned Doctors, an infallible Pope or two, and a college of Cardinals, dangling at its tail. There floats the kite of Columbus, with the New World painted on its front, and the Old World, and nearly all its great men, strung together on its magnificent bobtail. Higher and broader yet, see the mighty kite of Luther; and count if you can, the innumerable Popes, Cardinals and Priests, the images, the monasteries, and the convents, which swing in shadowy grandeur below; tipped off with the vast and misty shape of Satan himself, who writhes and struggles in vain to keep the kite from rising. He has a black spot on the side of his face; that came from the inkstand which Luther, when once tempted by him, dared to cast at the arch-conservative; and since then, the Reformer and his disciples have kept the Father of Evil so busily employed, that he has not found time to wash his face! Look yonder at the scientific kite of Harvey, with a heart on its broad bosom, and all the anatomists, physiologists, surgeons and physicians, over forty years old at the time that kite was set up, hanging as an appendage to its lower extremity! Nearer yet, behold the kite of WASHINGTON and the American Continental Congress of 1776, with the United States of America on its breast, France, Spain, and Holland, assisting to hold the line, and a long string of Tories, ending with the empire of Great-Britain, for a bobtail!

These are some few of the kite-flying schemes which have proved successful; but let not the ardent reformer imagine that, because these

have succeeded, his own will therefore prove equally fortunate. These are the happy exceptions. On the other hand, let him not be discouraged by the numerous failures, but let him learn wisdom by experience, and avoid, in flying his next kite, the obstacle which proved ruinous to his last. It is well for us, that

‘Hope springs eternal in the human breast;’

and if, on mature reflection, his head and his heart approve his plan, let him set up his new kite by all means. And you, grim old Conservatives! if your consciences justify you also, seize its tail, and prevent its ascent if you can. If you can keep it down, (as you often do,) it will be right that it should be kept down: if you are carried up with it, that will be perfectly proper also: you will make a beautiful bobtail, and will, moreover, in so doing, have fulfilled your ‘mission.’

Cast your eyes up at the sky of the Present. Wherever you look, you see kites flying, of all sizes and shapes, and at all heights. Some are wriggling from side to side, as if striving, snake-like, to work their way upward; and now and then, when the wind rises, they turn a succession of somersets, downward, until near the ground, when, the breeze failing, they resume an upright position; and those who hold the lines contrive, by dint of running, to raise the kites to their former elevation. Those kites have bobtails either too short or too light. Once in a while a bob gets reinforced, just as the kite has nearly reached the ground. Look! there is one which has just ‘turned a pudding’ twenty times: it is close to the ground, and were its opponents content to look upon it with perfect contempt, it would probably sink hopelessly to the earth. But a mob of opposers are fearful that it may, and determined that it shall not rise again; half a dozen string themselves on, and the former wriggling and ridiculous affair calmly ascends to a lordly position, which it maintains with great dignity. Look at yonder thing, which is continually making bows to the left: that is a one-sided affair, and all the bob-tail in the world could not make it respectable. Enough to balance it, would be sufficient to drag it to the earth. There is, however, one thing about these wrigglers of all kinds, which makes them very safe, though very ridiculous: they dive, and dive, but seldom come entirely to the ground. But let one of those majestic, well-balanced kites, that float aloft as steadily as stars, let one of them, by a sudden blow, lose its balance and dive; and ‘when it falls, it falls like Lucifer, with one long, steady rush to the earth, shattering itself as it strikes, ‘never to rise again.’ Such a fate always threatens even the best balanced political kite. It is only the truly moral philosophical, and religious kites, which possess a sort of immortality: their materials are imperishable, and if they do make a dive, as during the dark ages, they are always sure to be set up again, on a larger and more perfect scale, on the first proper opportunity.

With regard to the kind of kite-flying which we are now discussing, an individual may multiply himself indefinitely. He may be engaged in flying half-a-dozen kites, and at the same time be swinging at the

bobtails of half-a-dozen others; yea, his former self may be dangling at the tail of a kite which his present self is busy in flying. You and I are at this moment apparently engaged only in philosophically observing the doings of others; but, by our written or spoken word, we are in truth tugging away at this or that kite-line, or swinging at the bobtail of this or that ridiculous wriggler, or majestic soarer. Take this Mnemonic Telescope, and see for yourself. Mind and use it right-end-foremost; and if you see yourself in a foolish position, and are inclined to feel chagrined, take heart; look a little farther, and you will find you have many excellent people to keep you company. If you find me cutting a ludicrous figure, moderate your mirth until I have taken a look through the glass at your various representatives, and then we will both have a hearty laugh together. 'Fore heaven! we are all in a case.'

After all, what is there in this state of things to cause lamentation? In the moral, as in the material world, nothing can be done unless the centrifugal and centripetal, the projectile and the restraining forces are duly balanced. This equilibrium exists, not in the individual, but results from the combined action of the whole. Were all reformers, the world would soon be dashed into pieces, through some false step, taken in the headlong race to perfection. Were all conservatives, what a gloomy and hopeless destiny would await the race of man on earth! HOPE, sometimes well, frequently ill-founded, is the motive principle of one party; DISTRUST, based often on prejudice, frequently on sound reasoning, impels the other party. Practically, no man is altogether a reformer, or entirely a conservative; but he joins this party or that, as his conscience and reason direct. If there be such a person on earth as a true philosopher, that never descends from his lofty mount of observation and contemplation, he probably never witnesses, among the struggling masses below, a single enterprise of which he can wholly approve, nor one which he can utterly condemn. But amid all the quarrels of polemics, the advances and retreats of parties, the battles and intrigues of factions, the action and the counteraction, he discerns clearly that the great body of society moves slowly but surely on toward the far-distant Paradise, transient glimpses of which are perceived only by the prophetic glance of the faithful seer.

But all men are not philosophers, and those who are most deserving of that name frequently descend into the arena of active life, and take sides with the combatants. Not to do so would argue in a man the want of human sympathies. Such an one might be above man in intellect, but he would be below him in feeling.

Let each one, then, do what seems to him his duty. Fear not! Providence is over all. What is right to me, may be wrong to you; but let us all act our parts honestly; the world will be the better for it, and I am sure each individual will. Fly your kite, neighbor; perhaps I may help you, either at one end or the other; and I shall be pleased to have you reciprocate. As Mr. Weller says, 'Reciprocity is mutual!' Never was the profound wisdom of that saying more satisfactorily exemplified, than in KITE-FLYING of all kinds. J. K. J.

THE FALLS OF THE YANTIC.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

HILLS, rocks and waters ! Here ye lie,
 And o'er ye spreads the same blue sky,
 As when, in early days,
 My childish foot your cliffs essay'd,
 My wondering eyes your depths surveyed,
 Where the vex'd torrent strays.

O'er bolder scenes mine eye hath strayed,
 By floods that make that light cascade
 Seem as an infant's play ;
 Yet dearer is it still to me,
 Than all their boasted pageantry,
 That charms the traveller's way.

For here, enchanted, side by side
 With me would many a playmate glide,
 When school-day's task was o'er,
 Who deem'd this world, from zone to zone,
 Had nought of power or wonder known
 Like this resounding shore.

Light-hearted group ! I see ye still,
 For Memory's pencil at her will
 Doth tint ye deep and rare ;
 Red lips from whence glad laughter rang,
 Elastic limbs that tireless sprang,
 And curls of sunny hair.

I will not ask if change or care
 Have coldly marr'd those features fair,
 For by myself I know
 We cannot till life's evening keep
 The flowers that on its dewy steep
 At cloudless dawn did blow.

Yet lingering round this hallow'd spot,
 I call them, and they answer not ;
 For some have gone their way,
 To sleep that sleep which none may break,
 Until the resurrection wake
 The prisoners from their clay.

But thou, most fair and fitful stream,
 First prompter of my musing dream,
 Still lovingly dost smile,
 And heedless of the conflict hoarse
 With the rude rocks that bar thy course,
 My lonely walk beguile.

Still thou art chang'd, my favorite scene !
 For man hath stolen thy cliffs between,
 And torn thy grassy sod,
 And bade the intrusive mill-wheel dash,
 And many a ponderous engine crash,
 Where Nature dreamed of God.

Yet to the spot where first we drew
 Our breath we turn, unchanged and true
 As to a nurse's breast ;
 And count it, even till hoary age,
 The Mecca of our pilgrimage,
 Of all the earth most blest.

And so, thou Cataract, strangely wild,
 My own lov'd Yantic's wayward child,
 That still dost foam and start ;
 Though slight thou art, I love thee well,
 And pleased the lay thy praise doth tell,
 Warm gushing from the heart.

Hartford, (Conn.) August, 1844.

A DAY AMONG THE PROPHETS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A SOUTHERN OLDSYMAN.

WE read of people whose respect for their parents shows itself in a singular manner : not willing that their aged limbs should come into rude contact with the world, they are at the pains of burying them away safely under the earth. The small circumstance of strangling them beforehand, in their view takes nothing from the merit of the act ; and by properly 'directing their intention,' on the principles laid down by Pascal,* they return to the huts of their murdered parents with the peacefulness of conscious virtue.

It has often occurred to us that the reverence which some people have for the Scriptures is of this heathenish sort. They fear that the truths of this Holy Volume will become dim under the sun of this century ; they do not think that the garments of salvation can stand all weather ; and rather than wear them out in active service, like the over-careful housewife, they will give them to the moth and rust of their shelves and corner cupboards.

Now it appears to us that the holy men of old were intended to be the bosom friends and companions of us, upon whom the ends of the world have come. Their biographies were given us at length, in order that we might know how they lived, and thought, and spoke ; that we might have their society, in short, and by its standard be able to find what is wanting in many of the circles in which we move. The facts of the revelation, interwoven with their history, occupy scarcely an appreciable space ; and for all the use which many people make of it, ~~the~~ ^{that} ~~fact~~ might as well have been omitted.

To illustrate this, how small are the creeds as compared with the Scriptures ! The Bible on our table is printed on seven hundred and seventy-seven pages ; one-sixth of one of these pages would be enough for the Apostle's Creed, and six of them would contain the whole of the

* Les Provinciales : Lettre VII.

Thirty-nine Articles. If then it had been thought necessary only to furnish the human mind with a few principles of the doctrine of CHRIST, the sacred canon might have been wonderfully shortened, and the labor of copyists, translators, commentators and printers infinitely reduced. But more has been added by divine inspiration: the principles have been shown us, reduced to practice, and their operation upon the minds and hearts of men exhibited. Thus is it proved that they are practicable, and the modes and limits of their application made most plain; and thus are we made aware of our own short-comings, and the futility of our excuses for them. How wildly extravagant would seem, upon the first hearing, such a word as this: 'Resist not evil; whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also!' 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;' we all understand that; or if we do not with our first set, we arrive at this eminence of this world's wisdom, at the latest, before we 'cut our eye-teeth' certainly: but the other — 'it is a hard saying; who can hear it?'

Yet, after a man had read and understood the feelings of the AUTHOR of that saying, while he was walking from the hall of judgment to the hill of execution; or after that, had been with Stephen, and heard his prayers, which the shouts of the rabble and the rattle of the stones could not drown; or after that had participated with Paul in some of his perils; it appears to us that he would hardly say of HIM, as the Jews did of Ezekiel, 'Ah, LORD! doth he not speak parables?'

The only GOD who appears in the Sacred Drama of the New Testament is JESUS CHRIST. The ALMIGHTY indeed spoke from Heaven, and the Holy Ghost appeared as a tongue of fire; but the actors of whom we read the most were mere men; originally no better, perhaps worse men than we; and to the very last, men of like passions. The superstitious reverence which some persons have for them, stands well rebuked by Paul in his account of his visit to one of the villages of Asia Minor: 'Sirs,' said he to the people, who had their priests and victims ready, and who were anxious to convert a Christian Apostle into a Heathen God, 'Sirs, *we are men*, and preach to you that ye may turn from these vanities to the living God.'

Their position near the fount of truth has an exaggerated importance in the minds of some, and tends to place them at too great a distance from us; but all that the seeing of the miracles, and hearing the preaching of their Master could do for them, was to *convince* their judgment; and if this conviction can be arrived at otherwise, and as certainly as by seeing, this at once brings down their intellectual advantages to an equality with ours, and makes them men such as we are. The only real difference between them and us is, that they were inspired, and we are not; but it is a difference which has nothing whatever to do with the comparison which is here instituted. Saint Paul tells us that a man may have all this miraculous knowledge, and yet be 'nothing;' and he leaves us to conclude that it was an endowment of the mind, which might be fully possessed, and still the heart remain utterly destitute of 'charity.'

The inference from all this, which we beg our readers to develope, is, that the holy men of old are to be considered as our brothers; of the

same family of which Adam is the natural head, and CHRIST the spiritual: our trials were theirs, our weaknesses theirs; and on the other hand, their efforts must be ours, and their success ours also.

A L E G A L B A L L A D .

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

AN attorney was 'taking a turn,'
In shabby habiliments drest;
His coat was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,
His linen and worsted were worse;
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
And not half-a-crown in his purse.

And thus, as he wandered along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talked to himself:

'Most unfortunate man that I am,
My only client is Grief;
The case is, I've no 'case' at all,
And in brief, I have ne'er had a 'brief.'

'The profession 's already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession,
That a modest young man like myself
Can't make the smallest impression.

'They grant I'm acquainted with 'grants,'
Can devise a 'devise,' or a plea,
Can make a good deed in 'fee simple,'
But I can't get the simplest 'fee.'

'I've waited, and waited in vain,
Expecting an 'opening' to find,
Where an honest young lawyer might gain
Some reward for the toil of his mind.'

While thus he was wandering along,
His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sigh'd to himself 'It is well.'

To curb his emotions, he sat
On the curb-stone the space of a minute,
Then cried, 'Here's an opening at last!'
And in less than a jiffy was in it.

Next day twelve citizens came,
The 'coroner's' quest, to attend;
To the end that it might be determined
How the man had determined his end.

'The man was a lawyer, it seems,'
Said the foreman, who 'opened' of course;
'A lawyer! alas!' sigh'd another,
'He undoubtedly died of remorse!'

A third said 'he knew the deceas'd —
An attorney, well versed in the laws;
And as to the cause of his death,
'T was no doubt for the want of 'a cause.'

The 'crowners' at length gave a verdict,
Which finally settled the matter;
'That the young man was drown-ded, because
He could not keep his head above water.'

St. Albans, (Pt.,) August, 1844.

GOSSIP OF A PLAYER.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOTT.

VISIT OF THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR ALEXANDER TO LONDON.

THE year of our LORD, 1814, was most prolific in London sight-seeing: the people were almost insane, and seemed to justify the remark of the grave-digger, in his reply to the question of Hamlet:

'Ay marry, why was he sent into England?
'Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 't is no great matter there.
'Prithee, why?
'T will not be seen in him there: there the men are as mad as he.'

On the day the Emperor of Russia arrived in London, the road for many miles was crowded to suffocation by carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians. From Charing-cross to Westminster Bridge, the street was almost impassable, from the treble line of carriages on each side, and the dense mass of human beings filling up every crevice. At an early hour in the morning the streets were thus occupied, all looking forward with intense anxiety for the *Autocrat of all the Russias*. The time was relieved by an unusual rush at the false signals of approach that were frequently made, and which created a confusion infinitely amusing to those who were mere lookers-on. At length the reverberating sound of the Tower guns, and afterward of the Park, gave notice that His Imperial Majesty had arrived, and fairly given the slip to the countless myriads assembled, by taking a circuitous road, for the purpose of avoiding these large assemblies of the people; thus most probably saving many lives which might have been sacrificed, from the great pressure which must unavoidably have taken place. The bitter disappointment to all those who had remained some six or seven hours in their carriages, and the greater endurance of the unfortunate pedestrian, may easily be conceived. Being myself a regular sight-hunter, I felt it as keenly as the

rest. I quietly wended my way home by Piccadilly, thoroughly exhausted, little imagining that I was to be amply repaid for my disappointment.

Just as I arrived opposite the Pultener Hotel, I found some three or four hundred people collected, who were vociferating loudly, 'Alexander! Alexander! come out!' — rather a familiar greeting to a crowned head — when almost immediately at the cry, a noble-looking man stepped forward, who was instantly recognized as the object of their wishes. The well-dressed mob made the welkin ring again with their shouts; and after thus far gratifying them, he bowed and retired with infinite grace. His appearance, his countenance at least, reminded me very forcibly of my late friend Mr. James Smith, one of the authors of the 'Rejected Addresses.' I had frequent opportunities afterward of seeing him, the King of Prussia, and all the other extraordinary lions of the day: in fact, crowned heads and foreign princes were 'as plentiful as blackberries.'

The city of London maintained its character for sumptuous hospitality, in giving one of the most splendid and gorgeous fêtes ever witnessed in the metropolis. Its magnificence was almost great enough to make Gog and Magog descend from their elevated stations, and mingle with the kingly guests. It is said that at a special court, held to consider the necessary ceremonies in the way of reception, etc., a doubt was started in what manner the Emperor Alexander was to be received. It was arranged without difficulty that 'God save the King' should usher in the Prince Regent and his august visitor, the King of Prussia; but what was to become of the Emperor? One of the members, of brighter intellect than his compeers, immediately suggested that his Imperial Majesty ought to be received with the national air of his country, 'Green grow the Rushes, (Russias,) O!' which was unanimously adopted! It is only fair, however, to the authorities, to admit that this was the only blunder committed, and that their entertainment was fully equal to the fairy descriptions so beautifully given in the Arabian Nights Entertainment.

I lounged one morning into Colnayhi's, the celebrated print-seller in Corkspen-street, and the King of Prussia had not left more than ten minutes. He had walked there, one gentleman only accompanying him, unknown and unnoticed in his passage through the streets. Mr. Colnayhi, Sen., immediately came up to me, and knowing my propensity for sight-seeing, began to regret that I had not been a few minutes earlier. It appeared that His Majesty had walked into the back apartment connected with the shop, where engravings of the greatest value were usually displayed. On the counter there happened to lie a superb portrait of NAPOLEON, in his coronation robes, which had that morning arrived from Paris, and had just been unpacked. The King took it up and examined it with great attention. I eagerly asked if he made any remark. 'No,' said Colnayhi; 'he simply said, *Bien gravé.*' In the enthusiasm of the times every trifling circumstance was magnified into an incident. I repeated this (not of course as an event) to Mr. F——, of Covent-Garden, who affected a knowledge of the French language, or rather, did not like to show his ignorance of it. Mr. F——

repeated my question literally ; ' Did he make any remark ? ' I of course said, ' Nothing but '*Bien gravé.*' ' This rather puzzled my friend ; but he arrived at the conclusion, in his own mind, that this must be some bitter philippic of the King's against NAPOLEON, and he immediately said, with great *naïveté*, ' Ay, indeed ; and well he might say so ! '

The Emperor, the King of Prussia, and the Prince Regent, with other branches of the English Royal Family, honored Covent-Garden with their presence ; and notwithstanding the interest excited by the foreign princes, every eye was bent in admiration of the stately form and magnificent bearing of our future king. A deep and settled melancholy, or gravity, sat upon Prussia's brow, which invested him with a peculiar interest ; for the world recollected the sufferings of his noble-minded queen. What a blaze of beauty did the theatre present on that occasion ! The waving of ostrich-plumes and the brilliant display of diamonds seemed to make it another paradise. The Hetman Platoff, Blucher, and a crowd of officers visited our green-room, and Platoff presented Miss Stephens with a very rich shawl ; a compliment for the pleasure he had derived from her charming melody.

PLAY OF GUY MANNERING: ANECDOTE OF LISTON.

IN the list of prominent talent brought forward in the production of ' Guy Mannering,' at Covent-Garden Theatre, gallantry forbid that I should neglect the most prominent. The all-attractive Miss STEPHENS, afterward Countess of Essex, held despotic sway over the ears and hearts of her audience. She had the happy talent of appearing altogether unconscious of her own powers and sweetness of expression, and seemed to look about with perfect wonder and timidity at the extraordinary demonstrations of applause which greeted her. She appeared to be wrapt in self-communion, and trying to reconcile to her feelings that she could, by any possibility, be the object of so much enthusiasm. Miss Mathews was Julia Mannering, a very pleasing singer, lively, handsome, and inflicting incredible pangs upon the hearts of hundreds of admirers : she has also retired into private life, having married a gentleman distinguished in the church. Mrs. Gibbs, the admired of chamber-maids, and that most accomplished of old women, Mrs. Davenport, sustained their parts to admiration. I do not recollect Mrs. Mattocks on the stage, though I had the pleasure of frequently meeting her after her retirement, in the family of one of my most intimate friends in Kensington, in which place she resided, and where she was greatly cherished and respected by the most influential and respectable of its inhabitants. Her reputation as an actress stood very high, but I cannot of course speak from experience of the full force of her talent, I certainly cannot conceive any acting in that particular branch of the art to exceed the powers of Mrs. Davenport. The great variety of characters in which she appeared she sustained with undeviating skill, and her popularity was only equal to her merit. Her nurse, in ' Romeo and Juliet,' was perfection. It would be most unjust, were I not

to mention the wild and powerful acting of Mrs. Egerton in the character of Meg Merrilies. It displayed a vigor of intellect, and a brilliancy of conception, quite worthy of the illustrious author.

Liston was perpetually indulging in practical jokes, an excellent substitute for those who have no positive wit. His humor and drollery soon placed him on the pinnacle of popularity. He was not a Shaksperian actor, which is the touch-stone of the art, but most exquisite in farce. His Lubin Log, in 'Love, Law, and Physic,' would alone have stamped him as a great comic genius. The imperturbable gravity of his countenance was most singularly contrasted with the convulsive laugh of his audience; and he also possessed a most extraordinary power over the muscles of his brother performers, as I have known to my cost, on many occasions. I will here narrate an anecdote, trifling in itself, but which afforded a rich fund of amusement to all the performers engaged, and gave me full revenge for many a scrape he had led me into with the public. The play was 'Guy Mannering,' in which I sustained the hero. On arriving at Covent-Garden Theatre, a little after my usual time for dressing, the prompter, Mr. Glassington, came to me in great anxiety, and earnestly requested me to make an apology, previous to the performance; in behalf of Miss Foote, who had at two or three hours' notice undertaken the character of Julia Mannering, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Miss Mathews. I immediately objected, on the plea that it would be impossible for me to be dressed before the play commenced. It however suddenly occurred to me that I might have a glorious opportunity of paying off some of my old scores to Liston; and in consequence, I undertook to make the apology. I immediately assembled all the ladies and gentlemen of the Theatre, who were engaged in the performance, including Mrs. Liston, and told them I had a joke in agitation against our friend. Not one but had been his victim, and they were therefore all on the *qui vive*. Liston had made it an invariable rule, after the play had been firmly established in public favor, to use every possible effort to make me laugh during my scene as Colonel Mannering with Dominie Samson, and too often with success. The audience, in the plenitude of their liberality, always heartily enjoyed the joke of my distress. On this occasion, however, I was fully prepared, and acted, more than I felt, the difficulty of the situation. While our scene was in progress, Liston, in an under-tone, was telling me some absurd anecdote. I in the same voice replied, 'Upon my honor, Liston, if you place me in this position, I will positively address the audience.' This of course only stimulated him to renew the annoyance, in the full confidence that I would not dream of exposing him. I then gradually worked up to the point by an appearance of violent suppressed laughter, to the very moment preceding Miss Foote's appearance. I then advanced to the front of the stage and made a profound bow. Liston, never dreaming that I would venture to speak, masked his face with his hat, and *sotto voce*, said, 'Ladies and gentlemen.' On the instant, to the perfect horror of Liston, and the amusement of the audience, who witnessed his unaffected distress, I addressed the audience as follows: 'Ladies and gentlemen!' 'Loud cries of 'Hear! hear!' with violent

applause, from all parts of the house. It was evident that I had succeeded in my joke against the public, as well as the great comedian. In one moment Liston lost his balance; he threw himself back, and with his arms extended, seemed the picture of astonishment and despair. A more tragic expression I never witnessed; but I exercised no mercy, no forbearance. In an assumed tone of wounded feeling, I reiterated: 'Ladies and gentlemen,' (another shout of laughter and applause,) 'it is with the greatest concern I feel myself compelled to address you.' As I said this, I threw an eye full of bitter reproach at Liston, amidst still heartier laughter; 'but in consequence of —— (long pause) —— the sudden indisposition of Miss Mathews, Miss Foote has, at a very short notice, undertaken the part of Julia Mannering, in the full confidence that you will extend to her your usual kind indulgence.'

Never was an apology for an indisposition received with such a mingling of laughter and applause. If Liston had had the presence of mind to have cried out 'Prodigious!' he would have saved himself: but no; he was completely at fault, and was not able to raise a smile the whole evening afterward.

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

THE visit of the allied sovereigns to England, taken separately from the novelty of such an event, was productive of a circumstance of great public interest. There was no limit to the number of continental princes in their train, drawn together, as in the days of old, to some far famed regal tournament. Among the rest was Prince LEOPOLD, of Saxe-Coburg, a younger brother, with the limited patrimony attendant upon his position, and little more than his rank and sword to look to. The Prince of Orange had been an aspirant for the hand of the Princess Charlotte; but love resists control; and the Prince, it appears, had not been able to inspire the tender passion. Leopold was looked upon with a more favorable eye; and the result was a marriage, not of convenience but affection. Their happiness appeared complete. They always appeared together in public, and in private their seclusion was of a character that must always be of interest. I recollect on one occasion, after her marriage, a burst of feeling so intense on the part of the Princess, that it excited the enthusiastic admiration of the audience. It was at one of the performances of Miss O'Neil, who had the charm of abandonment in her acting that was always sure to carry her audience with her. In the middle of a scene of agonizing distress, the Princess, in a paroxysm of uncontrollable distress, put her hands to her head and rushed from the box, no longer able to check the impetuous torrent of her feelings. The dramatic taste of the family seemed inherent in her; and her feeling for the art was not guided by fashion, but impelled by taste. The people anxiously looked forward for a scion in the direct line, and great was the anxiety at the approaching accouchement of Princess Charlotte; but all their hopes and joys were blasted by one of the greatest national calamities that ever befel our country, and which then appeared irreparable — the death of our future Queen.

We are accustomed in all ages to the homage due to departed greatness. The adulation paid to the living representative of royalty expires

not with the breath, but lingers till the loyal sentiment, which is so deeply rooted in the British nation, has been lulled to repose, and sober reflection is again allowed its sway. The death of this beloved Princess excited a deep and solemn interest. A banished mother, an inflexible father, the unbounded hopes excited by her faultless though brief career, all made a combination of feeling that gave a shock to the empire. The national distress at so great and unlooked-for a calamity was as a drop of water in the ocean, when compared with the deep anguish and sympathy of all classes, from the highest rank to the meanest subject of the realm. No parent mourned a child, no child a parent, with more poignant and heart-rending feeling, than was displayed by all upon this melancholy occasion. A nation's tears for a departed monarch are honorable to the memory of the deceased; but how high, how noble must be the sentiment that feels alone the equality which Death has conferred, and sheds the bitterest tears for the memory of the woman, and not the adventitious claims of rank! This is no idle, fulsome exaggeration of the feelings occasioned by the death of that much-lamented Princess. It was not the outward garb of mourning that marked the solemnity of the people's feelings; but the heavy heart, the measured step, as, buried in deep reflection, friend passed friend, with scarce a look of recognition beyond the mournful shaking of the head. Prince Leopold was looked upon in the affectionate light of a brother. His rank was forgotten; his high estate lost sight of; and although a foreigner, he was in the land of his fellow-people. The human sympathies of a great country were enlisted in his behalf. The widowed husband, the bereaved father, all threw around him a deep and sincere respect that years might lighten, but never totally destroy. All the theatres were closed upon this melancholy occasion for a week or ten days; and indeed it would have been useless to have opened them with such a strong current of feeling running adverse to every thing in the shape of amusement. This unlooked-for vacation I passed at the country-house of a gentleman with whom I had been very intimate, and who, years after, obtained an unfortunate celebrity. I had taken my seat on the box, by the side of the coachman of one of the Kensington stages, to be set down near Lombard-street, where the banking-house of my friend was situated, and in whose carriage I was to be conveyed to his residence in Essex. The coachman was a universal philanthropist. He was not contented with the general distress then prevailing, but selected those also who were compelled individually to suffer from this calamity by the deprivation of a portion of their income. He did not recognize me; but as we passed by Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane theatres, on our way by Catherine-street to the Strand, with a face of grievous melancholy, as if he were himself a sufferer, he turned round, and touching his hat respectfully, said: 'I say, Sir, a short bite for them 'ere theatrical gemmen just now!' As I was on my way to a most hospitable mansion, to partake of every luxury, and most agreeable society, the remark did not fall so keenly upon me as I fear the truth of it did upon many of the subalterns of the profession. In fact the death of any member of the royal family was of serious importance to the theatrical profession, as the theatres were closed by a positive order from the government, from the day of the death until the day after the funeral, a

period of at least three weeks. No remuneration whatever was made; and by the long and melancholy faces of the actors, they had the reputation of indulging a more sterling grief than the great mass of the public. The amiable consideration of the Duke of York, however, lessened our probation considerably; for he personally laid a statement before the Prince Regent, of the difficulties to which the profession were exposed; and he most graciously took it into consideration, notwithstanding the deep distress into which his parental feelings had been plunged by this melancholy calamity.

Othello's occupation having ceased, in consequence of the closing of the theatres, my friend Mr. Richard Jones and myself resolved to pedestrianize to Windsor Castle, to witness the grand pageant of the remains of the Princess reposing in state. Our faces not being unknown to most of the officials, every attention and courtesy were shown to us. We had resolved to make our excursion as simple and rural as possible; so, instead of securing downy beds in either of the luxurious inns of Windsor, we resolved to retire to a small public house in the neighborhood. Our appetites were increased in no moderate degree from the length of the walk; and doubtful whether mine host would be sufficiently provided for our extra cravings, we resolved to provide ourselves with some fine pork-chops which attracted our attention in a butcher's shop. It fell to the lot of Jones to carry them the first half way, including a portion of the town. They were delicately enclosed in a large cabbage-leaf and a 'Windsor Express,' with a deep black border. We had traversed the town without meeting any of our aristocratic friends, and were wending our sinuous path in rather a narrow road, beautifully hedged in, and from which there was no escape, when lo! mounted on his charger, in full uniform, attended by his servant, we encountered Lord ——! He immediately stopped, and after the usual salutations, said:

'Well, this is really a fortunate encounter; you must dine at our mess to-day.'

I saw my friend with the cabbage-leaf was exceedingly fidgetty; and as I was most determined not to lose my joke, I said: 'Why the fact is, my lord, we are most particularly engaged; nor indeed would our travelling wardrobe permit us to join your table; but if you will do us the honor of taking a luncheon with us, (for my friend Mr. Jones, who is the best of caterers and of carriers, has some half dozen pounds of pork-chops carefully concealed behind his back, which he is about having cooked at the nearest public house in the neighborhood,) we shall be delighted.' The best part of the joke, at least as far as his lordship was concerned, was, that he did join us, and a good hearty laugh we had. I was not a person to let slip an opportunity of procuring a ticket of admission for the Castle-yard to witness the funeral. In two days after I returned to Windsor, with an invitation to dine at Eton College, with my friend the Rev. W. Drury, and to sleep at the Castle, in the round Tower, where were situated the apartments of the Governor, the late Earl of Harrington.

Early in the winter of this year, GEORGE THE THIRD breathed his last at Windsor Castle. His was one of the most eventful reigns England ever saw; full of the most portentous events, never-fading

glory, and bitter mistakes. The personal prejudices of this monarch were allowed to interfere with the welfare of the people. His reputed firmness of character was perhaps the worst description of obstinacy ; and a blind submission to his views, the never-failing result of all the arts of his ministry. The great hold he had upon the affections of his people arose from the simplicity of his mode of life, and the general affability of his manner ; and certainly surer passports could not be found to the heart of JOHN BULL. It is lamentable to reflect upon the career pursued with reference to the great colonies, now the United States. The expenditure of blood and treasure, together with the enormous accumulation of funded debt, was all that England obtained for an inglorious war and an irritating peace. The unnatural warfare between the parent and child, although not a primary cause, hastened the French Revolution, with all its complicated horrors.

M O H A W K :

A COUPLE OF SONNETS TOUCHING THAT VALLEY.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

ORISKANY BATTLE-GROUND.

I.

HERE marched the troops of Herkimer ; between
 These swelling ridges, where the thick buckwheat
 Grows white and fragrant in the August heat,
 They passed into yon perilous ravine,
 Where hid by fallen trees and thickets green
 The Mohawk lay in ambush. This retreat
 Of spreading boughs, where summer winds make sweet
 The blackberry darkening 'neath its emerald screen ;
 These hollows roofed with cedar, where the wren
 Chirps undisturbed beside the running brook,
 No longer with the cries of war are shook,
 Nor shall the quaint inhabitant of this glen,
 From his red cottage in the topmost nook,
 Hear 'mid these quiet woods such fearful sounds again.

II.

THIS cone of boughs, through which the gold of noon
 Drops in large spots o'er beds of wintergreen ;
 This skirt of wood, whose rustling bushes lean
 O'er moss-banks yellow with the flowers of June,
 And hollows where the fountain sings its tune
 'Mid fern and leaning roses ; once between
 Its aisles of tamarack showed a fearful scene
 Of indiscriminate slaughter. Oh ! not soon
 Shall the grey-headed settler fail to tell
 Of that fierce battle : nor shall he who made
 His camp-bed first amid these nooks of shade,
 Forget the awe he felt in this wild dell,
 Whose thickets, hung with skulls and wampum braid,
 Gave token of the deeds which here befel !

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. By CHARLES DICKENS. In one volume. pp. 250. New-York: J. WINCHESTER, 'New World' Press.

WITH much that is unworthy of Mr. DICKENS; much that we dare say he will live to regret, if he is not already sorry for; 'Martin Chuzzlewit' contains some of the most striking scenes, and the most vivid portraiture of character, that have ever been sketched by our author's facile and felicitous pen. We pass by altogether his pretended pictures of morals and manners in the United States. They are for the most part caricatures, so gross as to be incapable of exciting any emotion save one in the mind of any American reader. Once or twice, it is true, he touches us 'in the raw.' We have turned a leaf at two examples, which we will indicate. In a conversation, not altogether voluntary, on board a Mississippi steamer, young MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT hears much of a certain distinguished politician. 'You air fortunate, Sir,' says his colloquist, 'in having an opportunity of beholding our ELIJAH POGRAM, Sir.' 'Your *Elijahpogram*,' exclaims the Englishman, thinking the name one word, and a building of some sort. He is introduced to the Major, who is a conceited politician, of the 'secondary formation,' spoilt by the adulation of a partisan circle, and fancying himself a 'terror to monarchical governments.' The scenes which ensue, although distorted, are yet not without some verisimilitude. At length the distinguished *Elijahpogram* leaves the boat; previous to which we have the following observations. In delivering them, we are told, the speaker emphasized all the small words and syllables; as if he thought the larger parts of speech could be trusted alone, but the little ones required to be constantly looked after:

'WHEN Pogram was about to leave them he grew thoughtful, and after pondering for some time, took Martin aside.

'We air going to part, Sir,' said Pogram.

'Pray don't distress yourself,' said Martin: 'we must bear it.'

'It ain't that, Sir,' returned Pogram, 'not at all. But I should wish you to accept a copy of My oration.'

'Thank you,' said Martin, 'you are very good. I shall be most happy.'

'It ain't quite that, Sir, neither,' resumed Pogram: 'air you bold enough to introduce a copy into your country?'

'Certainly,' said Martin. 'Why not?'

'Its sentiments air strong, Sir,' hinted Pogram, darkly.

'That makes no difference,' said Martin. 'I'll take a dozen if you like.'

'No, Sir,' retorted Pogram. 'Not a dozen. That is more than I require. If you are content to run the hazard, Sir, here is one for your Lord Chancellor,' producing it, 'and one for your principal Secretary of State. I should wish them to see it, Sir, as expressing what My opinions air. That they may not plead ignorance at a future time. But don't get into danger, Sir, on my account!'

'There is not the least danger, I assure you,' said Martin. So he put the pamphlets in his pocket, and they parted.

MARK TAPLEY, an inferior copy of SAM WELLER, has also one or two trenchant thrusts. 'LORD love you, Sir,' he remarks to young CHUZZLEWIT, 'they are so fond of liberty in the States, that they buy her and sell her, and carry her to market with 'em. They've such a passion for Liberty, that they can't help taking liberties with her.' This he illu-

trates in the case of a free negro whom he encounters in New-York: 'His old master died; then he got a better one: in years and years he saved up a little money, and bought his freedom, which he got pretty cheap at last, on account of his strength being nearly gone, and he being ill. Then he come here. And now he's saving up to treat himself afore he dies to one small purchase: it's nothing to speak of; only his own daughter; that's all.' It is in *home portraits* that DICKENS is the most successful, whether in relation to scenes or characters. What could be more graphic than his description of 'TODGERS's' the 'mercantile boarding-house?' It is a finished picture of the Flemish school: the roof of the old building, with its posts, and fragments of decayed lines once intended to dry clothes upon; its two or three tea-chests, full of earth, with forgotten plants in them, like old walking-sticks; its prospect of chimney-pots on a great stack of adjoining buildings, turning gravely to each other now and then, as if whispering the result of their separate observation of what was going on below; its old, disjointed, rickety, ill favored sky-light, patched and mended in all kinds of ways, which looked distrustfully down at every thing that passed below, and covered TODGERS's up as if it were a sort of human cucumber-frame, and only people of a peculiar growth were reared there; its wainscotted parlor, which communicated to strangers a magnetic and instinctive consciousness of rats and mice; all these are master-touches of a master-pencil. As for old PECKENIFF, the portrait could not be exceeded. A selfish, deceitful villain, with sufficient cunning to acquire a reputation for being the reverse of what he really is, we follow his progress with deep interest, and exult in the retribution which closes his sinuous career. He is an example of that class of persons who fancy they are doing their fellow-men a service, or illustrating the 'special providence' of the ALMIGHTY, in the most selfish acts of their contemptible existence. Hear the 'good gentleman's' reflections, or 'grace,' after meat:

'THE process of digestion, as I have been informed by anatomical friends, is one of the most wonderful works of nature. I do not know how it may be with others, but it is a great satisfaction to me to know, when regaling on my humble fare, that I am putting in motion the most beautiful machinery with which we have any acquaintance. I really feel at such times as if I was doing a public service. When I have wound myself up, if I may employ such a term,' said Mr. Pecksniff, with exquisite tenderness, 'and know that I am Going, I feel that in the lesson afforded by the works within me, I am a Benefactor to my Kind.'

This is about the extent of his moral utility, so far as we are enabled to trace it in his history. The 'seeming saint,' and his hopeful daughters, are sadly scandalized at the treatment they receive from a rich green-grocer, who is living in desolate gentility, near a retired square, in London. The PECKENIFFS seek his residence, to make a call upon RUTH PINCH, a governess in the parvenu family, whose brother is a very universal 'help' in the pseudo-architect's domestic establishment. As they are about to leave the mansion, 'it so fell out that this befel' which ensueth:

'MR. PECKENIFF's delight in the tastefulness of the house was such that he could not help often stopping (particularly when they were near the parlor door) and giving it expression, in a loud voice and very learned terms. Indeed, he delivered, between the study and the hall, a familiar exposition of the whole science of architecture as applied to dwelling-houses, and was yet in the freshness of his eloquence when they reached the garden.

'If you look,' said Mr. Pecksniff, backing from the steps, with his head on one side and his eyes half shut that he might the better take in the proportions of the exterior; 'if you look, my dears, at the cornice which supports the roof, and observe the airiness of its construction, especially where it sweeps the southern angle of the building, you will feel with me— How do you do, Sir? I hope you're well!'

Interrupting himself with these words, he very politely bowed to a middle-aged gentleman at an upper window, to whom he spoke, not because the gentleman could hear him (for he certainly could not,) but as an appropriate accompaniment to his salutation.

'I have no doubt, my dears,' said Mr. Pecksniff, feigning to point out other beauties with his hand, 'that this is the proprietor. I should be glad to know him. It might lead to something. Is he looking this way, Charity?'

'He is opening the window, pa!'

'Ha, ha!' cried Mr. Pecksniff, softly. 'All right! He has found I'm professional. He heard me inside just now, I have no doubt. Don't look! With regard to the fluted pillars in the portico, my dears—'

'Hallo!' cried the gentleman.

'Sir, your servant!' cried Mr. Pecksniff, taking off his hat: 'I am proud to make your acquaintance.'

'Come off the grass, will you!' roared the gentleman.

'I beg your pardon, Sir,' said Mr. Pecksniff, doubtful of his having heard aright. 'Did you — ?'

'Come off the grass!' repeated the gentleman, warmly.

'We are unwilling to intrude, Sir,' Mr. Pecksniff smilingly began.

'But you are intruding,' returned the other, 'unwarrantably intruding — trespassing. You see a gravel walk, don't you? What do you think it's meant for? Open the gate there! Show that party out!'

'With that, he clapped down the window again, and disappeared.

'Mr. Pecksniff put on his hat, and walked with great deliberation and in profound silence to the fly, gazing at the clouds as he went, with great interest. After helping his daughters and Mrs. Todgers into that conveyance, he stood looking at it for some moments, as if he were not quite certain whether it was a carriage or a temple; but, having settled this point in his mind, he got into his place, spread his hands out on his knees, and smiled upon the three beholders.

'But his daughters, less tranquil-minded, burst into a torrent of indignation. This came, they said, of cherishing such creatures as the Pinches. This came of lowering themselves to their level.'

The character of TIGG, a Jeremy Diddler of the very first water, and that of his friend CHEVY SLYME, a lion 'in difficulties,' to whom he is a jackal, are admirably discriminated:

'Mr. Tigg was of that order of appearance which is currently termed shabby-genteel, though in respect of his dress he could hardly be said to have been in any extremities, as his fingers were a long way out of his gloves, and the soles of his feet were at an inconvenient distance from the upper-leather of his boots. His nether garments were of a blueish gray — violent in its colors once, but sobered now by age and dinginess; and were so stretched and strained in a tough conflict between his braces and his straps, that they appeared every moment in danger of flying asunder at the knees. His coat, in color blue, and of a military cut, was buttoned and frogged up to his chin. His cravat was, in hue and pattern, like one of those mantles which hair-dressers are accustomed to wrap about their clients, during the progress of the professional mysteries. His hat had arrived at such a pass that it would have been hard to determine whether it was originally white or black. But he wore a moustache — a shaggy moustache too; nothing in the meek and merciful way, but quite in the fierce and scornful style — the regular Satanic sort of thing; and he wore beside, a vast quantity of unbrushed hair. He was very dirty and very jaunty; very bold and very mean; very swaggering and very slinking; very much like a man who might have been something better, and unspeakably like a man who deserved to be something worse.'

Mr. TIGG visits Young CHUZZLEWIT and THOMAS PINCH at Mr. PECKSNIFF's, during that pious gentleman's absence, on behalf of his friend SLYME. Stretching forth his right arm, which was so tightly wedged into his thread-bare sleeve that it looked like a cloth-sausage, he with many gesticulations proceeds to observe:

'I TELL you what it is, gents both. There is at this present moment in this very place, a perfect constellation of talent and genius, who is involved in a situation as tremendous, perhaps, as the social intercourse of the nineteenth century will readily admit of. There is actually at this instant, at the Blue Dragon in this village — an ale-house observe; a common, paltry, low-minded, clod-hopping, pipe-smoking ale-house — an individual, of whom it may be said, in the language of the poet, that nobody but himself can in any way come up to him; who is detained there for his bill. Ha! ha! For his bill! I repeat it — for his bill. Now,' said Mr. Tigg, 'we have heard of Fox's Book of Martyrs; I believe, and we have heard of the Court of Requests, and the Star Chamber; but I fear the contradiction of no man alive or dead, when I assert that my friend Chevy Slyme being held in pawn for a bill, beats any amount of cock-fighting with which I am acquainted.'

'Martin and Mr. Pinch looked, first at each other, and afterward at Mr. Tigg, who with his arms folded on his breast surveyed them, half in despondency and half in bitterness.

'Do n't mistake me, gents both,' he said, stretching forth his right hand. If it had been for anything but a bill, I could have borne it, and could still have looked upon mankind with some feeling of respect: but when such a man as my friend Slyme is detained for a score — a thing in itself essentially mean; a low performance on a slate, or possibly chalked upon the back of a door — I do feel that there is a screw of such magnitude loose somewhere, that the whole frame-work of society is shaken, and the very first principles of things can no longer be trusted. In short, gents both,' said Mr. Tigg, with a passionate flourish of his hands and head, 'when a man like Slyme is detained for such a thing as a bill, I reject the superstitions of ages, and believe nothing. I do n't even believe that I do n't believe, curse me if I do!'

CHUZZLEWIT and PINCH call to see Mr. SLYME, whom they find brooding over the remains of yesterday's decanter of brandy, and engaged in the thoughtful occupation of making a chain of rings on the top of the table, with the wet foot of his drinking-glass. Tigg announces to him that the 'gents both' will stand security for his bill at the Blue Dragon; whereupon the grateful beneficiary, maudlin, insolent, beggarly and proud, exclaims: 'I swear,' said he, giving the table an imbecile blow with his fist, and then feebly leaning his head upon his hand, 'that I am the wretchedest creature on record. Society is in a conspiracy against me. I'm the most literary man alive. I'm full of scholarship; I'm

full of genius; I'm full of information; I'm full of novel views on every subject; yet look at my condition! I'm at this moment obliged to two strangers for a tavern bill! It should be understood here, that wretched and forlorn as he looked, Mr. *SLYME* had once been, in his way, the choicest of swaggers: putting forth his pretensions boldly, as a man of infinite taste and most undoubted promise. The stock-in-trade requisite to set up an amateur in this department of business is very slight and easily got together; a curl of the lip, sufficient to compound a tolerable sneer, being ample provision for any exigency. There are such useful and amiable personages extant in almost any community, English or American. Mr. *TIGG* had obtained security for his friend, but his 'mission' had resulted in no coin, either for Mr. *SLYME* or himself. This was a fault to be remedied; and when the simple-hearted *PINCH* retires, our chevalier follows him to the door:

'Mr. *PINCH*,' said he 'though I am a rough and thoughtless man, I can honor Mind. I honor Mind in following my friend. To you of all men, Mr. *Pinch*, I have a right to make an appeal on Mind's behalf, when it has not the art to push its fortune in the world. And so, Sir—not for myself, who have no claim upon you, but for my crushed, my sensitive and independent friend who has—I ask the loan of three half-crowns. I ask you for the loan of three half-crowns, distinctly and without a blush. I ask it, almost as a right. And when I add that they will be returned by post, this week, I feel that you will blame me for that sordid stipulation.'

'Mr. *Pinch* took from his pocket an old-fashioned red leather purse with a steel-clasp, which had probably once belonged to his deceased grandmother. It held one half-sovereign and no more. All Tom's worldly wealth until next quarter-day.'

'Stay!' cried Mr. *Tigg*, who had watched this proceeding keenly. 'I was just about to say, that for the convenience of posting, you had better make it gold. Thank you. A general direction, I suppose, to Mr. *Pinch*, at Mr. *Pecksniff's*—will that find you?'

'That'll find me,' said Tom. 'You had better put Esquire to Mr. *Pecksniff's* name, if you please. Direct to me, you know, at Seth *Pecksniff's*, Esquire.'

'At Seth *Pecksniff's*, Esquire,' repeated Mr. *Tigg*, taking an exact note of it, with the stump of a pencil. 'We said this week, I believe?'

'Yes: or Monday will do,' observed Tom.

'No, no, I beg your pardon. Monday will *not* do,' said Mr. *Tigg*. 'If we stipulated for this week, Saturday is the latest day. Did we stipulate for this week?'

'Since you are so particular about it,' said Tom, 'I think we did.'

'Mr. *Tigg* added this condition to his memorandum; read the entry over to himself with a severe frown; and that the transaction might be the more correct and business-like, appended his initials to the whole. That done, he assured Mr. *Pinch* that every thing was now perfectly regular; and, after squeezing his hand with great fervor, departed.'

The reader will perhaps be surprised to learn that no mention is made, throughout the entire narrative, of the return of this 'trifling loan!' One of the best limnings in the work is that of the old monthly-nurse, Mrs. *GAMP*; a lady who 'went to a lying-in or a laying-out with equal zest and relish;' who had a red nose, and whose society it was difficult to enjoy without becoming conscious of a smell of spirits. Her profession, she claimed, required stimulants; and her stipulations, touching the requisite tittle, are these:

'If it wasn't for the nerve a little sip of liquor gives me, (I never was able to do more than taste it,) I never could go through with what I sometimes have to do. 'Mrs. *Harris*,' I says, at the very last case as ever I acted in, which it was but a young person; 'Mrs. *Harris*,' I says, 'leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed, and then I will do what I'm engaged to do, according to the best of my ability.' 'Mrs. *Gamp*,' she says, in answer, 'if there ever was a sober creetur to be got at eighteen pence a day for working people, and three and six for gentlefolks—night watching,' said Mrs. *Gamp*, with emphasis, 'being a extra charge—you are that inwalable person.' 'Mrs. *Harris*,' I says to her, don't name the charge, for if I could afford to lay all my feller creeturs out for nothink, I would gladly do it; sich is the love I bear 'em. But what I always says to them as has the management of matters, Mrs. *Harris*,' 'be they gent's or be they ladies, is, don't ask me whether I won't take none, or whether I will, but leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed.'

Our readers have already had one or two samples of Mrs. *GAMP's* qualities, and we forego farther illustration. Touching the gentle *RUTH PINCH*, a second *KATE NICKLEBY*; old *MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT*, and *MARY*, (probably the author's heroine,) the brute *JONAS*, and the other characters, principal and minor, of the story; we commend them, entire, with the scenes and incidents with which they are interwoven, to the attention of that portion of the 'generality of mankind in general' who may do us the honor to peruse these pages.

SCENES, INCIDENTS, AND ADVENTURES IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN, OR THE ISLANDS OF THE AUSTRALIAN SEAS; during the cruise of the clipper MARGARET OAKLEY, under Captain BENJAMIN MORRELL. By THOMAS JEFFERSON JACOBS. In one volume. pp. 372. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS volume, it is claimed in the title-page, 'clears up the mystery which has heretofore surrounded this famous expedition, and contains a full account of the exploration of the Bidera, Papua, Banda, Mindoro, Sooloo, and China Seas, the manners and customs of the islands, and a description of vast regions never before visited by civilized man.' The outfit and departure of the brig MARGARET OAKLEY, under Captain BENJAMIN MORRELL, on an exploring and trading voyage to the islands of the East-Indian Seas, some years since, created quite a sensation among our citizens. Neither the brig nor her master ever returned; nor until now has any authentic publication ever been made of the history, objects, and results of this expedition. Rumors of various kinds have at different times been circulated; but they were all based, it is alleged, upon mere conjecture, and were as unfounded in truth as they were injurious to the reputation of those most closely connected with the enterprise. The writer of the narrative before us had the fortune to attend the expedition from its commencement to its termination. The volume purports to be nothing more than a plain and simple statement of the incidents of the voyage, the scenes through which the explorers were led in its course, and the character, situation, and resources of the numerous islands which were explored. 'The region of the world of which the work treats is now, for the first time, laid open to the public eye. Up to the present moment it remains emphatically *terra incognita*. Even the navigation of those seas is treated only in the most superficial manner by the few persons who have written upon it at all; and there has never been made in any country an adequate or satisfactory description of the wealth, the beauty, and immense fertility in which they abound.' Without making any pretensions to literary merit, Mr. JACOBS's volume gives to the world some new ideas, at least, of the importance and value of the islands of Australasia. The book is well executed, and illustrated by many engravings.

A SYSTEM OF GEOGRAPHY, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS. Illustrated with more than fifty Cereographic Maps, and numerous Wood-cut Engravings. By SIDNEY E. MORSE, A. M. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE author of this most valuable school-book seems inclined to perpetuate to future generations the obligations of the present to the venerable Dr. MORSE, whose Geography was the first ever published in America, and continued to be, for a long series of years, the only one used in the schools and academies of this country. The work he has given to the public is professedly the twenty-seventh edition of MORSE's Geography; but the improvements he has introduced, both in the general plan and in the manner in which it has been carried out, are so great as to make it, in point of fact, a new and greatly superior work. It has, indeed, very marked advantages over all similar school-books that have ever been published. One of the most striking is, the form in which it is published; the map, questions upon it, and the descriptions of the country, being printed in the same volume, and almost uniformly on the same page, so that the pupil can readily refer from one to the other. The maps are very numerous, and are made by a new art of which the author is the inventor and the sole possessor: they are remarkably clear and legible, and are the result of a process so very simple that the work can be sold at a far less price than others. The descriptions of the countries included are full, comprehensive and accurate, and are yet embodied in very brief sentences, rapidly learned and easily remembered. The whole arrangement and execution of the work are such as must render it universally popular, and insure its speedy introduction into all the elementary schools of the country.

REVENGE: OR THE CURSE OF MINNA, AND OTHER POEMS. By REBECCA S. NICHOLS. In one volume. pp.216. Cincinnati: SHEPARD AND COMPANY.

WE very much like the appearance as well as the contents of this beautiful volume. It is most creditable to all concerned in its production. We have a word of fault to find, however, with the publishers' preface. These gentlemen hint, that we of the Orient have been wont formerly, at the mention of the Literature of the West, sneeringly to inquire, 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' The inference would be, if the truth of this were admitted, that we had at last been *compelled* to admire the literature of our western neighbors; although the publishers are courteous enough to say: 'That the present state of kindly feeling in the East toward the young and growing Literature of the West, has arisen in a great measure from the increased facilities of late years afforded our writers for presenting themselves in creditable guise before the public, cannot be questioned; that such feeling will be still farther increased, by western writers receiving from the western public that support which will encourage them in their efforts, not only to maintain, but to *add* to the reputation they may have already acquired, and still higher to elevate the standard of western literature, there can be as little doubt.' Now it is our own belief, that the alleged unwillingness to do justice to the literary efforts of our western friends has never existed; certainly not in any quarter that can be worthy of a moment's recollection. For our own part, the past volumes of this Magazine will show, that we have always welcomed with cordiality the acceptable labors of our occidental literary brethren; and we have done this from no considerations of policy, nor from any other incentive than an honest desire to render praise where praise was due. Mrs. NICHOLS's volume would do credit to any section of the republic; even the 'Literary Emporium' itself might be proud to acknowledge it. The poem which opens the collection is one which we have not space to quote entire, and which we shall not mar by selecting passages that would suffer from segregation. Many of the briefer poems have already appeared in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and others in other of the better class of our literary journals. They are all, without exception, marked by a graceful feminine delicacy, and refinement of imagination; and very many of them are imbued with deep passionate feeling. The dedication to the author's mother is exceedingly felicitous. The writer 'says just enough, and stops when she has done.'

THE SPOON: WITH UPWARD OF ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS: Primitive, Egyptian, Roman, Medieval, and Modern. By HENRY O. WESTMAN, Member of the Society, Proprietor of the Globe Tavern, New-York, and formerly Principal of a Public School. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

IN looking over the various 'illustrations' contained in the first number of these initial 'Essays on Primitive Arts in Domestic Life,' it struck us that there was one *spoon*, too remarkable not to be represented, which had escaped attention. There should have been, we fancied, among the likenesses of distinguished 'spoons,' a portrait of the author himself. His second and third numbers, however, have since been placed before us; and we must do the writer the justice to say, that laboring, as he does, under the great disadvantage of making 'spoon-victuals' of every thing he sets before us, he deserves the praise of presenting a various and in many respects quite a palatable repast. We cannot help thinking however that, like most persons 'born with a spoon in their mouths,' he would have employed his materials to better advantage, unfettered by this constant incumbrance. We subjoin a characteristic passage, a sort of 'improvement' upon the chapter on Egyptian spoons:

'ONE can hardly avoid thinking of the persons they belonged to, of the families of their owners, the mouths they fed, the food they assisted to cook and serve up; of the scenes of festivity, of sick-

ness and sorrow, of high life and low life, in which they took a part; of the workmen who made them, the merchants who sold them, and the many strange conversations held in their presence! In their forms we have the turns of thought of old artists; nay, casts of the very thoughts themselves; such as inspired the cunning artists, companions of Bazaleel or of Hiram, and like them, skilful to devise curious works in gold and silver, brass and iron, ivory and pearl. We fancy we can almost see a Theban spoon-maker's face brighten up as the image of a new pattern crossed his mind; behold him sketch it on papyrus, and watch every movement of his chisel or graver as he gradually embodied the thought, and published it in one of the forms portrayed on these pages; securing an accession of customers and a corresponding reward in an increase of profits. We take it for granted that piratical artisans were not permitted to pounce on every popular invention which the wit of another brought forth. Had there been no checks to unprincipled usurpers of other men's productions, the energies of inventors would have been paralyzed and the arts could hardly have attained the perfection they did among some of the famous people of old.

'What a transient, ephemeral being is man! How short is his life compared even to that of a spoon! Notwithstanding his pride and his power, the grasp of his intellect, the noise he makes in the world, and the lasting wonders he works, he is himself a bubble — no sooner inflated than burst! The meanest of his labors survive, while he vanishes as vapor. Probably not less than one hundred generations, including some of the mightiest spirits of Egypt, have passed away since the implements here delineated were made! Strange that a thing should endure longer than the head which conceived and the hands that formed it; that a pot should live longer than a potter. Here have we the identical spoons which, twenty or thirty centuries ago, men, women, and children handled at dinner! — individuals perhaps contemporary with those who encamped with Moses at Elim, or fought under Joshua at Jericho; or, it may be, such as were acquainted with Plato or Solon, with Helena and Herodotus, when these Grecian wanderers were in the land of Mizraim.'

'The Spoon' is well printed upon large-sized types, and the lithographic illustrations, which are very numerous, are exceedingly well executed.

ESSAYS ON THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALITY, AND ON THE PRIVATE AND POLITICAL RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS OF MANKIND. By JONATHAN DYMOND. In one volume. pp. 568. New-York: COLLINS, BROTHER AND COMPANY.

THE character of these writings is so well and succinctly set forth in the remarks which precede them, that we gladly avail ourselves of the clear synopsis thus afforded. The author, a man laudably desirous to benefit his fellow men, died in 1828, leaving behind him the MSS. which composed these Essays. They originated in a belief that the existing treatises on Moral Philosophy did not exhibit the principles nor enforce the obligations of morality in all their perfection and purity; that a work was yet wanted, which should present a true and authoritative standard of rectitude; one by an appeal to which the moral character of human actions might be rightly estimated. Rejecting what he considered the false grounds of duty, and erroneous principles of action, which are proposed in the most prominent and most generally received of our extant theories of moral obligation, he proceeds to erect a system of morality upon what he regards the only true and legitimate basis — the WILL OF GOD. He makes, therefore, the authority of the DEITY the sole ground of duty, and HIS communicated will the only ultimate standard of right and wrong; and assumes, 'that whosoever this will is made known, human duty is determined, and that neither the conclusions of philosophers, nor advantages, nor dangers, nor pleasures, nor sufferings, ought to have any opposing influence in regulating our conduct.' In thus attempting to convert a system of Moral Philosophy, dubious, fluctuating, and inconsistent with itself, into a definite and harmonious code of Scripture Ethics, the author undertook a task for which, by the original structure of his mind and his prevailing habits of reflection, he was peculiarly fitted. He has sought for himself, and he endeavors to convey to others, clear perceptions of the true and the right; and in maintaining what he regards as truth and rectitude, he shows every where an unshackled independence of mind, and a fearless, unflinching spirit. The work will be found, moreover, to be the result of a careful study of the writings of moralists, of much thought, of an intimate acquaintance with the genius of the Christian religion, and an extensive observation of human life in those spheres of action which are seldom apt to attract the notice of the meditative philosopher.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SEATSFIELDIANA: NUMBER FOUR. — We have seldom been more forcibly impressed with a 'great moral truth' which we once heard repeated by a young American *littérateur* — in the French language, which he spoke with great fluency and ease, having learnt it of a German who learnt it of a Scotchman at Dunkirk — namely, that '*No meanest object is insignificant*,' than in reading the present number of our esteemed correspondent's 'Journal of a Day with the Great SEATSFIELD.' Touched by the plastic hand of Genius, it will be seen that even the 'Nasty-Fox Song,' sung by two 'Old-Ones' at a German university, and translated by our admired friend and contributor, LONGFELLOW, (and which we remember thinking 'leathery flat' on a first perusal,) assumes new interest, in the heightening of its rather neutral colors, by our eminent Americano-Germanic author.

'It yet wanted an hour or two to dinner-time, and as SEATSFIELD appeared disposed for a stride, after his refreshment, I took his arm and wandered with him through the avenue that leads to Graffenburg Old-town, a strange higgledy-piggledy collection of quaint, ruinous houses, clustering around a dilapidated church. He was quite eloquent on the subject of 'sherry-cobblers.' I objected to the name, as void of meaning, and conveying none but ludicrous ideas.

SEATSFIELD: 'I disagree with you, Sir. The term cobbler is in itself perhaps unpoetical, but the idea, Sir, is replete with pleasing associations. By substituting for the vulgar idiom the more delicate expression of 'Cordwainer of Xeres,' we obtain a purely poetical image. In the first place, you must consider the derivation of 'cordwainer,' through the French *cordonnier*, from Cordova, that ancient Moresco-Spanish capital, replete with its remembrances of the chivalrous days of old. Here we have then, brought vividly before the imagination, the Arabian dynasty of Spain; the mosque of a thousand columns; the Alhambra and Alcazar; the fertile Vega of Granada; the Sierra Nevada; the Darro and the Xenil; to say nothing of the Abencerrages, FERDINAND and ISABELLA, and the woful capture of Alhama. In the next place, what generous recollections are involved in the name of Xeres; another of the romantic cities of the Peninsula, with its hoary battlements and towers of an hundred sieges; its prolific vineyards, and peasants dancing the fandango upon the surrounding hills! How naturally and how imperatively is the mind hurried to the posadas, and muleteers with their tinkling bells! How DON QUIXOTTE rushes upon the fancy, and Doctor SANGRADO! The sack-loving days of SHAKSPEARE, too; the Boar's-Head in Eastcheap; 'Bring me a cup of sack, boy!' — fat Sir JOHN and his merry companions; and the castanets of FANNY ELLSSLER. Here you see we have poetry till we tire of it, and thirst again for a fresh sherris.

'I am surprised to find what a mine of sentiment you unlock by a change of terms; but I still insist upon it that the vulgar appellation of 'cobbler' checks at once all these pretty imaginations.'

SEATSFIELD: 'No, Sir; a cobbler is no unromantic personage. We associate him, it

is true, with leather; but what is leather? Is there any thing unpoetical in leather? Is not a citizen of Lynn, at his bench, as pleasing an image to the imagination as a blacksmith at his bellows? Nay, has not our own LONGFELLOW made the very expression 'leathery' a permanent part of our poetical diction? Do you not remember that famous 'leathery' song of his in 'Hyperion,' with its glowing images? Listen to a few stanzas; thereabout of it especially where he speaks of what the 'leathery postillion' bringeth, and what he saith:

'He bringeth us a Fox!
He bringeth us a Fox!
He bringeth us a leathery Fox!
Ha! ha!
Leathery Fox!
He bringeth us a Fox!

'How does the Herr Papa?
How does the Herr Papa?
How does the leathery Herr Papa?
Ha! ha!
Herr Papa!
How does the Herr Papa?

'He reads in Cicero!
He reads in Cicero!
He reads in leathery Cicero!
Ha! ha!
Cicero!
He reads in Cicero!

'How does the Frau Mama?
How does the Frau Mama?
How does the leathery Frau Mama?
Ha! ha!
Frau Mama!
How does the Frau Mama?

'She makes the Papa tea!
She makes the Papa tea!
She makes the Papa leathery tea!
Ha! ha!
Leathery tea!
She makes the Papa tea!

'And smokes the Fox tobacco?
And smokes the Fox tobacco?
And smokes the leathery Fox tobacco?
Ha! ha!
Fox tobacco!
And smokes the Fox tobacco?

'Then let him fill a pipe!
Then let him fill a pipe!
Then let him fill a leathery pipe!
Ha! ha!
Leathery pipe!
Then let him fill a pipe!

'O Lord! It makes me sick!
O Lord! It makes him sick!
O Lord! It makes me leathery sick!
Ha! ha!
Leathery sick!
O Lord! It makes me sick!

'Rest assured, Sir,' continued SEATSFIELD, exultingly, 'that to the well-balanced imagination, broadly developed into the grand æsthetic principle of the innate art-germ, there is infinite poetry in leather. As the shoemaker declares in the trite fable, '*There is nothing like leather.*'

'In spite of your specious arguments, I cannot believe that those objects which are ordinarily associated with the vulgar necessities of our nature can ever be rendered highly poetical. Poetry has to do with the elegant superfluities of life, being itself an elegant superfluity. That which is simply useful is unromantic. It is curious to observe that wine is a poetical idea, and any lyrist may safely introduce the word wine into his most exalted productions. But all the modern inventions of a vinous nature are essentially unfit for sublime composition. You may say,

'Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!'

but how could you change it into

'Fill high the bowl with London stout!'

Beer, now, in itself possesses many of the same intrinsic qualities as wine; but it would be impossible to tolerate any allusion to it in verse. Brandy, rum, gin, whiskey—all these being only modern substitutes for the primitive blood of the vine, are merely ludicrous. They remind us of our necessities. Gin is coupled with the idea of flatulence; whiskey with a cold in the head; brandy calls up thoughts of colic and indigestion; but wine is not a mean invention of infirmity, but an original simple instinct of thirsting humanity. In the same way we may endure in poetry the general mention of garments, such as a gown, or tunic, or coat-of-mail, or even shoes; but when you go a little farther, and speak of flannel-drawers, and beaver-hats, and India-rubber shoes, you kill the essence of romance, whose nature is to abhor particulars.'

SEATSFIELD smiled and patted me on the back, and then rejoined: 'How can you give

way so far to the cant of society? How illogical it is; how untrue! Have you not been told that all things have their poetical side? Is not the whistle of the locomotive on the banks of the Merrimac, just before you come to Andover, as poetical as the chime of a vesper-bell on the shore of Tiber? Is not a little red brick school-house in Natick as poetical to the poet as a large red brick bathing-house in Rome, although one might have been erected by CARACALLA, and the other by Deacon GIBBS? Which is fairer to the fancy, the Croton Aqueduct or the Cloaca Maxima? Assuredly to the poet's eye both are equal. 'Twas Tyriusve' drain or conduit are alike to him. What matter a few centuries? The aqueduct of to-day is sure of antiquity at last. It is the province of the poet to antedate. He is the *Vates*, the Seer, and he fore-knows what is to be. You say that poetry deals with elegant superfluities, and you instance India-rubber shoes as one of the vulgar necessities. This I deny. They are superfluities — useful ones, I grant you — but none the less poetical.'

'I am sure you are talking for effect. There can be no poetry in caoutchouc.'

SEATSFIELD: 'Sir, this is growing absurd.* I'll warrant you that BURNS or WORDSWORTH could have married India-rubber shoes, vulgar as you think them, to immortal verse, and exalted them in the minds of men forever. Did you never read EMERSON's delicious Ode to a Bee, beginning,

'FINE bumble-bee! fine bumble-bee!
Where thou art, is clime for me,' etc. ?

That poem, Sir, is ranked, and justly ranked, in a late number of the *Foreign Quarterly*, which I saw at the Burchenwertsenstufgehaile, with the most finished jewels of our language. In fact, I know few things equal to it. It evinces a keener æsthetic sentiment by far than HALLECK's 'Bozzaris' or CAMPBELL's Ode to the 'Mariners of England;' and I insist upon it that a poetical mind which could develop itself through the medium of a bee or a jackass, could with equal facility expand into sublimity on so common a theme as a pair of India-rubbers. Lend me a pencil.'

I complied with SEATSFIELD's request. I felt overpowered by his warmth and eloquence, but I was not convinced. He looked at me hesitatingly, and begged to be private for a few minutes.

SEATSFIELD: 'I have unconsciously talked myself into a heat. Have the goodness to leave me to myself. Stay; have you a bit of paper?'

I had nothing but an old bill of the last hotel in which I had stopped; but the back of the receipt was blank, and SEATSFIELD snatched it from me with energy, saying:

'That will do — that will do. I must be solitary for half an hour. Pray you pardon me; but when my fit is on, I must not be disturbed.'

SEATSFIELD took his pencil and paper, and retired toward an arbor, as if about to transcribe his thoughts. I strolled through the avenue, and in less than half an hour was accosted by my friend, who came running breathless behind me, with glowing cheeks and disordered hair, and presented to me the following singularly beautiful ode.

* AND so it was. We are well pleased to remark that SEATSFIELD kept the journalist to the argument. It would be a pretty idea, truly, if humble objects were to be excluded from poetry! Does not our friend remember a concert of the reigning English poets, many years since, at which each performer was permitted to play on such instrument as he had chosen? Who, we venture to ask, won the most applause on that occasion? CHABBE, in a 'sweet solo on the hurdy-gurdy'; WORDSWORTH, without music-book or music-stand, in a grand concerto on a jew's-harp, which he bought of a pedlar — bringing tones out of the gew-gaw that elicited thunders of applause, although there were not wanting some who laughed and a few who sneered; COLERIDGE, in a *fantasia* with a skewer upon a gridiron, which he called 'the dulcimer of nature.' And when the applause, which was immense, had subsided, did not the 'great artist in the Little' maintain that 'a hair-and-cinder,' was one of the finest instruments ever invented, and *prove* it, too, by playing a ravishing rhapsody upon it? There is a lesson in this, which, unlike the logical reasoning of SEATSFIELD, we trust may not be lost upon our correspondent.

SEATSFIELD: 'Read it, and judge for yourself whether imagination may not extract sublimity from the meanest things. I know 't is faulty, but criticism will amend it. Judge candidly, but not harshly.'

He threw himself upon a bank, and listened with quivering lip and flashing eye, while I read aloud, as well as I might decipher the cramped and crooked characters, his suddenly-conceived and unconnected

'ODE TO AN OLD PAIR OF INDIA-RUBBERS.

'OLD rubber-shoes! old rubber-shoes!
Humble theme for heavenly Muse,
Yet, despite the vulgar sound,
In thy cavity profound,
As in Delphi's mystic cell,
Pleasant thoughts and holy dwell.
Bards of ordinary wing
May of sock and buskin sing;
Sandals fair for princess' heel,
Iron greaves, and boots of steel;
Or the glassy slipper which
Cinderella got from witch;
Of all poets, I alone
Dare to make thy virtues known.

'Lo! beside some nameless rill, }
In the forests of Brazil, }
Grows your stem parental, still; }
Where the Amazonian flood
Stains th' Atlantic wave with mud,
And the ships sail north and south
Days and nights within its mouth,
So that the mariners begin
To doubt what ocean they are in,
Disbelieving it can be
Any river, but a sea,
Until they draw a bucket up,
Of the suspected wave to sup,
And, with lips of blood and flesh,
Taste the tide and find it fresh.

'Little dreams that stately stem
To what vile use the fates condemn
Those dear drops, which subtle Art
Pillfered from its bleeding heart;
Little guesses what mishap
Has befall'n its gentle sap;
How the soles of rascal hack-men,
And th' elongate heel of black men,
And the feet of Jersey clowns
Trample it through filthy towns;
And the Bowery's busest bitches
Draggle it through pools and ditches.
Well it is, thou noble tree!
This is all unknown to thee.

'To the woods the peasant went,
With his ruffian's instrument;
Then, O butchery fell and dark!
Gashed with knowing hand thy bark,
And extracted from thy veins
The milky juice with guilty pains.
How he chuckled at his deed!
How he longed to see thee bleed!
And often, with felonious thumb,
Tested the goodness of thy gum:

Sadly did thy branches sigh
To watch the avarice of his eye;
Yet thy kind heart would sought deny: }
Nor would thy liberal nature stop,
For many a week, the flowing drop.

'But had'st thou known that blood of thine
Should e'er have crossed the billowy brine,
Transformed by cunning tricks of Art
To service in the public mart;
To guard humanity's ten toes
From summer dew and winter snows;
Whether in form of shoe or boot,
Still to be trodden under foot,
And grow familiar day by day
With all varieties of clay;
From Fulton-market's greasy sort
To the slab mire of Cambridgeport;
From the foul slime of corduroy
Roads in the heart of Illinois,
To the green puddles of Bangor,
Which the more decent swine abhor;
Had'st thou foreseen so mean a lot,
Thou had'st preferred to fall and rot.

'Yet might that parent Caoutchou
Deem it no shame to be a shoe;
Some recompense the wiser mind
In shoe's utility can find:
Better it is to help along
The progress of the active throng,
To be a peg, however mean,
In life's miraculous machine,
Than idly to observe afar
Its rush and whirl and ceaseless jar.
Thy mission, mournful Caoutchou!
Was palpably to form a shoe;
And though thy stolen gum adorns
And guards from wet the beggar's corn,
It oft, to balance that disgrace,
Royal ankles may embrace;
Yes, in closest contact lie
With the toes of sovereignty;
Kissing loveliest insteps, such
As great earls were proud to touch.

'Had it in the solitude
Of the dim Brazilian wood
Never quit thy bosom — ne'er
Had it known an earthly care;
Had its mission been to lack
Experience of life's bivouac,
Then, all ignorant of shoes,
It had nothing done but ooze;
Busy earth had been a dream,
And its bard had lacked a theme.'

As I finished reading, I looked at SEATSFIELD. His eye still glowed with vivid conception. His hand trembled as I offered my own to assist him from the grassy bank. Slowly and silently we walked to dinner.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — 'As a friend talketh with a friend,' good reader, we desire to chat with you. Excuse us, if for once the matter be somewhat personal. For the space indicated by *twenty-four volumes* of the KNICKERBOCKER, we have been your intimate and 'familiar;' or if not, the fault is not our own; rather let us hope that you consider it your misfortune if it be not your fault! We have toiled night and day to amuse, to edify and entertain you. We would fain believe that you have often laughed with us; felt with us, upon themes 'fitter far for tears;' enjoyed with us the intellectual feast, from the first pens in the country, which we have been enabled to spread before you. That what has been done for your entertainment, has cost money, care, anxiety, watchfulness, ceaseless industry, to say nothing of deprivations of many kinds, is what you may perhaps have inferred, although you cannot be expected to know the whole truth. We have however performed all that we *have* performed, with a 'pleased alacrity;' for we know that our labors are rewarded by the approbation of a wide circle of readers. The *scope* of this approbation we are desirous to enlarge; for the love of it is our especial phrenological bump. To this end, we are anxious to *enhance the attractions of our Magazine*; and to accomplish this, we unhesitatingly and confidently ask the aid of all our *true* friends. We could count three or four hundred, at this moment, under every letter of the alphabet, many of whom we have never seen, whom we are sure will respond to our appeal; which, in brief, is simply this: Let every subscriber and friend of the 'OLD KNICK.' and its Editor, who has a regard for the one, and who approves the efforts of the other, *make it a point to induce one other friend (and as many more as he pleases) to follow his example.* This is surely an easy matter; certainly, no task for an active friend, who has 'the will.' It is our purpose to embrace every opportunity that presents itself, to add to the literary repute of this the oldest and most popular Magazine in the United States. Sometimes we are compelled to hesitate at the requisite *expense* for new improvements, to incur which seems scarcely the act of prudence. On this hint indeed we now speak; and we trust that if our friends *are* friends, they will let us hear from them: then shall they hear from us, and to their no small edification. Standing alone in its characteristics; permanently established; unconnected, hitherto and henceforth, with any other periodical; dependant upon no pictures or fashion-plates for its attractions, but relying alone upon the value and variety of its literary contents, the KNICKERBOCKER knows and fears no rival; and only asks that what it *would* do, for the enjoyment of its readers, it may be *enabled* to do, through a little exertion on their part. The reading season, for all classes, is at hand. Let no one say that he has 'no time to read;' that 'his labors occupy *all* his attention.' Hear what the world-renowned Sir JOHN HERSCHEL says on this subject: 'Of all the amusements that can be imagined for a man engaged in active employment, (mercantile, mechanical, or other,) *there is nothing like reading an interesting periodical or book.*' It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has already had enough, perhaps too much. It relieves his home of dullness and sameness. It transports him into livelier, gayer, and more diversified and interesting scenes; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment fully as much as if he were ever so deeply excited by any kind of dissipation; with the advantage of finding himself the next day with money in his pocket, and without any misery, either of mind or body. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's business: what he has been reading gives him something to think of, beside his every-day occupation; something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with pleasure. If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead of every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a *taste for reading.*' Read the foregoing to your neighbor and friend; and cause him to become, like yourself, a reader and friend of the KNICKERBOCKER. . . . THE paper '*On the Powers and Cultivation of the Human Voice*' is too long, too merely *physical* in its illustrations, and (pardon!)

too dry, for our pages. We have already given one admirable essay upon the human voice, from the polished pen of JOHN WATERS; and he must be a bold man who follows him upon the same theme. We quite agree with our correspondent, that 'more attention should be devoted to the subject' whereof he writes, and especially by American ladies; many of whom, otherwise liberally endowed with accomplishments, are sadly deficient in the eminent grace of speech. 'Oh how wonderful,' exclaims an eloquent native author, 'is the human voice! It is indeed the organ of the soul! The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye; and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only; as God revealed himself to the prophet of old in the still small voice, and in a voice from the burning bush. The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man.' Nothing is dearer to a lover than the remembered music of a sweet voice:

'I did hear you talk
Far above singing: after you were gone
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so. Alas! I found it love!'

It has lately been discovered that the study of the alphabet is too difficult for the immature intellect, and that A. B. C. ought therefore to be known only 'by sight,' until we are pretty well advanced in the path of knowledge. 'A royal road' to reading has, meanwhile, been opened by Mr. KAY SHUTTLEWORTH, who proposes the very simple figure of a 'hay-field' as a substitute for the difficult combination of lines which our benighted youth was obliged to call A. We fancy the new light must have been borrowed from the Chinese, whose literature is now fully opened to the research of British *scavans*; but we fear that there would be difficulties occasionally attending the new method, since the character expressing 'man' might not enable us to distinguish between a man who *was* a man, and one who was only a pedant, mounted on a very small hobby. We are pleased to see that the 'Phonic' method seems to be considered highly *Fun-ic* by leading British journals. . . . OUR friend the *Milwaukie Badger* tempts us sorely; but as DOMINIC SAMPSON says, 'Lo! we shall resist!'—simply because our avocations compel us to do so: 'Dear and time-honored KNICK: do you know that there is such a country as Wisconsin? that it is beyond Lake Michigan? that on the western shore of that lake is Milwaukie, the most beautiful village this side of sun-down? that the inhabitants are called 'badgers'? and that the forests they clear and the houses they rear fully attest their right to that title? KNICK., if you don't know all this, you're an ignorant Dutchman! Why are you forever sticking down to 'York and Boston,' with your cold and formal bows to your neighbors, and your colder civilities to the ladies? Come out here, and visit us, and feel the grasp of the hand of a man who shakes your own as if you had a heart as well as himself. 'York and Boston' would be cities worth living in were they not so far from Wisconsin. What can you do in an attempt at being social, but make formal calls and attend or give more formal parties, cold as your ices and stiff as your candied pyramids; thanking your stars when they are over, and yet giving and returning them again, because other people do so, to show their furniture and their rich dresses? Furniture and dress! oh ye fetters on true enjoyment! Give me a glade in the woods, on the sunny side of a hill-slope furnished with strawberries, and a pretty girl to help pick them! Talk of pleasure in glittering saloons, where a backwoodsman dare not stand for fear of soiling the carpet, nor sit, for fear of crushing the birds on the ottoman; nor talk to the gay automaton near him, called by courtesy 'a lady,' lest it should not be wound up, and in talking order! Bah! One long room in a log house, with an oak floor, oaken benches, the walls ornamented with ever-greens, and the chandeliers made of decanters, with a dark eyed, sprightly girl for your partner in a contra-dance, when the violins are going like Jehu!—did you never experience *this*? No? Then you never knew the worth of existence. Out on your 'soirées,' with quadrilles wherein the ladies move 'solemnly and

slow,' never working the curls out of their hair, nor the paint off their cheeks; where the master of ceremonies examines the cut of your coat, the color of your vest, and the shape of your boots; where all is glitter and formality; where your partner will give you but one finger to swing with, because she has a bouquet in one hand and a deep-laced perfumed handkerchief in the other; where during the whole evening there is not a figure, not *one* — But softly! there is *one*, and beautiful it is too; beautiful as the maids with whom it originated — the dark-eyed maids of Spain. But this is digressing; beside, KNICK., I believe you do n't dance. (A mistake much above the usual size; a 'mammoth mistake,' in short!) To return: come out here when September turns the leaf; when the trees don their gay autumn robes, and the deer are abundant; come, and you shall see the most beautiful oak-groves that the wind ever played through, or a deer slept under; and as noble women as — as — But there is nothing to compare them to! Come and see them, and judge. Stop at Mackinac on your way, and visit the Sugar-Loaf and Gothic Arch rocks: go out in a boat and look down, down, down into the water; clear and pure as the sky before the first cloud obscured it. *Drown* in such water? Nonsense! impossible! Look at those little pebbles; they are thirty feet below the boat. Observe those white-fish! — and that large salmon! How deliberately he moves! Oh! who would not be a fish, to live in such water!"

—
 'Tt was SAM JONES the fisherman,
 Who sailed from Sandy-Hook;
 But first upon the almanac
 A solemn oath he took.'

THE sublime lyric from which these lines are taken may have made the existence of such a place as Sandy-Hook known to many landmen in the un-salt-watered portions of this republic; yet we venture to say that, excepting those who have 'gone down to the sea in ships,' not five in every five hundred Americans know the exact *locale* and peculiar characteristics of this famous spot; that it is a long island, away from the Jersey coast, its oceanward end some six or seven miles from the twin-lights which crown the Highlands of Neversink; and that what is called 'The P'int o' the Hook' is in many respects one of the most striking features of the Atlantic coast. We embraced a recent occasion to visit the light-houses, and explore the island whereon they stand; and we came away with many vivid impressions, which we shall take the liberty ('leave being granted, and no offence intended,' as Mrs. GAMR observes) to jot down hereabout. To one who has never seen 'Sandy-Hook Light' save as it beams or flashes upon the eye of the landsman from the distant coast, it is richly worth a visit. That which is there blended into one small focus of rays is here seen to be a score or more of 'burning and shining lights,' flashed back by huge polished steel reflectors, placed up and down on an octagon shaft, some twelve feet in height, surrounded by a lanthorn, no mean apartment in itself, with its plate-glass sides, twelve or fifteen feet high; its spacious balcony without; and above all, its most commanding prospect. High over the cupola of the lanthorn veers the vane; and beneath it, grim with age and storms, is a 'Man in an Iron Mask;' his scarred and seamed features turned ever in the direction of the wind, which he seems complacently to defy. 'What tales,' thought we, 'could he but speak, might not that Iron Man relate! For sixty years, he has looked abroad from that far height. His steady eye was fixed upon the hostile ship whose cannon indented so deeply the iron frame-work of the lanthorn below him; and more fearful than the storms of battle, how often has he looked upon the war of the elements; when the noise of the trampling surf was in his hollow ears, and the invisible Spirit of the Storm was 'playing on those great harps made by the shrouds and masts of ships,' hastening to their sure destruction! Hark to the mighty voice!

'Tt comes with an awful roar,
 Gath'ring and sounding on;
 The storm-wind from Labrador,
 The wind Euroclydon,
 The storm-wind!

But the Man in the Iron Mask hears it not. Wide gleams the light upon the stormy main; far onward, to distant bays and coasts, where the mad waves are running and tossing their arms in air, as if taunting the wrecks which are their play-things! During that dreadful night, when the bark *Mexico* was wrecked on Far-Rockaway; when her deck was black with human beings, standing stiff and stark in their icy armor, gazing with eyes from which hope and life alike had vanished, toward the distant light of Sandy-Hook, the sunken orbs of this iron effigy returned their fixed and frozen glance! Looking down upon the yellow sands that extend around him, he beholds, among the dwarf pines and cedars, and fragments of wrecks that dot the surface, the sunken graves of a 'multitude that no man can number,' who, in the midst of high hopes of profit or of pleasure, were cast by the yesty waves upon the shore, when they would have forfeited

——— 'all the wealth that loads the breeze,
When Coromandel's ships return from Indian seas,'

for one moment's safety on the firm-set earth. The names of many are recorded upon the marble slabs that are slowly disappearing in the gathering sands, which are carried by the winds from one point to another; here perhaps exposing to view a decayed coffin, and there covering the frail memorial of affection from human sight forever. Thus much for Sandy-Hook; concerning which we have already gossiped at greater length than we intended. . . . Most children cry occasionally, with some profit and no small delectation to themselves; but we do not remember having met, until lately, with one who set out seriously to earn his bread by tears. Most persons who walk Broadway in the evening, may have observed a little dark-eyed urchin, crying bitterly over a small parcel of matches, asseverating ever and anon, between his piteous singults, that he 'Ha 'nt sold sixpence worth to-day, and Mammy 'll lick him like every thing when he gets home!' Many a sixpence leaps from its hiding-place to meet this appeal, which touches a tender string in all our memories; and a few evenings since we saw a cigar-sucking youth hand a quarter-dollar to the weeper, remembering probably that his own mamma was not aware of his exteriority, and might be preparing a tonguey revenge for his long-comings. The curiosity of the crying is, that real tears are always on hand; and our theory is, that the dark-eyed urchin, like the other city fountains, has some connection with the Croton.

——— 'Too long at clash of arms amid her bowers
And pools of blood the earth has stood aghast,'

writes an American friend of peace; and we are led to think that Christendom is beginning to be of the same opinion. 'The general peace is expected to continue uninterrupted,' said Queen VICTORIA, in her last address from the throne; and we perceive that the London Peace Society has taken early care to enforce the remembrance of this implied promise upon the minds of Her Majesty's ministers. The truth is, that the nations do not 'learn war any more' as it was their wont to do. WELLINGTON and SOULT are said to be the two most pacific statesmen of the day. It is only the military *dilettanti*, morbidly anxious, as in the case of Lord ELLENBOROUGH in India, to show off their cleverness, who are the great makers of modern war-mischief. It would have been all the better for many murdered millions, if all commanders had been of the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE's opinion: 'I hate war,' said he; 'it spoils the soldiers, dirties their clothes, and quite puts an end to discipline.' Standing armies, 'kept for show,' are a comparative evil only. But oh! the 'horrors on horror's head' of which war has been the prolific source! One would think that NAPOLEON, as he stood musing by the rocky shore of his island-prison, must sometimes have thought of the two millions of his fellow-beings, of whose sacrifice he was the cause, in his various battles, from Montenotte to Waterloo. A picture of the fathers, mothers, wives, children and relatives of these victims, receiving the news of their bereavement, must now and then have passed across the screen of NAPOLEON's 'panorama of the past.' He was wont, we are told, to stand at St. Helena, and watch the clouds as they rolled over the highest point of a gigantic mountain near Longwood; and as the mists wreathed themselves into fantastic draperies around its summit, sometimes obscuring the valleys from

sight, and occasionally stretching themselves far out to sea, his imagination would take wing, and shape out from these vapory nothings the great events of his career. From the 'bad eminence' at which he looked back, did there roll down no clouds of remorse upon his spirit? Did no mists of sorrow dim his eye, at thought of the countless multitudes he had sent to their long account; of the indescribable anguish he had caused; the incalculable misery he had inflicted? Let us hope that in that dark hour of his destiny he was not 'less than man!' . . . THE biography of HEINRICH STILLING, otherwise JOHANN HEINRICH JUNG, is one of the few really entertaining books among those now oozing from the press at the rate of a dozen a day. The earlier portion of the book, especially all that relates to the well-beloved DORIS, is very German, and evidently much indebted to the imagination of the writer, whose filial piety has led him to make the most of tradition. After the story begins to assume the air of mortal truth, we become interested in the hard fortune of one who seems to have been the foot-ball of fate, yet to have 'held fast his integrity,' and labored unceasingly for the good of his kind, with a firm belief in supernatural intervention in behalf of the faithful. GOETHE and other celebrated persons figure in the narrative. As to the truth of the whole, some are unbelieving; but we think most who read the work attentively, will conclude that the aulic counsellor does *not* belong to the SEATSFIELD family. . . . NICOLL, who has been felicitously termed the 'British Bard of the Lowly,' has written a capital parody upon 'God save the QUEEN' in '*God save the Poor*,' a little song which we annex, together with the original:

GOD save VICTORIA!
Long live our noble QUEEN!
GOD save the QUEEN!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
GOD save the QUEEN!

O LORD our God arise,
Scatter our enemies
And make them fall:
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On her our hopes are fix'd,
GOD save us ALL.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleas'd to pour,
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
GOD save the QUEEN.

LORD, from thy blessed throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
GOD save the POOR!
Teach them true liberty,
Make them from tyrants free!
Let their homes happy be!
GOD save the POOR!

The arms of wicked men
Do thou with might restrain;
GOD save the POOR!
Raise thou their lowliness;
Succor thou their distress—
Thou whom the meanest bless!
GOD save the POOR!

Give them staunch honesty;
Let their pride manly be;
GOD save the POOR!
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all Truth and Light!
GOD save the POOR!

VERY possibly, 'O. P. Q.' It may be true, as you say, that 'The larger part of the business of this world is done in prose;' but that is a very poor argument against poetry. We have no fear of the 'ultra-poetical tendencies.' The late eminent Dr. CHANNING has exhausted the discussion of this subject in a few terse sentences: 'Poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressed cares, and awakens the consciousness of its efficacy with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feelings, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature, imparts vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feeling, expands our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and through the brightness of its prophetic vision, helps Faith to lay hold on the future life.' Nothing need be added to this.

THE London Quarterly for June, a highly interesting number, reports that Mr. FORBES, in the course of his travels through the Alps, assisted in saving the life of an American traveller, who, having fallen 'from above,' (not from the celestial regions, we judge, but from some high point of the precipices of Trelaporte,) had been lying all night on a narrow ledge, overhanging a height of two hundred feet, with the gaping chasms of the glacier directly beneath. Mr. FORBES states that the said traveller's nervous system was so greatly affected that for a time he doubted whether he was not deranged, but that he soon came to himself; 'and the poor guides, who had exposed their own lives with the most admirable bravery in his preservation, found him a genuine *repudiator*.' Now if this be a true bill, we should rejoice to see the delinquent 'thrown over,' to be SYDNEY-SMITHED until his nervous system was still more affected. If not, we shall, 'however painful to our feelings,' have something to say to Professor FORBES. . . . THE Duke of Marlborough, so it is written, dining one day with the Lord Mayor of London, an alderman who sat near him said: 'Sir, yours must be a very laborious profession.' 'No,' replied the Duke; 'we fight about four hours in the morning, and two or three after dinner, and then we have all the rest of the day to ourselves.' We have read somewhere recently, that at the convivial parties in Ireland, many years ago, it was customary for the host, in order to pass the time agreeably, to beg a lady to name some great man of ancient times, whose character or successes she held in honor or dis-esteem, and then lay his command on a gentleman to cite a parallel in modern history. Sometimes this order was inverted. On one occasion a lady gave: 'JOHN CHURCHILL, Duke of Marlborough; match him among the great men of old.' 'JUDAS ISCARIOT!' exclaimed an old Jacobite guest, as if uttering the most indifferent and the most natural response. When pressed to explain what he found in JUDAS to resemble the illustrious Duke, he replied: 'JUDAS was a thief, Ma'am, and carried the bag; and if he had not the merit of MARLBOROUGH in winning battles and ridding his country of enemies, he had the grace which MARLBOROUGH had not—to rid the world of himself!' We should have thought this undeserved, but for the unfeeling indifference to wholesale murder implied in the authentic anecdote of the Duke, which we have given above. . . . AMID the luxuries and privileges of this wealthy and prosperous city, how small is the number of those who 'remember those who are in bonds;' who think, even for a brief moment, of the vicinity and the crying needs of *one thousand* of their fellow-creatures imprisoned at Sing Sing; ignorant, hopeless—wretched in every variety of degradation. This receptacle of crime is emptying itself upon us once in three years; these outcasts of humanity are coming among us again as citizens; again to prowl about our dwellings, and to prey upon us in every way, more desperate and hardened than before. Would it not be wise to use the period of their incarceration in instructing them, and endeavoring to save some at least from hopeless and eternal ruin? Can it be doubted that there are, even in those guilty bosoms, *some* hearts yet accessible to kindness? We rejoice to learn that a great change has taken place in the management of the establishment, and that the deportment of the convicts is already such as shows conclusively the power of the divine principle of Love even over the most degraded natures. Much remains to be done, for it is not within human power to perform such a work without the aid of suitable means. Much is wanting for the comfort and decency of the prisoners; above all, a competent supply of water; for strange to say, although so near the head of the Croton-works, water is drawn to the prison in carts! As to the moral means necessary for this great field, beside the influence of high-principled and kind-hearted superintendents, with such assistants as they can approve, there is a chaplain who does all that one man can do among so many, and there are also benevolent individuals who officiate as Sunday-teachers. One important engine, a suitable Library, yet remains to be mentioned; and this, supplied to the female department by the voluntary contributions of persons in this city, principally ladies, has already been productive of incalculable good in that limited sphere. Seventy or eighty females were easily supplied; but when the question is a library for nearly nine hundred men, the undertaking is one of a different aspect. Still, some few persons, who, having visited the prison, feel

extreme interest in the improvement of its unhappy inmates, encouraged by the wonderful results of what has already been done there, are attempting the accomplishment of this object, hoping by the contributions in books or money which they may be able to obtain, to collect at least a temporary supply of books for the male prisoners, and confidently anticipating that the good effects of even this inadequate provision will be sufficiently apparent to be the ground of a grant from the State, which shall supply an ample and suitable library for this most important establishment. We hope to live to see the day when a state-prison will be considered an institution for the *prevention* as well as for the punishment of crime. Books and money, we understand, are received by ladies interested in this object at No. 7 Amity-street, and No. 214 Thompson-street. . We have space for but a word concerning Mr. EDMONDE's course, as President of the Board of Inspectors. His letter, read by the matron to the female prisoners on the fourth of July; the gifts of bouquets of flowers, and the proceedings which accompanied their presentation, bespeak him a man whose humanity is not altogether swallowed up in rigid justice. . . . SINCE '*William was Holding in his Hand*' and '*When my Eye*' first appeared, we have encountered nothing more likely to become 'an exquisite literary and musical gem,' and things of that sort, than the following 'spirited song' from PUNCH:

'O LADY, wake! the azure moon
Is rippling in the verdant skies;
The owl is warbling his soft tune,
Awaiting but thy snowy eyes;
The joys of future years are past,
To-morrow's hopes have fled away;
Still let us love, and e'en at last
We shall be happy yesterday.

'The early beam of rosy night
Drives off the ebony morrow-far,
While through the murmur of the light
The huntsman winds his mad guitar.
Then, Lady, wake! my brigantine
Pants, neighs, and prances to be free;
Till the creation I am thine—
To some rich desert fly with me!

APPROPOS of 'Punch,' here is a bit of legal information from the 'Comic BLACKSTONE,' touching the mutual rights of husbands and wives, and parents and children: 'By the late Poor Law Act, a husband is liable to maintain the children of his wife, whether legitimate or illegitimate; and we would therefore advise all 'persons about to marry,' that though it is imprudent to count one's chickens before they are hatched, still it is desirable that chickens already hatched, and not counted on, should be rigidly guarded against.' 'If a young lady has nothing in her own right, as a *femme-sole*, she will be entitled to as much again on the death of all her relatives.' 'Children owe their parents support, but this is a mutual obligation, for they must support each other; though we sometimes hear them declaring each other wholly insupportable.' . . . 'SIR, we shall not altogether deny you, even at this late day. *You may come*: thus much is permitted.' So wrote, in our last number, one of the most felicitous of correspondents, and the very prince of companions. We availed ourselves of his most kind invitation, and the kinder hospitalities of 'himself and his.' And as we write, we see him ('in our mind's eye, HORATIO,') sitting in his tasteful apartment, looking out on the one hand upon a flowery court-yard and a pillared porch, wreathed with green vines, and on the other upon a scene which embraces all that is picturesque and beautiful in nature; flowing rivers, and verdant vales village-sprinkled; swelling hills nearer by, and blue mountains in the distance; while in his ear there is 'the sound of many waters' from an adjacent river-cataract, which shakes the very walls of his pleasant mansion. What 'passages,' in company with most agreeable companions, did we not have together!—what memorable scenes we saw; what views of 'Nature in her loveliest moods!' More anon of these matters, reader, when the thermometer is not fixed at ninety-five of FAHRENHEIT. In the mean time, it shall suffice to say, that ever as we rest for a moment from our labors we bethink us of the hills that stand about Troy, where, as SHAKESPEARE very correctly observes, 'there lies the scene;' of pleasant collegiate reunions; of the Falls thereabout; of the Mohawk at Cohoes, under which we stood, one unforgettable forenoon, 'all covered with dew' and rapt in admiration; of the *blue* Green-Mountains, rising most like clouds along the northern horizon; of Saratoga and its delights; the matchless moon-lit piazza of Congress-Hall, with its ivy-crowned pillars and brilliant promenaders, and MUNGER, its

most obliging and pleasure-crowning proprietor; of the 'United States,' with its pleasant balls and lovely bells; of all these things, 'and nameless numbers more,' we have ample memories and memoranda. 'Happily,' exclaims the reader, quite likely, 'we are not to be afflicted now!' 'Jus' so—yes; that's a fact.' . . . A FRIEND has mentioned to us an amusing incident connected with the late unfortunate riots at Philadelphia. After the active disturbances had been quelled, arrests of persons were frequently made, who had employed offensive language, or made use of threats, in speaking of or to the military. This having been forbidden by the authorities, under certain penalties, a large number of the disaffected assembled one morning, in line, facing the military, with wire-muzzles over their faces; some with the larger dog-kinds, and others with the upper halves of large circular rat-traps; and through these they gazed steadfastly at the 'standing army' which kept the city's 'brotherly love' at bay; saying never a word, 'but keeping up,' as our informant expressed it, 'a most intolerable looking.' It must have been rather an amusing sight. . . . OUR Chicago friend must 'possess himself in patience.' Forty-five pages of closely-written foolscap are not to be encountered and mastered easily, in the glowing days of July or the sultry season of August. For, as our Vermont correspondent, the author of the 'Legal Ballad' in preceding pages, says in a poetical epistle to the Editor:

'In very madness now the dog-star rages;
The burning sun pours down its fervid tide
Implacable; the very air of heaven
Breathes scorchingly, as 't were the pestilent
And dire afflatus of the nether world,
And ev'ry mortal thing is 'hissing hot!'
The weather now no longer forms the theme
Of pert conjecture and inane discourse;
But, in such seriousness as men are wont
To speak of plagues and earthquakes imminent,
Each to his neighbor, with whate'er of force,
Vital and vocal, yet remains, cries out
In agony, ''Tis dreadful, dreadful hot!'
Fat men, infatuate, beat the air with fans,
In rash essay to mitigate their heat,
Redoubled by the toil. The lean and lank
Have griefs scarce less severe; scorch'd, wither'd, charr'd,
By inward fires, these mutter peevish prayers
From husky throats; most urgent for 'a lodge
In some vast wilderness, or any lodge
In short, mundane or subterranean,
So that it be not hot!'

Hear also what another correspondent saith, writing too from the northern shores of Lake Michigan: 'Oh! what weather!—the mercury at ninety, and my ideas at zero! Not a breath of wind; the sun a great red globe of fire, and the earth a frying-pan; the days long; and, Phoebus! what months!

'What a pity, such hot weather,
Two long months should come together!'

Read long manuscripts in such a season!—impossible! . . . We learn, while the sheets of this department of our Magazine are passing through the press, that our old and highly esteemed friend, WILLIAM L. STONE, Esq., for twenty years editor of the daily 'Commercial Advertiser' and weekly 'New-York Spectator' is no more. Although not altogether unexpected, the intelligence of his death has fallen like a shock upon the wide community to whom he was known, and by whom he was respected and honored. Our pages have borne very recent testimony to the high literary and intellectual attainments of our lamented friend. He was a most laborious student; and his untimely demise, in the prime of mature manhood, may be attributed, remotely, to his intense application to literature. He was a good husband, a kind father, an influential and valuable member of society, and an exemplary christian. For such an one, 'to die is gain'; but the deceased leaves a blank in the community who deplore his loss, which it will be impossible soon to fill. We offer his family our sincere sympathy in their irrepa-

nable bereavement. . . . 'ATTRACTED by your glowing description of Long-Branch,' writes a metropolitan correspondent, 'which I read at breakfast one sultry morning, in the columns of the *Tribune*, I set off at once for that watering-place; and I found the view all that you had represented it to be. But, dear Sir! what an inaccessible city is New-York from Long-Branch! It might as well be Bagdad or Jerusalem. Having occasion to return, a day or two after, I took the steamer '*Shrewsbury*,' a boat formed, I am told, of a coalition between two oyster-scows, which are covered over with the shell of an ordinary boat. Oh! how we crept along the rolling waters of the bay; not *quite* so fast as the tide, although the wind, which was 'very high, what there was of it,' was in our favor. 'I say, Captin', said a jolly passenger, who, having long exhausted even his large stock of patience, had at intervals amused the company by petulantly invoking 'Goody Gracious!' and asseverating 'By Jingo!' 'I say, your boat has been wasty improved sence you fixed her in-jine. She's a-makin good four mild an hour now, with the wind and tide, I should think. We're goin' by every thing on the bay; we've just *passed the fort*; and I reckon, if we don't *lose* any, that we shall get into 'York about half-past tea time!' and we did! Distance some thirty-five miles; time, six hours!' Our correspondent should have taken the steamer '*Orus*,' a swift and comfortable craft.

'So wills the fierce avenging sprite
 'Till blood for blood atones;
 Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
 And trodden down with stones,
 And years have rotted off his flesh,
 The world shall see his bones!'

So thought EUGENE ARAM; and so thought, no doubt, a criminal cited by Lord ELDON, in his 'Notes on Circumstantial Evidence: 'I remember that for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated deceased had been killed by a shot, a gun-shot, in the head, and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun, which proved to be half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.' The same high authority relates one or two anecdotes of the stupidity and corruption of juries. On one occasion, finding only eleven jurymen in the box, he inquired where the twelfth was. 'Please you, my lord,' said one of the eleven, 'he's gone away about some business, but he has left his verdict with me!' Dining one day at an ale-house in Cumberland, a person whom a brother lawyer treated to a good deal of milk-punch, told him that he was upon the last jury that had decided in his favor, and that he would give him all the verdicts he could!' Another obliging juror remarked, that he gave the same barrister all his verdicts, 'because he loved to encourage a countryman.' Who knows how often similar predilections sway the sword of justice in this country! . . . '*Our Marrying Clergyman*,' by 'A Groomsman,' embodies certain hot asperities, which we suspect may herald some private animosity. Doubtless the manner of many of our clergymen at nuptial ceremonies might be improved; especially if they have the bad taste to 'spread around them an atmosphere of ice.' Not unfrequently, however, you will find the officiating minister the rarest wit and pleasantest companion of the whole assemblage. Such an one was telling us, the other evening, of a remark that he once heard a married man make, whose rib proved to be 'the better half' in the wrong sense of the term: 'I loved my wife,' he said, 'at first, as much as any body ever *did* love a wife. For the first two months I actually wanted to eat her up; and ever since then *I've been sorry I did n't*.' What a horrid cannibal! By the by, speaking of marriages: our old friend Mayor HARPER ties the nuptial knot to great edification. His Honor has numberless customers; and they are as enthusiastic in his praise as those who love order in the metropolis, and

affect clean streets. . . . THANKS, kind 'D. G.,' for your communication, and (better still) for the associations awakened by the letter which accompanied it. Indeed those were 'golden days,' dear G —; and the only sorrow that springs from their recollection is, that one who shared them with us has fallen by the way, 'while the dew of the morning was yet fresh upon him.' We *do* remember 'the vacation,' and 'OLLAPOD's resistless flow of fun and fancy.' Ah, yes! 'too well remember.'

'AND after, when our footsteps were returning
With unfelt weariness o'er hill and plain,
How our young hearts kept boiling up and burning,
To think how soon we'd be at home again!'

That home is desolate now; and the eyes which were brighter at our coming are closed forever in the darkness of the grave! . . . WASHINGTON IRVING somewhere mentions, as an instance of the self-adaptation to circumstances, so prominent in the French character, that after 'the Restoration' he saw a Gallic nobleman in the orchestra of the Theatre-Français, turning his former accomplishments to pecuniary account, by 'extorting music from the bowels of a huge violoncello.' The 'American in Paris' has a pleasant example in illustration of this national characteristic, in the person of a porter at the hotel where he lodged: 'He is a man of several talents. He tunes pianos for ten sous, and plays at the theatre of a night for two francs. Indeed his whole family plays: his grandmother plays the 'Mother of the Gracchi.' He takes care too of his wife's father, but he dresses him as a Père de France or a Doge, and makes a good deal out of him also. Beside, he has a dog that is to play the '*Chien de Montargis*,' which he is studying, and a magpie that plays already in the '*Pie Voleuse*.' It is by these several industries that he is enabled to clean my boots once a day, take care of my room, and do all the domestic services required by a bachelor, at six francs a month. If we remember rightly, (although it is not so written down in our note-book,) this same CALEB QUOTEM was also a 'Fabricant de Sac en Papier,' or manufacturer of little paper-bags-to-put-sugar-in to His Majesty LOUIS PHILIPPE. . . . WE have before us several numbers of the '*Asylum Journal*,' written and printed by inmates of the Brattleboro' (Vermont) Institution for the Insane. We have read them with both pleasure and profit. We certainly agree with the poet, that 'Great wit to madness is allied;' there is quite evidence enough of the fact in the columns of the '*Asylum Journal*.' The editors complain that many of their original pieces, 'bubbles from the great mental stew-pan of the Institution,' are copied without credit by various exchange-papers. It is 'flat burglary' to steal the intellectual property of a crazy man, without acknowledgment; and we shall not imitate a deed so heinous. Speaking of the remark of a lyceum-lecturer upon matrimony, that 'an old bachelor was a living libel on his father and mother,' the 'Journal' says: 'Sue him for this 'libel,' ladies, and have him bound over to court.' The following is excellent: 'The best men are those who preserve the boy in them as long as they live. Age should not destroy the child. The child is the original, and man is merely a superstructure upon the boy. It is an unfortunate sign for a man's happiness, when he has forgotten his boyish feelings.' True as the gospel, even if NAT. LEE had uttered it. By the by, the gospel itself commands us to 'put off the old man;' and for one we intend to do so, as long as we can. We are now eight years of age! . . . ONE of our waggish contributors, who affects an interest in the story of the Otsego donkey, in our last number, says: 'I have seen a mule, but have never had the pleasure to meet with a jack-ass — that is, not a four-footed one. What is the difference in the 'aspect' of the two animals?' A jack-ass, friend, is the same as a mule, *only more so*. . . . OUR sincerest, warmest sympathies are with our bereaved Ohio correspondent, 'E. P. M.' We can appreciate but too sensibly the depth of her emotions; for we too have seen 'the pure spirit of a lovely boy exhale to heaven,' and have watched the light of life fading from eyes (oh! how beautiful!) that 'beamed affection in the trance of death.' Alas! such sorrow is but the human lot. The 'great Reaper' is continually bearing the tender blossoms of Hope

into the silent Land, whither the bereaved themselves are tending. Well does the German poet sing, in language replete with melting pathos:

'INTO the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither!
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And scattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand,
Thither, oh! thither,
Into the Silent Land!

'O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted:
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the loved-departed,
Into the Silent Land!

AMONG the numerous 'hand-books' of various domestic arts which have become so popular in England, we are inclined to think the latest, the '*Hand-Book of Swindling*,' will have the greatest 'run.' It contains examples of the skill of many eminent professors of the art; and one of these is so 'clever,' that we extract it. An 'etrotious swinler,' on one of his professional tours, stopped to dine at the 'tip-top hotel' of a provincial town. The landlord, struck by his dashing air, as well as that of a gig which he had stolen as he came out of London, ushered him, with many bows and scrapes, into his best apartment, and supplied him with a dinner to which the 'selectest influences' of his larder and wine-cellar were contributed. A cloud however stole over the landlord's visnomy when he was informed by his guest that he 'was delicately situated at present, having by accident left his purse at home.' He promised faithfully, however, to return in three weeks, and 'make all right.' '*I'm done*!' exclaimed BONIFACE, as with a well-applied *coup-de-pied* he ejected the unwelcome guest from his premises. 'You'll repent this!—mark that!' exclaimed the wronged chevalier:

'AND the landlord *did* repent it; for that very day three weeks, his maltreated guest again drove up to the hotel. He entered the house with a countenance that bespoke forgiveness, and shaking hands with BONIFACE, who made a thousand apologies for his former discourteous treatment, told him that he was come to pay his bill, adding blandly: 'To show you that I entertain no ill-feeling toward you, you shall dine with me to-day; so let us have the very best of every thing in your house.' The order was no sooner given than obeyed. A capital dinner was served up, far more expensive than the former one; and after the choicest hock, claret, and burgundy had been done all possible justice to, and the landlord had told his best stories, and cracked his slyest jokes, and the guest had laughed, fit to kill himself, at the rogue's drollery; the bill, as before, was called for, and deposited on the table. It was of awful length, but the gentleman's nerves were not easily flustered; so he addressed BONIFACE with the most perfect *nonchalance*: 'Hark'ee, Mr. Landlord, you kicked me out of this house just three weeks ago; I told you at the time you would repent of it; and so you will, for though your bill is now twice as long as it was then, I have not a sixpence to pay it with; therefore,' he added coolly, 'you must act as you did before, and *pay yourself by a cheque on the same bank*!'

We look upon this as the most perfect swindling achievement on record. To '*do*' a man twice, and each time under precisely the same circumstances! . . . Mr. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, the *ci-devant* 'United States' Geologist,' would seem to have reached his maximum of detestability, if we may judge from the accidental compliments which he receives through the occasional and incidental allusions of the American press. A late '*Albany Argus*' remarks: 'The KNICKERBOCKER Magazine thinks it fortunate that while Mr. FEATHERSTONHAUGH was acquiring a knowledge of *us*, we were also acquiring a knowledge of *him*.' Not so fortunate, in some instances, we apprehend; as the pockets of some of our good citizens can attest. The acquaintanceship was somewhat dearly bought. The truth is, a more arrogant pretender, who exhausted the forbearance as he violated the confidence of persons who were disposed to regard his pretensions with favor, has not lampooned or defamed our country since the advent of ASHE and FEARON, in the earlier days of English hiring distortion and national scandal.' . . . WE venture to present here an extract from a recent letter of an old and favorite correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER: 'And now, as I speak of *leaves*, which the poet HOMER has done before me in a most true similitude, have you ever seen mosses and marine plants by some nice art of pressing so stamped upon paper that they could not be distinguished from the finest painting? I had some lately, of an unspeakable delicacy. The leaves are so filmy that they seem incorporated with the paper, and adhere to it as if laid on with a brush. Why could not the

whole family of these plants be thus published in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, since they require no copper-plate, no engraving, only a small piece of paper and a woman's hand, and could be transmitted with the utmost ease; while a port-folio full of them would be of more value than the worn-out engravings published in some of our lady-periodicals, of which every number is emphatically styled as 'indeed a rich issue.' I could conceive of nothing richer in the shape of art to show to a friend.' We shall take some pains to learn more of this art, and its 'capabilities.' Meantime, speaking of plants, let us ask our friend if he ever heard of the celebrated 'Rat-tail Geranium,' which was first brought to public notice by a famous beau and courtier at Washington, some years since! It seems that he had a passion for geraniums; and on one occasion he was informed by a friend ('beshrew him for a mad wag!') that if he desired to enrich his collection of plants with one not to be had elsewhere, and which had just been imported from the Niger, to lose not a moment in securing it. This was sufficient. Away he posted, and for a pretty penny became proprietor of the only rat-tail geranium in America. Placing it under his arm, he repaired to the residence of the lady of one of the high dignitaries of the federal city. Placing it carefully upon the window-sill of the drawing-room, and as carefully adjusting the stem, which he said in consequence of a long voyage had become a little dry and lost its foliage; and giving especial directions to have it exposed to the sun, kept well watered, and taken in at night, he made his congée, and departed. On the third day it began to send forth its fragrance; each succeeding day it increased, but showed no signs of budding. On the sixth day curiosity was on tip-toe to ascertain, by actual examination, the structure of a plant so redolent of a most remarkable perfume, and yet so withered and stiff, as was the stem of the 'Rat-tail Niger Geranium.' On removing the earth, and following the stem downward, lo! there lay the remains of an enormous rat, with his tail tied neatly up to a stick! . . . Who has not often wished that there was a daguerreotype for the mind, which might reflect and retain the unuttered and unutterable thoughts and fancies that sometimes crowd upon the brain? 'PHAZMA,' one of the editors of that spirited and popular journal, the '*St. Louis Reveille*,' and one of the most delightful poets of the Great West, says very beautifully:

'THE deepest thoughts, unbroken,
In shadow'd feelings lie,
And for each thought that's spoken,
A thousand voiceless die.
Crush'd are the accents stealing,
Hush'd are the bosom's chords,
And pangs of blighted feeling
Are all unknown to words.

'Thou, mighty ocean, sleepest,
Thy surface kissing light,
But still thy waters deepest
Lie hush'd in solemn night;
E'en when the heaving billow
Madly aspires the sky,
It shrinks back to its pillow,
In darkness still to lie.'

THE late lamented SANDERSON, in one of his 'Letters from London,' written for these pages, describes an inflated parvenu walking along Regent-Crescent with the stride of a kangaroo, looking over his shoulder at 'the commoners' as if afraid some one might take improper liberties with his shadow. 'He was too conscious of Threadneedle-street, and feared to be suspected of a lower rank. A higher bred person knows nothing of such apprehensions, and walks as he pleases.' These assumptions are always 'close denotements' of the character and calibre of those who exhibit them. Men of position, of wealth, of learning, have no necessity to *obtrude* their distinctions, or to seem to be what they are not. Men of genius, for example, men of mark in the literary world, may have college-honors heaped upon them, but they make no parade of that which can add nothing to their reputation and which gratifies no vanity: but let a small college, perhaps by a suspension of its rules, dub a small littérateur with an 'A. M.,' an LL. D.' or an 'A. S. S.,' and you shall see how soon and how constantly he will wear his 'blushing honor *thick* upon him;' making many laugh and some perhaps to grieve. . . . WE are not surprised to learn, as we do from the *Buffalo journals*, that Mr. JAMIESON, whose performances were so acceptable to the audiences of the Park-Theatre last season, has 'won all suffrages' at the theatre of that beautiful and flourishing city. The following critique upon his performance of 'Grandfather Whitehead' is from the *Commercial Advertiser* daily journal: 'To say that Mr. JAMIESON, as the doating

grand-father, filled the part ably, would be but to say what every one who witnessed it readily conceded. But it was not *acting*; it was nature—homely, truthful nature. He felt, and deeply felt, and sank the actor in the reality. To himself, he was no longer personifying—he was creating. The parting with his grand-child; the entrance of the poor old man, half paralyzed with cold, and covered with snow, into the dwelling of his ungrateful adopted child; his resolve to starve, rather than accept one penny of his own money in charity; his prayer at the door of GABRIEL'S room; the recapitulation, in his insanity, of finding and adopting the orphan child; and his final return to reason and forgiveness, were among the most touching illustrations we have ever seen upon the stage.' . . . 'JACOB'S trysting-place is well depicted in the ensuing lines. There is rather a 'sinking,' however, in the dénouement:

'UPON the flowery rising ground above,
The blossoms gently wave their lovely heads,
The breeze that softly stirs the graceful grove,
Wafts their sweet odors to our grassy beds.

'Beside the stream that ripples from the spring,
The cowslips and the lillies graceful bloom;
The voluptuous bee, borne on his silken wing,
Sips nectar from the flowers, and drinks their rich perfume.

'Here let us sing of Love's bewitching fires,
And all th' enchantments of the sportive boy;
And while the soul, wrapt by his soft desires,
Feels the delightful trance without alloy,

'O sweetly breathe those dreamy notes again;
Ah! what a dying, soul-transporting grace!
How glance thy magic fingers 'mong the harmonious wires!
But do not poke your elbow in my face!"

IN running over the sheets of our present number, for the purpose of making out its table of contents, we felt not a little disposed to felicitate ourselves upon the character and variety of our literary matériel. The description of ALLSTON'S great painting, from the capable pen of General DEARBORN, will arrest and sustain the attention of the reader. It is written in that spirit of admiration and appreciation which all feel who have examined this master-piece of our lamented countryman. A distinguished artist-friend of ours, who repaired to Boston expressly to see this picture, sat down in our presence the other evening, and as he described its effect upon him kept his facile pencil busy, so that when he had finished we had a very vivid impression of the painting from the sketch he had almost involuntarily made. Memory, in this as in almost every case, proved to be the best of critics. We spoke in our last of love-tales; but we did not refer to heart-records so simple and touching as those embodied in the story of 'Lucy Hill,' which in its style will remind the reader of the 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.' The sketch is but another illustration of the truth of the poet's remark:

'LOVE he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as Fate or fancy carries;
Longest stays, when sorest chidden;
Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.'

'The Vision of KARISTAGIA' will not escape notice. The facts set forth in it were derived from the records in the office of the Secretary of State, from SOO-HA-WA, a Seneca sachem, uncle to RED-JACKET, and a very intelligent old man; and from an educated Indian, with whom the writer is in correspondence. 'The Philosophy of Kite-Flying' will remind the reader, we think, of many a promulgator of windy doctrine, who is kept afloat on the surface of society, as ignorant swimmers are buoyed up by blown bladders; men who fix their whole attention upon a single object, never looking at it in its relation to others, and therefore exaggerating it out of its true proportion; contending with one social evil as

if there were no other in the world, and expressing impatience and contempt for all whose sympathies do not go with them. We have commenced a new instalment of the late WILLIAM ABBOTT's admirable 'Gossip of a Player,' from which we can promise our readers rare entertainment. We do n't know what others may think, but to our poor conception the 'Legal Ballad' of our St. Alban's friend falls little if any short of the best efforts in that kind of the prince of punsters, THOMAS HOOD. We render our cordial thanks to our old friends and correspondents, Messrs LUNT, ROCKWELL, and PALMER, and Mrs. SIGOURNEY, for their several favors. Our 'Southern Clergyman's papers (present and future) are also gladly accepted. . . . 'F.,' at Saratoga, has 'wasted powder.' Such follies are short-lived, but while they are alive, they cannot be written down. 'Follow suit,' man! 'In a community of apes,' says a shrewd observer and man-of-the-world, 'it is becoming to be an ape. If you place a man of sense in a company of fools, it is the man of sense who is embarrassed and looks foolish. If one travelled into Timbuctoo I presume one would feel very foolish for being white.'

'LINGERING he raised the latch at eve,
Though tired in heart and limb;
He lov'd no other place, and yet . . .
Home was no home to him.'

This picture of desolation was brought very forcibly to our mind the other day, in reading in one of the London pictorial journals an account of a man who with his wife had been arrested for giving opium to one of their children, that they might obtain the 'burial-fee' to keep the others from starvation! The man, it was proved, had wrought early and late, but the pittance which he received for his toil was inadequate for the necessities of his invalid wife and helpless family. Alas! well may an eloquent English author exclaim:

'O! moralists, who treat of happiness and self-respect, innate in every sphere of life, and shedding light on every grain of dust in God's highway, so smooth below your carriage wheels, so rough beneath the tread of naked feet, bethink yourselves, in looking on the swift descent of men who have lived in their own esteem, that there are scores of thousands breathing now, and breathing thick with painful toil, who in that high respect have never lived at all, or had a chance of life! Go, ye, who rest so placidly upon the sacred Bard who had been young, and when he strung his harp was old, and had never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread: go, Teachers of content and honest pride, into the mine, the mill, the forge, the squalid depths of deepest ignorance, and uttermost abyss of man's neglect, and say can any hopeful plant spring up in air so foul that it extinguishes the soul's bright torch as fast as it is kindled! And, oh! ye Pharisees of the nineteen hundredth year of Christian Knowledge, who soundingly appeal to human nature, see that it be human first. Take heed it has not been transformed, during our slumber and the sleep of generations, into the nature of the beasts!'

'THE country-folk will call it 'Musquito Cove,' writes a correspondent from the pleasant retreat of Glen-Cove.' Exactly, dear Madam: the original name will abide. Attempts were not long since persisted in, for some months, to call Lake George 'Lake Horicon;' but it would n't do. Lake Horicon is dead and buried. Near the South-Shrewsbury river, as you wend toward Red-Bank and Long-Branch, in the Monmouth District of New-Jersey, there is a place called 'Point-Pleasant,' and rightly enough so denominated. But ah! the new name is an alias. 'Punkin-P'int' is the place; and greatly are its summer-residents scandalized at the unvarnished cognomen, as it proceeds twangingly from the noses of the 'natives' in the presence of 'friends from 'York.' . . . AN English journal lately contained the following announcement: 'To be sold, one hundred and thirty-one law-suits, the property of an advocate retiring from business. N. B. The clients are rich and obstinate.' There is a fruitful lesson in this little advertisement, if rightly studied. 'When we take our eye and throw it 'round community,' as one of our journals remarked the other day, how many men do we see, who have actually been ruined by obtaining, after long years of contention, a decree in chancery in their favor, with costs! . . . THE remains of the poet CAMPBELL have been deposited, with all pomp and honor, in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey; and there too would the dust of

BYRON now rest, but for the biggotted dignitaries who 'on moral grounds' opposed it: yet these same reverend prebends belong to an establishment, a part of whose vast income, as it appears from recent disclosures in Parliament, is derived from houses of ill-fame in the metropolis of England! We can never read without emotion CHILDE HAROLD's prophetic lines:

'If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth, and blight, and dull Oblivion bar
My name from out the Temple where the dead
Are honored by the nations, let it be;
And light the laurels on a loftier head,
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me:
'Sparta had many a worthier son than he.'

We have full faith that the day will yet come, and we believe that it is not far distant, when the dust of England's greatest modern poet *will* rest where her eminent dead 'are honored by the nations.' Unhappy BYRON!

—'LIKE the tree
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted:'

and time, so far from lessening, seems only to enhance the world's sympathy with his loveless life and its regret at his early death. 'Rest, perturbed spirit:' *implora pace!* But to revert to CAMPBELL: there were some very interesting personal recollections of the poet contributed to a late number of '*The Albion*' by Mr. JOHN R. DIX, an English gentleman, lately arrived in this country. Mr. CAMPBELL's remarks upon certain of his brother poets are worthy of preservation. They evince the purest taste and most correct judgment. Of CRABBE he spoke in the most enthusiastic terms: KEATS's poems he said were too laborious; the 'Ode to a Nightingale' he considered his best production: SHELLEY was a poet for poets only; few others could understand him: 'His works were like a shivered mirror; a collection of brilliant fragments.' Of GOLDSMITH, he observed: 'After all, GOLDSMITH must perhaps be considered as one of our greatest poets. I read his works over every year with renewed pleasure. Nothing can exceed the pathos of some passages in his 'Deserted Village;' had he not been so indolent, he might have written the 'Return to Auburn.' 'I asked him,' writes Mr. DIX, 'which he considered to be the most perfect poem in the English language? 'There is no poem,' he replied, 'taken as a whole, I think, so perfect as GRAY's Elegy in a Country Churchyard; every line is a picture.' There was a most amiable feature in CAMPBELL's colloquial criticisms; an entire absence of ill feeling toward his brother bards. Not an unkind word did he ever utter of any one; and when he felt he could not praise, he dexterously changed the topic, and passed on to panegyric some production of sterling merit.' In speaking incidentally of his own productions, he remarked, among other things, that 'The Mariners of England' was composed as he walked along the streets; and on being asked if he had any preference for either member of his poetic family, he replied: 'Yes, I prefer 'The Last Man' to any thing I have written. I did not greatly admire it at first, nor for some time after it was published and popular; but I went with Lord JEFFREY to a concert in Edinburgh, and to my astonishment BRAHAM came forward and sang it to magnificent music. I was paralyzed, and wondered if I had written the words. I had been praised, overpraised before, but I never felt that I was a real poet until then. After the applause had ceased, some one called out 'CAMPBELL!' and CAMPBELL 'was the cry.' JEFFREY made me get up and bow, but I must have looked like a sumph. I shrunk back into the darkest part of the box, and cried like a child.' . . . WE are indebted to '*The Albanian*' for the annexed clever version of a story which we remember shaking our sides over when 'a considerably small boy:'

'ABOUT twenty years since, when Agricultural Societies were in vogue, and when it was the custom for the members of the society to report the improvements they had made during the year in the rearing of cattle, one of the members reported the following case by way of Question: 'Gentlemen: I had a little Dutch cow, that had a calf on the first day of April last—no, it was on the second day; and when it was four months and two days old—no, when it was four months and three days old—I killed it. How much do you think it weighed a quarter? Now you must remember, it was a

little Dutch cow, she was in our bush-pasture, and it was a very dry summer.' The several members guessed, some 'twenty-five pounds,' some 'thirty pounds,' etc. During the guessing the little Dutchman sat whistling, apparently very little interested in the result. At length Gov. CLINTON, who was present, inquired: 'Well, Mr. SNYDER, how much did it weigh a quarter?' 'Well, I don't know exactly; I did not weigh it; but I guess not much, for you see, it was a very mean poor Dutch calf, not fit to eat.'

THE stanzas entitled '*Thoughts on reading NICOL's 'Architecture of the Heavens''*' most certainly do not do justice to their theme. The twelve lines that commence the second manuscript page, to our humble comprehension, seem devoid of meaning. It is a sublime description which NICOL gives of the approach of a comet toward the sun, with its flow of particles from the mass of the nucleus attracted by our luminary, toward which, for a long and well-defined distance, it stretched its sublime course, until at length it wavered, as if on the verge of a hostile or repulsive territory; assumed a curious motion or vibration; then turned, a vast wandering thing, to undergo its fates in the august spaces where it 'sweeps its awful cycle!' Dim though it is, without a mountain, without an ocean, without a morn or eve, encompassed by strange ethers, yet doubtless in its journey it rejoices in the Universal Life, and like all visible things, is preparing for another form of being. 'After all,' says the author of '*Vathek*,' ours is a miserable atom of creation, we and all our solar system, amidst the many that dot and sparkle along the infinity of space. How few of these magnificent worlds will glasses ever enable man to see? What sort of people inhabit them? Is life there? death? original corruption? Ah! we do not live half long enough to acquire the horn-book of the studies that life opens to us!"

' UNHEEDED spreads the blossomed bud
Its milky bosom to the bee;
Unheeded falls along the flood
The desolate and aged tree,'

in many a distant region of the great and mighty west, where yet populous towns shall rise and the hum of busy industry resound in crowded thoroughfares! We sometimes lament that our ingress into this breathing world and this glorious land had not been postponed for fifty years or thereabout:

' WHAT spacious cities with their spires shall gleam,
Where now the panther laps a lonely stream!'

of which we shall now probably 'know little, if not less.' We cannot, however, quite go with our St. Louis correspondent, in his '*Dream of the Future*;' although it must be admitted that all prophecy, even the wildest, has *hitherto* done injustice to our national progress. Our friend's prediction as to the 'inventions in the womb of time' may possibly turn out correct. When we find a yankee 'cal'ulating' a machine 'for taking the disagreeable notes out o' thunder,' there is nothing left to wonder at in the way of native ingenuity. . . . We have received, but quite at 'the eleventh hour,' the first number of a series, entitled '*Oneida, or the Red Race of America*;' being a record of their history, traditions, customs, poetry, picture-writing, etc.; in extracts from notes, journals, and other unpublished writings. No man in the United States can have had better opportunities to collect the material for a work like this, than the author, HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Esq.; nor do we know of any one so capable as himself of understanding and arranging them, for the entertainment of the public. . . . THE '*BERKSHIRE JUBILEE*,' so eloquently heralded by 'N. S. D.' in our last number, 'came off' triumphantly at the time appointed; and as we perused in the *Tribune* the animated description of the proceedings, we more than ever regretted the hard necessity which compelled us to decline the cordial invitation of the '*Berkshires*' to be present on the joyful occasion. Our readers shall hear more of the festival hereafter. Among the speakers and guests were MARK HOPKINS, MISS SEDGWICK, Rev. WILLIAM ALLEN, Mr. BRYANT, Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY, Judge BACON, Mr. MACREADY, Dr. O. W. HOLMES, etc. Mr. BACON, Mrs. SIGOURNEY, WILLIAM PITT PALMER, Mrs. E. P. DODGE, and Dr. HOLMES, assisted in furnishing forth the poetical reports. We make an extract

from the characteristic poem of the last-named gentleman; a passage which will explain itself to be a part of an earnest invitation to the errant 'Berkshires' to come up to the festival:

'COME you, of the Law, who can talk if you please,
Till the man in the moon will allow it's a cheese,
And leave 'the old lady, that never tells lies,'
To sleep with her handkerchief over her eyes.

Ye Healers of men, for a moment decline
Your feasts in the rhubarb and ipecac. line;
While you shut up your turnpike, your neighbors can go,
The old roundabout road, to the regions below.

You Clerk, on whose ears are a couple of pens,
And whose head is an ant-hill of units and tens;
Though Plato denies you, we welcome you still
As a featherless biped, in spite of your quill.

Poor drudge of the City! how happy he feels
With the burrs on his legs, and the grass at his heels;
No *dodger* behind, his bandannas to share,
No constable grumbling, 'You must n't walk there.'

In yonder green meadow, to Memory dear,
He slaps a musketoe, and brushes a tear;
The dew-drops hang round him, on blossoms and shoots,
He breathes but one sigh — for his youth and his boots.

There stands the old school-house, hard by the old church:
That tree at its side had the flavor of birch.
Oh sweet were the days of his juvenile tricks,
Though the prairie of youth had so many 'big licks.'

By the side of yon river he weeps and he slumps,
The boots filled with water, as if they were pumps;
Till sated with rapture, he steals to his bed
With a glow in his heart and a cold in his head!

'Tis past — he is dreaming — I see him again;
His ledger returns as by Legerdemain;
His neck-cloth is damp, with an Easterly flaw,
And he holds in his fingers an omnibus straw.

He dreams the shrill gust is a blossomy gale,
That the straw is a rose from his dear native vale;
And murmurs, unconscious of space and of time,
'A 1: Extra-super: ah, isn't it PRIME!'

Rev. MARK HOPKINS, it would seem, spoke glowingly of the observances which form 'the poetry of religion, without which liberty and religion would be overlaid and crushed by that which ought to nourish and protect them.' Mr. HOPKINS had not taken counsel, we infer, of the bigotted polemic, who in a late '*New-Englander*' Calvinistic journal deprecates the extension of the 'religious sentiment,' which is *only* 'lofty in sensibility and noble in aspiration,' but is not 'real religion.' The man may *feel* it in the depths of his heart, but it is not worth cherishing. 'We read the writings of CHANNING, so justly esteemed for his pure and lofty sentiments; of GREENWOOD and DEWEY, so tasteful and elevated; and of WARE, so honest-hearted and devotional; and their religion seems to us *sentimentalism* rather than *holiness*.' The writer admits that 'none exhibit the social virtues and the kindlier charities of life more than themselves and many who may be found in their congregations; but then there 'must be *holiness*, as a grand constituent of character;' 'love to God as a holy Being;' 'joy in the law of duty,' and so forth. In other words, those persons who, as DOGBERRY expresses it, are 'full of piety' of the right sort, must be able to tell the precise moment when they 'got religion' or were 'born again;' otherwise, their ultimate doom is sealed. Happily, sentiments and opinions like these are

confined, even in New-England, to a few sour ascetics, who are as impotent as they are Pharisical and uncharitable. But to come back: Mr. MACREADY, whose good taste is never at fault, in answer to a call of the meeting, spoke as follows: 'Mr. President, and Gentlemen—I cannot say brethren; and yet my heart beats as warmly at seeing such a spectacle, as any American could desire. I confess, Sir, that I am taken wholly unawares, for I came here only to witness the spirit with which you enter into this Jubilee. I cannot make a speech. Believe me, I wish I could, that I might banish from the minds of those who hear me every suspicion that England is opposed to the prosperity of this country. But I will not attempt to make a speech. Instead of that, I will recite to you a short poem expressing that spirit of love to man which ought to characterize the nations and people of the earth. Mr. MACREADY then recited the following Eastern fable, which he gave with all that grace and energy which have given him such celebrity:

'ABON BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and lily-like in bloom,
An ANGEL writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made BEN ADHEM bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?' The Vision raised his head,
And, in a voice made all of sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the LORD.'
'And is mine one?' said ADHEM. Nay, not so,'
Replied the ANGEL. ABON spoke more low,
But cheerily still: 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.'
The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;
And lo! BEN ADHEM's name led all the rest!

THE 'True Sun' daily journal has some very just remarks upon the character of the 'fashionable periodicals,' of immense pretensions, which so often appear and disappear in this gullible country: 'For a while, perhaps, the speculation succeeds, but by and by the picture-plates become shabby, the articles are common-place, the editor's material runs out, and the public discontinue their subscriptions, to patronise perhaps some new affair of still greater pretensions. The puffing which they have had from the newspapers only makes the collapse more decided and hopeless, as a bladder stretched beyond its capacity is the most certain of a fatal rupture.' We have seen no less than *twenty-five* periodicals, such as are here depicted, 'go by the board' within the last twelve years. . . . Mr. DOWNING, who has done so much good in 'towing' the public taste toward a more refined style of country-edifices, has a new and improved edition of his '*Cottage-Architecture*' printed and ready for the publishers, Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM. We shall soon lose sight of the monotonous Grecian temples, with great columns of pine boards before every window, which have so long 'specked' the verdant banks of the Hudson; and in their places will arise cottages, after various and tasteful orders of architecture. By the way: it would not be amiss, if a little of this variety could be transferred to the metropolis. 'The American town-houses,' says an accomplished traveller, 'are built, as the ladies are dressed, all one way. There is a pair of rival parlors, and corresponding chambers above, to the third or fourth story; an entry runs alongside a mile or two without stopping, at the farthest end of which is the kitchen; so that one always stands upon the marble front of the door until Kitty has travelled this distance to let one in. How many dinners have been frozen in their own sauces, how many lovers chilled, by this refrigeratory process!' The unvarying sameness of our dwellings is an utter enemy to the picturesqueness of the metropolis; although, if SANDERSON's picture of Paris be true, which is termed one of the most picturesque of capitolis, we do not know that uniformity is so much to be lamented, after all: 'Paris is a wilderness of tall, scraggy, and dingy houses, of irregular heights and sizes, staring out impudently into the street, or retiring modestly and without symmetry: a

palace often the counterpart of a pig-sty, and a cathedral next door to a hen-roost. The streets are zig-zag, and abut against each other, as if they did not know which way to run.' . . . 'Mountains: written at Kaatskill,' does not favorably impress us, as a whole. The truth is, we must have something on *that* theme '*that bites*,' or else it is naught. We always loved mountain scenery, and have but recently re-kindled the fire of our affection among the giant hills of the north: and could well exclaim, with 'J. B.,' an old and favorite correspondent of this Magazine:

'MOUNTAINS! I dwell not with you now,
To climb ye, and rejoice,
And round me boometh as I write,
A crowded city's voice:

But oft in watches of the night,
When sleep the turmoil stills,
My spirit seems to walk abroad
Among the mighty hills!'

Apropos of these lines: is their accomplished author so busy with his editorials in the 'True Sun' daily journal, that he cannot let us hear from him, as aforetime, 'every now and then, or oftener?' . . . WE may claim the credit, perhaps, of making Dow, Jr., the quaint and queer lay-sermonizer of the 'Sunday Mercury,' better known to the public than he otherwise would have been, through the extracts from his 'discourses' which we have occasionally given in these pages. We do not remember, however, to have met, in any of his moral etchings, a more pleasing 'composition' than the annexed; which is an invitation to man, 'pained with the world's noisy stir, and half-crazed with its maddening tumults,' to turn into the peaceful woods and 'listen to the thrilling music of the forest-birds:'

'How rich the varied choir! Here the restless finch fills the distant hollows with his constant calls, and the wren utters her sweet, mellow plaint to the breeze; the thrush sits musically mimicking the plough-boy's whistle. Where the kalmia hangs its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half hid among the dogwood's snowy flowers; and the blue-jay, with his checkered pinions, flits by from tree to tree, scolding prettily as he flies. I love all this. It operates as an anodyne to every worldly pain; soothes, for the time, every earthly sorrow, and tells me to sing and be merry to-day, leaving the imaginary ills of to-morrow to perish in embryo. My friends: Nature's pets are to be found at all seasons of the year. There is always something in the fields, groves and woodlands to interest us, and dissuade us from brooding over and fostering those juvenile cut-throat cares that lie cradled in every human breast. With the welcome airs of Spring, the robin comes and sings a sweet, simple song of sorrow, as she sits beside her last year's dilapidated nest; and when, at the dull evening hour, she takes her perch upon the red-stemmed hazel, how beautifully she tunes her notes to the rivulet's melancholy murmur! Yes; and as twilight falls, how delightfully the frogs play upon their unseen pipes in the neighboring pools and marshes! It seems to me like music that has lain frozen up all winter, now just thawed out, and playing, as it were, for its own amusement, with all the ease and freedom of a pocket-organ. My hearers: in the summer season you have a full orchestra of feathered musicians; and the way they pour out the melody is most gladdening to the soul. Now and then, however, we find a bird whose harp was never tuned to harmony. Far up some creek's still course, whose current mines the forest's blackened roots, and whose green margin is seldom trod by human foot, the lonely heron stands, and harshly breaks the Sabbath of the wilderness; or you may find him by some reedy pool, or meditating gloomily on the time-stained rock that wets its bottom with the waters of some misty lake. This grey watcher of the waters sings no joyous song, as he looks after his supper by keeping an eye on the shining fishes as they pass; and yet there is mysterious music in that strange, startling call of his, like the wild scream of one whose life is perishing at sea! There is sacred music, my friends, in the lone whippoor-will's fitful hymn, when heard in the drowsy watches of the night; when all the village lights are out; when the day-winds are hushed, and the very ears of Earth seem to be open and listening. O, it is heart-softening to hear him chant his hollow dirge, like some recluse who takes his lodgings in the wilderness of the woods, and sends up his anthem while all the world is still! Oh! how I used to love, when a boy, (ah! my God! when I was a boy!) to have this little minstrel leave his hidden home to sit upon my window-sill and sing me to sleep, when the blue-bird and robin were at rest, and the twittering swallows had folded up their wings for the night! Let the God of Nature be thanked for sending such a welcome nocturnal visitor to sing lullabies at the couch of care; to sweeten the slumbers of us, wretched mortals; and make us dream perchance of joy, of happiness and heaven!'

WE have (for the first and *last* time, we call *late*.) a rhyming correspondent who sends us from 'The Jumping-off Place in Maine' what he calls 'an effusion,' which he would like, he says, to see 'printed into the 'KERNICKERBOCKER.' He mentions that, from his

northern position, he considers himself 'an American Skald.' He *may* be; but we are not going to burn *our* fingers with him. We cannot help thinking, that

'Round the shore where loud Lufoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale;

there are better materials for the poetic fire, if not more remarkable 'Skalde,' than any to be found on the outer borders of the American Norway.' . . . OUR readers will be glad to learn, as we do by late and direct advices from Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, that the temporary malady with which he was for some time afflicted has entirely left him, and that his health is completely restored. It may not be generally known to our readers that Madrid, which is situated on a plateau elevated more than eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, is in the most irritating atmosphere of all Spain. 'The wind which blows here, during almost the whole year, from the mountains of Guadarrama, and the fatal effect of which have given rise to so many proverbs, penetrates with an insupportable cold which would affect the strongest lungs, if they were not protected by the skirt of the cloak thrown over the shoulder, as well as adds to the influence of the climate in producing the most painful cholics in a great number of foreigners. It is this wind, blowing so frequently, and sometimes so violently, which incessantly raising in the air columns of nitrous powder, irritates the eyes of a population tainted with scrofulous and various affections, and gives rise to those ophthalmias which, from the reflection of the sun and the coldness of the nights, are sure in no long time to terminate fatally.' . . . We do not affect either the tone or the manner of the paper entitled '*A Reminiscence*.' We trust, for the writer's sake, that what he represents as a 'veritable occurrence' is *not* true; but if it *were* true, it would not prove the writer's deductions to be correct. We hold with SOUTHEY:

'THEY sin, who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity;
But love is indestructible:
Its holy flame forever burneth:
From heaven it came — to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress'd,
It here is tried, and purified,
And hath in heaven its perfect rest.'

WE regard THACKERAY as one of the very best magazine-writers in England. He does not strain after effects, nor affect strained language, like persons who are not accustomed to write from a full mind. We like very much a recent essay of his upon dinners; suggested by the remark of a man, who was sitting down before a huge reeking joint of meat, from which he was cutting great red smoking collops, to the effect, namely, that 'he was a plain man, and despised all gormandizing and French kickshaws.' 'What I complain of,' adds the modern LAMB, 'is, not that the man should enjoy his great meal of steaming beef; let him be happy over that as much as the beef he is devouring was in life happy over oil-cakes or mangel-wurzel; but I hate the fellow's brutal self-complacency, and his scorn of other people who have different tastes from his. A man who brags regarding himself, that whatever he swallows is the same to him, and that his coarse palate recognises no difference between venison and turtle, pudding, or mutton-broth, as his indifferent jaws close over them, brags about a personal defect, the wretch! — and not about a virtue. It is like a man boasting that he has no ear for music, or no eye for color, or that his nose cannot scent the difference between a rose and a cabbage.' He goes on to contend, that 'good dinners have been the greatest vehicles of benevolence since man began to eat;' and that 'a taste for good living is praiseworthy in moderation.' A good dinner is the centre of the circle of social sympathies, and one of the causes of domesticity. 'The brain is a terrible secret. I believe some chemist will arise anon, who will know how to doctor the brain as they do

the body now, as *LIEBIG* doctors the ground. They will apply certain medicines, and produce crops of certain qualities that are lying dormant now for want of intellectual guano.* We have this authentic illustration of the effects of a good dinner:

'No person,' says a learned writer on digestion, will deny that hunger is a painful sensation, whatever may be his opinion of appetite.' When, therefore, a man feels hungry (which he generally does a little while before dinner,) he is in pain; and when a man is in pain, he cannot be expected to feel comfortable within, or to make himself agreeable to others. On the contrary, the moment his sensations glide from appetite to hunger, the outworks of philosophy give way; the enemy saps the very foundations of his character. When, therefore, you want to see a sanguine man despond, a cheerful one sad, a forbearing man impatient, or a benevolent one uncharitable, watch him while being kept waiting for his dinner. The best of tempers will not, at such a moment, require much provocation to get ruffled.' . . . 'Nature tells us when to eat by exhausting our forces, and by making it a pain to disobey, and a pleasure to obey her dictates. Snappishness before, suavity after dinner, certainly form the general rule. This becomes a very important maxim in suitors and favor-seekers. How many an individual has marred his fortune by asking the favor that would have made it, before, instead of after his patron's dinner! So fully convinced is an extravagant young Oxford friend of ours of the necessity of timing his applications to the 'governor' for more cash, that he invariably sends him letters by the *day* mail, that they may catch the old gentleman napping just after dinner. The managers of charitable societies invariably make their collections after the hearts of the subscribers have been opened by a first-rate tavern feast. 'The trade,' *par excellence*, disarm the business-like caution of the book-sellers at their annual auctions by a like expedient, and never think of putting up a single lot till after the removal of the cloth. In short, a thousand similar instances might be adduced to show that the tide of fortune and liberality flows highest after dinner. How different is it during the hour before! Then it is that quarrels are begun, and law pleas commenced; then it is that cross fathers cut off erring sons with a shilling, and wives and husbands talk of deeds of separation; at this inauspicious period editors become super-particular, and reject the lucubrations of doubtful contributors; and critics get so uncommonly vigilant, that scarcely anything in a book will please them. Reader, when you have a favor to ask, a bargain to make, a contribution to send to a magazine, or a book to forward to a critic, be careful, if you can possibly help it, not to address yourself to an empty stomach.'

We derive the following from an esteemed friend and correspondent, who was an early and constant friend of the devoted missionary of whom he speaks: 'DEATH cometh in at the window!' Even after much watching, the immortal spirit often glides silently away; and those who have stood around, and marked the ebb and flow of life, know not the moment of its departure. 'Death cometh in at the window' and calls it hence. There is a consolation however in the reflection, that all those unnumbered attentions that love and sympathy can alone bestow, have been paid to the departed friend. The holy rites of sepulture bring with them to the afflicted mourners a soothing and hallowed influence. The resting-place has perhaps been chosen in some secluded spot; some rural cemetery, or some village burying-ground.

'HERE the long concourse from the murmuring town,
With funeral pace and slow, shall enter in,
To lay the lov'd in tranquil silence down,
No more to suffer and no more to sin.

'And here the impressive stone engraved with words
Which grief sententious gives to marble pale,
Shall teach the heart, while waters, leaves and birds
Make cheerful music in the passing gale.'

But alas! how sad, how bitter are the hours which follow the announcement of the unexpected death of some beloved friend, who has died far away from home and kindred! It is but a few short days since, on glancing hastily over a daily paper, my eyes rested on a brief paragraph. For a moment the tide of life in my own bosom was almost turned back. It contained the simple yet affecting intelligence that Dr. GRANT, the noble and heroic missionary to the Nestorians of Persia, was no more. It was but a few days previous that I had been conversing with his son, and looking forward with anxious expectation to his immediate return to his country and his friends. Soon, even by this present time, I hoped to have seen him face to face, and to go over again with him the scenes of earlier days, and to follow him in his narrations of his long and perilous journeyings over the plains and mountains, and through the valleys and fastnesses of Central Asia; to have heard from his own lips the recital of his hair-breadth escapes during the revulsions and massacres of that ancient and interesting people, with whom his missionary lot had been cast. I knew him well; and a truer and finer spirit has seldom embarked in the highest of all pursuits,

the christianizing of 'a world lying in wickedness.' His was a soul that knew not fear. Had he lived in the days of chivalry, he would have been as brave a knight as ever wore armor. In the Christian warfare in which he engaged, he never shrunk from what he considered the path of duty. Dr. GRANT was born in 1808, in the county of Oneida, in the state of New-York, and was educated as a physician. In 1834 he sailed from the United States as a missionary-physician to the Nestorians of Persia. For the first four years of his missionary life, his residence was at Ooroomiah, in Persia. In 1839, after the death of his devoted and accomplished wife, he undertook the hazardous enterprise of going across to those Nestorians who had dwelt for ages amid the wild mountains of Koordistan. In this he was eminently successful, and was the first American or European in modern times who has gained access to that most venerable people. Since that time, he has dwelt with them; and combining the character of a Christian missionary with that of a skilful physician, he was enabled to exert a great influence over those Christian descendants of God's chosen people. He died at Mosul; and his death produced a deep sensation, even among the followers of MOHAMMED. Mrs. GRANT sleeps in the city supposed to have been the residence of ZOROASTER. The mortal remains of Dr. GRANT rest upon the banks of the Tigris, near by where the waters of that river, famed of old, wash the ruins of ancient Nineveh.

THE MORALS OF FREEDOM.—The 'Oration delivered before the Authorities of the City of Boston,' on the fourth of July last, by PELEG W. CHANDLER, is a production of no common excellence. Instead of indulging in the declamation and retrospective boasting, too common, at least too *unmixed*, on similar occasions heretofore, the orator enters upon a serious investigation into our real condition; and exposes, with force and fearlessness, the evils from which the United States already suffer, and to which they are exposed. The riots and crimes that deform our land; the fraudulent speculations, in which even sovereign States have participated; the attacks upon the judiciary; the scenes of atrocity in deliberative assemblies, and acts of villany perpetrated by men in public office; these call rather for penitence and humiliation, than for vain-glorious boasting, on the part of the nation. The oration deserves to be read, and its teachings to be cherished, by every true-hearted American, who considers the principles of the Right paramount to those of the merely seeming Expedient.

'MAXIMS OF AGOGOS.'—Just as these sheets are passing to the press, we are put in receipt of an exceedingly well executed little volume, from the press of Messrs. OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY, Boston, entitled 'The Maxims, Experiences, and Observations of AGOGOS.' The author is CHARLES WILLIAM DAY, Esq., author of the 'Hints on Etiquette,' a work erroneously attributed to Count D'ORSAY, and which was noticed at some length in these pages not many months since. We have read the little volume before us entirely through at a single prolonged sitting; and are struck with the amount of worldly knowledge; the shrewd observation of men and things; the just views of society, morals, and manners, which it contains. We commend it to general perusal; being well assured, that if heedfully discussed it may be productive of much good.

HERSHBERGER'S HORSEMANSHIP.—HENRY G. LANGLEY, 8 Astor-House, has published a small, 'well-mounted' volume, which the author (H. R. HERSHBERGER, Instructor of Riding at the United States Military Academy at West-Point,) terms 'The Horseman,' containing practical rules for riding, and hints to the reader on the selection of horses; to which is added a sabre-exercise for mounted and dismounted service. The work contains numerous cuts, illustrating the various kinds of bits, paces or gaits of the horse, and practices for the accomplished horsemen. The author has been connected with the cavalry-service for nine years, and a close observance of every thing relating to horsemanship has enabled him to convey practical information on all equestrian exercises by an easy and progressive method.

'MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL.'—This delightful little work, by CHARLES LAMB and his sister, has been republished in a beautiful volume, by Mr. HENRY M. ONDERDONK, at his book-store in John-street. We have perused the simple and instructive 'histories' which it contains, with that interest which the writings of LAMB never fail to excite. For exquisite pathos, springing from the simplest records of events in real and comparatively humble life, we hardly know any thing to excel one or two passages of the very first story in this little book. The work deserves, and will obtain, a wide circulation.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXIV.

OCTOBER, 1844.

No. 4.

EXPERIENCES OF A TOBACCO-SMOKER.

BY PETER VON ORNST.

WHETHER these 'experiences' of mine differ so much from those of most other young men as to make it worth while for me to reveal them, or for others to know them, is a question which they who honor these confessions with a perusal will be better qualified to answer than I am. And though I am aware, whatever German introversialists may say, that a knowledge of the private exercises and vagaries of any one mind, which can possess interest only so far as they are peculiar and depart from the common law, is of little if any use to another, the question *cui bono?* is one which I do not propound to myself, and which I shall therefore decline answering.

My attachment to the plant, of whose nature and effects I have undertaken to treat, commenced early in life. Having on one occasion been found in the company of elder and manlier playmates, trying with many half-suppressed grimaces and much unacknowledged sickness of the stomach to accustom my mouth to its taste, I was forthwith strictly commanded by the frowning guardian of my youth to abstain from its use, under the penalty of severe pains. From this time forth, tobacco assumed an altogether new aspect: it was no longer the bitter weed, natural disgust to which must be overcome by him who aspires to wear the 'toga virilis,' but it was now a most precious fruit, to be eaten in secret, the concentrated essence of all earthly luxuries, which was to form the grand pleasure of life, when I should be emancipated from parental control. It was a plant, in fine, to be wrapped carefully up and buried in the innermost pocket; whose fragrance was to be inhaled when no eyes could see me; which was to be looked at and longed for when nobody else was in the room; and which was to be eaten, sitting on an old log in the thickest woods, with glistening eyes and singing, with a rapturous pulse and exaltation of soul. It was a pleasure, the looking forward to which solaced the routine of ordinary duties: the past one was reflected on with something like envy, and a future one was anxiously schemed for.

It would be impossible for me to convey a just notion of the state and feelings of my mind at those times ; unless indeed I should say it was as though the reader should feel himself disengaged from the earth, soaring upward without effort into a purer region ; feeling himself expand, as might naturally be expected, in that rarer atmosphere ; forgetful of his body, though conscious of its presence ; looking down on the earth, whose grace, beauty, and harmonious goings-on are made manifest by the distance, with love for it and for all that inhabit it ; and above all, with overflowing exultation in his own height and freedom. If the reader will faithfully follow these directions, and feel himself disengaged from the earth, etc., he will understand what I wish to describe ; but when I remember the ordinary after-dinner condition of our minds, I confess I am a little apprehensive that my attempt to give him a true idea of the feelings in question has not been attended with the most complete success.

I contrived, for the most part, to avoid the severe pains which always followed a detection of my disobedience, by being very guarded in using it. Finding, however, that I could indulge myself with but little danger of discovery, I became bolder ; and whenever, in walking the streets, or performing any manual labor, I found myself for a few minutes alone, out came the paper wrapper from the hidden pocket, and the 'dark joy' was masticated with an eagerness and haste proportionate to the fear of interruption. My situation and occupation at this time began to favor my indulgence : a farmer's son living two miles from a village, (*the* village, as we used to say,) I had spent my first years at home, with such educational assistance as the district-school teacher and library could give. But now I began to look higher ; must attend the academy ; and rise into the mystic regions of Latin Grammar and Comstock's Philosophy. Here was a daily solitary walk of four miles ; some benignant power, surely cared for my happiness : at all events, I asked nothing more. If that summer were to be lived over again, I should probably ask something more : for those solitary walks gave a character to my mind ; a bent, which speedily hardened, and which no subsequent efforts could unbend.

On the cool, clear, bird-singing mornings, it was my practice to start off with dinner basket on my arm, and 'a shining morning face,' not however creeping unwillingly to school, but trudging right willingly along, to the turn in the road, which concealed me from the maternal windows ; then to bring to light the jealously-watched treasure, snuff up its sweet perfume, and transfer a cubic half-inch of it to my mouth ! It may be expected by those who are not familiar with the subject of this memoir, that the tobacco so ardently loved, must have been agreeable to the taste ; but those who have tried it, and who remember their early experiences, will credit me when I say, that on the contrary, it was at that time very bitter, and that on first putting it into my mouth, I could not refrain from grimaces and contortions of face, similar to what may be seen in the features of a man who is tasting aloes. But this sensation would pass away in the course of half a minute, and the tobacco then had no positive, describable taste at all. Then commenced true bliss. If my heart and spirits were light before, now they became

absolutely flighty. My little bosom swelled with unaccountable delight; overflowed with peace and good will; and nature around, animate and inanimate, seemed filled with similar joy.

But perhaps the most remarkable hours of that summer were those of returning from school. Almost always tired, hungry and exhausted, I used to set out for home in the latter part of the afternoon, when the heat of the day was passed, and having fairly left the village and the inquisitive eyes of acquaintances behind, I would treat myself to an extra large portion of the 'joy-elixir-gum.' The effect at such times, owing to my having fasted since morning, and the consequently greater excitability of my nerves, was much more delightful than at any other hour. Not only did it induce that calm and elevation which was its common effect, but it so quickened, or rather *unloosed* my imagination, and so set in motion my creative power, that I could fancy myself in whatever situation I chose, doing and saying, and seeing others do and say, with all the vividness and pleasure of reality. I may perhaps illustrate this by a single example. Having one day been brought in contact with a great and shining character, boyishly considered; and having felt myself compelled to bow down before him with abasement and wonder; I suddenly got new views of the heights and dignities to which men might attain; and it seemed to me that his fame, knowledge, and above all, his position, were the only things worth wishing. I looked with contempt on my former infantine pleasures, and with despair on my powers; for the distance between Latin Grammar and Comstock's Philosophy, and the attainments of Mr. — seemed immeasurable and hopeless. Thinking gloomily on these things, I walked homeward with downcast looks. From the force of habit, rather than from inclination, I bit off an uncommonly large portion of my tobacco; spitefully, and without the prefatory snuff, for my equanimity was disturbed. In the course of a minute it began to be felt. Mine was not such a very desperate condition, after all. On the contrary, it was probable that Mr. — commenced as low as I was, if not lower. The connection between Latin Grammar and those glittering heights was very discernible; a road, not so very long and weary, but one which could be passed over with a rapid and skimming step; a few short and easy stages, college — professional study — life, and I was there. Indeed, I *was* there; felt myself there, at that moment.

At the period of which I write, however, I was not accustomed to analysis, and saw no impropriety in fancying myself in the position of Mr. —, the speaker of that day. I walked swiftly along the woodland path, feeling myself an orator. I mounted a stump, and in fancy stood on the rostrum where Mr. — had stood, and dazzled me, and led captive my imagination; like him the focus of four thousand eyes, about to utter words of elevating and thrilling import. To those who are accustomed to it, and who are acquainted with men, there is nothing very memorable in being placed in the eye of two thousand people, and in speaking to them; but to me it was GRAND! I seemed to myself to be a being superior to my hearers; to have alighted, from some Super-terrene, upon this carpeted platform, namely, the stump, for the purpose of showing my audience a model of beauty and

of enlightening and firing them with sentiments and emotions brought from an upper sphere. My attachment to the platform was very slight, quite imperceptible. No heaviness weighed my limbs down; I felt myself floating in mid-air and my thoughts ranging in upper air. My action was graceful and masterly. I discoursed with energy on politics, with rapture on poetry, with pathos on morals; descanted on the evils of war and the value of education; instanced Greece and Rome; magnified our free institutions, and invoked sublimely the shades of our country's departed heroes; worshipped WASHINGTON, lauded Lafayette, honored Hamilton, and promised to posterity immortal glory. All this time, my persuasion of the reality of my position and of my hearers remained perfect and vivid, never wavering. For more than half an hour the inspiration filled me, and I went on lifting myself up, and with a loud voice electrifying my audience. At length, however, for an instant imagination faltered; the brilliant web of fantasies was rent, melted away, and revealed, hard and bare, hoary tree-trunks and yellow ground. My spirits sunk cold within me. I glanced frightened and guiltily around, to see if any one had really been witnessing my performance, jumped off the stump, and set out on a run, choosing the obscure paths, homeward.

I have been more particular in mentioning this freak, because I retain a distinct recollection of it; and when I remember it, I laugh at it with the laughter of vexation; and also, because it may be taken as an example of the manner in which I was accustomed to amuse myself in the long walks to and from school.

It must not be supposed that my 'exercises' were all of one kind. This oratorical fury continued several months, and I daily awoke the echoes with ardent and high-toned speeches on every subject that I could think of, as affecting or interesting humanity. I spoke before immense assemblages of respectability and beauty; audiences varied, brilliant, admiring, and breathless. They were to me *almost* as distinct as reality can be to any speaker; and one chief source of my pleasure was in *feeling* the possession of perfect mastery over them. Added to the thrilling, nay the noble consciousness of being admired for beauty and grace, there was another consciousness, yet more grand; that of Power — power to wrap them, by a single sentence, in the folds of my fancy, and to carry them hither or thither, above or below, whithersoever I listed.

How long this course might have proceeded, if I had been left to myself, it is impossible to determine. Youth, however, is *versatile*, or in other words, is progressive, and I already began to feel the need of a new self-modification.

Having been indulged, about this time, with a glimpse of the honors, dignity, and social distinctions, that is to say, the glory, which encircles the brow of the judge, or 'the honorable member,' or the office-holder, I straight-way commenced transforming myself; and then, what, oh! audacious little fool! didst thou not imagine?

But perhaps the most remarkable and delightful of my exercises were those which were derived from, or suggested by books. I had always devoured them with avidity, and was probably as much fasci-

nated by Robinson Crusoe, the Vicar of Wakefield, and others of that character, as boys of my age usually are; but when the spirit of tobacco animated me, books of fiction at least assumed an entirely new relation to me. They were scenes, persons and plots no longer to be passively received and enjoyed, but they were to be fiercely seized and used as materials in a new manufacture. That is to say, after the author had brought his work to a conclusion, it was my practice, if it was satisfactory, to give it reasonable commendation, and then untying the final knot and unravelling the threads back a little way, to lead them off in a new direction, *ad infinitum*, and bring them together again to suit myself. Thus, by poetic license, I have made Leatherstocking, first and last, pass through groves deep and high, engage in adventures and win fights, unequalled in the annals of Indian warfare. I have made the Red Rover and Robinson Crusoe do and say things, over and above what was writ down for them, at which the grave authors, could they have seen my interpolations and amendments, would have been not a little astonished. Nay, if the conduct of the tale did not please, I was accustomed, without scruple, to take the *dramatis personæ* into my own hands, group them into *tableaux-vivants*, lead them into scenes, and animate them with feelings, so classical, novel, and rapturous, so brilliant, wonderful and voluptuous, that the author's conceptions were thrown quite into the shade, and *Somnia* herself must have hung her head in conscious discomfiture.

A flight farther of un-reason-bound imagination into the region of shades. These characters were not pictures, to be contemplated on the printed page, and feebly and temporarily sympathized with; they were persons, who stepped out from the book, still in character and with the buskins on, and accompanied me in my daily travels. There was the pirate, the knight, the statesman, with whom to converse in my own proper person I felt to be rather a falling off; and thus was led to assume the buskins and character for myself. Whatever persons, whim, or accident called round me, (generally those of the last-read novel,) I must needs fit myself for such goodly company, and either send some one of them off and take his place, or invent a new character and a new scene for myself. And then, on those sunset walks, what pranks were played before high Heaven! Spare me, Oh, stern, pitiless Memory!

In the course of the next three years I added another species of indulgence, namely, smoking. How I happened to become attached to this phasis, I do not recollect. 'I do n't seem to remember', as they say in New-Hampshire, any thing about the origin of the habit: the first instance of using it, I recollect, was on an occasion of unusual mental perturbation; when nothing else could calm, I proved the soothing virtue of the pipe. I found myself in an assembly of my peers, one evening, where a very foolish resolution, maintained by my preposterous arguments, was going through, apparently, unanimously. The resolution was supported by a florid and loud speaker, who, perfectly serious in what he said, advanced reasons in favor of his side of the question, that I considered empty and puerile, and as contrary to the commonest principles of morality and sense. I looked around on my

peers, a hundred of them, to see if they really *could* swallow all this. Not a face expressed dissent; on the contrary, satisfaction and admiration. I burned with indignation at the speaker's folly and the hearer's stupidity. When he sat down, the spirit moved me, forced me, to rise, justify truth, and overwhelm this blind babbler with ridicule and refutation. My mind overflowed with argument, reply, illustration and simile. I stood on my feet; I was a *novus homo*; all eyes were fixed on me. Every thing looked glary: 'Mr. President!' *vox et præterea nihil!* Memory, figure, trope allusion, imagination and invention sunk down to the lowest depths of my brain! I tried to make a commotion among my thoughts; but my mind was as flat and barren as a white-wood board. 'Mr. President!' My slim voice quavered; I got hold of the shadow of an idea, and drivelled.

Arrived at home, I sat down, stupified with amazement. Was it then really so? Or, had I been deceiving myself all this time? I began to reflect on my position and on what I should have said. What I *should have said*; then the dead calm was destroyed by an upheaving from the bottom. Imagination, reason and invention resumed their functions; my mind again boiled with resemblances, chains of argument, and corruscations. Oh ye cowardly spirits of the vasty deep, that would n't come at my bidding! You can show yourselves, now that you are not wanted, can you? Cease, cease, friendly, but ill-timed powers! Quit that furious activity, and I will allay you to a calmer mood with tobacco-smoke!

This failure, as I knew it must be called, weighed on my mind for some time; for though I was not more than half convinced that I *could n't* if I should fairly try, every body else seemed to consider it a settled case. Hence it became necessary, several hours each day, to ward off and shield myself from sharp thoughts of humiliation, with pipes and poetry.

Another thing which tended to make the indulgence habitual, and which need only be hinted at, was that our hero was unable to find, among those with whom he lived, any one who seemed disposed to enter into his way of feeling and of viewing things. Their minds were exclusively directed to the things that lay directly before them; and they so stared at this autobiographer, when he advanced any of his paradoxes, and so quickly fell back to the old, familiar, matter-of-fact ways of regarding the subject, that he could not help at times sorely misdoubting the fancied superiority of his range and method of thinking. At any rate, he had his speculations all to himself. And as he recoiled instinctively from sitting in the seat of laughers and from entering into the counsel of calculators, he was left, not unwillingly, to keep company with the speaking shades of the departed, and with his own thoughts.

The effect of tobacco-smoke is to turn the mind back on itself. It resembles music, to a remarkable extent; in some cases, the effects of the two are exactly alike. It soothes the mind to that quietness and imperceptible activity which generally accompanies light reading. It subdues every prominent emotion, and brings to light all former actions and thoughts; bring them to a calm, lunar light, so that the attention is

not involuntary arrested by any one, but may pass over with a glance what is painful, and may dwell on what is pleasing. And not only does it do this, when the smoker is reflecting generally and at random, but when he contemplates some recent action in which he has experienced failure and mortification, it bears down the waves of passion, smoothes all, brings all out to an equal prominence, and enables him to take a calm view of the whole. But when he takes a calm view of the whole, he will of course principally regard the pleasing parts of the action ; his rational design, his well-formed plans ; laying the blame of failure either on accident, which cannot be expected to happen again, or on some error which he committed, which he will not of course commit the next time. Thus, his wounded self-complacency is restored to him whole and sound ; and he is allowed to conclude that he *can* do it, and that he certainly *shall* succeed in future.

Or, if the action is altogether disagreeable, smoking obscures it, though it may be fresh and vivid, to the dimness of other pictures on the memory ; so that his attention can range over the whole field with freedom, and will not be incessantly brought back by the painful brilliancy of that one point.

So far, tobacco may be said to be a blessing. And if, when the smoker has by its assistance in some degree anticipated time, in obliterating or concealing the deep and otherwise much-frequented impressions of grief and mortification, he will pass onward with courage to new scenes and new labors.

But — I speak now of the effects as they appear to others — to the man whose constant business is reflection ; to the youth, especially, the charm is apt to become a spell, the soothing music a syren-song. And for this reason : when smoking has laid the mind to rest, it disconnects it from, or at least weakens the connection between it and circumstances and motives ; this last, however, comes first in order of time ; and then the mind falls into a state of easy, noiseless activity, independent of will. It is not musing, because it is not mere reflection ; neither is it exactly similar to that state of involuntary thinking that precedes sleep, because it is more methodical and sustained. It differs from this and from all other states, in that the mind not only reflects but really combines and creates. The superintending intellect, as it were, retires from the machine ; (what inadequate, grotesque and incongruous figures we have to use when speaking of mental operations ! ‘*Pictor desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne,*’ etc. ;) and still the machine goes on, turning out thoughts of its own accord. The pictures which it makes are not so distinct, and the combinations which it forms are not so perfect and harmonious, as they would be if the engine worked under the eye of, and were pressed upon by, the will ; but they are quite satisfactory, because they are intended only for the smoker’s own amusement, and are produced without exertion.

It is a pleasure also to contemplate the free workings of his mind ; if it produces so admirably of itself, what will it not do when I direct and urge it on ? It is the same sort of satisfaction that a man feels in regarding the force and muscle of his naked arm ; or that boys feel in putting their hands on and in looking into the muzzle of a cannon ;

what tremendous effects it *can* produce ! And if, when the smoker tries it, he finds that it does not work with the expected power and rapidity, he concludes that it must be a mistake. 'Can it be,' says he, 'that faculties which move so easily when no power is applied, that emotions, comparisons and analogies that come bubbling up, spontaneously from the calm azure deep, will not move faster when they are driven, and will not come up thicker and larger when they are called ? This notion of inability is all a mistake ; I *can*, but I wont try !

The fact is, the will cannot at a moment's notice again lay hold of the engine and make it work to the master's purposes. Imagination, with invention close behind, being suffered to flit unguided over the universe, finds the bondage of stern reason irksome. She delights to find out and enjoy beauties for their own sake, without a constant regard to utility. In other words, and *practically* speaking, the smoker is in danger of acquiring a habit of speculating for himself, on his own private account ; and not being frequently called on to gather up an illustration or argument, head and tail, and pitch it at another understanding, he very naturally lets the argument or illustration rest in his mind, without that distinctness and positiveness which it would gain if he were obliged to use it. And also, being accustomed to make sudden transitions from one thought to another not perceptibly connected with it, he cannot fasten down his attention to a chain of argument, and pass slowly from link to link. And if he does sit down to severer thinking, composing for instance, it requires unintermitted watch to keep his mind from straying ; if his eye is off of it for a moment, it will glance off to an associated idea, and from that to another, and so round the world. His will has grown imbecile ; when he tries to make the mental machine work, it is all work and no spontaneity ; lucubrating oil, animal spirits, are all used up by its involuntary running. The bubbles will not come up from the depths when he most anxiously looks for them, and he does not know how to make them rise. He is vexed, (*figurâ mutâ,*) that his Pegasus wont mount as sublimely under the spur and rein as when left to himself ; and he therefore finds it more agreeable to loll in the saddle, smoke, and suffer that useful animal to scour earth and skies at his own sweet pleasure. In fine, his command over his intellectual faculties, at best weak and imperfect, is now absolutely lost ; the strings of volition are broken ; and the unfortunate smoker, unable to meet the demand of the moment, shunning society, sits gazing and making faces at the air, wrapped in the solitude of his own subjectivity. Thus the charm becomes a spell.

Such he appears to society to be ; a character, in the extreme vexatious and useless ; a perfect nuisance, because *he wont do any thing*. But it is not alone, nor primarily, the opinions of others that a man is to consult in determining on his own course and pursuits. And when we sadly* compare the condition and occupation of this dreamer, with those of young men of more *objective* character — blessed be the German philosophy for re-introducing this and its correlative term ! — we may see

* Vide CLARENDON's grand choral with WARBURTON's sharp notes, *passim*.

reason to hesitate, before we give our preference to the latter. The unpresuming writer of these experiences would be far from attempting to vindicate the utility of such an interwoven being as he has been speaking of: we may as well confess at the outset, that he is a poor miserable stalker, and can be put to no imaginable use whatsoever. But then, we are disposed to deny that those other young men, who are so efficient and operative, who drive bargains and practice law, who throw themselves unreservedly into the struggle of the present, and are conversant only with reality, we deny that they produce effects which are so important and lasting as they seem to think. In short, a man's labor's perish with him. And yet because, with a knowledge of this fact, we prefer to leave the beaten track of human enterprise and aspirations, and to please ourselves in the shady grottoes of obscurity, Society turns up its nose and snarls at us! It claims the right of dictating to us the manner in which we shall employ ourselves! Now we utterly and point-blank cut Society aforesaid; we cut utility, we cut labor; and with all humility, would use our inalienable right of 'the pursuit of happiness.'

We say, then, *per contra*, that the smoker of taste has sources of pleasure that the world knows not of. We say that if his mind is enriched (and this is essential to our beau ideal) with scientific and human learning, if his imagination is cultivated and active, his discernment nice, his affections of the better sort and exuberant, his contempt for trivial pursuits and objects cold, his love of beauty and of music passionate, if his soul is poetical, so that all objects of conception wear a robe of romance, we say *that* man may thank his stars, smile at productive industry, and flout society with equanimity.

Such was the process through which the present autobiographer passed, from the use of the pipe as a preventive and an occasional pleasure, to a habitual and principled indulgence. When he was aware that tobacco was unfitting him for grappling with the realities of life, he brought himself to despise realities; in other words, he made a virtue of inclination. In this state he may now be found; and I feel at present no inclination to quit it. For I can see, with secret complacency, the anxious brows of men of the world as they hurry past me; and feel no envy when they taste the cup of pleasure — pleasure which they have so long striven for — a cup which invariably smacks of bitter dregs. Above all, I pity that delusion which supposes that their pleasures are less imaginary than mine, or that their *realities* are any more real than my *idealities*.

But before me the great PAST is spread out, vast, dim, awful, like a prairie under the shadow and silence of an eclipse. At my command, kings and heroes, the brave, the learned, the chivalrous and fair, rise in their places, with faces made ghastly by the darkened light of this roof-stained amphitheatre, and perform their parts with befitting dignity. The solitary spectator, elevated and calm, witnesses the pomp of ceremonial, the glitter of military array, the strife of councils, and the stealing step of intrigue, with the eye of a superior and impartial being. The actors frequently but naturally and gracefully change, and the interest varies, but is always pleasurable. The ignoble fury of passion,

and all the revolting consequences of war are bedimmed, and he for whom were all these things made, is enabled to see only noble appearances; shining armor, faces of high resolution, and heroic deaths. And amid their consciously free operations, the spectator is pleased to discover laws which they are entirely unaware of, according to which they act, from which he predicts, and according to which he confidently and yet with some degree of excitement expects, their future course. Then comes in heavenly music, harmonious sister of tobacco-smoke! — exhilarating them to a more lively movement, inspiring them with loftier feelings, and making plumes dance. Or, if her strain is saddening, an indescribable and not wholly painful gloom settles down on the field of the past. Shade-like and imperfectly discerned the figures become: the area lengthens into a vista; as though one should place his eye on a level with the surface of a lake, on a lowering evening, and glance along the unbroken shore-moving waves, from which the light of the western clouds is faintly reflected. He penetrates far back into the great obscure, a track thickly strown with fragments of institutions, monuments and works of men, all overwhelmed by the wasteful ocean; works of men who thought their memory and labors would be eternal. With the murmur, the moan of the deep in his ears; he mingles with and feels himself a part of those gone generations; and thus loses all thoughts of individual importance, while a mournful feeling of the greatness of the whole, of which he forms part, oppresses him.

Or if his attention is directed to the present, objects and events are not to him as they seem to others; they receive a coloring from his own imagination. Every thing is invested with beauty and fitness, and so ministers delight. Undisturbed by passion, and with his soul serene down to its deepest depths, he looks out on the world passing by, applauds every noble deed, and sympathizes with the pride of him who performed it.

And while he glances coldly over the foolish and vain, he respects the wise and good; he enjoys the *comfort* of veneration. But none are Wise and Good and Beautiful; in the world of reality, these qualities are added, to a great extent, by the imagination of the beholder; for men *must* have something to reverence. But that happy youth, who dwells in a world re-paradised, keeps company with those who will shock his respect by frequent exhibitions of imperfection. He keeps company with men and women in their best imaginable estate. Something like this, perhaps, the world has heard of, in the fictions of some of the older poets; and when they heard it it was for the most part a sound without meaning. But to the smoker it is no fiction; it is a truth which he believes. For him, the enchanted garden blooms in the midst of the press and bustle of life. The men with whom he thus converses are not self-seeking and hard; and the women whom he then loves are not empty and trifling. The first are noble in reason, and the latter rich in all amiable and womanly emotions.

There are (why should it be concealed?) those whose friendship I have had the happiness to gain, and some there are, whom I have taken the liberty to admire without their being aware of it. A thousand

miles distant, and little dreaming of such an apotheosis, I bring them half a dozen at a time, perhaps, by the fountain of still waters, under the shade of vines and fragrance of flowers, divest them of the worldly thoughts and occupations which have checked their natural development, and which have forced some attributes, in themselves not disagreeable, into an unlovely prominence, and let them rise to that state of equilibrium and self-possession which they feel to be their true state. Then the shackles of self-diffidence, and the coldness of want of confidence in each other, melt off from our minds; our thoughts range over the fields of science and art without effort; and having pleased ourselves with sublime flights, we return, like doves to their windows, with ever fresh satisfaction and delight, to the substratum of Love in our souls. Then every graceful form of address, words of deep and half-hidden meaning; all the modes and species of conversation and amusement, which one may dream of as perfect and delightful, are carried out into practice. In fine: if a man, standing at a suitable distance, has ever happened to catch a glimpse of right ideal beauty in the form of a woman, or of right ideal dignity and admirability in the bearing and spirit of a man, he will have some notion of what I mean, if he will imagine this beauty and admirability to be natural and habitual to the persons; if he will imagine them, not as inspired for the moment, but as *living an Epic poem*. This 'wise passiveness,' to use the words of Pont. Max. Wordsworth, with some accommodation, may receive, from ambitious young men, men of the world, who do not discern the true end of intellectual culture, that slight esteem and honor, which people are accustomed to bestow on a thing they know nothing about. But to me it seems a state of mind consistent with and consequent on the highest philosophy; it is, at least, one from which all envy is excluded. And if I shall be told of the uselessness of such intense mental activity, I can only repeat the words of that fine old classic hymn:

Ὀδὸν κινῶ Κολεὶ τὰς ἀμερρίεσσι δὸ σῶλ,
 Ἀνδὲρ ἀμερρίεσσι δὸ σῶλ τὰς ἡ,
 'Ἡ καλλεὶ φορὶς ΠΠΠΕ, ἀνδὲρ ἡ καλλεὶ φορὶς βῶλ,
 Ἀνδὲρ ἡ καλλεὶ φορὶς φιδδλερὶς θρεε.

Κολ. Τυραννος, α-δ.

S U M M E R R A I N .

BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

GENTLY fall upon the plain,
 Summer rain!
 On the hill and forest tree,
 Mighty let thy coming be:
 But the gentle flowers!
 Tender leaf and blow!
 Ah! the heavy showers
 Kill them where they grow.

Do thy mission on the plain,
 Summer rain!
 Bless the drooping leaf and bud,
 Cheer the faint and sickly flood;
 But the flowers so gay,
 On the meadow's breast,
 Spare their little day,
 Short enough at best!

T H E C O N S C R I P T .

Where sleep'st thou now ! the sunset tints are fading,
 And night is gath'ring o'er the azure sky ;
 Faint curling mists are objects dim o'ershading,
 And winds are singing low their lullaby.

Where sleep'st thou now ! the trump has ceas'd its sounding.
 The war-note deep is hush'd the hills among :
 And purple vintage grounds are now resounding
 With festive glee, breath'd forth in many a song.

When the young spring its odors sweet was lending
 To ev'ry breeze that wooingly pass'd by,
 When the bright summer its green leaves was blending
 In shadow deep with sunlight of the sky :

I saw thee, boy, with health upon thy brow,
 Swift as the chamois on the mountain height,
 Climb the high avalanche of spotless snow,
 And stand exulting in the glowing light.

Thy spirit, free as eaglet of the mountain,
 Expanded with the glory of the sight,
 Whilst thou with voice glad as the gush of fountain,
 In extacy pour'd forth thy wild delight.

Conscription came ! -- how fell thy flutt'ring pinion,
 To soar no more through regions of the air ;
 Thou stoodst in marshall'd ranks of pow'r the minion,
 Thou ! my free-hearted boy ! my tenderest care !

Where sleep'st thou now ! when evening soft is closing,
 How sorrow presses with its shades on me ;
 And when in quiet sleep the earth's reposing,
 My soul goes forth in gloom in search of thee.

Mid heaps of slain, my son, I see thee lying,
 Unshrouded on a far unhallow'd soil ;
 Low dirge-like notes the cold night wind is sighing :
 'To glory what are poverty and toil !

For them the trump of fame wakes not its breathing,
 To future time no clarion tells their name ;
 For them fair hands no laurel chaplet wreathing,
 Their deeds no chosen bard shall ere proclaim !

They stood where fiercest raged the shock of battle,
 They stood where loudest volleying cannon roar'd ;
 They stood unvalued as 'dumb driven cattle,'
 As round the hissing shot death dealing pour'd.

My son, thou liest on the battle ground
 With those who falling ne'er are nam'd again ;
 Vain unto such of fame the vaunted sound ;
 There Glory hides her heaps of buried slain.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

DURING the latter part of 1838, by reason of troubles existing between the two governments, a large squadron of French ships-of-war was stationed along the Mexican coast, for the purpose of enforcing the blockade declared by France. In consequence of this measure, provisions, and such articles as had hitherto been imported into the Mexican sea-ports, became very scarce, and the high prices which were demanded offered strong inducements to our enterprising, money-loving countrymen to out-wit the keen-eyed Frenchmen, and in defiance of their blockade to supply the interdicted ports.

One of these adventurous exploits came immediately under my own observation; and anticipating the reader's permission, I will reel off the yarn for his edification. It occurred while I was cruising in the sloop of war Boston, under the gallant old Captain BABBIT, who was one of the officers of the old Philadelphia, when she was captured by the Algerines. Apropos of my revered old commander: there comes up always, when I recall him, his standing toast; the only one he ever gave after his release from imprisonment: '*The downfall of the barbarous Moors!*' On all occasions, whenever he was called upon for a sentiment, this was given. We were once dining with the celebrated ESPELETA, Governor-General of Cuba, who did not understand a word of English. As the wine passed around, Captain Babbit was called upon for a sentiment. He gave as usual, '*The downfall of the barbarous Moors,*' which, creating unusual merriment among all who understood him, caused the governor to require its translation. To judge from the governor's appearance, it must have touched him nearly, for his complexion clearly betrayed his Arabic descent. But I am yawning off my course.

After a cruise of four or five months in the Gulf, we hauled up for Tampico, to look once more on terra-firma, and to fill our water-tanks. On coming to anchor in the roadstead, we found the French corvette Creole, commanded by the Prince de Joinville, and a brig of the same nation, moored in front of the river. The bar of Tampico is too shallow to admit vessels of heavy draught, which are obliged to anchor in the open roads outside, and on the approach of a gale are forced to get under way and give the shore a wide berth. The blockading craft were anchored barely out of reach of the guns mounted on Castle San Marco, in a situation to intercept any vessel attempting to enter the harbor. After we came to and furled sails, the usual salutes were exchanged, visits of etiquette paid, and the launch hoisted out, preparatory to watering ship.

Having nothing with which to occupy myself, and not intending to visit the town before the next day, I took my sketch-book and pencil, and ascended to the main-top, designing to sketch the entrance of the

river. I stowed myself away on a spare studding-sail, and commenced the outline of the beautiful landscape ; but I was interrupted by old Marline, the captain of the top, with :

‘ Them Johnny Crapeaus have got an eye out to windward, lieutenant. That there ‘ Grey-owl,’ as they call her, is talking bunting’ (i. e. signalling) ‘ to the brig ; and there go her hands aloft to loose her canvass, Sir.’

I cast my eyes toward the brig, and at once perceived that she was heaving up her anchor. A second look to seaward explained the cause of this manœuvre. On the extreme verge of the windward horizon a small white speck appeared, seeming but a floating cloudlet resting between the light blue of the clear sky and the deep azure of the ocean.

The brig was soon under way, and piling the canvass on her tall spars, she hauled on a taut bowline in the direction of the strange sail. Sending Marline below for my spy-glass, I was now enabled with its aid to make the stranger out. She appeared to be of brigantine size, and by the way she rose in the horizon, I judged her to be a fast-sailing clipper. There was a light sky-sail breeze ruffling gently over the waters from seaward, but not blowing hard enough to make the anchored vessels tend head to wind against ebb tide ; therefore we lay bows in toward the harbour.

The brigantine rapidly neared the French brig, and while my eye was fixed on her rakish rig, and the beautiful cut of her square sails, her colors rose to the gaff. I at once distinguished the flag of ‘ the lone-star republic.’ The Frenchman had got within hail of the stranger, and apparently satisfied with his appearance, had squared away, and under a cloud of snow-white canvass the two vessels came in side by side. How beautiful is a ship, decked in her snowy robes and flaunting streamers, bending gracefully over the gently undulating bosom of the ocean, as she parts the blue waves and throws the foam in silvery sheets in her wake ! The outline of her tapering spars, her dark thread-like rigging, and broad sails thrown out in bold relief against the sky ; the variety of colors, each softened down into the other, are, in my mind, ‘ beautiful exceedingly.’

The two vessels neared the anchorage : suddenly the French brig clewed up her fore and main-sails, the Texan banner fluttered from her fore-mast-head, and her guns opened a salute to the brigantine. As the brigantine swept smoothly on, an involuntary buzz of admiration rose from our crew, as they gazed on her sylph-like beauty. She was evidently Baltimore-built, her spars very taut and rakish, her hull long and low in the water, with bows that seemed to pass through the waves without a ripple. Apparently she had but a small crew, some ten or fifteen seamen only being actively occupied in working her, and a few red-coated marines leaning with professional stiffness against the masts and bulwarks. Three or four officers also appeared at their usual stations ; and as we knew the difficulties of shipping men in that non-payment service, we were not surprised to see her so poorly manned. A long brass thirty-two pounder, working on a pivot amid ships, and masked port-holes along her sides, were symptoms of a sharp set of teeth, which

gave her the cut of a dangerous customer. As soon as the Frenchman fired the last gun of his salute, he clewed up every thing and came to in the berth he had left. The brigantine kept on close under our lee, without shortening sail; as she passed, answering our hail, as the 'Texan brig of war Brazzos, commander Charles E. Hawkins.' She had also hoisted the French flag forward, and we were expecting to see her come to, and answer the salute of the Frenchman, when suddenly altering her course, she luffed short across the bows of the Creole, and headed in for the fort, intending apparently to cross the bar. While we were wondering at her temerity in thus venturing under the guns of an enemy's fort, the Texan flag was hauled down, the star-spangled banner floated in its place, and at the foremost head the Mexican flag was hoisted above the French.

This was more than the Frenchmen could bear. To be thus tricked out of a salute, their blockade broken under their very noses, and their half-worshipped tri-color hoisted beneath the Mexican flag, was too gallingly insulting for their fiery natures. The brigantine had hauled up so as to bring their masts in range, and as they swung to the tide not a gun could be brought to bear from their decks upon her, while she stretched boldly across the bar. The confusion of Babel must have been great if it exceeded that which uprose from the angry Frenchmen. First one and then the other slipped their cables and made sail so as to bring their broadsides to bear on the daring stranger; but they were too late, and in their hurry got a foul of each other, only throwing a few harmless shot over and around the brigantine, which soon rounded the high bluffs of Punta Tañupeco, leaving them to get clear of each other and seek their old anchorage again.

The excitement of the scene had thrown all idea of sketching out of my head; and having an old acquaintance on board the Creole, I determined to pay him a visit, having a middy-like desire to witness the workings of the bitter pill they had swallowed. After getting on board and exchanging the usual salutations and inquiries, we adjourned to the mess-room, where a bottle of claret was introduced, as well as the subject of 'running the blockade!' To do justice to my French friend, I must give the conversation to my readers as it occurred verbatim et literatim.

'My ver goot fren, you see dat dam rascality Yankee-doodale fellow laff de grande prince, de grande nation, de whole blockade, all in de ver face?'

'Yes, Serraic, I saw it all; but why did you let him pass?'

'Let him pass, by gar! — LET him pass, you say, eh? Vy, sacre-mil-tonnere! he say he one — foutre! — vat you call him? — dat leetle republique, vat fight all Mexique?'

'Texas.'

'Ah yes, Texas — Texas man-o'-war he say himself. Oh, by gar, de grande prince he mad ver moosh! Mil tonnere! how he swear Anglice, ven he see de coortain of glory, la belle tri-color, hang up all same like one deesh-clout under de dirty flag de Mexique! He say he watch for dat dam Yankee-doodale canneille bugare all eternitee, till he

catch him. He no nevare come out dees port 'gain, vidout ve catch him !'

This I found out to be the actual determination of the blockading squadron ; not to move from the port till they succeeded in capturing the American.

I returned on board, and the next morning started for the city, feeling a strong desire to see and make the acquaintance of one so much after my own heart as the man who had planned and executed this bold manœuvre. Tampico is situated on a river of the same name, about seven miles from its mouth. With its narrow unpaved streets, strong prison-like houses closely planted together, it stands as a fair specimen of the old style of Spanish cities. It lies on a green plain which gently slopes up from the river side, and every knoll in the vicinity is fortified and garrisoned. We entered the river at the moment that the sun arose, dispelling the fog-mantle that enveloped the banks of the clear stream. The row was delightfully pleasant, as we pursued our way up the winding stream, the fresh morning air bearing us the grateful perfume of fruit and flowers on its cooling wings. After rowing about an hour, we turned around a point, and before us lay the town. Anchored in the stream, lay our friend the Baltimorean, surrounded by boats filled with bartering natives. As we pulled alongside of her, I beheld beneath the shady rim of an enormous Panama hat a face weather-bronzed yet ruddy with a good-humored expression that seemed familiar to me. As I drew near, a smile of recognition settled upon it, that at once illumined the dimness of memory. It was my old school-mate and friend Will Allen.

'Thundering tritons ! Will, is that you ?' was my exclamation as I sprang over the low bulwarks and landed in the friendly embrace of his brawny arms.

'Well, Allen, you are the last fellow that I expected to meet in these cruising grounds,' said I, as soon as I could regain my breath and the power of utterance which he had squeezed out of me.

'I suppose you *are* astonished to see me on salt-water, Ned, but I knew you were aboard the old Boston, and of course expected to cross your hawse somewhere in these latitudes. I owe you an apology for not paying my respects to you last night, but I had no time to stop. By the way, speaking of that, what did the Frenchmen say at my not answering their salute ?'

'Why, they are going to catch and keel-haul you if you try to come out ; so, you had better stay in port till they break up and clear out.'

'Well, now, don't I wish they may do it, all but the catching part ! Why, confound the soup-drinking lubbers, I have n't shown them half what my little 'Nella' can do yet. I'll bet my eyes to a bucket of tar that I go out as I came in, with my colors flying, looking them right in the teeth.'

'You had better be careful, Will ; they are on the look out for you : but where is your long-tom that you had mounted on a pivot yesterday ?' said I, looking in vain for the gun.

'There it lies on the forecastle, alongside the heel of the bowsprit ; it's only a pine log, shaped like a gun and painted yellow. I thought

American naval officers had better eyes than to take a log of wood for a bona-fide barker.'

'You made a good imitation, Will; but where are your marines?'

'Oh! — the sogers? I threw them overboard on the bar, for the benefit of the Frenchmen!'

'Threw them overboard! Why what do you mean?'

'Why I mean just what I say; that I threw a dozen bundles of straw dressed up in red, yellow, and white flannel, overboard on the bar yesterday, for the especial benefit of the Johnny's.'

'I understand you now, Will; your guns, soldiers, and all, were *quakers*?'

'Precisely so, Ned. The Nella was stowed too full of dry goods, flour, and the like, to have any room for arms; and I trust more to her speed than my own valor. I have got my cargo in safe, and have sold it for a juvenile fortune; enough to enable me to get spliced to my old sweet-heart, pretty Kate S —, and settle down in 'the iron city' for life. And, as I have finished here, I am going out as soon as St. Antonio will send me a breeze; so look out for the homeward-bound the first norther that blows; as sure as it comes, I'll run by the Frenchmen in spite of their threats.'

After spending a happy day and evening with my friend, in overhauling joint recollections of old times, I returned on board ship.

During several ensuing days we were occupied in procuring wood and water, preparatory to continuing our cruise, and were nearly ready for sea, when the visits of the skipper to his barometer became frequent; and the most knowing of our fore-castle oracles shrugged their shoulders coldly as they turned their eyes toward the mountain tops in the interior. The clerk of the weather was evidently brewing mischief. One of the most certain omens of an approaching gale on that coast is a singularly clear atmosphere. Distant hills, seen at no other time, show their blue peaks plainly; thus forewarning the mariner to be ready to cut and run. We, as well as our French neighbors, commenced preparing for it by sending down our light spars, housing top-gallant masts, close-reefing topsails and coursers, and re-furling them snugly to the yards, intending if possible to 'lay it out' at anchor.

Night came on, and as the sun gradually descended behind a gathering bank of black clouds in the west, the wind increased, beginning to pipe the sailor's warning in its loudest key. The ground-swell rose very high, causing us to labor heavily, and to pitch bows-under into it. The distant thunder began to echo the hoarse moaning gale, and lightning played fitfully through the flying clouds. 'This is the very night for such a dare-devil as Will Allen,' said I, as I hurried on deck, enveloped in the folds of my storm-jacket, with my sou'-wester lashed on my head. The thought had barely passed through my mind, when the look-out on the night-heads sung out 'Sail ho!'

'Where away is she?' said I, straining my eye-sight in the gloom.

'Right ahead, Sir. I believe it's that clipper that tricked the Johnny's the other day, trying to come out over the bar.'

'Great God, she'll be lost!' said I, as I caught a glimpse of her, struggling through the heavy range of breakers that ran mountain

high entirely across the bar, one moment hidden in their tumultuous boilings, the next seeming to leap high above their snowy crests. Oh! it was beautiful; grandly, sublimely, terrifically beautiful! As the lightning flash illuminated the scene, the eye in one hurried glance would cover the high, rolling breakers, tinged with the prismatic hues of the rainbow, that seemed to leap madly up from the quicksand bar; the gallant and beautiful vessel rushing swiftly through the flashing waters, her spars bowing to the full strength of the storm-king's breath, her sails white as the cloud-spot whence the lightning bursts forth; her crew hurriedly flying from one post to another, as their varied duties required, in the dread time of danger.

Again the lightning-cloud closes, and the imagination is left to picture the scene from the wild uproar of warring elements. Once more the jagged rays of lurid light flash forth; the vessel has passed the bar in safety; here she comes, right down in our midst! The gale had increased to a height that rendered our anchorage unsafe, and all together, French and American, were obliged to slip and scud.

The ire of the Frenchmen was aroused. It was galling to their pride to see a little Yankee clipper pass into a blockaded port, in fair weather, under their very port-holes, but doubly galling to see the audacious craft again laugh at them, and defy their power in the teeth of a hurricane. As the Nella came on, the French ships beat to quarters, determined, as one of their officers afterward told me, to sink her. We were now all in a huddle, driving out to sea before the gale. As the treacherous lightning betrayed the position of the gallant Allen, the French opened a rapid fire upon him, but they were too nervous to do any harm; their shot flew wide, the quick flash of light hardly enabling them to take an aim, which the succeeding darkness would set entirely at fault. On, on we sped before the whistling blast, amid the roar of the hurricane, the loud-booming cannon, the lightning's glare, and the red flashing of the guns; but the Nella had the heels of us. Soon even the far-reaching storm-light failed to discover her situation; she had ran the blockade, in and out, in perfect safety.

S O N N E T : T O J U L I A .

THERE is an immortality that's won
 On the red field of battle and of wo,
 Where the proud warrior mounts and spurreth on,
 In all the purple pomp of martial show:
 And there's remembrance wrung from men by him
 Whose voice is loudest in the halls of state,
 On whom, e'er yet his flashing eye grows dim,
 All, save the heart of love, obsequious wait:
 There is a fame for those who search and wring
 From out the time-worn scrolls of other days
 The gems of hidden knowledge, which may fling
 Along our pilgrim-path their chastened rays:
 Yet best of all, *earth's* immortality
 Is what I here may win — a pure heart's memory.

S T A N Z A S F O R M U S I C .

Oh let my brow be sad to night !
 I cannot if I would be gay ;
 I've thrown the specious mask aside
 Which played its part so well to-day.

And now, while all things seem to grieve
 For life and love and beauty fled,
 Forgive me if thy paths I leave,
 My own sequestered haunts to tread.

How like a full and turbid stream
 From memory's caverns dark and deep,
 Come thoughts that change with fitful gleam,
 And o'er my spirit wildly sweep !

How many a mournful ruin lies
 Within my limits of the past !
 There too have glowed Italian skies
 To gild with glory to the last.

Thou canst not know how dark or bright
 This inner world of mine may be ;
 Then let my brow be sad to-night,
 Nor deem me cold or stern to thee.

H. J. W.

A VISIT TO MOUNT IDA, IN MYSIA, ASIA MINOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TURKISH SKETCHES.'

IN the month of October last, favored by the departure of the brig-of-war 'Truxton' for the United States, I accepted the kind offer on the part of her commander of a passage to the Dardanelles, and left Constantinople with a view of making a visit to the Mount Ida of the blind poet, whose 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' I have read and re-read with undiminished gratification.

The Truxton got under weigh in the Golden Horn in the afternoon. The battery of Topkhaneh returned her parting salute, and spreading her sails before a light breeze from the Euxine, she turned her prow homeward, and stood out into the Sea of Marmora. I had once more the pleasure of beholding the splendid panorama of the mouth of the Bosphorus, presenting the heights of Pera, Fondoukli, and Scutari, the immense city of Constantinople, with its towers, domes, minarets, public edifices, antique monuments, and its ever-green Cypress groves, which mark the graves of millions of Mussulmans: the almost fairy Princes' Islands bounded the view, and the hills of Bulgarlu, Tehamlia, Kaish Dag, and Alem Dag form the back-ground of the picture. Having had a fair wind through the night, in some seventeen or

eighteen hours we reached the wide Hellespont, passed swiftly by Gallipoli, and Sestos and Abydos, and in the forenoon landed from the brig at the town called the 'Dardanelles,' where I received a kind welcome from the British consul, Mr. LANDOR. On a previous visit I had not been able to procure admission to the celebrated castles at this place, both by reason of the absence of the Governor and the want of a consular agent through whom to make the application. Since then, the Consul of the United States at Constantinople has appointed Mr. CALVERT, a nephew of Mr. Landor, to be his vice-consul for the Dardanelles. He accompanied me on my excursion, and I found him to be a very amiable, intelligent and agreeable companion.

The present population of the Dardanelles is composed mostly of Jews, who present much the same external appearance as their brethren in other parts of the East; poor, humble, and oppressed; bearing in their countenances that indescribable mark by which they are every where so readily recognized, and which points them out as a people set aside by the CREATOR for a particular purpose. Beside the consuls there are a few European merchants established here, and a few Greek and Armenian rajah subjects of the Sultan. The ground about the town is low, and productive of fever-and-ague; but is, I was informed, very fertile in grain, mulberry-trees, olives, and tobacco. The principal article of manufacture is earthenware; much of it of a good quality, glazed and fancifully painted. Here, and every where in Asia Minor, one is struck with the resemblance the forms of the earthenware bear to the ancient jars, jugs, bowls and basins now found among the ruined cities of Italy, particularly in Etruria; the superior paintings on the latter only making the difference. The modern name of the town in Turkish is *Tchanak Kalassee*, or the 'Castle of the Earthenware.'

Ancient history relates that one Dardanus, a prince of the small island of Samo-Thrace, in the Archipelago, opposite Thrace, fled from his own country to this place, where he married, and built a town to which he gave his name. Sestos and Abydos have long since lost their nomenclature, while this place, among the Franks, still bears its original name. The Hellespont, you will also remember, took its name from the circumstance of Helles, daughter of a King of Thebes, in Greece, having been interred on the banks of the Straits: their whole length is some thirty miles, and they vary from one half to two miles in breadth. Homer has given them the title of *εὐκλατὴν Ἑλλεσποντιον*, or the 'broad Hellespont;' and in another line speaks of it as the 'wide Hellespont's unmeasured main,' perhaps to contrast it with the narrower streams of his story, the Scamander and the Simois.

The commander of the castles had recently been changed; and on the same evening of my arrival I called upon both the late and actual one. In the former I found an aged man, with a reverend beard, and a kind countenance, who asked me many questions about America, 'the new world.' He had read in the Turkish gazette, published at the capital, called the *Jeriday Havadis*, or 'Selection of News,' an account of the mission of the Truxton for the remains of the late Commodore Porter, with a sketch of his life and actions. He had a very imperfect idea of the 'whereabout' of America, and much less of the position which the

United States holds in the family of nations. The actual commandant was a military pacha, promoted from the ranks, who had but little of the courtier in manners or conversation. He offered me the usual civility of a pipe-and-coffee, and said that he would send me in the morning one of his people to show me over the castle containing the celebrated cannon. The house occupied by the Pacha as his official residence is a plain wooden structure, erected immediately upon the sea-shore, and furnished in the most modest and economical style. Beside the fortresses on either side of the Straits, he governs a district of country in Asia reaching beyond the Idaın range of mountains, and having quite the limits of ancient Mysia. Agreeably to his promise, on the morning previous to my departure for Alexander Troas, one of his attendants came to show me the castle, for which civility I sent him my thanks and salaams, but saw him no more.

These formidable castles have been passed but four times by foreign vessels of war without permission: by the American frigate *GEORGE WASHINGTON*, Commodore Bainbridge, in 1801, under the cover of a salute; the British Admiral Dockworth, in 1807, with eight ships of the line and four frigates; the American schooner *Shark*, in 1838, and the American brig *Truxton* in 1843. A firman for the United States' Frigate *Constitution* was at the Dardanelles, and the commandant of the castles, not remembering for what class of vessel the document had been issued, permitted the schooner to pass unmolested, but received from the Porte a reprimand for his negligence. The *Truxton* had arrived at the Dardanelles with a fair wind, and although a firman was on shore in the hands of the vice-consul, so as not to lose the wind, she continued on up, without stopping or communicating with the shore.

Beside many ordinary pieces of ordnance, I counted fourteen large cannon, some thirty feet in length and three feet in the bore, of rude workmanship, made of coarse-grained brass, and not very solidly moulded. They are all on wooden carriages in good keeping, made within the last five or six years by Prussian officers in the employment of the Porte. At the side of each gun lay half-a-dozen huge granite balls of eight hundred pounds' weight each. These pieces are in peaceful times only fired on the occasion of a visit from the Sultan or the Capudan Pacha, when the ball reaches the opposite shore, a distance of a mile and seven yards, and rolls harmlessly upon the sandy beach. The impression that they can be fired but once with effect is erroneous; for the slide of the carriages admits of sufficient room for the recoil; the carriage can be readily moved by forty or fifty men, and the form of the port is such as to allow of considerable range. It is possible that the Prussian officers alluded to found them lying on the ground, and put them in their present position. The person who accompanied me related that the largest of the greater guns was made in Belgrade, and was hauled by oxen to the Dardanelles in two years' time. It has a date and an inscription upon the breach, which I regret not to have copied at the time. In the centre of the fortress is an extensive tower, on the walls of which are a few light pieces of artillery on broken carriages, overgrown with weeds. The walls of the fortress on the land side struck me as

being very pregnable, or at most, as offering but a weak obstacle to the capture of the town.

I engaged a sailing vessel of light burthen to convey Mr. Calvert and myself, with our luggage, and Mustapha, one of the guards of the legation, to Alexander Troas, where I purposed landing. We entered our little craft in the morning of the twentieth, and aided by a gentle breeze from the north-west, were wafted speedily along the Mysian shore, the kingdom of Priam :

— 'indulgent gales,
Supplied by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails;
The milk-white canvass, bellowing as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below.' — *ILIAD* : B. I.

On our right we had the Thracian Chersonesus, high uncultivated bluffs, on one of which are some ruins, said to be those of the ancient town of Elæus. We stopped a few moments on the Asiatic shore to land a servant of Mr. Calvert's at the Greek village of Erinkieuy, and have horses for our land travel sent on to meet us at Alexander Troas; then re-filling our sails, we continued along the shore, by the promontory of Rhœteum, where one perceives a low *tumulus*, where is said to repose the remains of the great Ajax. Here a small stream flows into the Straits from the valley of Thymbra, where Paris killed the wrathful Achilles; beyond it, until we reached the opposite promontory of Sigæum, the ground is low and marshy. When in front of this spot we saw distinctly the ruins of *Ilium Reccas* and the *tumulus* of *Æsyetes*, and yet farther over the plain, down which runs the Simois and the Scamander, the hill where stood the Pergama, or castle of Troy. It is here also that the two streams just named empty their turbid waters into the Hellespont; and what was once a harbor for the Grecian fleet, is now filled up by the sediment washed down the plain. The Trojans doubtless occupied the heights of Rhœteum, and from the hillock of *Æsyetes* Potitius commanded a full view of the whole plain, as well as the manœuvres of the Greeks. The spot has a most uninviting appearance, and evidently is as pestilential now as during the eventful war of Troy. We neared the sandy cape on which is built the last fortress of the Straits called *Koom-Kaleh*, or 'Sand-Castle.' Here are the tombs of the 'mighty chiefs untimely slain,' of Achilles, Patroclus and Antilochus; the two former side by side, in mournful testimony of the friendship they had borne for each other during life. Lady Montague, in her sprightly letters, observes that Alexander the Great, to evince his respect for the hero which the *tumulus* of Achilles contains, ran naked round it; no doubt, she adds, to the 'great comfort of his ghost.' After passing them, we were hidden from any farther view of the great plain of Troy, by the promontory of Sigæum.

Late in the afternoon we landed at a point of land forming the southern extremity of Beshika Bay, opposite the island of Tenedos, where the British fleet lay in 18 —, to the great alarm of the Turkish government. The land around the bay is low and level, here and there spotted with tumuli; but little of it is cultivated, though its soil appears arable and would no doubt produce large quantities of grain. During the occupation of the bay by the British, the plain was so thoroughly hunted over

by the officers, that there is scarcely a hare or partridge to be found at this time. To those who are proof against the bilious and tertian fevers which visit the inhabitants of the plain of Troy annually, I would recommend its acquisition. I do not doubt but that for the first few years a rich crop of spears, shields, chariot-wheels, and other Trojan arms and paraphernalia could be gathered, and the disadvantages of the location would be counter-balanced by the pleasing reflection of owning Troy for an estate!

The crew of our little bark ran its bow on the sandy beach, and we gladly sprang ashore. They then threw our luggage after us, and hastily pushing out into deeper water, set sail again, and tacked away in the direction of Tenedos. Thus left alone, we climbed up the bank, laden with our saddles, saddle-bags, over-coats and stores, which having hid in the shrubbery, we despatched Mustapha to the neighboring village of Talliankieuy for assistance, and wandered over the hills until he returned. From thence the view was a most agreeable one: to our right, the great plain along which we had just sailed, with the now distant Hellespont, and its opposite coast of Thrace, the islands of Samothrace, Imbros, and Lemnos, over which, and the now but slightly ruffled waters of the Archipelago, a golden Asiatic sun was about setting, reflecting its subdued rays upon a clear mellow sky; and to our left, in a forest of oaks, the ruins of the city of the great Alexander. Our observations were soon broken in upon by Mustapha, who returned to inform us that the village was hard by, and in proof of it, brought with him one of its inhabitants, and a horse to convey our luggage. In fact, we soon reached the village and selected our *locum somnus* for the night, which was a hut some twenty feet square, half filled with the dried bowls of acorns ready for shipment. It had a fire-place and a chimney, and promised to contain many insects, whose endeavors would be exerted to prevent our taking too much sleep.

While the owner of the hut was collecting in the wretched village materials for our supper, we took our guns and set out for a short ramble over the site of the once populous city. It was already late, but the purity of the air and the attraction of the spot induced me to leave the hut. Alexander Troas was built on a tongue of land projecting into the sea, high and level, with a valley on either side. The surrounding country is hilly and rocky, of gray granite, from which the hills derive their modern name of *Kir-dagh*, or the 'Grey Mountain:' the soil is much mixed up with shells, and all the stones used for the edifices of the town and its walls are of lime-stone. Among the oaks which have overgrown the site we found innumerable fragments of columns, massive square stones, and smaller clumps of stone and mortar, so thick as to prevent any cultivation of the soil. A dead silence reigned over the spot; the setting sun threw the shadows of the trees across our path; and the air of desolate loneliness to which the ruins gave rise in our minds, was exceedingly impressive. On returning to the village, we started among some high grass a couple of hares, which we felt in duty bound to fire at, although without effect.

After partaking of a frugal meal which Mustapha, aided by the owner of the hut, had prepared for us, we retired to rest, at an early hour.

As it was the Mussulman fast of Ramazan, they both made their *iflar* or breakfast at the same time. The host related to me that he was a native of the island of Tenedos; had left it young, in consequence of the death of his parents by the plague; acquired at Constantinople some knowledge of the Islam faith, and returned to his island, where he married. He owned a vine-yard on the sandy shore between his hut at Talliankieuy and the sea, and came over in the spring to cultivate it, and in the fall to collect its fruit. He likewise, at this season, collected the acorn-shells, to sell to the Frank merchants of the Dardanelles. At Talliankieuy he performed the duties of Imaam, and led prayers in a hut set apart as a Merjed or chapel, for its few faithful inhabitants. He had much the physiognomy of a *Tchingany* or Gipsy; and to my inquiry replied, there were many gipsys in the island of Tenedos, which led me to feel assured that he was secretly one himself. He left us, in company with Mustapha, to collect his little flock in the chapel; and soon afterward I heard his voice from the flat roof, proclaiming '*Alak ul akber*,' etc. When they returned, I heard him request Mustapha, if he awoke first in the morning, to call him; 'for,' said he, 'a few nights ago I over-slept myself, and not having eaten before the prescribed hour, had to continue my fast until the sun had set, greatly to the loss of my strength.' It happened in the morning that I was awakened very early by the insects with which the hut was filled, and had an opportunity of assuring myself that the rigid Mussulman and devout Imaam was a gipsy, whose people I have at other times had cause to believe are all fire-worshippers. Although awake, I remained quiet to observe his movements, and was enabled to see him, after looking round the room to assure himself that all were asleep, take up a burning brand from the chimney, hold it before him, and remain some eight or ten minutes occupied in addressing his adorations to it; after which, calling Mustapha, he warmed a dish of stewed fish, on which they breakfasted.

As I could sleep no more, I made a semblance of awaking, and throwing my over-coat on my shoulders, went out into the open air. The moon shone out clear; not a cloud was in the sky, and the broad beams of Endymion's fickle mistress, with those of her ten thousand attendants, were reflected in silver on the lightly-ruffled surface of the sea. I walked on beyond the huts, toward the ruins of the city: a deep silence reigned around me, save the chirping of the grass-hoppers in the bushes, or the distant howl of a wolf, or the shrill bark of a jackall, to which now and then a drowsy dog in the village would respond: the waves of the now untroubled sea rolled in sluggishly upon the sandy shore, and I stood deeply impressed with the solemn feelings to which the hour gave rise; feelings which as there were neither lofty mountains, nor precipitate cliffs, nor deep ravines, nor any of the natural characteristics of grandeur or sublimity around me, were no doubt owing to the associations connected with the spot, and the classic objects on which my eye had rested during the past day.

On returning to the hut, I awoke my companion, and after making a very plain collation, we mounted the horses which had arrived during the night from Erinkieuy. We rode up in the woods, among the ruins of the city, and visited the remains of the *Thermæ*, the temple of

Silenus, the theatre, the circus, and the artificial harbor made by the Romans while Alexander Troas was one of their colonies. The latter has been filled up by the sea ; and what once held the Roman galleys is now but a small pond of salt water, bristled here and there with columns and surrounded by a crumbling wall and pier. The ruins are supposed to be those of the temple against which no doubt St. Paul came to preach. (Acts xx., 5 to 13.) The effects of his long sermon are a warning to the prosing lecturers of our own day. Two centuries ago the interesting remains of this temple were to be seen ; several fine Corinthian columns in the portico and the dome were still standing. Near it is seen a marble pedestal on which is a Roman inscription, of which the following is a translation :

‘ The colony of Apri, founded by Claudius, and the colony of Philippi, founded by Julius, erected this statue to ———, priest of the divine Augustus and their prince ; also the colony of Parrium, founded by Julius and the tribunes of the soldiers of the thirty-second cohort of volunteers ; the tribunes of the soldiers of the thirteenth double legion ; the commander of the horse of the first wing of the Scubuli.’

We visited the theatre, a half circle, dug out of the side of a hill, at the foot of which was the circus, a dyke some one hundred or one hundred and fifty paces broad, by twenty feet deep, and about half a mile in extent, reaching from the eminence above the harbor through the centre of the town. The theatre as well as the circus is now overgrown with oaks and rich in grass, out of which we started two fine hares. The steps or degrees of the former have long since disappeared, and at the points of the semi-circle are the ruins of two buildings, perhaps the apartments of the Prefect of the Colony. We rode for some time among the ruins without meeting any thing of interest ; the foundation of the walls is very massive, but the structure is quite overthrown ; the Roman streets are still distinguishable, paved with large stones a foot square ; and we saw likewise the crumbling arches of the great aqueduct of the city, built by Herodes Atticus. What is denominated on the map we possessed, the *Therme* is a large edifice of very massive construction, more resembling a palace than a bath. Beyond the walls, and on the side of the city opposite the plain of Troy, we perceived several fine sarcophagi, of gray granite, not sculptured ; some of their lids were lying beside them, exposing the rough interior, which contained the honored remains of the deceased, now comprised in a few handfuls of lime and dust ; others remaining entire, some almost sunken in the soil. I do not doubt but that others, of a richer kind, with friezes and bas-reliefs, are concealed beneath the surface, as well as other interesting objects of the Roman colony. We visited also the hot bath of Alexander Troas on the side of the valley, which in former times was much visited by valetudinarians. It is divided into two apartments, one covered with a Turkish dome, and the other flat-roofed like the huts of the country. In each is a large reservoir for the reception of hot water, some four or five feet deep, constantly filled. That which has the dome over it is deserted, its reservoir half filled with mud, and the niches in the wall occupied by swallow’s nests ; but the more modern structure is kept in good repair ; and beside the water’s being clear, it contains a

dressing-room and *kahoch*. The water is about 130° or 136°, and strongly sulphurous. Near the first bath is a headless and limbless female statue of white marble, much defaced by man and the weather.

From the baths we rode across a deep ravine, and up a high hill, over a chain of bare, craggy mountains of gray granite, some immense boulders of which lay in prodigious ridges over the level surface. Here and there was a farm-house, with meadows and fields of corn surrounded by high hedges of thorn; oaks were plentiful, and I saw many gray squirrels jumping from limb to limb. They were much smaller than the squirrel of the United States. Toward noon we reached a snug little village called *Kai-Stamboul*, or 'Rock-Stamboul,' erroneously named in the maps I possessed, *Iki-Stamboul*, or the 'Two Stambouls,' where, in Mr. Calvert's agent for Calonea, I found an acquaintance, made during my previous visit. Here we halted, and in the afternoon continued our route to Euac, the Scamandria and Neandria of the Iliad. On our way we stopped to see seven huge granite columns, hewn out of the rock of a mountain near the village of *Gaikli*. I measured two and found them thirty-eight and a half feet in length, the base five and a half, and the top four and a half feet in diameter. I learnt subsequently that there are two similar columns, one on the sandy shore beyond Alexander Troas, making nine; while a tenth was grooved out in the rock from which they had all been taken, no doubt for shipment to some other shore.

We rode, on our way to Euac, for two hours over a rough country, in the dark, the moon not having yet risen, and I thought we should never reach it. At length, about ten o'clock, we saw its lights, and soon after, passing over a wooden bridge, entered its narrow streets. Our guide, whose horses we rode, made inquiries for a house in which we could pass the night, and after some delay we were taken to a small but clean one in the outskirts of the town, the dwelling of a poor Greek. Here we dismounted, had our luggage brought into the house, despatched the horses to a khan, and begged the hostess, her husband being absent, to prepare us something to eat with as little delay as possible. We changed our riding habits for another suit, and reposed ourselves after the fatigues of the day on the soft clean sofa of the apartment, a striking contrast to the unfurnished hut of the past night. The contempt which Mussulmans have for all Christians was shown by a remark of Mustapha relative to our host, who had been absent; it is unconquerable, even though they associate with them daily, and are frequently dependant upon them. When he returned, Mustapha, coming into our room, informed us that the 'male' was come, not deigning to speak of him in any more respectful terms.

As, you will remember, it is dark, and I cannot conduct you through the town, permit me to remind you that this humble town is the birth-place of Æneas, Virgil's hero; the 'divine Æneas,' with whose eventful life, wanderings, the unrequited love Carthage's fair queen Dido bore for him, and his uncertain death, all Latin students are familiar. I will save you the trouble of hunting it up, by telling you that he was descended from Vulcan and Venus, and that being related to Priam the king of Troy, he took a prominent part in the defence of his ill-fated

capital when besieged by the Greeks. His origin is related by himself in the *Iliad*, xx, 251, 289 :

'ERICHTHONIUS was son of Vulcan,
Tros son of Erichthonius, the founder of Troy;
Ilus son of Tros,
Anchises son of Themis, daughter of Ilus, and
Æneas was son of Anchises.'

After the fall of Pergama he is said to have fled to this place, a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, with his aged father on his shoulders, holding his son in his hand, and followed by his wife. Hence he continued up the great valley of the Simois, over which he reigned, to Mount Ida, crossed over its chain, I suppose, to the Gulf of Adramit, built the vessels in which he fled to Italy, Sicily, Africa, and finally Etruria, where he found a grave, and rest from all his cares and misfortunes. Ancient history gives no other versions of his adventures, and even asserts that he was conveyed up to Heaven, and 'was not;' and all who mention him agree that he was possessed of the virtues, and domestic, manly sensibilities, which alone render his memory immortal.

In the morning, on going out, I perceived that the town was situated on a branch of the Simois, run almost dry, and that notwithstanding the agreeable associations connected with its founder, its present condition presented but few attractions to the casual visiter. I purchased a few coins, mostly of bronze, of Mysian towns, but was unable to obtain one of Neandria, which bear a laurelled head of Apollo on one side, with a bunch of grapes and a head of barley on the reverse; they are very scarce. On an eminence to the north of the town are some ancient ruins, among which are several columns of the same gray granite from which the seven large ones, visited the day previous, are cut, much injured by time and weather. They are doubtless of great antiquity.

After an early breakfast, we re-mounted our animals and set out for Bairamitch, a town near the head of the great valley of the Simois. The ride was over a low, level and rich country, but little cultivated. Near the town we passed by an old farm-house, on an elevated position, commanding an extensive view of the valley and the Simois, once the residence of the Turkish family named Hadum Oglou, *Dereh-Beys*, or valley chieftains, whose possessions were equal to the principality of the 'divine Æneas.' The policy of the Ottoman government being unfavorable to such hereditary patrimonies, the family has been reduced to poverty, its possessions taken from it, and the dwelling, which in its days of affluence must have been a castle-palace, is now a mass of ruins. Knowing with what feudal magnificence the *Dereh-Beys* surrounded themselves a few years ago in Asia Minor, it was a melancholy sight to behold the desolation to which the princely family residence has been reduced, and recalled to my mind the well known lines of Saadi :

'The spider has become the chamberlain of the palace of Cæsar, and the owl stands sentinel on the watch-tower of Afrasiab.'

In another half-hour we reached the town of Bairamitch, and put up in the house of one of the Greek primates, who proved to be a fat, jolly wine-bibber, possessed of a competency, and keeping open house to the

few Franks who visit Mount Ida. The town is the principal one of the district, and is governed by an Ayan, chosen by the people and confirmed by the Pacha of the Dardanelles. He, the Ayan, is fond of sporting, and has a brother who is said to be quite a Nimrod in his way. In the evening, at his request, we called upon him. You will remember that it was during the fast of Ramazan, when all Mussulmans fast during the day, and only eat after sun-set. They, at this time, are fond of being hospitable, and invite their friends and strangers to partake of their evening breakfast. Mustapha was invited to dine with him, and when we arrived the meal was over and the evening prayer said. The principal functionaries of the town were assembled in his apartment to receive us, among whom was the Cadi; and as we entered they all rose to their feet to welcome us, an attention very unusual to Franks, and which I ascribe to the influence exercised throughout the district by the British consul, whose nephew accompanied me. We were given the usual refreshments of a pipe and coffee, and spent a couple of hours with them conversing about the news of the capital. It is at best a difficult task to keep up a conversation with a Mussulman in office; for though he has his little chit-chat for his co-religionists, it is not easy for a stranger and a Frank to engage in or sustain it. Politics he is willing to listen to, and will even venture an occasional question, but seldom makes an observation on this dangerous subject. Of science, history, (except of his own country,) and European news, he knows nothing, and thus there are but few topics left for conversation. With strangers of his own faith, so far as I have been able to observe, he holds but little conversation, and it is only with his intimates, on subjects of private affairs, intrigues to gain place, power or money, that he freely uses his gift of speech.

On the following day, as it threatened rain, we did not proceed to Mount Ida, but with our guns in our hands made a short excursion across the country to a Turkish village called *Agateh Kieuu*, or 'Tree-town,' to visit two *tumuli* there, said to cover the remains of Paris, the cause of the siege of Troy, and his first love and Mistress, *Ænone*.

Paris, you will remember, was son of Priam by Hecuba, his second wife, a most virtuous, chaste, but unfortunate mother. The greater part of her children met with cruel and untimely ends; and as it was foretold that Paris would prove the ruin of his country, she preferred his death to this calamity, and exposed him on Mount Ida, where, after the prediction was fulfilled, he finally found a grave. The shepherds of the mountain found the child and brought it up to manhood, when he was favored with the beautiful form which has even made him proverbial to the present day. It was here that he gained the affections of a nymph named *Ænone*, whose parentage I regret not to have found very satisfactory, being ascribed only to a stream tributary to the Simois, called the Cebrenus, on whose banks I suppose she happened to be born. He married and lived with her for some time in the most perfect tenderness and affection, and indeed I no where find her conduct or character in any respect questioned. The story of the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, to which all the gods and goddesses of that period, except the goddess of Discord, a malevolent lady, without a name, who seems to

have been the deified spirit of evil, is too well known to require repetition. To revenge herself she threw among the company an apple bearing the *Latin* motto of '*Detur pulchriori*;' *Anglicé*, 'Let it be given to the most beautiful;' which, as she intended, excited them all to obtain it. To Paris was left the right of bestowing it on whomsoever he thought it was due; and it seems that the venal system of bribes, now rife among the Turks and the people of the East in general, is inherited from the gods and goddesses of Mount Ida, for Venus made use of one to persuade Paris to award her the apple. She promised him, should he give it to her, the fairest of the women of the earth for a wife, as if forsooth the handsome youngster was not already the husband of the devoted C  none. This decision naturally made Paris enemies among the other goddesses, whose hopes were thus frustrated; and I suspect them strongly of having had something to do with the festival which his father, King Priam, got up at the neighboring town of Troy; the prize of which was to be a bull, they knowing that Paris owned the very finest in Mount Ida. Here, however, they acted imprudently, for the affair of the bull led to his being recognized by his father, who was struck with his resemblance to his sons. In fine, Paris, now a prince, deserted his faithful C  none, and went to Greece in search of the 'fairest woman upon earth;' where he fell in love with Helen, wife of one Menelaus, King of Sparta, whose kind hospitality he thus perfidiously abused. He eloped with her to Troy, and it was to regain her that her husband, with all Greece at his back, besieged that strongly fortified city. Homer, in the third book of the *Iliad*, describes the duel which took place between the husband and the beautiful Paris, in which the latter was about being sacrificed, when his patroness, Venus, withdrew him, by means of a 'veil of clouds,' from the field of battle. Paris, it appears, was as brave as he was handsome, and to have, with one exception, distinguished himself in combat. He was at length struck by one of Hercules' poisoned arrows, possessed by one Philoctetes, which arrows alone had the power of reducing Troy. C  none was a prophetess and a physician, professions now generally separated; and while Paris was yet with her, unknown as the son of Priam, predicted to him that he would at his last hour have recourse to her medicinal knowledge. This prophecy was now fulfilled, for when he received the fatal wound, in hopes of being cured by her assistance he ordered his body to be carried to his first love, the long forsaken, but ever loving and devoted C  none. He however only lived long enough to reach her presence, and the tender-hearted nymph was so struck at the sight of his dead body that, woman-like, forgetting all the past neglect, she bathed it with her tears, stabbed herself to the heart, and expired by the side of her unworthy husband.

Tradition has handed down that the two mounds on which we stood, while I searched for their history, are their graves. The spot which at that distant period may have been a bowery garden or a bosky grove, populated or under cultivation, is now a barren waste, rising in gradual ascent until it reaches the highest peaks of Mount Ida. I might readily have imagined that they were of a date less distant than that of Troy, and erected by the modern shepherds of the mount for purposes much

less romantic ; but as this would have destroyed much of the interest of my visit, I would not wish to leave a doubt in your mind but that the tumuli of rough stones, some twenty feet in height, thrown up on one side of a bleak hill, are the veritable tombs of the handsome but unfaithful Paris, and the constantly devoted C  none.

But to return to more modern persons : we passed on our way back to Bairamitch through the village of Agateh-Kieuy, and were amused at the terror which our appearance spread among the younger part of the community, who probably had never seen a Frank before. Their fathers were away at work in the fields ; the mothers, as usual, were not visible ; and the children, to the number of fifteen or twenty, who were playing before the fountain of the village, as we turned a corner and came suddenly upon them, looked at us for an instant, as if to verify that we were indeed the fabled Frank Ghiaours, then, with an unanimous shriek, fled in all directions for their homes ; some, in their despair, even rushing by us in the manner of a hard-pressed dog, which, when all other room for escape is cut off, makes a desperate turn, and at full speed rushes by his persecutor.

On our return to Bairamitch, we made a turn in the town, accompanied by our host, the primate. Calling on three or four of the most important individuals, we paid a visit first to Ismail Aga, the Nimrod of the place, who promised to go up the mountain with us ; on Ismail Bey, son of the Governor ; and one the elder brother of the latter, who had once held the office himself, but was ‘*destituted*’ on account of his cruelty.

The following morning at an early hour we mounted our horses and set out for Mount Ida. Ismail Aga was directed by the governor to accompany us and get up a wild boar hunt on the mountain for our amusement. Much of our way lay in the valley down which the Simois flows. We crossed a small stream, the Cebrun, and noticed a remarkable looking hill with ruins on it, put down in my map as those of Cebrun, doubtless the father of one friend C  none, though the classics do not mention it. Up the mountain there is scarcely any road, and we picked our way, as well as we could, through a thick forest of oaks, and chestnuts, across deep ravines, among immense rocks. About two o’clock we reached the highest village on the mountain, called *Avdjilar Kieuy*, or the ‘*Hunters*,’ composed of some forty or fifty square flat-roofed huts, built on a spur of the Mount, on the banks of the Simois, and commanding a highly picturesque view of the valley below, with the bald knob of the mountain above it. It was the first day of the festival of *Bairam*, and the whole village was dressed in their gala dresses ; the men assembled in front of their little mask, and the females on a green sward which overhangs their mountain stream. Wishing the former the usual Mussulman salutation of a ‘*Blessed Bairam*,’ we rode through the village, to a grove of palm trees, near which is a log bridge, and I found myself once more beside the Simois. I had now seen it at its mouth, where its turbid waters flow into the Hellespont, surrounded by the tumuli of the wrathful Achilles, the beloved Patroclis, and the great hearted Ajax ; and with peculiar satisfaction watched its course down the great valley which bear its name. Here, how different an appear-

ance did it present ! As I stood on the narrow bridge, and my eye traced its course from the heights of Mount Ida above me, its waters 'like crystal clear, and cool as mountain snows,' came rushing down a ravine, now falling into gentle cascades, now breaking in foam upon the rocks in its bed. In some spots it ran over a smooth surface, and then indeed was worthy of the name of the 'Silver Simois ;' in which places it was ten to fifteen paces broad and several feet deep, full of trout and other mountain fish, and at others, where it rushed among the rocks, was compressed into very narrow limits. It is certainly the most beautiful stream I have ever seen, and to an admirer of the Iliad and its classic tale, it is the most interesting one in the world. While Ismail Aga was getting ready one of the huts for our reception, Mr. Calvert and myself wandered along its banks, admiring the cascades and the trout, and as I have never eaten any of the latter, we set a man to catching them with a dip-net with as little delay as possible.

Avdjilar, or the 'Hunters,' is situated in a wild picturesque spot, its inhabitants, all Mussulmans, tall, stalwart men, wearing a costume peculiar to the interior of Anadaly, consisting of full trowsers, a shawl round the waist, jacket *à l'orientale*, and a large colored turban folded round the head, with an inclination over the ear of thirty degrees. The females all dress in white, and only partly conceal their faces with a thick veil which they throw over the head, and when their hands are employed hold between their teeth ; they would fly from our path like so many deer, and it was only by means of my pocket-telescope that I could catch a glimpse of their forms. The huts are built of wood on piles eight or ten feet high, so as to offer shelter to their sheep from the wolves and jackalls, which are very numerous in the mountain. Each contains two rooms, with a chimney in either as spacious as those of our own farm-houses ; one room serves as the dormitory and the other the kitchen, and both are faced by a spacious porch or *atrium*, where they hang up their saddles, axes, spades, forks, etc., to the use of which vulgar instruments these successors of the gods are reduced. The apartment into which we were ushered was lit up with a sparkling fire, which, although the season was not yet much advanced, the elevated position of the village rendered agreeable ; coarse straw mats, overlaid with mattresses for sofas, flanked either side of the chimney ; the wall was pierced for a small window on either side, without panes and their shutters outside, and the smoked ceiling and walls were hung round with guns, pistols, scymetars, grapes, bundles of herbs and gourds of seeds.

While we sat around the fire and divested ourselves of some of our equipments, the villagers came in turn to look at us and examine our guns, the percussion principle of which excited their curiosity. I remember they called it in their own dialect *Edjzâ*, which signifies 'drugs,' or in our Indian language, 'Great Medicine.' We had brought with us some coffee and sugar, to be given them as presents ; the host burned some of this in an iron ladle used for melting lead for bullets, and enabled us to treat all our Idaian friends to a cup a piece ; he also cleansed a number of the beautifully speckled trout caught for us, and while the other dishes of our repast were being prepared by his women in

another hut, we cooked them ourselves in the chimney, lest they should be drowned in oil, according to the style of *cuisine* in this country. At dusk our repast was ready, and beside our own performance consisted of a fricaseed fowl, poached eggs, trout boiled and stewed *ad libitum*, pilaff, and a dish called *Tatar-Burek* or Tatar pastry, a villanous compound of tough, tasteless paste stewed in oil, some milk, garlic, and parsley, which was highly relished by Ismail Aga. Some three or four of the principle villagers had been bidden to the feast. The repast was washed down with copious libations of cool, clear water from the Simois. Our table was a circular wooden tray, laid on a stool some fifteen inches high, around which we all sat or knelt on the floor and mattresses, and as the host only possessed two wooden spoons, one of the by-standers was despatched in the village to collect sufficient for the remainder of the guests, who I suppose for the first time in their lives wished to appear refined. The place, the people, the hour, and the appearance of the hut, made the scene around me one of no little interest, and one which I remember with satisfaction.

When the meal was over, and pipes and coffee renewed, the subject of our intended excursion of the next day was taken up and discussed, and it was decided that notice should be given throughout the village that all the hunters assemble at break of day at the hut, and accompanying us up the mountain, make a grand *battue* in search of game. So immediately after this decision was taken we heard the order proclaimed from the top of our hut in a loud voice which sounded all over the village, and reëchoed up the ravine.

In the morning early we arose and prepared for the excursion. We made a hasty breakfast, and mounting our horses, set out along the banks of the Simois up the mountain. Once more our host from the green sward, where on the preceding day we had beheld all the females of the village assembled, announced the expedition, and soon we were joined by some fifty or sixty hunters, equipped with old-fashioned Turkish guns, which had the appearance of being much more dangerous to their owners than to any game we might meet. Even an *Imaam* (Turkish priest) from the capital, who happened to be in the village and dined with us the evening previous, now had laid aside his dignified white turban and flowing dress, and with a handkerchief wrapped round his head and his loins girded up, shouldered a borrowed weapon to take part in the sport. I must not forget to mention another character, who as it were led the expedition, and was by far the spryest of the party. He was a young man named Hassain, some twenty or twenty-three years of age, who with several other of the villagers had been called down to the Dardanelles to perform duty as a soldier in the castle I had visited. There he rose to the dignity of a corporal, and distinguished himself by his intelligence, proud military bearing, and independent spirit.

Before obeying the summons, which he did most reluctantly, he had to take a sad farewell of a young Yuruck girl, for whom he had formed an attachment up in Mount Ida. The Yurucks are a nomadic people, very numerous in the mountainous parts of Asia Minor, who pasture their flocks during the winter in the plains, and in the summer on the

steep sides of the mountains, pay no tribute to the Sultan, and obey no other master than the chief of their tribe. Hassain, notwithstanding his speedy promotion, yearned to see again his wild mountain mistress, and not being able to obtain leave to visit her, deserted his comrades, and for some months remained concealed among her people in Mount Ida. He had only ventured down to the village where his parents resided, (his father was our worthy host) on occasion of the Bairam, and Mr. Calvert, and myself, having promised to intercede with the Pacha of the Dardanelles for his pardon, and free reinstallation into his regiment, without any punishment for the crime of desertion, he now accompanied us to the hunt. Mr. Calvert, Ismail Aga, and myself, rode part of the way, until our path became lost among the rocks and thickets of the mountain, when we dismounted and gave the horses to their owner. Wherever I approached, or from a distance caught a glimpse of the Simois, it presented an appearance even more interesting than at the village; its course was more precipitate, and its cascades more numerous. Leaving the stream, we ascended the steep mountain side, and pursued our way through forests of fir and pine trees, where I often stopped to view with admiration the wild mountain scenery around me. I felt that I was at length

'Where Jove convened the Senate of the skies;'

and my mind peopled the classic mountain with the whole host of heathen mythology.

Our party, after some consultation, separated into two companies, one of which took the southern side of the mountain, and the other followed us along the side of a deep ravine. As we continued, men were left at different stations, until at last we also were appointed places where we awaited the game in breathless expectation. Soon we heard the cries of the company opposite us, shouting to each other, and casting stones among the thickets and down the gorges. On they advanced, making the whole mountain echo with their shouts, and the game, terrified by the noise, fled up the ravine, and finding no outlet, were forced to pass before us. Full half an hour elapsed, and we were yet in anxious suspense, with our fingers on the triggers of our guns, keeping a dead silence, when a scared jackal sprang from a clump of wild vines and briars below us and was shot by one of the villagers. A moment more, and a rustling among the dried fir leaves near me announced the approach of a wild boar, rushing from his cover, directly up the side of the mountain. I was so excited that I felt nothing, knew nothing, until having snatched my gun from my shoulder and touched the trigger, I was aroused by the report. The ball had struck him in the left jaw, and stunned by the blow, he was turning giddily round, when my friend's shot put an end to his career. The same stillness then re-commenced, for these animals are so quick of hearing that at the least sound from any quarter, they make off in another direction. Continued shots, now fired in another part of the mountain, announced that the game was passing there. Ismail Aga hailed the hunters with a peculiar shout, and having collected them together, we found the sport had been but indifferent, so we determined to try our luck in another place. One of the

party had seen a herd of deer pass the ravine below us ; so surrounding another part of the mountain, we again took places as at first, and very soon Mr. Calvert had the luck to bring down a bounding *chevrieul* (roe-buck) which he shot in the haunch. Several wild hogs broke cover and were killed, and I was for some minutes in considerable danger from a wild sow, which, having been only slightly wounded, rushed at me, gnashing her teeth with rage. I had but just time to perch myself on the trunk of a fallen tree close by, when she came under it, and was then despatched by a shot from one of the company. Several young pigs and two foxes were shot, and Ismail Aga killed an immense wolf in a thicket below us where he had seen it seek refuge. Not satisfied, our companions made yet another battue, but without success, except that we saw an immense wild boar, of a size seldom known, we were assured, to the inhabitants of the mountain. Dashing down the hill toward us, it had more the appearance of a black cow than a hog. Happily for us, and for itself, it got scent of us, and made off in another direction. No one was disposed to pursue it, and all declared it had better be left alone, for it apparently would have required a dozen shots to kill it, and if only wounded would vent its rage upon whatever came in its way. Ismail Aga mentioned several instances of the mountaineers having been shockingly mangled by wounded wild boars. We were told of an inhabitant of *Avdjilar*, then absent on a hunt, who spends much of his time in search of the bears which are found on Mount Ida. He provides himself with a buckler made of cow-skin, with a hole in the middle, through which he passes his lance. Thus armed he attacks the bears in their dens, and always succeeds in killing half a dozen in the course of a winter. The value of the skins repays him for his trouble, and as he imagines, for his risk of life.

Our game in this distant and rugged hunting-ground was of but little service to us : the deer, or rather roe-buck, was young, and Mr. Calvert sent it as a present to the Governor of Bairamitch, by the hand of Ismail Aga : the skins of the wolf, jackal and foxes, were soon taken by the villagers, but the hogs were left to the eagles and vultures of the mountain : the huntsmen, being all Mussulmans, would not touch them.

It had been agreed that we should all meet at a place in the mountain called *Pounarlar*, or the 'Sources,' the most interesting spot in Mount Ida. So after reposing for half-an-hour, and relating to each other what we saw and did, we arose, and climbing from height to height reached this place, which is no doubt Homer's Mount Ida ; for though Mount Granicus is the highest peak of the Idaean chain, and is four thousand six hundred and fifty feet high, yet as this one is remarkable for its caverns, the home of the gods, out of which gushes the 'silver Simois,' I cannot but believe it to be 'Ida's holy hill,' where Jupiter held his court. The map I had with me gives it the name of Mount Cotylas.* This spot

* At the period of HOMER's writing, the Simois evidently possessed a poetic name, and that was the Xanthus. Many parts of the Iliad show that both were the same stream ; or perhaps that the mountain stream bore the name of Xanthus and that of the valley the Simois. ILIAD, XXX, 16, 22: xxi, 1, 20. The expedition of Xerxes to Greece paused in the neighborhood of Mount Ida, and here also is the site of the great battle of ALEXANDER with DARIUS.

is the head of the ravine leading down by the village in which we passed the night, to the great valley at the foot of the mountain; here the Simois has its source, and here the mountain itself ends in two sharp craggy peaks. The one near which we rested appears to be a monolith, some two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet in height, presenting to the north a rugged perpendicular surface; the other is less precipitate, and is covered with pine and fir trees. A wilder scene I never beheld than that which they offer, reminding me forcibly of the drawings I have seen of the Swiss mountains. On the side of the peak opposite us was a large flock of goats belonging to the tribe of Yurucks, in which the deserter, Hassain, had so seriously engaged his affections. Toward the summit of the mountain the pine trees were stunted and low in stature, and I was told that the northern sides of all the peaks are bare, the strong winds from that quarter preventing their growth.

Ismail Aga before quitting the village of Avdjilar had ordered a sheep to be roasted, stuffed with *pilaff*, the Turkish national dish, and with the accompaniments of brown bread and milk, to be brought to meet us at this spot. Fatigued with the rough march, and elated with the success of our *battues*, we seated ourselves here at the very edge of the noisy Simois, and made a most hearty meal. Refreshed by the generous fare I felt richly compensated for the uncomfortable night at Alexander Troas, and the rough ride over the country until I reached Jove's high seat. After dinner Mr. Calvert and myself climbed up the craggy peak as far as its steep surface would permit, with the hope of enjoying an extensive view, but were disappointed by the tall pines by which we were surrounded. Then returning, we explored one of the caverns from which the Simois rushes with a roaring noise. I could not perceive where the large quantity of water came from, and how it could collect in so solid and soilless a rock as that of the peak. One of the caverns, the largest, and the one which we entered, has a mouth barely sufficient to admit a man's body, but after a few paces it widens into a spacious grotto, the abode of the nymphæ of the mountain and the spring. The cavern is called in Greek an *Ayasma*, or 'Holy Fountain;' is visited by the Greeks of Bairamitch for the supposed miraculous virtues of its waters; and in a little niche hewn in the rock, at its entrance, blackened with the smoke of the taper candles burned in her honor, stood a wretchedly executed picture of the *Panagia*, or 'Holy Virgin,' one of the deities of modern mythology, who I could not but think was a poor exchange for the gifted fabled goddesses of the ancients. One of the hunters had lighted a dry branch of a fallen pine-tree, and led me through the narrow passage, wet and difficult to enter, to the grotto within, hung round with innumerable stalactites, and where, after all my ardent desire to visit the home of the gods, and learn from Jove himself the — But, as Heraclitus remarks, when he has nothing more to relate, 'I am not allowed to say farther.'

Two days after this, I had bid farewell to my kind friends and companions, the hunters of Mount Ida. In passing through Bairamitch I had an opportunity of thanking its worthy Governor, Mehemed Bey,

for allowing Ismail Aga to attend and get up for us the wild game of the mountain ; and, accompanied by the deserter-corporal Hassain, and his Yuruck mistress, was entering the town of the Dardanelles, where I was to join a steamer on her passage up to Constantinople. Before leaving the Straits I had the satisfaction of seeing the deserter pardoned, and reinstated in the dignity of corporal. The Pacha consented reluctantly, dwelling much on the bad example he had set to his comrades from the same mountainous district, who, he said, brought with them more of their wild independent spirit than was compatible with the obedience required in a fortress. He had been ignorant of the cause of his desertion, and was greatly surprised to learn that it was for the love of a wild Yuruck girl, whom having married, he had now brought down from the mountain with him. During my interview and conversation with the Pacha, Hassain and his wife remained in the hall, waiting to learn the result of my intercession ; and having heard the glad news of pardon, both came in, and kneeling down, in true Oriental style, kissed the Pacha's feet.

J. P. R.

T H E F A D I N G F L O W E R S .

BY THE SHEPHERD OF SHARONDALE, VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

I.

Fair flowers! ye are fading, fading away!
 Why leave ye a world so glittering and gay?
 Where the young and beautiful and brave
 At your crimson shrine their offerings gave;
 In summer's glory proud were ye,
 When marshalled in clans on the prairie lea;
 In shining columns of buff and blue,
 Ye sparkled with gems of the morning dew.

II.

Fair flowers! ye are fading, fading away!
 For ye hear old Winter's reveillé;
 And ye sicken and die, for ye cannot brook
 His icy grasp and his withering look;
 I know ye are going, for your flags are furled,
 And I hear ye sigh, 'Farewell, bright world!'
 And list! the autumnal winds sweep by,
 And answer shrill, 'Fair flowers, good-bye!'

III.

Fair flowers! ye are fading, fading away!
 And whither ye go, oh who shall say?
 But ye'll come again when the south winds sigh,
 And the swallow skims round the summer sky;
 But man, when he fades from the earth's broad plain,
 Withers and falls, to return not again;
 His soul hastens back to the hand that gave,
 And blooms in a world beyond the grave.

BERNARD AND MOUTON: A DOG'S TALE.

FROM THE FRENCH: BY JOHN HUNTER.

THERE are many enjoyments of life that have been spoiled for me. Elegiac poets have forced every man who has the slightest particle of self-respect to keep his love for the moon a secret, and to hide himself in some retired nook, if he wishes to enjoy the quiet flow of a running stream. There is a little flower, in common parlance called the pansy; in the gardener's nomenclature known as the tri-colored violet. This little flower, so well known, has petals of the richest tint of violet, and of the softest velvety texture. For no consideration would I allow a pansy to show itself on my terrace. It is impossible for me to disconnect this poor flower from the silly allusions of which it has been the subject. The rose has been not less abused; she, however, has triumphed over the poets. But still more shamefully has the poor dog been treated. Numberless stories have been made about him. Nothing is more common in these veritable relations, than for a sagacious dog to discover from the distracted behaviour of his master that he is in the most urgent need of twenty-seven francs ten sous; *presto!* Carlo is off like a flash, and in about half-an-hour returns with the desired sum.

Another dog chances to hear a person make some insulting allusions to his master; Sancho follows the insolent rascal beyond the barriers, tracks him to the edge of a solitary wood; suddenly springing upon him, he gives him a terrible bite, and brings back to his master, as a token of triumph and revenge, a piece of the pantaloons of the calumniator.

Other slanderers have not contented themselves with marvellous stories about dogs; they have forced them, by dint of blows, to become learned; they make them walk on their hind legs, make-believe dead, handle a stick like a musket, play dominos, tell the hour, distinguish colors. A German, it is said, has gone so far as to teach his cur to say 'papa.'

Droll scenes sometimes take place with dogs more or less learned. I remember being present one evening when a man brought his dog among an assemblage of honest cap-makers. Now when we speak of a dog in general, without specially designating his species, we take for granted that he is a spaniel; in the same manner as when speaking of a soldier of the empire, the mind at once figures to itself a grenadier of the Old Guard, with his long capote, and cap-nodding over his eyes.

'P'st! p'st! Medor? Medor?'

Medor makes his appearance, his head hanging down, and tail between his legs, for he knows *very* well that this is the signal for work.

'Come, Medor, do the graceful, do the graceful!'

To do the graceful consists in *standing* upright on the hind legs. Medor remains motionless upon *all-fours*.

The master gives the order in a more peremptory tone, and passes gradually, by successive intonations, to those of violent anger.

The dog runs under the bed. Menaces, cries cannot make him come out. The master softens his tone :

Come, Medor, good Medor ! come to your master ; come, my good little Medor !

The dog comes out, leaping and frisking about, and the master caresses him ; in an instant the poor animal recovers his gayety ; his eyes sparkle ; he jumps up to the face of his master to lick his cheek.

The proprietor of the accomplished quadruped, who has given up the idea of making him 'do the graceful,' now expresses a wish that he will at least 'make himself dead.'

'Come, Medor, good dog, be dead now.' The dog begins to caper about afresh ; his eyes lose their lustre ; he trembles with fear.

'Be dead ! be dead ! It is astonishing !—he always does it so well ! Medor, make yourself dead ! Ah ! ca ! will you make yourself dead ?'

The master raises his cane, the dog flies off in a panic. Some benevolent individual, or a lucky chance, has left the door open ; Medor makes himself scarce, and goes to await his master in the street, in the midst of a pelting shower.

Poor devils ! why cannot man content himself with the natural intelligence of the dog, and his affection, a thousand times more precious than his intelligence ?

The dog, man's truest friend ; the only one that does not require that the object of his affection should have *reason*, for him to espouse his quarrels ; the only one that does not restrict his friend to the limits, more or less confined, that he has assigned to himself ; so gentle, so submissive to his master ; so brave, so fierce, so implacable in his defence.

Listen to the story of a dog and a man ; of two friends who loved each other with an equal affection ; a circumstance which seldom occurs in human friendships, where it is usually one only who is the friend of the other. Happy indeed that one, when the other is not in reality his enemy — an enemy the most to be dreaded ; an enemy who will destroy him by slow torments.

My two heroes had a great resemblance to each other ; both were the result of a promiscuous intercourse, a chance union, a crossing of breeds. The man was neither large nor small ; rather meagre than fat ; tolerably ugly ; his features were a confused and incongruous assemblage ; you would have sought in vain in his face for the type of any race or family ; he was neither black nor fair, nor was he exactly tawny.

The other friend was also the product of a fortuitous conjunction. Neither his sire or dam belonged to any particular species, and he partook of the peculiarities of both. His short ears, partly turned back, were Newfoundland. His thin yellow hair came from the terrier ; his long muzzle from the grey-hound ; one of his paws was white, the others of no particular color. He was one of those mongrels which puzzled Buffon, and made him give up the nomenclature of the races of dogs after he had classified more than eighty different species. Each loved the other the more because no one else would have loved them ; for be-

side their ugliness they were wretchedly poor ; and poverty is not apt to attract friends, either among dogs or men. They breakfasted rarely, for this repast, which with more favored animals, bipeds as well as quadrupeds, usually begins the day, is not for beggars, who must eat their morsel as they chance to get it ; they dined as it happened, sometimes badly, sometimes indifferently, and supped never ; sleep supplied the place of this latter repast ; sleep, the soothing friend who holds existence in suspense, and leaves nothing to be wished for but the sense of annihilation.

Both man and dog, when they had no money, slept as it chanced, upon the bank of the river, upon the sand of the Quay d'Orsay ; upon the old straw-beds of the body-guards. There were body-guards in those days.

The name of the dog was MOUTON, that of the man BERNARD. Their names had no particular effect upon them ; did them neither harm nor good ; the man might have been called Mouton, and the dog Bernard, and nobody could have said aught against it, seeing there was nothing in their air or figure to affirm or belie their cognomens.

Bernard, for want of being master of one, followed a variety of trades, and the most laborious and ill-paid naturally fell to his lot. As Mouton could do nothing toward gaining a livelihood, he followed his master wherever he went ; shared his crusts, licked his hands, warmed his feet at night — fondled and loved him.

One winter Mouton fell sick ; Bernard was obliged to leave him two whole days upon the straw of the Quay d'Orsay. On the third day there was no more straw. Mouton shivered with cold and fever upon the damp ground. Bernard in despair carried him to a dog-doctor to be cured. The doctor required eight days' pay in advance. Bernard sold his jacket and his last shirt to satisfy him.

Mouton's disease was very severe. Bernard came to see him every day, and passed all his spare moments with his sick friend.

The time for enrolling conscripts came ; Bernard was obliged to go. This would have been delightful if Mouton had been in a condition to accompany him, for in the regiment there is bread, lodging and clothes ; but Mouton could not yet walk. Bernard raised a little money by the sale of his clothes, payed the veterinary-surgeon two months in advance, and took his departure. The regiment changed its quarters frequently. Bernard had but one source of anxiety, and that was his dog. He scraped together a little money, sous by sous, and sent it to the doctor. On one occasion he intrusted the little pittance to a comrade who was going to Paris on furlough. The worthless fellow drank the money up on the way.

One day Bernard received a letter. It bore the post-marks of all the places through which the regiment had passed. It was dated fifteen days previously, and was from the dog-doctor. This person had not received the last remittance of Bernard, and he now announced to him that if Mouton's board (he had been perfectly cured for some time) was not paid within a fortnight, he would be sold to pay expenses.

A cold tremor ran through Bernard ; his heart beat violently ; he ran to his colonel, letter in hand, but as soon as he tried to speak, his

voice broke into sobs. He could only stretch forth the fatal missive and exclaim : ' Mouton ! poor Mouton ! sold !'

The colonel thought him crazy ; there was something however so real in his grief, that the colonel consoled him, reassured him, and made him relate his story.

' My colonel,' exclaimed he, when he had concluded the tale of his dog, ' in the name of all you love best in the world, let me go to Mouton ; let me go, or I will go without leave. I will run away — I will desert. I *must* see Mouton ; I will not have him sold. Heavens ! Mouton sold !'

' But,' said the colonel, ' even if I give you leave of absence, how will you travel ? You know that soldiers receive nothing for travelling expenses, when on furlough.'

' Oh ! I will beg ; nobody will refuse me a morsel of bread, and straw to lie upon. My good colonel, do, for heaven's sake, let me go !'

' A soldier ought not to beg ; and beside, when you arrive at Paris, what will you do then ? If you cannot pay the doctor, he will sell the dog, spite of your presence.'

' I know not what I shall do, but I will not let him sell Mouton. He is my only friend. Had it not been for him, his caresses, his knowing and friendly look, I should long ago have thrown myself off the Pont-Royal. I will not let him sell Mouton. How happy he will be to see me again ! I will implore the doctor ; I will throw myself at his feet. If he will not give him up, I will kill him ! He shall not sell him. I will pay him in small sums. Ah ! if that vile Stanislas had not robbed me, Mouton's board would have been paid. I will scrape up, sous by sous, enough to pay the doctor. I never go to the tavern, or any place to spend money. Oh ! my good colonel, *do* let me go !'

The colonel gave him three louis, and said : ' Go, seek Mouton !'

Bernard kissed the hands of his benefactor. The colonel dismissed him to get his furlough.

Bernard had two hundred leagues to travel. He set off in fine spirits, with his furlough in a little tin box, and his three louis carefully pinned together in his pocket. He marched stoutly along, braving fatigue, rain and wind, in the thoughts of again seeing his old friend.

' Poor Mouton !' said he to himself, ' how happy shall we now be ! warm quarters at night ; plenty to eat every day ; I shall have time to wash you and comb you, till you are as fine as a fiddle, and you will not have to wait for me at the doors any more when I run on errands ; every one will love you ; soldiers love dogs ; you will be your own master in the barracks, and even the sub-officers will give you bones to pick. I will rub you down till you shine again when I take you to my good colonel. And then, in the long hours when I am off duty, instead of going to the tavern, I will take a walk with you. How amazed you will be to see me so well-dressed, and eating three times a day !'

' Thoughts like these gave him energy to proceed. The twentieth day he reached Paris, completely worn out with fatigue. Without stopping, he however ran immediately to the dog-doctor's. The medical man was very busy ; and Bernard was told to wait. He asked to see his dog ; the servant had but recently come, and did not know Bernard.

He replied that his orders were positive to let no one enter the kennel without a permit from the doctor.

'Do you know my dog?' said Bernard; 'his name is Mouton.'

'No,' replied the servant; 'here all the dogs are called *Ps't!*'

'He is yellow,' added Bernard, 'with a white paw.'

'There are eight yellow ones here, and I have never noticed what color their paws are.'

Bernard walked to and fro in the ante-chamber, in an agony of impatience: Mouton was there, separated from him by a single door; Mouton sad and disconsolate. What joy to see him once more; how he would yelp, and frisk about! 'I will take him with me; we will go together, never more to part.'

'My friend,' said the servant, 'you may now enter.'

Bernard hastened toward the doctor, and drew from his pocket the last louis and a half which remained to him.

'Sir,' said he, 'I have come to get Mouton; I have come for my dog.'

The veterinarian did not recognize him. 'Your dog is called Mouton?'

'Yes, Sir — Mouton.'

'On what day was he brought here?'

'One Saturday; in February.'

'What are his marks?'

'He is yellow, with a white paw.'

'Ah! here it is: 'Mouton; yellow; hair close-shaven; white paw; this is all very right.'

'Ah!' said Bernard, with a sigh which seemed to come from the very bottom of his heart.

'He has been sold five days ago, in default of payment of his board.'

Bernard had well nigh sunk to the ground. After a few moments of silence, he cried out:

'Sold!'

'Yes, sold five days ago in default of payment of his board; there were due twelve francs: the sale only produced eight; you can pay me the difference of four francs, for which I will give you a receipt.'

'Where is he?'

'The receipt? Here it is; pay me the money.'

'Where is Mouton?' cried Bernard, in a voice of thunder.

'I do not know.'

Bernard seized the doctor by the throat; 'if you do not tell me where Mouton is, I will strangle you!'

'Rue Regratière, Isle of St. Louis; I do not know the number, nor the name of the purchaser.'

Bernard hastened to the rue Regratière; he traversed it a dozen times in every direction. But it was Sunday, and all the shops were closed. He passed the night at a miserable little inn in the neighborhood. At day-break he recommenced his promenade in the rue Regratière, peering into shops, entering doors, questioning porters, and receiving more rebuffs than civil answers.

The second day, as he passed the door of a nail-maker, a workman called '*Médon*!' On hearing a dog called, Bernard turned round:

the dog was Mouton, who, leaping from the shop of the nail-maker, came yelping with joy, and precipitated himself toward his master. Bernard took him in his arms, embraced him, and began to weep.

The nail-maker however continued to whistle for Médor ; but Mouton was Mouton himself once more ; again the friend of his friend Bernard ; he did not budge.

The nail-maker came out and gave the dog a kick in punishment of his disobedience. Bernard returned the workman a blow of the fist which stunned him. Other workmen came out to take the part of their comrade ; a fight took place ; the guard came and took off Bernard, who passed the night at the watch-house.

The next day, being released from confinement, he again presented himself at the shop of the nail-maker, who received him with a menacing air.

'I have not come to quarrel with you,' said Bernard ; 'on the contrary, I come to beg you to do me a service. And first, I beg your pardon for my quickness of yesterday ; but this dog belongs to me.'

'How !' cried the nail-maker, 'this dog belong to you ! Do you take me for a thief ? Holloa, Martin, did n't I pay eight francs, good current money, for Médor ?'

'Monsieur,' replied Bernard, 'I do not mean to say that this dog does not now belong to you, since you have bought and paid for him ; but he did belong to me, and I have come to entreat you to consent to sell him to me again.'

Thus saying, Bernard tried to get a peep into the shop to see his 'only friend.'

'No,' said the nail-maker ; 'Médor suits me very well ; and of a great number that I have tried, he is the only one that I can make do my work. He is too valuable for me to give him up.'

At this moment Bernard caught a glimpse of Mouton, who was in a wheel which he made to revolve. His heart smote him at the sight.

'Monsieur,' said he, 'I will give you twenty francs.'

'No,' said the nail-maker ; 'I have bought Médor, and I intend to keep him. And beside, it is not for a man who was near murdering me yesterday, that I shall deprive myself of such a useful animal.'

'I am very sorry for what happened yesterday, but it was you who commenced the attack.'

'How ! I attack you ! I had scarcely laid eyes upon you when you threw yourself upon me like a ruffian, as you are.'

'You gave Mouton a kick !'

'And had I not a right to correct my dog, who would not come when I whistled for him ?'

'Ah ! Monsieur,' said the soldier ; 'it was more than a year since we had seen each other !'

Mouton here uttered a piercing cry. Bernard was about entering the shop ; the nail-maker held him back. Bernard clenched his fist, but restrained himself.

'Mon Dieu ! what are they doing to Mouton ?'

'Probably he has caught sight of you, stopped in his work, and has deserved chastisement.'

‘Monsieur,’ cried Bernard, ‘I will give you twenty-five francs: it is all I have in the world; I will beg my way back; but that is nothing, if I only have Mouton with me. Here, take my twenty-five francs, I entreat you.’

The workman hesitated a moment. Bernard was breathless. Revenge however gained the ascendancy, and the nailer with emphasis exclaimed:

‘No; Médor is useful to me; he is my property; I have paid for him, and I will keep him. If you were to offer me a hundred francs, you should not have him.’

Bernard tried to speak; the other workmen came out and drove him off. On returning the next day, another piercing cry was heard, but this time Bernard plainly saw its cause. On recognizing his master, the dog had stopped, the wheel ceased to revolve, and the workman, interrupted in his labor, had given him a prick with a red-hot nail-rod. Mouton quickly resumed his gyrations. Bernard again essayed to enter the work-shop; Mouton once more stood still; and a second prick of the hot iron recalled him to his new duties.

Bernard departed with swelling heart. He could not even pass by the nailer’s workshop, without exposing Mouton to cruel torments. He did not return the next day.

‘And what then?’

‘He never came back.’

‘He returned then to his regiment?’

‘No; he was never again heard of; and no one ever knew what became of him.’

B Y R O N .

WHY sighs the breeze by Newstead? why that wail
Of freezing terror, borne on the night air;
The simultaneous voice of winds and waves,
Mourning their poet lost? Upon the ear,
It passes by, with distant, saddening moan,
As though each voice itself were one deep sigh,
For Friendship, Love and Genius from that bower
Of beauty, gone forever!

The deep sea
On Arran’s rocky shore hath caught the sound,
And, in the restless moaning of its waves,
That chafe their stormy barriers, when the might
Of winds is on them, loud laments for thee.

Where in its castled beauty flows the Rhine,
Murmuring gently by its sweet Rhine-song,
Breathing soft tales of love and chivalry,
In lingering accents to the vesper-chime
Of convent bells by Munster and Cologne;
Bright, glorious river! where the vine-clad hills
Smile in the sunbeams of gay sunny France,
Bending beneath their purple vintage; there
Are memories of thee!

Adna’s wave
Calls for thee in its distant ocean-swell,
Murmuring, as sigh its billows on the strand,

Repeating the hoarse echoes of thy name.
 Thou dreamer! who, by its romantic shore
 Didst lay thee down and sleep, of the world tired,
 Lulled by its voice to slumber. But that dream,
 So gloriously beautiful, the world
 Enchanted heard, and sighed to hear. In vain!
 No longer by the Adriatic's shore,
 Or where the Tiber pours his urn, and rolls
 His yellow sands, or by the lingering gloom
 That falls from Rome's proud turrets, does he dwell
 Who mused upon their greatness.

On that shore,
 Lara, which was the object of thy dreams,
 When first the light of song broke o'er them, and
 Thy hand assayed the poet's lyre; which blent
 With every aspiration of thy soul:
 By far-famed Misilonghi, comes a voice
 Of winds and waves at strife, that distant sweep
 With touch of mortal sadness past, and they
 Alone do know the secret of thy rest.

August, 1844.

v.

LEGEND OF COUNT JULIAN AND HIS FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH BOOK.

IN the preceding legends has been darkly shadowed out a true story of the woes of Spain. It is a story full of wholesome admonition, rebuking the insolence of human pride, and the vanity of human ambition, and showing the futility of all greatness that is not strongly based on virtue. We have seen, in brief space of time, most of the actors in this historic drama disappearing, one by one, from the scene, and going down, conqueror and conquered, to gloomy and unhonored graves. It remains to close this eventful history, by holding up as a signal warning, the fate of the traitor, whose perfidious scheme of vengeance brought ruin on his native land.

Many and various are the accounts given in ancient chronicles of the fortunes of Count Julian and his family; and many are the traditions on the subject still extant among the populace of Spain, and perpetuated in those countless ballads sung by peasants and muleteers, which spread a singular charm over the whole of this romantic land.

He who has travelled in Spain in the true way in which the country ought to be travelled; sojourning in its remote provinces; rambling among the rugged defiles and secluded valleys of its mountains; and making himself familiar with the people in their out-of-the-way hamlets, and rarely visited neighborhoods, will remember many a group of travellers and muleteers, gathered of an evening around the door or the spacious hearth of a mountain venta, wrapped in their brown cloaks, and listening with grave and profound attention to the long historic ballad of some rustic troubadour, either recited with the true *ore rotundo* and modulated cadences of Spanish elocution, or chanted to the tinkling

of a guitar. In this way, he may have heard the doleful end of Count Julian and his family recounted in traditional rhymes, that have been handed down from generation to generation. The particulars, however, of the following wild legend are chiefly gathered from the writings of the pseudo Moor, Rasis: how far they may be safely taken as historic facts it is impossible now to ascertain; we must content ourselves, therefore, with their answering to the exactions of poetic justice.

As yet every thing had prospered with Count Julian. He had gratified his vengeance; he had been successful in his treason, and had acquired countless riches from the ruin of his country. But it is not outward success that constitutes prosperity. The tree flourishes with fruit and foliage while blasted and withering at the heart. Wherever he went, Count Julian read hatred in every eye. The Christians cursed him as the cause of all their woe; the Moslems despised and distrusted him as a traitor. Men whispered together as he approached, and then turned away in scorn; and mothers snatched away their children with horror if he offered to caress them. He withered under the execration of his fellow men; and last, and worst of all, he began to loathe himself. He tried in vain to persuade himself that he had but taken a justifiable vengeance: he felt that no personal wrong can justify the crime of treason to one's country.

For a time, he sought in luxurious indulgence to soothe, or forget, the miseries of the mind. He assembled round him every pleasure and gratification that boundless wealth could purchase; but all in vain. He had no relish for the dainties of his board; music had no charm wherewith to lull his soul, and remorse drove slumber from his pillow. He sent to Ceuta for his wife Frandina, his daughter Florinda, and his youthful son Alarbot; hoping in the bosom of his family to find that sympathy and kindness which he could no longer meet with in the world. Their presence, however, brought him no alleviation. Florinda, the daughter of his heart, for whose sake he had undertaken this signal vengeance, was sinking a victim to its effects. Wherever she went, she found herself a bye-word of shame and reproach. The outrage she had suffered was imputed to her as wantonness, and her calamity was magnified into a crime. The Christians never mentioned her name without a curse, and the Moslems, the gainers by her misfortune, spoke of her only by the appellation of Cava, the vilest epithet they could apply to woman.

But the opprobrium of the world was nothing to the upbraiding of her own heart. She charged herself with all the miseries of these disastrous wars; the deaths of so many gallant cavaliers; the conquest and perdition of her country. The anguish of her mind preyed upon the beauty of her person. Her eye, once soft and tender in its expression, became wild and haggard; her cheek lost its bloom, and became hollow and pallid; and at times there was desperation in her words. When her father sought to embrace her, she withdrew with shuddering from his arms; for she thought of his treason, and the ruin it had brought upon Spain. Her wretchedness increased after her return to her native country, until it rose to a degree of frenzy. One day when she was walking with her parents in the garden of their palace, she entered a

tower, and, having barred the door, ascended to the battlements. From thence she called to them in piercing accents, expressive of her insupportable anguish and desperate determination. 'Let this city,' said she, 'be henceforth called Malacca, in memorial of the most wretched of women, who therein put an end to her days.' So saying, she threw herself headlong from the tower, and was dashed to pieces. The city, adds the ancient chronicler, received the name thus given it, though afterwards softened to Malaga, which it still retains, in memory of the tragical end of Florinda.

The Countess Frandina abandoned this scene of wo, and returned to Ceuta, accompanied by her infant son. She took with her the remains of her unfortunate daughter, and gave them honorable sepulture in a mausoleum of the chapel belonging to the citadel. Count Julian departed for Carthage, where he remained plunged in horror at this doleful event.

About this time, the cruel Suleiman, having destroyed the family of Muza, had sent an Arab general, named Alahor, to succeed Abdalasis as emir or governor of Spain. The new emir was of a cruel and suspicious nature, and commenced his sway with a stern severity that soon made those under his command look back with regret to the easy rule of Abdalasis. He regarded with an eye of distrust the renegade Christians who had aided in the conquest, and who bore arms in the service of the Moslems; but his deepest suspicions fell upon Count Julian. 'He has been a traitor to his own countrymen,' said he: 'how can we be sure that he will not prove traitor to us?'

A sudden insurrection of the Christians who had taken refuge in the Asturian mountains quickened his suspicions, and inspired him with fears of some dangerous conspiracy against his power. In the height of his anxiety, he bethought him of an Arabian sage named Yuza, who had accompanied him from Africa. This son of Science was withered in form, and looked as if he had outlived the usual term of mortal life. In the course of his studies and travels in the East, he had collected the knowledge and experience of ages; being skilled in astrology and, it is said, in necromancy, and possessing the marvellous gift of prophecy or divination. To this expounder of mysteries Alahor applied, to learn whether any secret treason menaced his safety.

The astrologer listened with deep attention and overwhelming brow to all the surmises and suspicions of the emir; then shut himself up to consult his books, and commune with those supernatural intelligences subservient to his wisdom. At an appointed hour, the emir sought him in his cell. It was filled with the smoke of perfumes: squares and circles and various diagrams were described upon the floor; and the astrologer was poring over a scroll of parchment covered with cabalistic characters. He received Alahor with a gloomy and sinister aspect; pretending to have discovered fearful portents in the heavens, and to have had strange dreams and mystic visions.

'Oh emir,' said he, 'be on your guard! Treason is around you, and in your path: your life is in peril. Beware of Count Julian and his family.'

'Enough,' said the emir. 'They shall all die! Parents and children — all shall die!'

He forthwith sent a summons to Count Julian to attend him in Cordova. The messenger found him plunged in affliction for the recent death of his daughter. The count excused himself on account of this misfortune, from obeying the commands of the emir in person, but sent several of his adherents. His hesitation, and the circumstance of his having sent his family across the straits to Africa, were construed by the jealous mind of the emir into proofs of guilt. He no longer doubted his being concerned in the recent insurrections, and that he had sent his family away, preparatory to an attempt, by force of arms, to subvert the Moslem domination. In his fury, he put to death Siseburto and Evan, the nephews of Bishop Oppas, and sons of the former king, Witi-za, suspecting them of taking part in the treason. Thus did they expiate their treachery to their country in the fatal battle of the Gaudalete.

Alahor next hastened to Carthagera, to seize upon Count Julian. So rapid were his movements that the count had barely time to escape with fifteen cavaliers, with whom he took refuge in the strong castle of Marcuello, among the mountains of Arragon. The emir, enraged to be disappointed of his prey, embarked at Carthagera, and crossed the straits to Ceuta, to make captives of the Countess Frandina and her son.

The old chronicle from which we take this part of our legend presents a gloomy picture of the countess in the stern fortress to which she had fled for refuge ; a picture heightened by supernatural horrors. These latter the sagacious reader will admit or reject, according to the measure of his faith and judgment ; always remembering, that in dark and eventful times, like those in question, involving the destinies of nations, the downfall of kingdoms, and the crimes of rulers and mighty men, the hand of fate is sometimes strangely visible, and confounds the wisdom of the worldly wise, by intimations and portents above the ordinary course of things. With this proviso we make no scruple to follow the venerable chronicler in his narration.

Now so it happened, that the Countess Frandina was seated late at night in her chamber in the city of Ceuta, which stands on a lofty rock, overlooking the sea. She was revolving in gloomy thought, the late disasters of her family, when she heard a mournful noise, like that of the sea breeze, moaning about the castle walls. Raising her eyes, she beheld her brother, the Bishop Oppas, at the entrance of the chamber. She advanced to embrace him, but he forbade her with a motion of his hand ; and she observed that he was ghastly pale, and that his eyes glared as with lambent flames.

‘ Touch me not, sister,’ said he with a mournful voice, ‘ lest thou be consumed by the fire which rages within me. Guard well thy son, for blood-hounds are upon his track. His innocence might have secured him the protection of Heaven, but our crimes have involved him in our common ruin.’ He ceased to speak, and was no longer to be seen. His coming and going were alike without noise, and the door of the chamber remained fast bolted.

On the following morning, a messenger arrived with tidings that the Bishop Oppas had been made prisoner in battle by the insurgent Christians of the Asturias, and had died in fetters in a tower of the mountains. The same messenger brought word that the Emir Alahor had put to

death several of the friends of Count Julian ; had obliged him to fly for his life to a castle in Arragon ; and was embarking with a formidable force for Ceuta.

The Countess Frandina, as has already been shown, was of courageous heart ; and danger made her desperate. There were fifty Moorish soldiers in the garrison ; she feared that they would prove treacherous, and take part with their countrymen. Summoning her officers, therefore, she informed them of their danger, and commanded them to put those Moors to death. The guards sallied forth to obey her orders. Thirty-five of the Moors were in the great square, unsuspecting of any danger, when they were severally singled out by their executioners, and at a concerted signal, killed on the spot. The remaining fifteen took refuge in a tower. They saw the armada of the emir at a distance, and hoped to be able to hold out until its arrival. The soldiers of the countess saw it also, and made extraordinary efforts to destroy these internal enemies, before they should be attacked from without. They made repeated attempts to storm the tower, but were as often repulsed with severe loss. They then undermined it, supporting its foundations by stanchions of wood. To these they set fire, and withdrew to a distance, keeping up a constant shower of missiles to prevent the Moors from salving forth to extinguish the flames. The stanchions were rapidly consumed ; and when they gave way the tower fell to the ground. Some of the Moors were crushed among the ruins ; others were flung to a distance, and dashed among the rocks : those who survived were instantly put to the sword.

The fleet of the emir arrived at Ceuta about the hour of vespers. He landed, but found the gates closed against him. The countess herself spoke to him from a tower, and set him at defiance. The emir immediately laid siege to the city. He consulted the astrologer Yuza, who told him that, for seven days, his star would have the ascendant over that of the youth Alarbot ; but after that time the youth would be safe from his power, and would effect his ruin.

Alahor immediately ordered the city to be assailed on every side, and at length carried it by storm. The countess took refuge with her forces in the citadel, and made a desperate defence ; but the walls were sapped and mined, and she saw that all resistance would soon be unavailing. Her only thoughts now were to conceal her child. 'Surely,' said she, 'they will not think of seeking him among the dead.' She led him, therefore, into the dark and dismal chapel. 'Thou art not afraid to be alone in this darkness, my child ?' said she.

'No, mother,' replied the boy, 'darkness gives silence and sleep.' She conducted him to the tomb of Florinda. 'Fearest thou the dead, my child ?' 'No, mother, the dead can do harm — and what should I fear from my sister ?'

The countess opened the sepulchre. 'Listen, my son,' said she. 'There are fierce and cruel people who have come hither to murder thee. Stay here in company with thy sister, and be quiet as thou dost value thy life !' The boy who was of a courageous nature, did as he was bidden, and remained there all that day, and all the night, and the next day until the third hour.

In the mean time the walls of the citadel were sapped, the troops of the emir poured in at the breach, and a great part of the garrison was put to the sword. The countess was taken prisoner and brought before the emir. She appeared in his presence with a haughty demeanor, as if she had been a queen receiving homage ; but when he demanded her son, she faltered, and turned pale, and replied, ' My son is with the dead.'

' Countess,' said the emir, ' I am not to be deceived ; tell me where you have concealed the boy, or tortures shall wring from you the secret.'

' Emir,' replied the countess, ' may the greatest torments be my portion, both here and hereafter, if what I speak be not the truth ! My darling child lies buried with the dead.'

The emir was confounded by the solemnity of her words ; but the withered astrologer, Yuza, who stood by his side regarding the countess from beneath his bushy eyebrows, perceived trouble in her countenance and equivocation in her words. ' Leave this matter to me,' whispered he to Alahor ; ' I will produce the child.'

He ordered strict search to be made by the soldiery, and he obliged the countess to be always present. When they came to the chapel, her cheek turned pale and her lip quivered. ' This,' said the subtle astrologer, ' is the place of concealment.'

The search throughout the chapel, however, was equally vain, and the soldiers were about to depart, when Yuza remarked a slight gleam of joy in the eye of the countess. ' We are leaving our prey behind,' thought he, ' the countess is exulting.'

He now called to mind the words of her asseveration, that her child was with the dead. Turning suddenly to the soldiers, he ordered them to search the sepulchres. ' If you find him not,' said he, ' drag forth the bones of that wanton Cava, that they may be burnt, and the ashes scattered to the winds.'

The soldiers searched among the tombs, and found that of Florinda partly open. Within lay the boy in the sound sleep of childhood, and one of the soldiers took him gently in his arms to bear him to the emir.

When the countess beheld that her child was discovered, she rushed into the presence of Alahor, and forgetting all her pride, threw herself upon her knees before him.

' Mercy ! mercy ! cried she, in piercing accents, ' mercy on my son, my only child ! O emir ! listen to a mother's prayer, and my lips shall kiss thy feet. As thou art merciful to him, so may the most high God have mercy upon thee, and heap blessings on thy head !'

' Bear that frantic woman hence,' said the emir ; ' but guard her well.'

The countess was dragged away by the soldiery, without regard to her struggles and her cries, and confined in a dungeon of the citadel.

The child was now brought to the emir. He had been awakened by the tumult, but gazed fearlessly on the stern countenance of the soldiers. Had the heart of the emir been capable of pity, it would have been touched by the tender youth and innocent beauty of the child ; but his heart was as the nether millstone, and he was bent upon the de-

struction of the whole family of Julian. Calling to him the astrologer, he gave the child into his charge with a secret command. The withered son of the desert took the boy by the hand, and led him up the winding staircase of a tower. When they reached the summit, Yuza placed him on the battlements.

‘Cling not to me, my child,’ said he; ‘there is no danger.’ ‘Father, I fear not,’ said the undaunted boy; ‘yet it is a wondrous height!’

The child looked around with delighted eyes. The breeze blew his curling locks from about his face, and his cheek glowed at the boundless prospect; for the tower was reared upon that lofty promontory on which Hercules founded one of his pillars. The surges of the sea were heard far below beating upon the rocks, the sea-gull screamed and wheeled about the foundations of the tower, and the sails of lofty carraccas were as mere specks on the bosom of the deep.

‘Dost thou know yonder land beyond the blue water?’ said Yuza.

‘It is Spain,’ replied the boy; ‘it is the land of my father and my mother.’

‘Then stretch forth thy hands and bless it, my child,’ said the astrologer.

The boy let go his hold of the wall, and, as he stretched forth his hands, the aged son of Ishmael, exerting all the strength of his withered limbs, suddenly pushed him over the battlements. He fell headlong from the top of that tall tower, and not a bone in his tender frame but was crushed upon the rocks beneath.

Alahor came to the foot of the winding stairs.

‘Is the boy safe?’ cried he.

‘He is safe,’ replied Yuza; ‘come and behold the truth with thine own eyes.’

The emir ascended the tower and looked over the battlements, and beheld the body of the child, a shapeless mass, on the rocks far below, and the sea-gulls hovering about it; and he gave orders that it should be thrown into the sea, which was done.

On the following morning, the countess was led forth from her dungeon into the public square. She knew of the death of her child, and that her own death was at hand; but she neither wept nor supplicated. Her hair was dishevelled, her eyes were haggard with watching, and her cheek was as the monumental stone; but there were the remains of commanding beauty in her countenance; and the majesty of her presence awed even the rabble into respect.

A multitude of Christian prisoners were then brought forth; and Alahor cried out: ‘Behold the wife of Count Julian; behold one of that traitorous family which has brought ruin upon yourselves and upon your country.’ And he ordered that they should stone her to death. But the Christians drew back with horror from the deed, and said: ‘In the hand of God is vengeance, let not her blood be upon our heads. Upon this the emir swore, with horrid imprecations, that whoever of the captives refused should himself be stoned to death. So the cruel order was executed, and the Countess Frandina perished by the hands of her countrymen. Having thus accomplished his barbarous errand, the emir

embarked for Spain, and ordered the citadel of Ceuta to be set on fire, and crossed the straights at night by the light of its towering flames.

The death of Count Julian, which took place not long after, closed the tragic story of his family. How he died remains involved in doubt. Some assert that the cruel Alahor pursued him to his retreat among the mountains, and, having taken him prisoner, beheaded him; others that the Moors confined him in a dungeon, and put an end to his life with lingering torments; while others affirm that the tower of the castle of Marcuello, near Huesca, in Arragon, in which he took refuge, fell on him and crushed him to pieces. All agree that his latter end was miserable in the extreme, and his death violent. The curse of Heaven, which had thus pursued him to the grave, was extended to the very place which had given him shelter: for we are told that the castle is no longer inhabited, on account of the strange and horrible noises that are heard in it; and that visions of armed men are seen above it in the air; which are supposed to be the troubled spirits of the apostate Christians who favored the cause of the traitor.

In after times a stone sepulchre was shown, outside of the chapel of the castle, as the tomb of Count Julian: but the traveller and the pilgrim avoided it, or bestowed upon it a malediction; and the name of Julian has remained a by-word and a scorn in the land for the warning of all generations. Such ever be the lot of him who betrays his country!

M I D N I G H T M O N O D Y .

z.

WINDS of Autumn! cease your sighing,
List! the bell tolls sad and slow;
Tells how swiftly Time is flying —
Life's bright sands are running low;
In their graves sweet flowers are lying,
O'er them weep the rain and snow:
Gentle ones like them are dying,
Whispering, 'Soon I too must go!'

II.

Winds of midnight! wailing ever
With each passing spirit's moan,
Tell me not how friends dis sever,
How our hopes like dreams are flown;
How we live in restless fever,
Echoes of a buried tone;
Cherished memories, sleeping never —
Haunted by the Lost alone!

III.

Winds of midnight! madly swelling
Over dreary wold and moor,
Come not round my darkened dwelling
With your wild and lawless roar;
For an undertone is telling
Words that thrilled my soul of yore,
Fifful blasts and plaintive, knelling
Like the surge on Time's dim shore!

IV.

Gone, alas! the faithful-hearted
Who were with us in the way;
Who in youth's bright morning started
Toil not in the heat of day:
Roaming in this world deserted,
Voices come to me, that say,
'Friends who love thee, long departed,
Waiting, wonder at thy stay!'

V.

Leaves by wailing breezes driven,
On the earth's cold bosom lie;
Mournful at the close of even
Daylight fades from shore and sky;
Silver stars in yon deep heaven
Wander from their thrones on high:
Thus to all one doom is given,
Life's sole end is but to die!

VI.

Winds, in silence now retreating,
Far away your murmur flows;
So these winged moments fleeting,
Soon will end these wasting woes;
Soon this weary heart's quick beating
'Neath the turf shall find a close;
Soul, with kindred spirits meeting,
Fly to realms of calm repose!

THE LOST CHURCH.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

CARDIFF Church, in Wales, was destroyed two hundred years since, by a flood in the river Severn. The following lines were written on the occasion of a new church being built on the site of the old one. They are now published for the first time.

HERE stood a house — a house of God,
 An earthly temple, built with stones;
 Its courts our fathers' footsteps trod,
 Its graves received our fathers' bones:
 The hymn of praise, the voice of prayer,
 The gospel trumpet sounded there;
 And ransomed souls in Heaven's bliss
 Round the white throne remember this.

But earthly temples must decay —
 By slow or swift destruction fall;
 And time or tide will wear away
 The stateliest tower, the strongest wall;
 Here both conspired, in one dark hour,
 To sap the wall — bring down the tower;
 To storm the sanctuary, and sweep
 Its very ruins to the deep!

The river rushed upon the sea;
 The sea the river's rage repelled;
 All the wild winds, at once set free,
 War with the warring waters held:
 On fire with foam the surges seem,
 While vehemently beat the stream,
 And rocked the fabric to and fro,
 As if an earthquake heaved below.

Till, as in dead of night the flash
 Of lightning issues from a cloud,
 Chased by the thunder, crash on crash,
 Down to the deep the temple bowed;
 Bowed for a moment o'er the spot —
 Another moment, it was not!
 O'er the Lost Church the billows boomed,
 And in its wreck its tombs entombed!

'Thus far, nor farther shall ye go!'
 The river heard that voice, and fled;
 Spanning the firmament, God's bow,
 The sign of wrath retiring, spread;
 Promise of future glory gave,
 Of resurrection from the grave,
 When circling seasons had fulfilled
 The time His mighty counsel willed.

The fullness of that time behold:
 Nine generations in their haste
 Have passed, where stood that church of old,
 Yet left the ground a hallowed waste;
 Ye who where once they breathed now breathe,
 To your post-rity bequeath
 Of your existence here well spent,
 A house of prayer, as monument.

From granite rocks the pile renew —
 From Cambria's mines the ore he wrought ;
 From ancient woods the timber hew
 To body forth creative thought ;
 And bid the second temple rise
 A land and sea mark to all eyes,
 Which shall outshine the first as far
 As harvest-moon the morning star.

'There is a house not made with hands,
 Eternal in the Heavens,' for them
 Who travail singly or in bands
 To seek the New Jerusalem ;
 With them may all who worship here
 Age after age in turn repair,
 Where that which men call death on earth
 Spirits may deem their better birth.

G O S S I P O F A P L A Y E R .

BY THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOTT.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES: THEATRICAL BENEFITS.

I WAS walking one pleasant day in Sydney-Gardens, when I encountered a man who has since attained a very considerable celebrity. He had made his appearance in Bath in the character of *Macbeth*. I cannot sufficiently call to mind the nature of his success, nor did I know his ulterior views with respect to the profession. I believe he had produced one or two plays in Ireland, but had never undergone the ordeal of a London audience, without whose fiat fame is not easily to be acquired. It was SHERIDAN KNOWLES. My acquaintance with him was at that period limited. He had then as now an abstracted air, and a peculiar eccentricity of manner. He stopped short, and looking me full in the face, paused for a minute. I wondered what was to be the result. He then said, with great quickness of manner :

'How are you, my boy ?'

'Quite well,' was the natural reply.

After another long pause : 'I'm going away to-morrow morning.'

As I was not aware that I had the right to make any reasonable objection to that arrangement, I simply said :

'Indeed !'

A pause again. 'Yes ; can I take any letters for you ?'

'Where are you going ?'

'I have n't made up my mind yet !' And thus finished our colloquy.

It was proverbial among actors that in the city of Bristol the announcement of a farewell benefit operated as a signal for the public not to attend. Whether it arose from acuteness of sensibility, or the stri-

king of the debtor and creditor account, I know not ; but from the great prudence exercised in that part of the world in all matters of business, I presume it was the latter : I was however satisfied of the impossibility that this neglect could occur to *me* ; and my name flourished at the head of the bills for a farewell benefit previous to my appearance at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden. The morning came ; but it was not necessary to procure the aid of the police to keep off the people from rushing to take places. The night followed, as in duty bound, and displayed 'a beggarly account of empty boxes.' Upon summing up the accounts with the treasurer, I found myself one guinea richer ; and I jestingly said in the green-room that I would expend that sum in a card of thanks in each of the papers. This was understood to be, and which in sooth it was, a satire upon the abominable meanness of a majority of the performers, who were in the habit, after similar 'benefits,' of returning thanks in the most abject and servile manner. My threat afforded them an admirable opportunity of being revenged upon one who had always loudly declaimed against so vile a practice. They therefore *defied* me to execute it. That was enough. I lost no time in expending my surplus in three newspapers. I think the card ran thus :

'Mr. ABBOTT begs leave very respectfully to return his heartfelt acknowledgments to the public, for the very distinguished patronage with which he was honored on Monday evening ; a patronage he could only claim from the length of time he has been devoted to their service. Mr. ABBOTT has great pleasure in assuring his friends that he sustained no *loss* by his *benefit*.'

I had one or two simple-hearted friends who took this affair literally, and said that I was very foolish for thanking them for nothing ; the city generally was not quite so innocent, and took the matter in great dudgeon. It created a sensation, and a resolution among many not to suffer me to appear again the short remainder of the season ; but, as on all similar occasions, I did not want for the support of many ardent friends. Mrs. Davison, formerly Miss Duncan, was engaged for a few nights, and appeared in the character of Letitia Hardy. What a charming actress she was, and how her beautiful Scotch melodies thrilled upon the ear ! She is still living, one of the brilliant remains of the olden school, whose memory ought to be cherished. I played Doricourt ; and the moment my voice was heard at the wings, a storm of hisses and applause greeted my entrance. I immediately stepped forward, and with a most gracious cast of countenance, addressed the audience as follows :

'If any of those persons who are so liberal with their disapprobation will do me the favor to wait till the end of the performance, I will answer individually to what they may demand ; like a man, and not like a coward, who sneaks into the theatre, and under the pitiful pretence of having paid his admission money, conceives he has a right to disturb the respectable part of the audience by his ill-timed malignity.'

I completely triumphed, and was certainly not at all displeased, on leaving the theatre, to find that my universal challenge remained unanswered. This was a silly, daring act, totally in opposition to my own natural character and feelings, and to which I was driven by a false sense of pride, on being urged by those whose opinion I ought carefully to have avoided. How easy is it to commit these follies — how impossible to recall them !

I am now on my way to the great metropolis ; that Babel of sounds, that focus of ever-varied genius ; that school of science, that sink of iniquity ; that seat of high virtue and never-fading honor, LONDON ! Oh ! how we must love and hate thee ! The squalid misery which so often besets one's path, in frightful contrast with the splendor which at every turn meets the eye ; the miserable outcasts from home, from hope, from reputation ; the fifty thousand wretches who prowl about each morning not knowing how or where to find a meal ; and then the contrast ; the busy hum of industrious artisans, whose cheerful looks denote a confidence in the dispensations of providence, and a proud satisfaction that should any unforeseen misfortune befall them, they have still an honest character left, that sure passport of good feeling to the hearts of the richer and more fortunate.

I will now quietly take up my abode in the vicinity of Hyde-Park, and undergo all the formula of an introduction to Mr. Harris, the principal proprietor and manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, and the still more awful presentation to Mr. Fawcett, the prime-minister, *alias* stage-director. I waited with trembling anxiety the first fearful interview with that many-headed monster, the public ; my fears occasionally sinking my spirits to the lowest point of human misery ; and then again those bitter throbs were counterbalanced by my hopes : but alas !

‘WHAT are our hopes?
Like garlands on Affliction's forehead worn,
Kissed in the morning, and at evening torn !’

I appeared, greatly against my own desire, in the character of Florian, in the ‘Foundling of the Forest.’ I felt the impossibility of laying the foundation for future hopes in such a character ; but I was sacrificed to the taste of Miss M——t, also engaged from Bath, and who wished to appear as the ‘unknown female,’ although she had previously been a member of Covent-Garden. What was the consequence ? My reception was as brilliant as an actor could possibly expect, with the opportunities allowed him in the representation of such a character ; and I went joyfully home, greeted with the congratulations of many dear friends, and full of anxiety to read the laudatory effusions in the press of the following morning. Imagine my horror on perusing the *Times*, as soon after day-break as I could procure the paper ; where, instead of the laurels prepared to deck my brow, I found my success was very problematical. The stupid public, who the night before had been so extremely liberal with their applause, were entirely in the wrong, and the *Times* justly reprovéd them for their simplicity. A friend of mine, who was present and felt great interest in my success, but whose judgment, or rather want of it, was entirely swayed by the leading journals, upon being asked what he thought of my appearance, very innocently replied that ‘he could not really say, for he had not seen the *Times* yet !’ That severe though admirable journal, at whose appearance on his breakfast-table the actor trembled, and upon whose fiat dwelt all his hopes and fears, coolly remarked :

‘We may easily judge of the good taste of the *débutant*, from his

selecting such a play as the Foundling of the Forest for his first appearance before a London audience.'

If editors knew or troubled themselves about the anxiety occasioned by such remarks ; if they gave but one moment's reflection to the misery they entail ; they would surely pause before they consigned to utter despair their wretched victim. The very basis of this criticism was founded upon a feeling which was incorrect, and the manager's selection gave me, even before my appearance, the greatest possible annoyance. The fact is that my engagement was made with the Covent-Garden proprietors in consequence of a disagreement with Mr. Charles Kemble ; and it was fortunate for me that a reconciliation took place between the parties, relieving me from the great responsibility, and the apparent vanity, of filling up the immense vacuum occasioned by the loss of so distinguished an actor, and so bright an ornament to the profession. The natural consequence was, that I had, by slow degrees, to climb the Parnassian mount, and to consider myself peculiarly fortunate that I was enabled to gain a footing on so slippery a path. In justice, however, I cannot avoid saying that there is more true spirit of criticism and candor in the leading journals of London than those of most other countries can lay claim to. The subject is not considered unworthy the powers of the highest intellectual talent ; their writings are for a class of persons possessing taste and intelligence, and the editors dare not profane the shrine of criticism by the looseness and balderdash so frequently displayed in other journals.

My reception was always favorable, and by slow degrees I won a path that led me into society the most flattering to my ambition. During my first season, the *ci-devant* 'Young Roscius,' returned to the stage, and was engaged at Covent-Garden at the enormous salary of fifty guineas per night ! He was greatly attractive ; and his engagement afforded me many opportunities of gaining favor with the public. I performed Southampton to his Essex, Lysimachus to his Alexander, etc. ; and at length arrived at the distinction of being called by the times '*his rival* !' Then all was forgiven — all forgotten ; and I thought, as all the world did, that the Times was deservedly the best journal of the day.

Of what fickleness, what caprice is the public composed ! True, the people went in crowds to witness his return to the stage, but where was the enthusiasm which formerly greeted his appearance ? At the early period of his career, the spirit of criticism slept, not slumbered. All was rapture ; no alloy was mingled, in order to give a sterling quality to his performances. It is said that on one occasion the House of Lords adjourned to witness his representation of Hamlet : the philosophic abstractions of Hamlet, from a boy whose delight was playing at marbles ! And yet so great was the infatuation, that the master-spirits of the age, embracing such men as Pitt and Fox, were first and foremost in doing homage to his real or imaginary genius. If his head ached, and that perhaps accompanied by a slight fever, he was unable to perform : then the agitation of the fashionable world was not to be described ; the rush of carriages to the door ; the numberless inquiries, the trembling anxiety with which they heard the response ; the issue

of bulletins, regularly signed by the physicians ; all proved the folly and madness of the people. After an absence of some years, during which he had graduated at Cambridge, he returns to the stage ; curiosity excites for a time, but enthusiasm no longer exists. He walks the streets comparatively unnoticed. Has he less talent ? No ; he is decidedly improved ; then wherefore is this falling off ? Go, ask Fashion ! I will not however accuse the London public generally of caprice. Siddons and Kemble maintained a sovereign and despotic sway over the public taste ; and notwithstanding the extraordinary revolution produced in the theatrical world by the appearance of KEAN, not a laurel was withered upon Kemble's brow.

EDMUND KEAN : SHEIL : FIELD OF WATERLOO : VISIT TO PARIS : TALMA.

A NEW light was shed upon the theatrical world in the appearance of KEAN at Drury-Lane, and which produced great excitement between the disciples of Kemble and the new school ; not however that decided change in the public which arose on the appearance of Garrick ; still it marked a difference like that which exists between a bold outline and a refined portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Enthusiasm at once placed Kean on an elevation with Garrick : no man will venture to dispute the almost unlimited genius of the latter ; the homage paid to the unbounded powers of Garrick by the greatest men of the day is a sufficient voucher. One glance at his various portraits, so full of intellectual expression, destroys scepticism. And yet how are we to account for such seeming anomalies as Macbeth marching at the head of his troops in a modern court suit and a well powdered peruque, across the blasted heath ? Why, his very appearance must have scared the witches from their outposts ! Where was Doctor Johnson slumbering, with all his acumen ? — where Churchill, Horace Walpole, and a host of others ? The stage is greatly indebted to John Kemble for the reform he effected in the way of costume. Although far from accomplishing all that was required, the foundation was yet laid by him ; and the English stage will (if it does not already) rival that of the French.

All the prejudices of my theatrical education were on the side of Kemble ; and although his style was occasionally tinctured with an artificial bearing, I have witnessed bursts of nature and of genius that were perfectly electrical, and only found escape in the tumultuous and rapturous plaudits of his audience. It was long before I could open my eyes to the genius of KEAN, nor was I ever a complete proselyte. The strongest proof of his talent, however, lay in the fact that he held undiminished power in public favor to the last. The million may be wrong nine times out of ten, but the truth is in them at last ; and justice, though sometimes tardy, is at length even-handed. The melancholy part of poor Kean's character is, that he suffered himself to be beset by most unworthy associates ; and instead of elevating the position of his brethren, he by acts of recklessness and almost insanity, morally destroyed his own reputation, and gave a blow to the profession which he had the power of sustaining. How different the case with

Kemble! An honored guest at his Prince's table, and the companion of men not only of rank, but possessed of the highest attributes of genius. I should much rather have extolled the amiable qualities than glanced at the weaknesses of Kean; but his life has become a matter of history; and he unfortunately plunged into the ceaseless whirl of intoxication, and seldom heard the sober voice of truth.

The Right Honorable RICHARD SHIEL, one of the brilliant stars of the House of Commons, was a member of the Irish Bar at the period of Miss O'NIEL's great success in London, and certainly contributed very largely to her reputation; for he produced a series of plays, written expressly for her, and which had the great advantage of showing off all the peculiar characteristics of her style. Nor did she stand alone in these plays; for they also derived every aid from the splendid talents of Macready, Young, and Charles Kemble. On one occasion during the rehearsal of the *Apostate*, Mr. Shiel addressed Mr. Young, who performed the character of Malek:

'Now, with your kind permission, I wish to give you my idea as to the situation in which you are placed. You are a prisoner in the hands of these ruffians, who are taunting and upbraiding you with your religion. You have all the pride and noble daring of the Moor, vanquished in person but in mind the same. Human patience is exhausted, and in a burst of indignation, you draw your sword, and find you haven't got it!'

The quickness and brilliancy of his eye, together with the outpourings of his eloquence, now so well and publicly known, blended with a mild and forbearing manner, made him extremely popular with us all; and although the literature of the stage lost by his retirement, the Senate gained his powerful aid in that more elevated sphere.

About a year after the battle of Waterloo, I made an excursion to Belgium and Paris, in company with Mr. Charles Kemble, Mr. Poole, the celebrated dramatic author, and another gentleman with whom we were all intimate. It would be idle to attempt a description of all the adjoining towns, which at that time possessed an indescribable interest:

'For brevity is very good,
Either when 'tis or 'tis not understood.'

With what pride an Englishman traverses those spots rendered sacred to him by the valorous deeds of his countrymen; how irresistible the throbings of his pulse as he approaches the memorable field of Waterloo! With what strange and mingled sensations he views the spot where our own WELLINGTON calmly stood 'amid the strife of elements and the war of worlds.'

We of course secured the guide of Napoleon, Lacoste, to conduct us over the blood-stained field. We gazed long upon Hougoumont with wonder and admiration; and La Haye Sainte caused deep emotions; but what awful impressions arose from the appearance of one spot, where the ripening corn waved in graceful luxuriance! There the gallant PICTON fell:

'Brave men scorn death, but they value life
Because their lives are useful to the world.'

There some thousands of men were buried ; the chivalry of England and of France mingled together in the earth, and their mouldering relics give life to thousands. There is a marked and distinct line formed round this patch of earth, enriched by the noblest and best blood of Europe. And in the midst of all this glory, thy greatness, NAPOLEON, was not forgotten. I believe there never was a true Englishman who visited that scene of carnage, who did not pay the deepest homage to his genius. The prejudices of our countrymen vanished before his misfortunes ; and England displayed as much sympathy in his fate as France itself.

A portion of Paris brought the ancient part of Edinburgh strongly before me. The lofty buildings, with their sharp gable-ends and overhanging tops, were full of reminiscences. The Tuilleries and the Louvre, with all their past historical associations, and still more recent miraculous changes, gave to truth the semblance of fiction ; and the imagination revelled in scenes of splendid gayety, and shrunk at the horrors of midnight murder. The delightful gardens, in whose shady walks many a happy lover had sent forth the very out-pourings of his heart, and fondly anticipated years of inexhaustible happiness, alas ! too bright to be lasting, were in all their freshness and beauty. Notre Dame disappointed me, having the recollection of our own magnificent cathedrals ; still, how impossible is it to pass the portal of an ancient church without the deepest and most reverential feeling. Here were exhibited the imperial robes of NAPOLEON studded with bees ; but alas ! for him the honey had fled, and the bitterness of exile weighed down his mighty spirit. Superstition, or Imposition, here showed us a portion of the crown of thorns, and a relic of the Holy Cross. The monstrous absurdity of restoring these mockeries tended greatly to weaken the influence and power of the Bourbons ; for the mass of the people had drunk too deeply of the cup of infidelity to feel any interest in the sacred cause of religion when supported by such puerile absurdities. I confess that to my view the ceremonials of worship impress the mind more fully with the subject, and separate the worldly feelings by placing one's thoughts on high ; but in the effort to elevate the mind we must be careful not to destroy it. I frankly acknowledge I do not like to see the ministers of Religion or Justice in their every-day attire ; and should strenuously object to the sentence of hanging being passed upon me, unless my friend the judge put on his black cap, and observed the proper forms and ceremonies upon the occasion ! The levelling system does not at all accord with my ideas : if changes must occur in this changeable world, give me the 'sliding scale,' and save me from these wholesale innovations.

During my stay in Paris I received an invitation, in company with my friend Mr. Charles Kemble, one of the most accomplished and agreeable men of his day, to dine with TALMA, the friend of Napoleon ; the bright star of the French stage ; the man who held the same vast power in the mimic world that his great patron the Emperor did in the affairs of Europe ; he who would frequently obtain an audience of that great man when princes waited in vain for an interview ; and there, in the pleasing converse of dramatic lore, Napoleon became like a giant refreshed, and prepared for deeper and more serious thoughts.

I may now venture to leave Paris, but not without seeing those dens of iniquity the gambling-houses. The varied scenes of frantic joy and human debasement I witnessed at Frescati's were appalling. The extremes of excitement were as powerfully exhibited in the loser of twenty francs as in the man who had perhaps lost his twenty thousand. Our friends across the channel are certainly a most amusing study; and great as are the moral changes that have taken place in France since their fearful revolution, we can still trace the same characteristics which have marked their earliest ages.

N E A R E R T O T H E E .

I.

ALONG the mountain-track of life,
 Along the weary lea,
 O'er Rocks, mid Storms, in joy, in strife,
 Let this my heart-cry be,
 'Nearer to THEE!' 'Nearer to THEE!'

II.

This pilgrim-path by Thee was trod,
 Jesus! my King! by Thee!
 Trac'd by Thy feet, Thy tears, Thy blood,
 In love, in death, for me—
 O bring my soul, 'nearer to THEE!'

III.

Let every step, let every thought,
 Sweet memories bear of Thee!
 And hear the soul Thy love hath bought,
 Whose way-cry oft shall be,
 'Nearer to THEE!' 'Nearer to THEE!'

IV.

Thou wilt! Thou dost! A small still voice
 Teacheth of Faith in Thee!
 Of Hope, that might in grief rejoice
 If still the way-cry be,
 'Nearer to THEE!' 'Nearer to THEE!'

V.

Yet a few days to me perhaps,
 And Time no more shall be;
 But boundless Love can know no lapse,
 Thou art Eternity!
 Draw Thou my soul, 'nearer to THEE!'

VI.

Be it the Heaven I hope above,
 To live and move in Thee!
 Oh by Thy past, Thy promis'd Love,
 Grant these blest Words to me,
 'ASCEND, FORGIVEN!' — 'Nearer to THEE!'

JOHN WATERS.

THE WRITINGS OF VINCENT BOURNE.*

BY FREDERICK W. SHELTON.

VINNY BOURNE, as he is affectionately called by those who knew him, was, at the time he lived, the most elegant of Latinists; the ornament of Trinity College, and said to be unsurpassed for the grace and fastidiousness of his verse by any scholar in all Europe. Except a few particulars given by the poet Cowper, it is to be lamented that little is known of him; for he was of the number of those who steal through the quietest paths of life, remote from wild adventure; and when they die, the busy world knows them no more. They leave no 'footsteps on the sands of time.' But the few who come after them, loving the same pursuits, and seeking them in the same unfrequented by-paths, will discover the exquisite reliques of genius, monuments to their memory more durable than marble, and whose chaplet of flowers is still sweet and unfading. There is an expressive beauty in the words which he desired to be inscribed upon his tomb:

IN SILENTIUM QUOD AMARIT

DESCENDIT

V. B.

Bourne's life was emphatically one of silence, passed in the pursuits of literature, wherein it may be justly said of his elegant taste, that he touched nothing that he did not adorn it. His ambition led him to court no homage or distinction, or any high place which his talents might have insured. He merely trimmed the midnight lamp of the scholar. He himself closed up the door to worldly advantage by declining valuable ecclesiastical preferments which were offered him; but his motives were the purest, and redound greatly to his honor. All which is then known of him is that he was admitted on the foundation at Westminster in 1710; that he was elected to Cambridge four years afterward, where in due time he succeeded to a fellowship in Trinity College, and took the degree of Master of Arts in 1721. He afterward became one of the ushers of Westminster school, where he remained till the time of his death. The kind estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries is well attested; but even he has left behind him a little memorandum which sets his character in an amiable light. It was written in humble penitence for his past life, and with a Christian's hope of the future, at a time when he felt the hand of death upon him, and when he turned his eye with awe and solemnity to that home whence no traveller

* POEMATATA LATINE PARTIM REDDITA, PARTIM SCRIPTA A VINCENTIO BOURNE, COL. TRIN. CANTAB. SOC.

returns. It is as worthy to be quoted as any of his elegant Latin poems, not only for the train of its thought, but for the grace of its composition, and as illustrating the almost certain effect of classical studies in producing a clear and beautiful English style :

‘ Being warned by the hand of God that my dissolution draweth nigh, I thank the divine goodness for giving me this timely notice, and not cutting me off suddenly in the midst of my sins ; that he has granted me leisure, and a due sense of my follies and corruptions, and thereby enabled me to make my reconciliation with Him, before that I am no more seen. I esteem it as a great instance of His mercy that he has not afflicted me with any delirium, or disease that would have deprived me of my memory or my senses, but has visited me with a distemper which however otherwise grievous, has given me time and opportunity to look into my past life, and with seriousness and attention to consider my latter end.

‘ Upon recollection, I find the offences of my youth, and the transgressions of my riper years are so many, that were not the mercy of God as infinite as his justice, I might despair of pardon ; but through the merits and intercession of a crucified Saviour, I humbly hope forgiveness. As the Almighty has himself declared that he delighteth not in the death of a sinner, I beseech Him that His extensive compassion may reach even unto me ; and in dutiful confidence thereof, I submit myself to His holy will, with resignation, constancy, and cheerfulness. For that part of my behaviour that relates to my fellow-creature, man ; if that should happen to be less exceptionable ; if I have not willingly and deliberately injured my neighbor by calumny, oppression, or extortion, not unto me, but unto God, be the praise. I hope it may, in some measure, compensate for many other misdeeds, and so far procure the favor and candor of all those who are so sensible of their own failings as to overlook and forget mine.

‘ There is one thing which I have often heard myself charged with, and that is my neglect of entering into holy orders, and a due preparation for that sacred office. Though I think myself in strictness answerable to none but God and my own conscience, yet for the satisfaction of the person that is dearest to me, I own and declare that the importance of so great a charge, joined with a mistrust of my own sufficiency, made me fearful of undertaking it ; if I have not in that capacity assisted in the salvation of souls, I have not been the means of losing any ; if I have not brought reputation to the function by any merit of mine, I have the comfort of this reflection, I have given no scandal to it by my meanness and unworthiness. It has been my sincere desire, though not my happiness, to be as useful in my little sphere of life as possible ; my own inclinations would have led me to a more likely way of being serviceable, if I might have pursued them ; however, as the method of education I have been brought up in was, I am satisfied, very kindly intended, I have nothing to find fault with, but a wrong choice, and the not knowing those disabilities I have since been truly conscious of ; those difficulties I have endeavored to get over, but found them insuperable. It has been the knowledge of these discouragements that has given me the greatest uneasiness I have ever met with ; that has been the chief

subject of my sleeping as well as waking thoughts, a fear of reproach and contempt. To the question what I now am? I answer, an unhappy composition of weakness, folly, and sin; but what I shall be hereafter, is that which startles and perplexes me. Here I am lost in amazement and dread! The most pleasing, and the dearest engagements of this world, as having nothing in them solid, sincere, or lasting, I could readily forego; but the looking for of that unknown state into which I am to enter, when I put off this body of frailty and corruption, is confounding and terrible. The prospect into futurity is all darkness and uncertainty: nor can the nearest relative or friend who is gone before me repass the gulf that is fixed between us, to give me the least notice or intimation of it. It is this thought that forbids me, polluted as I am, though ever so much wearied with life, to wish for dissolution; this reminds me that though the body be sleeping and mouldering in the grave, the soul dieth not, nor yet slumbereth: the place and condition of unbodied spirits, who of all mankind knoweth? What thought can conceive that which the eye never saw, nor the ear heard of? Who shall inform me of that state whence there is no return? Surely there is a reward for the righteous! The souls of the faithful after they are delivered from the burthen of the flesh, are undoubtedly in joy and felicity; but then where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? Where shall I, who have spent many years in idleness and vanity, and no merit of my own to plead for me, where shall I, who have not treasured up one good work to bespeak the favor of the Almighty, and have only the sufferings of Jesus Christ, and those very sufferings often slighted, trampled upon and rejected by me, to offer in my behalf? But, oh! may the goodness of God, if there be still mercy left for me, while it is yet called to-day, before the night cometh on, so assist me with his grace in working out my salvation, that neither the desire of life, nor the dread of death, may withdraw my thoughts from Him; but that in this my day I may consider the things which make for my peace, before they are hid from my eyes. In humble confidence thereof, and in full assurance of His most gracious mercy to all returning sinners, I will endeavor to fortify and prepare myself against the terrors of death.

In the same tone of mournful moralizing is the elegant epistle which he indicted to a lady after paying a respectful visit to the dead in a country church-yard. For its style and eloquence Jeremy Taylor might have composed it, and as it has been rarely read except by the small class of persons who have had the good fortune to fall in with his works, (and we believe that few copies have found their way to this country,) we shall extract some parts of it, as they exhibit a favorable contrast with the playfulness of his Latin verse:

‘I will allow that the pomp of a great man may adorn his funeral, and flattery may attend it with coronets and banners. Whatever is beyond is nuisance only and abhorrence. The sepulchre too, may be painted without, but within is full of filthiness and uncleanness; and the corpse may be wrapt in velvet and fine linen, yet in velvet and fine linen it shall rot. The leaden coffin and the arched vault may separate it from vulgar dust; but even here shall the worm find it, nor shall

his hunger be satisfied till he strip it to the bones. In the mean time, the labored epitaph is mocking it with titles, and belying it with praises. The passenger must be stayed to lament its loss ; and the reader is called upon to weep, that a person illustriously descended should be so like the rest of his fellow creatures as to die.

‘The procession may be long, and set off with all the finery that pride can invent, or money can purchase ; insomuch that women shall stand amazed, and children shall hold up their hands with astonishment. Yet all this midnight show which has raised the curiosity of multitudes, and with purposed delays has increased it into impatience, can go no farther with him than to his grave : here must all his state leave him, and the honors are his no longer.

‘Having thus amused myself in contemplating the vanity of human greatness—what is it, said I, that can thus make us startle and shrink at the thoughts of death ? The mighty and the rich of the world may tremble ; but what is the sting of death to those whose life has been altogether misery ? or what power has the grave over the unhappy ? Is it not rather a refuge from violence and oppression, and a retreat from insolence and contempt ? Is it not a protection to the defenceless, and a security to him who had no place to flee unto ? Surely in death there is safety, and in the grave there is peace. This wipes off the sweat of the poor laboring man, and takes the load from the bended back of the weary traveller. This dries up the tears of the disconsolate, and maketh the heart of the sorrowful to forget its throbbing. This eases the agonies of the diseased, and giveth a medicine to the hopeless incurable. This discharges the naked and hungry insolvent ; it releases him from his confinement who must not otherwise have come thence till he had paid the uttermost farthing. It is this that rescues the slave from his heavy task-master ; and frees the prisoner from the cruelties of him that cannot pity. This silences the clamors of the defamer, and hushes the virulence of the whisperer. The infirmities of age and the unweariness of youth, the blemishes of the deformed, the frenzies of the lunatic, and the weaknesses of the idiot, are here all buried together, and who shall see them ?

‘With these, and many other reflections which the compass of a letter cannot contain, I left the chambers of the dead. What first occurred to me after this solitary walk I have communicated to you ; at present perhaps you may think them little worthy of your regard ; or look on them at best, as the product of a sickly and distempered brain. A lecture of mortality to a maiden in the prime of her health and beauty, you may suppose can come only from a gloomy and disturbed mind, to fortify and prepare the soul against the day when the face of the fairest shall gather blackness, the heart of the strongest shall fail, and the mirth of the most frolicsome shall depart from him. The prospect, I believe may be unwelcome, but unseasonable it cannot be, while youth is subject to diseases, and while beauty is deceitful. I desire you to accept of this night piece, drawn by an artless hand ; and when that hand shall be mouldering in the dust, to peruse the picture, and then be assured that though it be artless, it is true.’

Having thus given a specimen of all which we are able to find of Bourne's English composition, we propose to give the reader a taste of those exquisite Latin poems, which have gained him an envied name among scholars. In the Critical Review for April, 1772, is a notice of his works, which is cursory, as it is intended for the English scholar, who is already supposed familiar with all which he has written. Since that time numerous editions have been published, and latterly with all the luxury of the British press. And certainly when so much respectable poetry is to be found among the various collections of the schools and universities, only their intrinsic merits could have preserved the works of Vincent Bourne so long in a distinct form; nor can we upon examination deem that those merits have been exaggerated. *Novimus quem Tibullo ac Propertio prætulit bonus Cuperus*, says Landor; and then endeavors to detract a part of the poet's well deserved praise. Let us examine his different styles, and then pronounce whether the 'good Cowper' is extravagant when he thus speaks of him: 'I love the memory of Vinny Bourne. I think him a better Latin poet than Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius, or any of the writers in *his* way, except Ovid, and not at all inferior to *him*. I love him too with a love of partiality, because he was Usher of the fifth form at Westminster, when I passed through it. He was so good natured, and so indolent, that I lost more than I got by him; for he made me as idle as himself. His humor is entirely original; he can speak of a magpie or a cat in terms so exquisitely appropriate to the character he draws, that one would suppose him animated by the spirit of the creature he describes. And with all his drollery, there is a mixture of rational and even religious reflection at times, and always an air of pleasantry, good nature, and humanity, that makes him in my mind one of the most amiable writers in the world. It is not common to meet with an author who can make you smile, and yet at nobody's expense; who is always entertaining, and always harmless, and who, though always elegant and classical to a degree not always found in the classics themselves, charms as much by the simplicity, and playfulness of his ideas, as by the neatness and purity of his verse.' Although his original compositions alone are sufficiently stamped with his genius (as a proof of which Cowper has translated more than twenty of them into English verse) perhaps we can better judge of his admirable taste and delicacy, from some of those little English poems which he has turned into Latin. It is here that we enjoy more fully their ingenuity and nice structure, and by comparing them sentence for sentence, and idiom for idiom, can appreciate the great difficulties with which the author had to contend, and also the measure of his triumph. It is delightful, and indeed surprising to note how he has discovered the most elegant equivalents for phrases which seemed purely English; he has rather enhanced the grace of those exquisite little poems; many of them are more beautiful in their Latin dress, although it would seem as difficult to make them more charming or to improve their polish, as it would be to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to adorn the rose, or add a perfume to the violet. To illustrate

this very remark, let us take the pleasing little ballad of 'Tweedside,' and note the process of such a refinement :

'WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed, gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.'

T U E D A .

Quas aperit veneres ! quam Flora arridet amonum,
Ad placidam Tuedæ lene fluentis aquam !
His tamen, his cunctis, formosior una Maria
Naturæ pariter vincit et artis opes.
Non rosa, non viola, non picto margine bellis,
Totoque luxuries, quæ variatur humus ;
Non, quæ subrepens blando interlabitur agros
Flumine, tam suavi Tueda decore nitet.

The sixth line recalls to us Horace's expression, *omnis copia narium*, while the smoothly gliding river in the following lines has been justly considered a type of the harmony and ease of Vincent Bourne's verse. Indeed can any thing be more exquisite than his translation of the whole ballad, wherein he has expressed the full sense and meaning of the original, in words picked out, and compacted with a neatness which is remarkable :

'THE warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush ;
The black-bird, and sweet-cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring ;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love, where the feathered folks sing.

'How does my love pass the long day ?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
Do they never carelessly stray
While happily she lies asleep ?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulging my bliss ;
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare ;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
Oh ! tell me, at noon where they feed ?
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

SYLVA choris avium resonat vocalis ; et omne
Virgultum harmonia fervet, et omne nemus.
Miscet et merule numeros, gemitusque palumbæ ;
Desuper ærios addit alaunda modos.
Vernantem in campum mecum descende, norique
Videris, ut surgat prinula, veris honos.
Dum populus circum cantat pennatus, amor
Quam mecum ad Tuedam lenta vacare potes !

Quo minuit studio, quo longas decipit horas ?
Nonne aliquot teneras lux mea servat oves ?
Nullus eas felix, nullus brevis abstrahit error,
Dum furtim somnus lumina claudit heræ ?
Murmure jucundo mollem suadere soporem
Si possit votis Tueda secunda meis ;
Ambrosiam labiis, animum quæ mulceat ægram,
Lætusque et tacitus, surripuisse velim.

Vulgaris inter flammas meus emicat ignis,
 Ut nusquam formâ nympha sit ulla pari:
 Pluribus a pulchris, a mille et mille venustis,
 Distinguant vitam gratia multa meam.
 Snaviolum, quin fare, meum; quæ pascua malunt,
 Aut ubi, sub medio cole, vagantur oves?
 Ad Tævæ errantes quæram sinuosa fluentia?
 Quæramve ad Tuedæ candidioris aquam?

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind;
 When black-eyed Susan came on board;
 'Oh! where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 Does my sweet William sail among your crew?'

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sighed, and cast his eyes below.
 The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

*So the sweet lark, high poſt'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If chance his mate's shrill note he hear)
 And drops at once into her nest.*
 The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet,
 Might envy William's lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

'Oh Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows ſhall ever true remain;
 Let me kiſs off that falling tear:
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
 The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the landſmen ſay,
 Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind;
 They'll tell thee ſailors when away
 In every port a miſtreſs find:
 Yeſ, yeſ, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
 For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

If to far India's coaſt we ſail,
 Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright:
 Thy breath is Affric's ſpicy gale;
 Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white:
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my ſoul ſome charms of lovely Sue.'

Though battle call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Though cannons roar, yet ſafe from harms
 William ſhall to his dear return;
 Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
 Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Susan's eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
 The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread;
 No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard;
 They kiſſed; ſhe ſighed; he hung his head.
 Her leaſening boat unwilling rows to land;
 Adieu! ſhe cries; and waved her lily hand.'

GULIELMUS SUSANNÆ VALEDICTIONES.

In ſtatione fuit claviſſa, ſuaviſque per auras
 Ludere vexillis et ſuſcitare dedit;
 Cum navem aſcendit Susanna; 'O dicite, nautæ,
 Noſtræ ubi deliciæ ſunt? ubi noſter amor?
 Dicite vos, animi fortes, ſed dicite verum,
 Agminibus veſtris num Gulielmus inſeet?'

Pondulus in summi Gulielmus vertice mali
Hinc agitabatur fluctibus, inde, maris;
Protinus, ut vocem bene notam audivit, ad infra
Præmisit gemitum, nec piger ipse sequi;
Vixque manu tangens funes, et præpete labens
Descensu, alati fulguris instar, adest.

Sic alto in cælo tremulis se librat ut alis,
Si sociæ accipiat forsân alauda sonos,
Devolat extemplo; clausisque ad pectora pennis,
In caræ nidum præcipitatur avis.
Basia, quæ Susanna suo permisit amanti,
Navarcha optârjit maximus esse sua.

‘Suave meum, et vitâ Susanna O carior ipsâ,
Sunt mea, quæ vovi, sunt tibi vota rata;
Pendentem ex oculo da gemmam exosculer illum:
Gratior ut reditu sit, Gulielmus abit.
Quo velit, inclinet ventus; te verget ad unam
Cor meum, ut ad Boream nautica vergit acus.

‘Terrâ degentes vitam, tua pectora fida
Tentabunt dubio sollicitare metu:
In quovis portu, sed noli O! credere, dicent,
Nauta, quod accendat mobile pectus, habet.
Quin O! quin credas; quodcunque invisero littus,
Tu mihi, tu præsens ignis et ardor eris.

‘Sive Indus gemmarum, eboris seu fertilis Afer,
Seu mihi visendus dives odoris Arabs:
Esse doni cunctas tecum reputabo relictas,
Quas ostendet Arabs, Afer, et Indus, opes.
Quodcunque egregium, pulchrum, vel dulce videbo,
Occurret quiddam, quod memorabo, Tui.

‘Nec, mea lux, doleas; patræ si causa requirat,
Ut procul amplexu poscar ad arma tuo;
Qui tibi, bellorûm qui fulmine tutus ab omni,
Post aliquot menses restituendus ero.
Ne dulces istos contristet fletus ocellos,
Mille avertendo tela, cavebit Amor.’

Solvere naucleri jussit vox ferrea navem,
Vela tumescentes explicuere sinus:
Dixit uterque, vale; et lacrymis simul oscula miscens,
Addidit hæc gemitus, ille recline caput.
Invita et tardè ad terram Susanna recedit,
Et nivcâ repetit, ‘vive, valeque,’ manu.

So remarkable is the transfusion of spirit in many of these pieces (and to effect this desirable end it must be confessed that genius and talent have in most cases arrived at a very unsatisfactory result) that what is merely the translation might sometimes be mistaken for the spirited original. Translations however, from the English to the Latin, admit of greater success than the reverse. The respectable scholar may approach to perfection in the one case, where the greatest poetical genius would utterly fail in the other. ‘Since I saw you,’ says Mr. Charles Lamb, in a letter to a friend, ‘I have had a treat in the reading way which comes not every day: the Latin poems of Vincent Bourne, which were quite new to me. What a heart that man had, all laid out upon town scenes, a proper counterpart to some people’s extravagancies. Why I mention him is, that your power of music reminded me of his poem of the ballad-singer in the Seven Dials. Do you remember his epigram on the Old Woman who taught Newton the A. B. C., which after all, he says, he hesitates not to call Newton’s Principia? I was lately fatiguing myself by going over a volume of fine words by —, excellent words; and if the heart could live by words alone, it could desire no better regale: but what an aching vacuum of matter! I

don't stick at the madness of it, for that is only in consequence of shutting his eyes, and thinking he is in the age of the old Elizabethan poets. From them I turned to Vincent Bourne; what a sweet, unpretending, pretty-mannered, matter-full creature! Sucking from every flower, making a flower of every thing. His diction all Latin, and his thoughts all English. Bless him! Latin was not good enough for him; why was he not content with the language which Gay and Prior wrote in? 'Well fare' proceeds that quaint original, 'well fare the soul of Vincent Bourne, most classical, and at the same time most English of the Latinists, who has treated of this human and quadrupedal alliance, this dog and man friendship in the sweetest of his poems; the *Epitaphium in Canem*, or Dog's Epitaph. Reader! peruse it, and say if customary sights, which could call up such gentle poetry as this, were of a nature to do more harm or good to the moral sense of the passengers through the daily thoroughfares of a vast and busy metropolis.'

Let us turn to the *Epitaphium in Canem*, so highly praised, and which Charles Lamb has himself rendered happily into English:

EPITAPHIUM IN CANEM.

PAUPERIS hic Iri requiesco Lyciscus, herilis,
 Dum vixi, tutela vigil columenque senectæ,
 Dux cæco fidus: nec, me ducento, solebat,
 Prætenso hinc atque hinc baculo, per iniqua lócorum
 Incertam explorare viam; sed fila acutus,
 Quæ dubios regerent passus, vestigia tuta
 Fixit inoffenso gressu; gelidumque sedile
 In nudo nactus saxo, quâ prætereuntium
 Unda frequens confluit, ibi miserisque tenebras
 Lamentis, noctemque oculis ploravit obortam.
 Ploravit nec frustra; obolum dedit alter et alter,
 Quis corda et mentem indiderat natura benignam.
 Ad latus interea jacui sopitus herilis,
 Vel mediis vigil in somnis; ad herilia jussa
 Aureque atque animum arrectus, seu frustula amicæ
 Porrexit sociasque dapes, seu longa diei
 Tædiæ perpressus, reditum sub nocte parabat.
 Hi mores, hæc vita fuit, dum fata sinebant,
 Dum neque languebam morbis, nec inerte senectâ,
 Quæ tandem obrepsit, veterique satellite cæcum
 Orbavit dominum: prisci sed gratia facti
 Ne tota intereat, longos deleta per annos,
 Exiguum hunc Irus tumulum de cespite fecit,
 Etsi inopia, non ingrata, munuscula dextræ;
 Carmine signavitque brevi, dominumque canemque
 Quod memoret, fidumque canem dominumque benignum.

EPITAPH ON A DOG.

POOR Irus, faithful wolf-dog, here I lie,
 That wont to tend my old blind master's steps,
 His guide and guard; nor while my service lasted
 Had he occasion for that staff, with which
 He now goes picking out his path in fear,
 Over the highways and crossings; but would plant,
 Safe in the conduct of my friendly string,
 A firm foot forward still, till he had reached
 His poor seat on some stone, nigh where the tide
 Of passions lay in thickest confluence flood.
 To whom with loud and passionate laments,
 From morn to eve his dark estate he wail'd,
 Nor wail'd to all in vain; some here and there,
 The well disposed and good their pennies gave.
 I meantime at his feet obsequous slept:
 Not all asleep in sleep, but heart and ear
 Prick'd up at his least motion, to receive
 At his kind hand some customary crumbs,
 And common portion in his feast of scraps:
 Or when night warn'd us homeward, tired and spent
 With our long day and tedious beggary.

These were my manners, this my way of life,
Till age and slow disease me overtook,
And severed from my sightless master's side.
But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,
Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,
This slender tomb of earth hath Irus reared,
Chief monument of no ungrudging hand,
And with short verse inscribed it, to attest,
In long and lasting union to attest,
The virtues of the beggar and the dog.

Strokes of humor are quite prevalent throughout the author's compositions. Take for example the following sketch, which might well apply to some stormy pulpit orator of our own time :

F A N A T I C U S .

CONSCENDIT primum tremulus cum pulpita frater,
Stat tacitus, multumque screans, ut vocis apertum
Pandat iter, geminas, positis prope dactylotheas,
Ad cœlum attollit palmas; tum lumina claudens
Dat gemitum, secumque diu submurmurat intus.
Vox tandem erumpit; deinde altera, et altera deinde;
Mox animos sensim revocans, residemque furorem,
Vim dictis paulatim addit; jam subsilit, et jam
Stans pede suspensus, tentat quid possit anhel
Pulmonia, laterumque labor; per tempora rivis
It saevis sudor; tandem fanatica surgit
Tempesta, totasque quatit clamoribus sedes.
Haud aliter leni nutantes flamine ramos
Insurgens agitat Boreas, tremulasque susurrat
Per frondes; mox buccam utramque animosior inflat,
Et validos quassat celso cum vertice truncos:
Post, ubi collectæ vires, majorque tumultus
Per totam auditur sylvam, ab radicibus imis
Sternit humi antiquas quercus, rapidamque procellam
Agglomerat, latæque implet nemus omne ruinâ.

The author's description of the company which he met in a stage-coach is quite worthy of Horace :

U S U S Q U A D R I G A R U M .

IN curru conduco locum, visurus amicum,
Millia qui decies distat ab urbe novem.
Impatiens auriga moræ nos urget, et, hora
Cum nondum sonuit tertia, jungit equos.
Vix expectectus, media inter somnia, surgo,
Per longum miserè discutiendus iter.
Ingredior, sedeo; cubitumque coarctor utrumque;
Atque duas pingues comprimo inter anus.
Cum matre e contra puer est, milesque proterrus;
Distento hos inter corpore caupo sedet.
Nec vix illuxit, quin hinc agitur et illinc,
Aspera quæ ducit, quæ salebrosa via.
Altera tussit anus, rixatur et altera; jurat
Miles, ῥογῶντι caupo, vomitque puer.
Dulce sodalitium! si sint hæc usque quadrigis
Commoda, maluerim longius ire pedes.

In the same playful vein are the pieces severally inscribed 'Nulli te facias nimis Sodalem,' in which familiarity with cats is shown to be dangerous, and the moral of which is conveyed in the last two lines :

Quod tamen haud æquum est — si vult cum felle joculari,
Felinum debet Lydia ferre jocum :

'Eques Academicus,' his description of the 'Cantab' sallying out for

horseback exercise ; ' Phœbe Ornatric,' ' Hobsoni Lex,' ' Conspicillum,' and others. Here is something in the Anacreontic measure :

A D G R I L L U M .

O qui meæ culinæ
Argutus choraules,
Et hospes es canorus,
Quacunque commoreris,
Felicis omen ;
Jucundior cantu
Siquando me salutes,
Et ipse te rependam,
Et ipse, quâ valebo,
Remunerabo musâ.

Diceris innocensque
Et gratus inquilinus;
Nec victitans rapinis,
Ut sorices voraces,
Muresve curiosi,
Forumque delicatum
Vulgus domesticorum,
Sed tutus in camini
Recessibus, quiete
Contentus et calore.

Beatior cicadâ,
Quæ te referre formâ,
Quæ voce te videtur ;
Et saltitans per herbas,
Unius, haud secundæ,
Æstatis est chorista ;
Tu carmen integratum
Reponis ad Decembrem,
Lætus per universum
Incontinenter annum.

Te nulla lux relinquit,
Te nulla nox revisit,
Non musicæ vacantem,
Curisve non solutum ;
Quin amplius canendo,
Quin amplius fruendo,
Ætulam, vel omni,
Quam nos homunciones
Absumimus querendo,
Etate longiorem.

We ought not to omit in describing the contents of the volume, some epitaphs very neatly done. Take for example the following :

H I C P R O P T E S E P U L T A E S T

A. D.

PUELLULA rarissimæ formæ ;
Cui accessit
Verecunda roearum purpura,
Castusque liliorum candor :
Accessit quidem,
Sed, ut humanæ breves sunt delicias,
Exaruit statim et evanuit,
Suavissimum sui relinquens
Odorem et desiderium :
Dum æterno vere donetur et efflorescat.

Here we must take leave of the productions of Vinny Bourne. Perhaps some critics might render them credit for what a great writer in one of his essays would term an 'exquisite mimicry,' 'an elaborate imitation of classical antiquity, a scrupulous purity, and a ceremonial cleanness which characterizes the diction of our academical Pharisees.' But whether there be mimicry or not, it is an art which renders itself inapparent ; an art so elegantly veiled that it is but a second nature ; an enhancing of the bright original, a reflection softened from the *image*, an echo of a mellower harmony than the *voice*. After the genius which originates, is the art which imitates, and it is hard to say from which we derive the most pleasure. The one requires an almost equal intellect to be its judge, for there is nothing wherewith to compare it ; the other as it stands but little chance if inaccurate, so it is acknowledged with rapture if it be true. The one diverts our admiration from the work to its author, the other makes us forgetful of itself. There is a servile imitation which arrays with poor effect its ill-assorted shreds and patches, very different from the taste which selects, combines and arranges in a natural order the treasures not its own. Bourne

does not appear to have written after a model. He possesses a native grace which is all his own, and a naturalness which is not diminished by the effect of polish. He never writes *invitâ Minervâ*, nor possesses any of the stiffness or constraint of the desperate poet; but, if we may venture to be figurative, he rises without an effort, and spreads his even wings, and cuts the clear ether like a genial bird of song. Whatever he handles, in no instance does he depart from the dictates of a taste cultured and refined to the last degree by the studies which he loved; no matter how trifling be the subject, an 'Address to a Fly,' or an 'Invitation to a Robin-red-breast,' 'Ad Rubeculam Invitatio,' or a sharpening of Prior's epigrammatic verses, or Master William Shakspeare's 'Cruel Deceit;' or whether he rises to higher topics, to an Address to the Prince, or to translating the hymns of Addison. It is not without reason then, that he has been thought in some of his productions to rival the elegance and tenderness of those elegiac poets who wrote in the golden age of Roman literature, when refinement had reached its highest pitch, and style was rendered perfect. In some respects it will not be denied that he was their superior. For although they seemed imbued with sensibility, and loved to engraft upon the Roman tongue, in idiom, thought and expression, the spiritual grace which is found in all the poetry of the Greeks, and which is the very offspring of their delicious skies; yet fostered as they were in the lap of wealth, and within the reach of a voluptuous capital, their works are infected with the blemish of their lives; whether like Ovid, they have made love the burden of their song, or like the melancholy Tibullus, mingled with it the frequent images of death. Their passions are too contagious to be told, and their loves too warm to be painted; and with all their delicacy, they are often sullied by indelicacies of thought, and grossness of expression which accorded with their own licentiousness, and the age in which they lived. Bourne certainly approached them nearly in neatness, while he refrained from their immodesty; but to pronounce him their superior would be to forget those exquisite verses of Catullus, in the 'Carmen Nuptiale:'

Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
 Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
 Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber:
 Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
 Idem, quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
 Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ:
 Sic virgo dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est:
 Quum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,
 Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puella,
 Hymen O Hymenæe, Hymen ades O Hymenæe.

WHEN in the garden's fenced and cultur'd ground
 Where browse no flocks, where plough-shares never wound,
 By sunbeams strengthened, nourished by the shower
 And soothed by Zephyr, blooms the lovely flower.
 Maids long to place it in their modest zone,
 And youths enraptur'd wish it for their own.
 But from the stem once pluck'd in dust it lies,
 Nor youth nor maiden then desire or prize.
 The virgin thus her blushing beauty roars,
 Loved by her kindred, and her young compeers.
 But if her simple charm, her maiden grace
 Is sullied by one spoiler's rude embrace,
 Adoring youths no more her steps attend,
 Nor loving girls salute the maiden friend.
 Oh Hymen, hear! Oh sacred Hymen, haste,
 Come god and guardian of the fond and chaste.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

LIFE AND ELOQUENCE OF THE REV. STEWART LARNED: First Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in New-Orleans. By R. E. GURLEY. In one volume: with a portrait. pp. 412 New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

IF we may credit the warm commendations of many friends, whom we have heard describe the effect upon them of Mr. LARNED's preaching, we may well believe, with the author of the volume before us, that 'no minister of the same age has ever, at least in this country, left behind him deeper impressions of his eloquence.' And however much might be ascribed to his voice and manner, the matter and style of his discourses are remarkable; they are worthy of critical examination and study; and those who would combine in their sermons ease and elevation, simplicity and energy; who would leave to their hearers no time to sleep and no wish to be absent, but regret only at the brevity of the service and delight at the return of the Sabbath, will find the perusal and re-perusal of Mr. LARNED's discourses greatly to their advantage. A clear synopsis of his peculiar characteristics is afforded us toward the close of that portion of the work which is devoted to his personal memoirs. A combination of great and original endowments disposed and enabled him to open, comparatively, a new path in his profession, and with an independence, moral and intellectual, peculiarly his own, to cast aside some of its traditional formalities and restraints, to dispense with useless technicalities, and to carry home his doctrines and appeals, in expressions natural yet select, in a style at once simple, compact, elevated and energetic, to the business and bosoms of men. This was high merit; but it was not all. He possessed in an eminent degree the quality of good sense, which enabled him to understand the thoughts and workings of other minds, so as to meet them effectually, on their own principles, and penetrate and move the inmost depths of their own feelings. His language was ever subordinate to thought—his imagination to reason. He sought successfully to give unity to his subject, so that its parts and divisions, like the bones and sinews of the human body, should be invisible in their strength, and while clothed in beauty, the whole should be animated by one spirit, and bear upon one end. 'He had the rare talent of being eloquent without seeming sensible of it, of hiding from himself and others the power by which he moved them. As by an invisible wand, a look or a word, so simple at the time as to escape observation, he opened the fountains of sensibility, and the streams gushed forth. The more unexpected the effect, the more certain, and the greater, the less apparent the cause. In the various qualities of his mind, and his personal endowments, he approached as near as any man whom we have known, or of whom we have read, to our idea of a perfect orator. Though no man expressed his own views on religious subjects, with more candor and decision, he possessed a catholic spirit, and was ready to welcome to his communion, regardless of the peculiarities of their creeds, all true Christian disciples. Well armed for controversy, he appears to have been averse to it, preferring rather to win the affections, than confound the reason; to exhibit Truth with her attractions, rather than in the attitude and brandishing the weapons of war.'

We proceed to make two or three extracts, taken almost at random from the discourses before us; commencing with a passage from the sermon on 'CHRIST as Man,' from the text, 'What think ye of CHRIST?'

'WHEREVER we look at him, there is nothing which wears the aspect of enthusiasm. His devotions are most strikingly appropriate. Solemn and impressive they may be, but they are never heated. In the inimitable prayer prescribed for his followers, and in the discourses which he delivered, there is a majesty of thought, an elevation of piety, and a tenderness of heart, which no man ever did or ever will attentively examine without admiration. In his conduct, too, we find no affected singularity; he dressed, he ate, he conversed, like other people; he accepted their invitations; he was a guest at their entertainments; he was a partaker of their joys and their sorrows; he was engaging in his manners, and affectionate in his attachments; and unpopular only because he spoke the truth. And so of his precepts. They were all suited to the condition of human life. He taught a plain and sober religion, which thousands and tens of thousands have found to comfort them here, to sustain them in death, and to save them forever. . . . Look, my hearers, at the manner in which our SAVIOUR behaved in his last moments. He had no legal trial at all; but at such as he had, the officers of government were convinced of his innocence, and accordingly acquitted him. This, however, did not appease the mob. They were determined on taking his life, and frightened the court into submission. Had he not a right to complain? Where is the man who would not have complained? He did not. His friends appeared in arms to rescue him, but instead of permitting it, he went forward in person and dissuaded them from the attempt. In the face of all the laws of the Roman empire, he was led out to execution the very day he had been publicly acquitted. His deportment on the occasion was entirely tranquil. Had he been an impostor he would at least have remonstrated against the cruelty of his sentence; or had he been an enthusiast, he would have betrayed that high-wrought excitement which sets danger and death at defiance. But he did neither. I know not that in his whole life he evinced more composure than during the hour which finally closed it. After arriving on the ground, he seems to have been extremely exhausted, and to have said but little. That little, however, was not in his own defence; it was chiefly in bidding farewell to his family and friends, and in pardoning one of the criminals who was nailed by his side. Just before he expired, he cast a look of tenderness on the crowd, and instead of reproving them for their cruelty, he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and said, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' O, my hearers, what a sentiment on the quivering lips of an innocent and murdered man! How do the fashionable ideas of honor, and the popular tribunal of pistols and balls, and the bleeding and frenzied bosom of premature widowhood and orphanage, how do they appear at the foot of Mount Calvary! What must we think of him, so cool in enthusiasm, or so godlike in imposture, as to be the first to inculcate the forgiveness of injuries, and the first to exemplify his own lesson while bathed in the blood of the Cross! With such a scene before me, I can no longer wonder that infidelity itself, in one of its lucid intervals, should have burst into that impressive exclamation, 'If SOCRATES died like a philosopher, JESUS CHRIST died like a God!'

The following passages are taken from a discourse preached on the occasion of Mr. LARNED's leaving his church, during the prevalence of the yellow fever. After speaking of the presence of a Protecting Power in affliction, and the extending trophies of the grace of God, the reverend orator bursts forth into this exalted strain:

'WHEN I see the flowers of Eden again blossoming on earth; when I catch the spires of Christian churches glittering amidst the pagoda and funeral piles of Hindostan; when I find the rude and revengeful savage exchanging the war-whoop of the wilderness for the songs of salvation; when I behold the benignity of the Gospel beginning to beam through the mosques of the Arabian prophet, whose disciples were converted at the point of the bayonet, and baptized in blood; in a word, when I watch the dawns of twilight breaking through the eastern sky, and shedding their splendor over the dark and dismal expanse of human desolation, I cannot help thinking that the God of peace and love is once more about to visit our benighted world, and to fill and animate it with all the evidences of His glory. Yes, my brethren, the aged father, who was once abandoned to the waves on the charge of years and infirmity, is now followed by his children to the tomb; the mother, who once poisoned the nutriment of her bosom, to preserve her little babe from the anticipated troubles of protracted life, now gives that babe to its Saviour; the devoted Hindoo, who once panted to be crushed under the clogged wheels of his idol, is now telling what God has done for his soul. Already have the missionaries of Christ begun to smother the fires of the widow's pile, to arrest the immodulations of Juggernaut, and to redeem the endearing loveliness of woman from the degradation to which every country but Christendom has consigned her. The night is far spent; the day is at hand; Christianity is awaking from the slumber of centuries, and moving on with accelerated triumph. Genius, and learning, and office are waving laurels for her brow, and adding their hosannas to the thundering acclamations which announce her magnificent march. The whole world is in motion. The jubilee of earth is commenced. The dove has gone out of the ark, and brought back the signal that the waters are retiring. On every shore are displayed the banners of the Cross. You may see them waving from the frozen ledges of Greenland to the burning sands of Sierra Leone; from the isles of the Pacific to the banks of the Ganges; from the snows of the poles to the scorching suns of the equator. The Indian is burning his Shinar, the Arab his Koran, and the Hottentot his consecrated relics. The tenant of every soil is cheered by the tidings of pardon, and the complexion of every climate irradiated by the hope of immortality. The Gospel—the everlasting Gospel—the Gospel of the God of peace and of love, is beginning to extend; and it will extend, and extend, and extend, till the ruins of Sin, amidst the blaze of the last conflagration, shall be lost in the splendor of eternal day!'

The following closing remarks are inexpressibly touching. Their pathos is akin to that

exhibited by SAINT PAUL, when bidding his sorrowing brethren farewell, before departing 'for to go into Macedonia :'

'THE period has arrived, when personal obligations, as well as the interests of the infant flock over which I have been called to preside, require that I should leave this city. Never in my life have I cherished a more sincere design than that of returning to the people of my charge; but I know not how it is, and perhaps it is weakness to confess it, but I feel an unaccountable presentiment that I shall never meet you again. O, my God! is this the last time? Will the return of November find this voice stilled in death, and this frame mouldering under the clods of the valley? If it should be so I can only say, that the kindness and affection I have found here will animate the last prayer of my heart for your happiness. But whatever may become of me, I beseech you go forward with the undertaking in which you have embarked. Discard the incentives of sectarian rivalry, and build a church for yourselves, your children, your city, and your God. Above all, prepare for the judgment seat of CHRIST. O! when I cast my eye through the pews where you are now sitting, and remember the awful pestilence which has so lately shrouded this place in mourning, I cannot repress the inquiry, Who of our number, before the summer is closed, will be sleeping in yonder grave-yard? For whom is that funeral knell to be next sounded, which within three days has twice rung its admonitions in our ears? And if I should live to return, which of you shall I find missing from the dear little circle of friendship? Ye saints of the living God, farewell! Keep near the hill of Calvary; and as you cluster in gratitude and devotion around the Cross on which your SAVIOUR expired, forget not to pray for your pastor. Farewell, ye who are seeking an interest in JESUS; do not despond; the darkest hour is nearest to day. It was not till Peter had begun to sink that his REDEEMER rescued him. And, O, ye votaries of the world, what shall I say to you? The sand is rapidly wasting that measures your existence, and yet must I leave you impenitent! Listen to my parting words: When you hear that I am laid in the dust, remember that I warned you to think of eternity! I have done.'

Overcome by his exertions of the previous Sabbath, Mr. LARNED was attacked with the prevailing epidemic. After much suffering, in which the aspirations of faith triumphed over bodily pain, and when the power of speech had gone from him, he made signs for pen and ink, and in tremulous characters 'wrote the blessed name of JESUS CHRIST.' And thus, on the 31st of August, 1820, this valiant soldier of the cross rested from his labors. The engraved portrait of Mr. LARNED exhibits a face of blended sweetness and intellectual nobleness. 'His body,' says his biographer, 'was the appropriate habitation of his mind, combining in just proportions, dignity grace and strength. Art could have desired no finer model, and seldom, in her noblest statues, has she embodied the idea of a more perfect form. His countenance well expressed his soul; his voice was persuasion, and as he spoke, his eye threw a fascinating brilliancy upon the rich treasures of thought and sentiment, flung out from the depths and stores of his nature so lavishly around him.'

A GRAMMAR OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE, principally from the German of KUHNER, with selections from MATTHEÆ, BUTTMAN, THIERSCH, and ROST. For the use of Schools and Colleges. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D. In one volume. pp. 536. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is a previous Grammar of the learned author, presented in a more enlarged and complete form. The writer here furnishes the student with a general view of the leading features of Greek philology, by placing in his hands a volume that may prove a useful auxiliary to him throughout the whole of his academical and collegiate career. In order to effect this more thoroughly, he has had recourse to the writings of the latest and best of the German grammarians, and especially to those of KUHNER, which are now justly regarded as the ablest of their kind. Under the head of Paradigms, the work contains much more numerous and complete exemplifications of declension and conjugation than any that has preceded it in an English garb. Another new feature, is the frequent reference to the Sanscrit and other cognate languages, without which, at the present day, no Greek grammar can be regarded as complete. In the Syntax, which in the present is presented in a much more enlarged form than in the previous Grammar, the author has taken care that the rules shall be 'full and accurate, and yet conveyed in language tinged as slightly as possible with that technical and peculiar diction, which, however well it may suit the schools of Germany, is at present still out of place with us.' Like all the series of school-books issued by the HARPERS, the present work is executed with great typographical propriety.

TALES OF GLAUBER SPA. By Miss C. M. SEDGWICK, Messrs. J. K. PAULDING, W. C. BRYANT, R. C. SANDS, and WILLIAM LEGGETT. Two volumes in one. pp. 537. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

A NEW edition (in the cheap form, compressed into one cover, and printed upon the thinnest of paper,) of an old work, which was noticed at some length in these pages on its first appearance. To our taste, the best things in the number are the papers by the lamented ROBERT C. SANDS, one of the finest wits this country has ever produced. The introductory letter from Mr. SHARON CLAPP, giving an amusing account of the manner in which the Glauber Spa rose into existence, and the means by which he obtained the manuscripts which compose the contents of the volumes, is in SANDS's best vein. The story of 'Mr. Green' is capital. The 'Mr. GREEN-BICE' of the tale is a portrait of Dr. JAMES M'HENRY, author of 'The Antediluvians,' in composing which the writer was compelled to labor so hard to 'keep below MILTON.' Hear him explain to his friend 'MR. GREEN,' (a gentleman who is 'indifferent' to every thing,) what he understands by the 'Lake school of poetry.' Observe that it is from his own 'Pleasures of Friendship' that the pseudo poet quotes:

'It is a school, Sir, in which the *prosody* of the language is sacrificed. Now, Sir, you can clearly understand what *prosody* is, if you will just listen to me and mark me. Hear a passage from the first of our poets, as last revised by him in his twentieth edition. Now mark the regularity of the rhythm, the *tumti, tumti*, the flowing and majestic and classical *tumti*, which pervades it:

'How sweet, oh, friendship! is thy magic charm!
Our souls to elevate—our hearts to warm!
Within thy realm no discord's jarring sound
Is heard, nor Cain and Abel there are found!
Congenial friendship brings the potent spell,
To bid the young affections softly swell,
The sweets of fond society impart,
Whose cordial balm exhilarates the heart,
The friendly bosom that can share our grief
Is the best sanctuary to yield relief;
To quench the fiery aspect of despair,
And ease the laboring mind of half its care.'

Mr. Bice illustrated his recitation by making iambics on the fingers of his left hand (one of which had a crooked joint) with the forefinger of the right.

'I am indifferent about hearing any more of that, Sir, said Green. 'If I cared about poetry, I believe I could make such myself. But what is that line with a 'sanctuary' in it?'

'Is the—best sanct—twer-ry—to yield relief,' recited Mr. Bice.

'Oh! very well. That is in the new dictionary, I suppose. They made me call it sanctuary when I went to school; but I am indifferent as to pronunciation. If you call it *sanktery* your *tum-ti* will answer well enough. But I thought you had to double up your *piskie* twice when you said it first. Won't you smoke a cigar? or are you indifferent about it? I never swear; but for heaven's sake, if it is not inconvenient to you to stop reading that, it will be very convenient to me.'

Mr. GREEN-BICE stops reading, as he is requested; but he continues his dissertation upon the elements of poetry. Were he ten times as tedious, he could find it in his heart to bestow it all upon his listener:

'POETRY. Mr. Green, is a natural art. It is both inspired and mechanical. If I say that the grass is green (begging your pardon for playing on your name, which I do not mean to do,) do I talk poetry? No. Why not? Because there is no curious jingle, or metrical arrangement. If I say,

'The grass is green,
As may be seen,'

that is poetry. Why? Because it rhymes. There are no epithets in it without meaning; and there is no sentiment in it without pathos. It is easy, and not careless; polished, and not laborious. Its decorations are not tawdry, and it cannot be made more elegant without losing its simplicity. The versification is neither sluggish nor rugged. All who may have any relish for delightful melody will be charmed with it; because it is congenial to the soul of every true bard.'

It was just such critical acumen as this which Dr. M'HENRY displayed in the reviews from his pen that used to awaken so broad and general a laugh at the old 'American Quarterly.'

THE BEECHEN TREE. A Tale told in Rhyme. By F. W. THOMAS, author of 'Clinton Bradshaw,' etc. In one volume. pp. 96. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE fame of Cincinnati 'for pork and poetry,' the author of this very neat and tasteful volume informs us, in one of his notes, 'is spreading fast.' Mr. THOMAS is quite right; and being himself aforetime a Cincinnati, although now a resident at the national capital, he may claim no little credit for enhancing and extending the literary reputation of the 'Queen City of the West.' We have already, as our readers will remember, expressed our favorable opinions of the contents of the volume before us; having been kindly permitted by their author, many months since, to peruse them in manuscript, and to make an extract or two for our pages. We intended, notwithstanding, to have given a deliberate review of our friend's book, accompanied by copious extracts, when it should have attained the dignity of types; but as it is a *tale*, and made up of various and connected incidents; and as we desire to keep the reader's curiosity unsated, we shall not trench upon the story proper, but content ourselves with an *episode* or two, which will afford an example of the writer's facility of versification and the pleasant naturalness and ease of his style:

'You take this, Sir, for a digression;
But were you ever westward driven,
Where Pittsburgh, like a deep transgression,
Looks black, and smells and smokes to heaven?
Then have you crept from stage o'erast,
And, thankful if your limbs were saved,
In miry road, all dripping wet,
The cold and cheerless midnight brayed,
And left some fellow-traveller lone,
In broken stage, with broken bone.

'At first Joe noticed not the scene,
But thought of those from whom he'd tore him,
Of what he was, and might have been,
And of tramontane lands before him.
But when on Laurel-hill the stage
Stopped for a while to rest the steeds,
O, how his poet-fancy feeds
On nature's outstretched, gorgeous page:
To the horizon blue, around
O'er flood and forest, hill and river,
He looked with kindling rapture bound,
And felt that he could look forever:
From Nature's altars to the skies,
How beautiful the mists uprise
O'er the deep-wooded mountain's side;
While in the valley's verdant breast,
As quietly the waters rest
As an encircled bride:
And far away in distant view,
Rests the blue sky on mountain blue.

'There's champagne in this mountain air!
Behold those humble dwellings there,
Perched in the mountain solitude;

Is not the following 'flowing and free?' Are not the similes natural and pleasing? We think so:

'How oft Consumption, arm in arm,
Hastens with beauty to the ball;
Gives to her cheek a tint to charm,
A higher, holier hue, to all
The features of her youthful face,
And to her form a drooping grace,
Such as a rainless summer gives
To flowers, that in the early spring
First won the bird to fold its wing,
And sing the merry life it lives.

'How often, when the ball is over,
And by her walks her wooing lover,
Gay with the radiance of the dance,

'Is not the scene surpassing fair?
And when the wintry storms intrude,
And those dark forests flout the sky,
Their dwellers look, like Tell, on high—
And smile, as the dark storm goes by,
Proud of their home's wild liberty.

'And Liberty is proud of them;
Her eyrie is with eagle hearts!
(For long she cannot bless the plain,
And they for her will sternly stem
The hosts that press from servile marts,
Slaves to some stolen diadem;
And greet her with a loud acclaim,
And plant her banner on the steep,
And light her beacon fires, and keep
Such watch as those free Spartans kept
When Xerxes and his millions slept.

'Joe thought of him, a madcap wight,
Who, from a Bedlam broke away,
(There's method in this madman's say,
And wandered to this glorious height,
When o'er it broke a summer's day;
And stretching forth to eastern land
Prophetic voice and lifted hand,
(For madmen once were held to be
The instruments of prophecy)
Spoke loud the words of high command;
As if, to marshalled men in order,
He bade 'blue bonnets cross the border,'
And called on nations, empires, states,
To listen to his voice and fates;
To right about and follow far,
Far Westward, Freedom's guiding star.'

And with the life-long high romance,
Indwelling in her happy eye;
How oft consumption steals the sigh
On which Love reasons whence or why
With a self-pleasing phantasy;
Thinking that sigh is all his own,
Yet wondering at its saddened tone:
More anxious still to wear the rose
Whose hectic color comes and goes,
Because on lonely stem it blows:
And so her sighs are all for him,
Love changes not with changing breath;
And such are like the martyr's hymn,
That proves the sufferer true in death.'

The songs, interwoven in the narrative, will prove very agreeable reading, especially to lovers. The 'Stanzas to Helen,' from which we take a few verses, afford a clever specimen :

'YET oftimes, when I sorrowing pine
For those I've left behind me ;
The friends who bound their hearts with mine,
And ever thus shall bind me ;
As oft as I recall the hours
When law was left for lady bowers,
And reason left for rhyme ;
I think of those who round thee hung,
The love-note of thy syren tongue,
And of our trying time.

'And when I clasp a friend's warm hand,
Who, like me, loves the West ;
Leaving afar our father land,
Where thou art loveliest ;
'Tis sweet with him to talk of thee,
Thy smile, thy look, thy witchery,
Thy beauty, and thy art ;
And when I hear it all, unmoved,
I wonder if I ever loved,
So very calm's my heart.

'I'm from thee many a weary mile,
Where rolls 'La Bella' along ;
I love its ripple's song and smile,
'Tis like thy smile and song.
So truly it reflects the scene,
The sunny ray, the changing green,
The clear o'erhanging heaven ;
So truly, when I've looked on thee,
Thou gav'st each love-look back to me,
'Till I have thought love given.

O Lady ! in this changing world,
Wild passions strange and strong,
On bear us like a leaf, wind-whirled,
With varying fate along !
But yester-eve, this bounding river
Were holy calm, as if forever ;
Now rolls it darkly free ;
Thus I, who bid my heart be still,
Now feel it bursting, 'gainst my will,
As wildly unto thee !

These extracts will afford a foretaste of our author's quality : *au reste*, the reader must seek out for himself the mysteries of each canto of the story ; vaguely shadowed forth in such hints as 'Love in Country and Town,' 'The Challenge,' 'The Way of the World,' 'Emigration,' etc. Meantime, they may 'take our word for it' that they will have a matter-full little tome before them, if they will take our advice, and secure a perusal of 'The Beechen Tree.'

THE LAND OF ISRAEL, ACCORDING TO THE COVENANT WITH ABRAHAM, ISAAC, AND JACOB. By ALEXANDER KEITH, D. D., author of 'Keith on the Prophecies,' etc. In one volume : pp. 352. New-York : HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS interesting treatise, as we gather from the author's preface, was commenced with the intention on the part of the author of drawing out a few retrospective and prospective sketches of Judea and Judaism. On his return from Palestine, he was urged by Dr. ANSCROMBIE to publish the subject of an evening's conversation at that eminent person's house. He naturally reverted to the covenant with ABRAHAM, as the ground-work of such an essay ; and this subject, in connection with kindred themes, called for a more full illustration than was at first anticipated. In the work before us, the perpetuity of that covenant concerning the land, and its connexion with that which was made with the Israelites when the LORD brought them out of Egypt, and with the new and everlasting covenant which he will make with the house of ISRAEL, and with the house of JUDAH, and also with the covenant which the LORD made with DAVID concerning his throne, is brought clearly within the view of the reader. The borders of the land, not as it was anciently possessed, but as *set* of the LORD, form the immediately succeeding theme, which is treated at great length. In the sequel of the volume, proof is adduced from its past history and actual condition, of the goodness of the land ; of its natural fertility, not impaired but increased ; and also of the facility with which its fallen cities may be raised from their foundation, and forsaken cities, although not fallen, even cities still existing, although without inhabitants, and houses still standing, although without man, may be repaired or restored to dwell in. The volume is illustrated by numerous engravings, many of which possess great interest. We were especially impressed with the representations of the majestic ruins of Baalbec and Palmyra. The well-known 'Letters' of our correspondent, the Rev. Mr. WARE, purporting to come from the latter city, would seem not to have exaggerated the splendor, the more than princely grandeur, of the 'Pride of the Palmyraenæ.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE BURNS FESTIVAL IN SCOTLAND.—We have just finished the perusal, in the 'Illustrated London News,' of the glowing description of the late festival at Ayr, Scotland, in honor of the memory of BURNS. It was a spirit-stirring event. The day opened brilliantly: the scene was a field near Ayr, on the banks of 'bonnie Doon,' and in the very midst of the place where Tam o' Shanter saw such sights. For the main body of diners a pavilion calculated to accommodate two thousand persons was erected, and ornamented with flags; booths supplied the poorer visitors with refreshments. Early in the day, people flocked from all parts, in steamers, sailing-vessels, steam-carriages, on horseback and on foot. At eleven o'clock, they formed in long procession, at the Low Green, by the sea-side, and headed by bands playing the airs of BURNS' songs, marched to the field; where, led by professional singers, the whole company sang 'Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,' and 'Auld lang syne.' Bands and bagpipes were then dispersed over the field, and dances were formed: while the pavilion-folk sat down to their banquet. The chief guests were BURNS' relatives; his sons, ROBERT, lately in the Stamp-office at Somerset-House, Colonel BURNS, and Major BURNS; and his sister, Mrs. BEGG, with her son and two daughters. Mrs. THOMPSON, the 'Jessie Lewars' of his verse, was also there, with her husband. The Earl of EGLINTOUN presided; Professor WILSON was croupier; Mr. ALISON and some leading Scotchmen were among those who came to render homage due; but of the eminent literary men invited from a distance few attended. Letters however were received from many of them; one especially from CARLYLE, in which he hints that if his countrymen had done better justice to BURNS *while he was living*, it would not have been amiss. We could not ourselves help reverting to the time when BURNS, rejected and dismayed at his debts and misfortunes; with none to encourage or to assist him, and in constant fear of the jail, was on the eve of going to the West-Indies to oversee a plantation. Joyless by night and wretched by day; skulking from house to house to avoid the sheriff's deputies, he looked even upon such an office, in a torrid climate, as a haven of rest. It is true that after his first volume of poems appeared, Edinburgh welcomed the poet to her choicest circles. The nobility of the northern metropolis, emulous to honor themselves, feasted and fêted the now popular poet; but this barren homage became his ultimate ruin. The constant excitement begot in him that love of dissipation, which hastened his progress to an early grave. We subjoin an extract from the opening remarks of Lord EGLINTOUN, the chairman of the occasion:

'THIS is not a meeting for the purpose of recreation and amusement; it is not a banquet at which a certain number of toasts printed on paper are to be proposed and responded to, which to-day marks our preparations; it is the enthusiastic desire of a whole people to pay honour to their countryman; it is the spontaneous offering of a nation's feelings toward the illustrious dead, and added to this the desire to extend a hand of welcome and friendship to those whom he has left behind. Here, on the very spot where he first drew breath, on the very ground which his genius has hallowed, beside the Old Kirk of Alloway, which his verse has immortalized, beneath the monument which an admiring and repentant people have raised to him, we meet, after the lapse of years, to pay our homage to the man of genius. The master-mind who has sung the 'Isle of Palms,' who has revelled in the im-

mortal 'Noctes;' who has already done that justice to the memory of the bard, which a brother poet can alone do; CHRISTOPHER himself is here, anxious to pay his tribute of admiration to a kindred spirit. The historian who has depicted the most eventful period of the French empire, the glorious triumphs of Wellington, is here; Clio, as it were, offering up a garland to Erato. The distinguished head of the Scottish Bard is here; in short, every town and every district; every class, and every sex, and every age, has come forward to pay homage to their poet. The honest lads whom he so praised, and whose greatest boast is to belong to the Land of Burns, are here. The bonny lassies whom he so praised, those whom he loved and sung, are here; they have followed hither to justify, by their loveliness, the Poet's worth, while the descendant of those who dwelt in the 'Castle of Montgomerie,' feels himself only too highly honored in being permitted to propose the memory of him who then wandered there unknown on the banks of Fail. How little could the pious old man who dwelt in yonder cottage, with his 'lyart haffets' o'erspreading his venerable brow, when he read the 'big ha' bible' could have guessed that the infant prattling on his knee was to be the pride of his nation, the chief among the poetic baud; was to be one of the brightest planets that glows around the mighty sun of the Bard of Avon; in knowledge and originality; second to none in the fervent expression of deep feeling, in the genuine perception of the beauties of nature; and equal to any who revels in the fairy land of poetry. Well may we rejoice that BURNS is our own!—that no other spot can claim to be the birth-place of our Homer except the spot on which we stand. Oh! that he could have foreseen the futurity of fame created for him this day, when the poet and the historian, the peer and the peasant, vie with each other in paying the tribute of their admiration to the humble but mighty genius of him whom we hail as the first of Scottish Poets. Such a foresight might have alleviated the dreary hours of his sojourn at Mossiel; might have lightened the dark days of his pilgrimage on earth. Well does he deserve our homage who has portrayed the 'Cotter's Saturday Night;' not in strains of inconsiderate mirth, but in solemnity and truth; who breathed the patriotic words that tell of the glories of our WALLACE, immortalizing alike the poet and the hero; who could draw inspiration from the humble daisy, breathed forth the heroic words of 'The Song of Death;' strains, the incarnation of poetry and love, and yet of the bitterest shafts of satire and ridicule!—obeying but the hand of nature, despising all the rules of art, yet trampling over the very rules he set at naught. At his name every Scottish heart beats high. He has become a household word alike in the palace and the cottage. Of whom should we be proud—to whom should we pay homage, if not to our own immortal BURNS. But I feel I am detaining you too long in the presence of a WILSON and an ALISON. In such a presence as these, I feel that I am not a fit person to dilate upon the genius of BURNS. I am but an admirer like yourselves. There are others present, who are brother poets, kindred geniuses; men who, like Burns, have created a glorious immortality to themselves; to them will I commit the agreeable task of more fully displaying before you, decked out with their eloquence, the excellence of the poet and the genius of the man, and to extend and welcome his sons to the land of their father; and I will now ask you, in their presence, on the ground his genius has rendered sacred, on the 'banks and braes o' bonny Doon,' to join with me in drinking one overflowing bumper, and in joining to it every expression of enthusiasm which you can, to 'THE MEMORY OF BURNS.'

This was followed by 'Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon,' sung with enthusiastic applause by TEMPLETON, and by a brief speech from ROBERT BURNS, Jr., the eldest son of the poet, in which he gracefully returned his 'grateful and heart-felt thanks' for the honor that had that day been paid to his father's memory. He pleasantly contrasted the modest obscurity of the children with the lustre of the father's fame; observing that 'genius, especially poetical genius, was not hereditary; and that in this case the mantle of ELIJAH had not descended upon ELISHA.' CHRISTOPHER NORTH, who was most enthusiastically received, remarked as follows:

'WERE this festival to commemorate the genius of BURNS, and it were asked what need of such commemoratives since his fame is co-extensive with the heroes of our land, and inherent in every soul? I must answer that, though admiration of the poet be indeed wide as the world, yet we, as compatriots to whom it is more especially dear, rejoice to see that universal sentiment concentrated in the voice of a great assemblage of his own people; that we rejoice to meet in thousands to honor him who has delighted each single one of us all at his own hearth. But this commemoration expresses too, if not a profounder, yet a more tender sentiment: for it is to welcome his sons to the land which their father illustrated; it is to indulge our national pride in a great name, while, at the same time, we gratify in full hearts the most pious of affections. It was customary, you know, in former times, to crown great poets. No such ovation honored our bard; yet he, too, tasted of human applause; he enjoyed its delights, and he saw the trials that attend it. Which think you would he himself have preferred? Such a celebration as this in his life time, or fifty years after his death? I cannot doubt that he would have preferred the posthumous, because the finer incense. The honor and its objects are thus seen in their just proportions; for death gives an elevation which the candid soul of the poet would himself have considered, and that honor he would have reserved rather for his names than encountered it with his living infirmities; and yet, could he have foreseen the day when they for whom his soul was often sorely troubled, should, after many years of separation, return to the hut where himself was born, and near it, within the shadow of his own monument, be welcomed for his sakes by the lords and ladies of the land: and dearer still, far dearer to his manly breast, by the children and the children's children of people of his own degree, whose hearts he sought to thrill by the voice of his own inspirations, then surely would such a vision have been sweeter to his soul even than that immortal one in which the genius of the land bound holly round his forehead—the lilac-leaved crown that shall flourish forever. Of his three sons now sitting here, one only, I believe, can remember his father's face; can remember those large, lustrous eyes of his, so full of meaning; so full of meaning

melancholy, or kindling in mirth, but never turned on his children, nor the mother of his children, but with one expression of tenderness, or most intense affection.'

Mr. WILSON's remarks are cut short at this point by the London reporter; and like him we leave the matter, as it stands, with the reader.

DIARY OF A VOYAGEUR. — We gave in our last number some interesting extracts from a pleasant gossiping article upon the late lamented THOMAS CAMPBELL, from the pen of Mr. JOHN ROSS DIX, a young English gentleman, recently arrived in this country. We have since had the pleasure to 'forgather' with the writer, and have been obligingly favored with his '*Diary of a Voyage Across the Atlantic*,' from which we extract a few entertaining passages.

ED. KNIGHTSBOCKEN.

'TUESDAY, JUNE 18. — Very fine weather; too fine, indeed, as we want more wind. I find rough weather is much pleasanter than that which landmen term 'fine.' The only living things beside ourselves about us, are some petrels and a shoal of bottle-noses, tumbling about in the water, much to the amusement of the passengers. Yesterday a little land-bird alighted on our deck: the poor thing seemed much fatigued, as well it might be, considering that it must have flown seven hundred miles at the least. An attempt to secure it made it once more speed its weary wing, and we saw it no more. The note of the petrel is very mournful; and by some it is supposed always to be the precursor of a storm. I have taken advantage of this opinion in the following sea-song:

THE PETREL.

I.

THERE was not a star in the heavens that night
To shine on the waves, as with crests of white
They rose and fell by the vessel's side,
As onward she swept in her path of pride;
The breeze was whistling through every shroud,
Each spar like a rush by its might was bowed,
And the petrel on restless wing went by,
And shrieked o'er the surges its mournful cry.

II.

Red lightning gleamed! the thunder crashed!
And seas o'er the bark in their fury dashed;
From the yards the sails like streamers flew,
And faint were the hearts of the noble crew,
For amid the lull of the gale was heard
The wailing notes of an ocean-bird,
And each hardy mariner heaved a sigh,
For they knew 't was the stormy petrel's cry.

III.

Night passed away; and when morning shone
The bird was there, but the bark was gone!
And billows, tinged with the morning's gold,
O'er the foundered vessel in splendor rolled:
Far down in old ocean's depths of blue,
In their coffin-ship, lay the silent crew;
And unmarked, unwept by one kindred eye,
Their dirge was the stormy petrel's cry!

'It is really amusing to see some of the emigrants pull their idle hands out of their empty pockets for the purpose of helping the sailors! How they handle the ropes! I saw a tailor to-day fingering a halyard as if it had been a bit of thread; and then the fun was heightened by the sly look of the second-mate, whom I have named after the redoubtable Long Tom Coffin, because in height and length of limb he bears a most astonishing re-

semblance to that worthy. Like most tall men, our Long Tom is good humored, and it is quite a mercy that he is so; for having a giant's strength, if he were to use it as a giant, the little folks would stand a poor chance. The giraffe, the tallest of the animal tribe, is the most harmless; the Newfoundland dog never hurts a child; it is only the whipper-snapper curs of creation that fly at one's heels and bark out their spite. . . . SITTING two nights since in the cabin, I heard a sweet voice singing the 'Angel's Whisper.' I went on deck, and there, surrounded by a crowd, silent and almost breathless, was a little boy warbling away to every heart's content. The lad belongs to the ship, (it is his first voyage,) and a modest unassuming little fellow he is, thirteen years of age. I have heard a good deal of song-singing, and know somewhat of song-making, but I declare that I never experienced more delight from vocal music than I did under the long-boat of the California that night. What heightened my pleasure was the readiness with which the boy complied with my request for another, and another, and another song. There was none of your fussy, boarding-school, cold-catching, 'I-really-cant, I would-if-I-could sing-song' about him. He did his best to please; but that desire I fear will be quenched as he grows older, for this world of ours dims the 'fine gold' too soon.'

The limnings from life among the passengers are very felicitous. An example will be found annexed:

'Mr. SMITH is a young man, who has deceived himself by thinking that he is a smart fellow, and likely to do, in the 'States;' an opinion which is not held by any one who has had the honor of his acquaintance. Not long after he got on board the ship, he made a great blunder in imagining that he had lost a pocket-book, containing a vast amount of gold. All the passengers were searched; our SMITH searched his boxes, and vowed he was robbed by some one. Mrs. SMITH cried; and, after a day or two's sorrow she found that her pocket-book had been poked by herself into a dirty pair of her husband's drawers. All the gold was safe. To the discredit of Mrs. SMITH, be it said, she laughed when she found her money, but neglected to put a plaster on the wound which she had inflicted on many an honest-hearted man who had needlessly submitted to the degradation of a personal search. I may here add that the only honorable thing done by the agents in Liverpool was their submission of themselves to the 'right of search.' Mr. SMITH lost caste by this. He and his wife occupy a little space below our poop-cabin. It is boarded off, and its door looks like a post-office, for it is railed. Here the comparison ends, for there are two beds and no letters at all inside. Mr. SMITH is an unlucky man: when he boils his kettle he scalds his fingers; if he fries his bacon he loses it as he carries it to his birth; he spills the water from his can as he travels from the water-cask, and gets a lecture from his wife on his return. Am I wrong in saying that Mr. SMITH, like one of the brothers in the Eastern story, is the 'Unlucky?' Mrs. SMITH is surely neither 'fat, fair, nor forty,' but she is young and foolish. She has some idea that she is a cabin-passenger, and looks down with contempt on the 'low Airish,' as she calls her fellow-passengers; the 'low Irish' laughing all the time at the fastidious Mr. SMITH. She has a great horror of 'vulgar people,' and talks very largely of her 'Pa,' who *could* and *would* have furnished a cabin for their own use, if they had chosen to accept of such a favor; but the SMITHS disdained it. No, they would not be under obligation even to a 'pa;' and so Mrs. SMITH and her husband went along with the 'vulgar Irish' in the California. Mrs. SMITH is certainly Mr. SMITH's master; and poor sumph! he admits it, for he calls her 'my dear' twenty times a-day. Whenever I hear a man soft-sawderring his wife before strangers, I take it for granted that the petticoat has the best of it. To be sure, Mr. SMITH may be easily persuaded to wear the petticoat; and it is a fact that Mrs. SMITH knows the fit of her husband's 'peculiar' to a wrinkle. So ends my *Smitheries*.'

An amusing scene, arising out of certain *désagremens* in the steerage, is thus described: 'MONDAY, JUNE 24.—The longest day! and a glorious morning it is. Every thing is bright and beautiful. Before breakfast an American frigate passed us. Several whales swam about our vessel, and porpoises in great numbers afforded us amusement. One of

them was harpooned through and through, but by a desperate effort the unwieldy-looking rascal got off. As a specimen of the epistolary style of our steerage passengers who can write, I subjoin a copy of a note sent this morning to the captain: it is addressed 'To Captain AULD, Esq., sealing on the Merican Ocean:'

'HON. SIR: DENNIS BRICE, passenger on Board the Callifornia: the petition of Dennis Brice most humbly begs Leave to State to your Hon'r. that Andy Carleton at the Hour of four o'clock Comes up to the fire grate where my poor innisont wife was Baking a little Bread for her child stook his Tea Kittle Down on her bread she took it and lay it in the over grate and he took it Back and Cot her by the shall she wore and took her Bread and flung about the Deck Hon'r Sir witness to bere Evidence on the Case: Maurice Molone Terrence Berrance Paddy Branniging an the four o' clock watch-men. Honr Captain you Can Inquire of any Respectful man on Board that I was not a man for Breeding an Disturbance But a man to attend all Calls Late or Early since I Came on Board and I hope your Hon'r will not allow any Cub to molest are assault my married wife and I shall for Ever pray.'

'We have issued a summons to 'Andy,' whose trial will take place this afternoon. . . . *Half past four, P. M.* We have had the trial, and a serio-comic affair it was! The accuser was the writer of the letter, a copy of which I have given *verbatim et literatim*; the defendant was as big a scoundrel as ever emigrated to seek in a new land a new character. It was an amusing affair altogether: The judge selected was an old man; (the best man at our Sunday services;) he sat on a cross-carpet-stool, with a very grave face, and an unwilling inflexibility of countenance. The jury was selected by the crier of the court, Mr. WINCH; and the counsel were, for the prisoner, ANDY CARLTON, the scribbler of this record; and for the plaintiff, Mr. SPENCER, a fellow-passenger. The trial commenced, and Constable Winch, having with the handle of a mop-stick endeavored to beat into the heads of the jury that they were to give a proper verdict, called on the counsel for the plaintiff to open his case. The counsel for the prosecution *did* open the case, but unfortunately he left so large an opening in his brief that the other counsel saw through it. The first witness was called: she was the wife of Mr. Dennis Brice. She seemed frightened to death, and told her own story in so sinuous a way, that after a smart but civil cross-examination, her husband pulled her from the capstan, (which served the purpose of a witness-box,) and said the whole affair was 'a d—d humbug!'

'Here the counsel for the defendant rose, amid a storm of 'Arrah's!' 'Be Jasus's!' 'Is that fair now?' 'Och, murther!' 'She sha'n't swear, anny way!' 'Hurrr-o-o-oo-oh!' And so, seeing the court was breaking up, the counsel for the prisoner addressing the jury, said: 'Gentlemen! you have witnessed these unlawful proceedings: I am for a repeal of all nuisances. I give into your hands the great privilege of affording 'justice to Ireland;' but when a witness is under examination, what, gentlemen! what would you say if the counsel was interrupted? Would you not think that something was wrong?'

'Yes! yes!' shouted the foreman of the jury; 'we acquit the prisoner!'

'The counsel looked at the judge, who winked at him, and the counsel winked at the judge in return. The prisoner walked away, looking like a rogue who had had his neck in a noose, and by means of a scamp of a lawyer, slipped out of it.'

We find toward the close of the 'Diary' the following example of the '*Practical use of Mesmerism.*' It was derived from one of the passengers, and is averred to be '*a fact.*' We, being admitted sceptics, are not bound to say that we believe it, however; but the reader can do as he pleases 'in the premises,' which are rather extensive:

'A few days ago, one of the trains of the London and Birmingham Rail-way, being half an hour behind time, created considerable anxiety. Dr. ELLIOTSON, who happened to be at the terminus, placed one of the porters in a state of mesmeric clairvoyance, and ordered him to proceed along the line and ascertain the cause of the delay. The man was asked if he had met the train; he said yes. He was then told to ascertain the cause of its detention, the name of the engine, and the number of carriages. He answered at once that he had done so; that the hook attaching the engine to the carriages had given way; that

it was found necessary to change the engine; that the 'Vulcan' had started again with nine carriages, and would be in, all safe, in half an hour. The engineers at the station said this could not be true, as the 'Vulcan' had not power to convey more than six carriages. The Doctor ordered the man to go back again, which he did, but confirmed his former testimony. Within the time stated, the 'Vulcan' came on, bringing with it the nine carriages, as stated by the mesmerised messenger. In consequence of this proof of the power of Mesmerism, under proper direction, the different rail-roads are in communication with the Doctor and with each other, on the terms of a permanent engagement.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We had anticipated from our Pittsfield correspondent a 'prepared report' of the BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL, and had issued our special ukase to have it 'handed up;' but the following passage from a recent private letter of our friend, in explaining itself, will exculpate the writer from any well-grounded charge of short-coming: 'Notwithstanding your 'vermillion edict,' I cannot write you an account of the Berkshire Jubilee. What *could be written* of it, has already been written and well written. I could scarcely do as much; certainly not more. But it does not seem to me, and has not, since that first morning of the festival, when every father's door was wide open, and sons and daughters, long absent, came crowding into the old homestead; it does not and has not seemed to me that the Berkshire Jubilee is a thing to be described. You may tell of the gatherings that were held, of the speeches that were made, of the songs which were sung, and may tell it well, and yet they were not the jubilee. THAT was far down, deep in the innermost sanctuary of the hearts of children and parents, and cannot be revealed to the eyes of strangers. In the family with which I am connected, the ten living children, all in middle life, scattered over the wide world, came together for the first time in seventeen years, and sat around the table and knelt around the altar of the parents who had reared them, still living on in a green old age. On the Sabbath evening following the jubilee, the last evening they were to be together, they all met, as had been their custom in childhood, in the west parlor of the old mansion, to attend family prayer. As they gathered at the call from hall and chamber to the wonted place, the full, rich sunlight of a summer afternoon streamed through the thick blossoming foliage around the windows; and the Sabbath quiet, the quiet of a New-England Sabbath, seemed to have brooded over every heart. The mother read aloud from the Bible; middle-aged men, grown stern amid the cares and business of life, and mothers wrapped up in love for their own loved ones in other homes far away, became children again in the hearing of that voice which they first heard and loved in infancy. All then united in singing a hymn written by one of the daughters for the occasion. And then, each kneeling before the same altar where had been recorded the earliest vows of childhood, the family prayer again ascended, as incense of sacrifice to our common Father in Heaven. It had been thought proper to commemorate an event which could hardly be expected to occur again in the same family, and a beautiful Oxford Bible had been selected as the most fitting memorial of such a meeting. At the close of the prayer, the eldest of the group, himself a man passing the meridian of life, placed upon the knees of the father and mother this testimonial to parental fidelity, remarking only, that the same truths which had been commended to them in their childhood were now returned to them as the staff of their weary years. I need not say to you, that the whole scene was touching and beautiful, and that no words of mine can do it justice. Its interest was heightened by scenes of sorrow which had occurred but recently, and which were in the hearts of all who were present. One of these was in the recent decease of WILLIAM L. STONE, who was to have passed the days of the jubilee at our old homestead. What was his worth, his public spirit, his noble beneficence, his conscientious uprightness, the world knows: but what was his worth, his beneficence, and his uprightness to us, we only can feel and know.' . . .

THAT there is no one thing in this country in which there has been exhibited such astonishing improvement within the last five years as in the *Science of Agriculture*. American farmers are every where emulating each other in the acquisition of practical agricultural science. The same is the case in England; which has given rise, we may infer, to the annexed paragraph from 'PUNCH':

'We are happy to find that there is to be a College of Agriculture, and that the worldly clodhopper will henceforth have his Alma Mater, like the Cantab, and the honest highlow of industry will tread the sacred groves of Academus as well as the aristocratic Oxonian.

'We see no difficulty in organizing a College of Agriculture, and we can suggest a few of the probable professorships. Of course there will be a chair of new-laid eggs, which the professor of poultry would be well qualified to occupy. Degrees will be conferred in guano; and a series of lectures on the philosophy of making hay when the sun shines, would, no doubt, be exceedingly popular. We should propose that, previous to matriculation, every student should be required to undergo an examination on moral philosophy in connection with chaff, and the efficacy of thrashing by hand when the ears are unusually lengthy. Corresponding with the university Masters of Arts, there could be Bachelors of Barley; and the undergraduates might be brought direct to the Agricultural College from Plough, as they are now brought to the universities immediately from Harrow.

'The examination papers would at first be difficult to frame, but the following may be some guide for preparing them:

'Find the square root of a stick of horse-radish.

'Describe the milky way, distinguishing the whey from the milk, and chalking out the way by which the milk gets there.

'We merely throw out these as hints, but the professors themselves will be better able to frame the necessary questions for the use of students. Clover will offer a very wide field; and hay, though rather dry, will be the sort of food that the students may take advantage of.'

WE have received from the mover of the resolution at a late meeting of the New-York Historical Society that the usual vote of thanks should be withheld in the case of a lecture by Dr. BEAKLEY, an explanation of that affair, which divests it of certain of its repulsive features. We concede, as any one acquainted with the mover of the obnoxious resolution will readily do, that there was 'nothing in his motives unbecoming a gentleman;' but we still hold, with every person whom we have heard express an opinion in the matter, that the proceeding referred to was at least unnecessary and in bad taste. . . . 'Sketches and Pictures of Life,' by JOHN RAMBLE, Esq., is the title of a clever series of papers recently commenced in the '*Saturday Emporium*' weekly journal of this city, a 'family newspaper,' to which we have already alluded in terms of prospective praise, which time has proved to have been well deserved. This little episode, which occurs in the opening chapter of the series in question, is exceedingly felicitous: 'I am still a hale, hearty, and withal merry old fellow. My heart might run races yet with many a tyro of twenty, and win them too. The breath of care has passed lightly over it, and the frost of time has scarcely turned a leaf yellow. I can still see the comedy as well as the tragedy of life, and relish it better. My eyes still flash with their early fires, and my heart, sensible as in youth to the charms of woman, bends low to her beautiful shrine, worshipping there with a devotion that would have honored Amadis de Gaul, and been worthy the Cid Hamet Benengeli. Were I to break my looking-glass I should still be young: no doubt of it, whatever. What is it that makes a man old? Is it the silver tinge upon his locks? Is it the mere lapse of years? Is it not rather that 'heavy chill' which seals up the fountains of the heart, and quenches the fire of the spirit? If this indeed be so, then are there many older men than JOHN RAMBLE who have not seen half his years. When the blood steals from the heart as if it were attending the funeral of hope; when the soul moves no longer like the dashing torrent of spring, but like the stream in winter, with low murmurs beneath impenetrable ice; when we lose the power either to rejoice or weep, then indeed are we old, though the lines of youth mock us by their presence, and its locks of jet hang upon our brows. God help those who are thus old before their time, and have become their 'own soul's sepulchre!' . . . A PORTION of our readers will remember the unique sketch of '*The Married Man's Eye*,' written many months since for the KNICKERBOCKER, by an accomplished American authoress. We have good grounds, from strong internal evidence, for believing that '*The Pantomime of Private Life*,' which appeared lately in an English magazine, was suggested by the article of our correspondent. The

reader who may remember the sketch in question will share our belief, when he has perused the subjoined passage from the trans-Atlantic essay:

'IMAGINE yourself at a large dinner-party, which is given on a scale of apparent magnificence, but of real meanness. There is only one servant to eighteen guests; but what of that? the deficiency of attendance is supplied by the pantomimic gestures of the mistress; which, though perfectly well understood by the servant, are scarcely to be detected by the most acute guest; to such a pitch of dexterity has Mrs. Byers brought the science of dumb motion! Is Mr. Johnson's plate empty?—a look carefully darted into the centre of it tells the waiters that she must remove it instantly. Does Mrs. Pursey pause for the fish-sauce?—an angry look at the casters, with a side-glance at the ill-served guest, brings, as if by magic, the soy to her side. But it is the juvenile branches of Mrs. Byers's family who best understand her gestures. Is Miss Amelia Byers reclining with more ease than grace in her chair?—a well-directed frown from the mamma, and a sudden erection of her own figure, cause the young lady to correct the fault with ready promptitude. Mr. Byers is equally under his wife's silent dominion. An old maiden aunt, the subject perhaps of some family expectations, seated in a corner of the table, is quite unnoticed by the other guests: Mrs. Byers looks her husband full in the face, glances at the neglected guest, and then at a decanter. Mr. Byers understands at once, and immediately addresses the hitherto forgotten lady, desiring 'the pleasure of a glass of wine' which is accordingly drunk, to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, both in the suggestion and imbibition thereof. . . . 'Looking abroad in general society, we find a great variety of pantomimists. The most conspicuous are those who, with few real pretensions, obtain and preserve the character of connoisseurs, not by their conversation, but by their motions. Sit one of these down to a dessert, and you will observe the decisive criticism he will silently pass upon the wine. Having filled his glass, he holds it to the light, shuts his left eye, and, having satisfied his mind on one point, he holds the glass close under his nose, deliberately passing it to and fro. He then drinks in a manner peculiar to professed wine-tasters, and pronounces judgment by an approving nod, or by the condemnatory wry face of a man taking physic. Follow him to a picture-gallery, and you will observe him go through a great variety of gestures to be thought a *dilettante* and a man of taste. He first looks at the frame of the picture, to judge if the dimensions mentioned in the catalogue be correctly set down. He next scans the painting for a minute, and then, putting his hand over his eyes to form a shade, walks slowly backward, till he gets into what you are to suppose to be the right focus. Placing one hand behind him, and resting the other on his chin, he remains for a moment in an attitude of profound thought. Presently an idea seems to strike him, and he doubles his fist and adjusts it before one eye as if it were a telescope. The by-standers regard him with a kind of awe, 'for surely,' they think, 'he must be a great critic.' To inspire this feeling, and for nothing else, has the supposed connoisseur gone through his pantomime; for when he sees the people reverently looking at him, his object is effected, and he walks out of the gallery, followed by the droid of assembled artists, and the admiration of amateurs. His musical criticisms, are delivered in similar silence, but are not the less oracular.'

We have been asked a good many times what the Welch '*Rebeccaites*' derive their name from, and 'what it is all about.' It would seem that they derive it from the highest authority, Divine Writ. How far their actions accord with other portions of Scripture, is another question. In the sixtieth verse of the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis, we find, in the blessing of Rebecca, that in addition to a numerous family, *her seed were to 'possess the gate of those which hate them.'* The Cymro applies the passage 'those that hate them,' and not without reason, to the Saxons, who have distressed Wales with their laws in many instances; and he seeks a cover for his attack upon the toll-gates from his Bible. . . . In looking over the last number of the '*Missionary Herald*,' we were glad to perceive that in the region of Madura, successful exertions are making to spread the gospel; where, if we are to judge from the 'hard names' given to places and persons, it must be greatly needed. Nullapanaikewputty, Mootoomenammaari, Pemjamputti, Savvareemootoo, Irroolappen, Sevvavaakeyar, Bodkinaikenoor, and Keeluntoovalpillay, are the most euphonious names in that quarter. . . . 'THERE was a fine print lately in COLMAN'S window in Broadway, transferred to paper from the eminent pencil of HORACE VERNET, representing an Arab kneeling upon his mat beside his hampered dromedary, in the midst of the great desert, over whose wastes an early twilight was extending its gathering gloom. It was a very spirited scene, admirably depicted, and in all its accessories strikingly natural. The skeletons of the dromedaries, dotting the long interval of the way the travellers had passed, reminded us of a passage in DUMAS'S '*Journal of a Visit to Sinai*.'

'THE dromedary is not so troublesome and importunate an animal as a horse. He continues his course without stopping, without eating, without drinking; nothing about him betrays sickness, hunger or exhaustion. The Arab, who can hear from so great a distance, the roar of a lion, the neigh of a horse, or the noise of men, hears nothing from his *haghin*, but its quickened or lengthened respiration; it never utters a complaint or a groan. But when nature is vanquished by suffering; when privations have exhausted its strength; when life is ebbing, the dromedary kneels down, stretches

out its neck, and closes its eyes. Its master then knows that all is over. He dismounts, and without an attempt to make it rise—for he knows the honesty of its nature, and never suspects it of deception or laziness—he removes the saddle, places it on the back of another dromedary, and departs, abandoning the one that is no longer able to accompany him. When night approaches, the jackals and hyenas, attracted by the scent, come up and attack the poor animal, till nothing is left but the skeleton. We are now on the highway from Cairo and Mecca: twice a year the caravans go and return by this route; and these bones, so numerous and so constantly replenished, that the tempests of the desert can never entirely disperse them; these bones which, without a guide, would lead you to the oases, the wells and fountains, where the Arab finds shade and water, and would end by conducting you to the tomb of the prophet; these bones are those of dromedaries which perish in the desert.'

'WHILE I was writing that last sentence, a flea, not like that which appeared upon St. DOMINIC's book in the disguise of the devil, but a flea of real flea-flesh and blood, partly flea-blood and partly mine, which the said flea had flea-feloniously appropriated to himself by his own process of flea-botomy, appeared upon the manuscript before me.' Our own case exactly; and thereupon we bethought us of a certain 'Ode,' sent us last month by the accomplished author of 'Hints on Etiquette.' It is preceded by an explanatory 'puff' from the 'South-western Tomahawk, or Texan Hatchet of Freedom': 'The following poetical effusion has been attributed to HANNAH MORE; a fact which we for our parts do n't doubt; for if not hers, whose can it be?—the style, the allusions so felicitous, the poetical retribution hinted at—above all, the subject! Beside, there's *her name* to it! We at least have faith, which, as every body knows, can do wonders:'

O D E T O A F L E A .

'Fleas are not lobsters, d—n their souls!'—SIR JOSEPH BANKS.

HAIL to thee, merry flea!
Thou art crustaceous,
And predacious;
But oh! good gracious!
How audacious!
Poking thy crooks
Into nooks
Where such bold things
Should never go;
Polished, 'tis true,
Case-harden'd too,
A jolly rover
The bed-room over;
Give us thy flipper,
Thou pirate skipper!

Yet have a care,
My lad of wax,
Where thou dost choose
Thy bivouacs;
Lest thou come in
For sundry cracks,
Changing thy quarters,
For troubled waters!
Steeping thy whimsies
And thy limbs-les
Where certain rivers flow,
Which—I do n't know;
But either the 'Jordan'
Or—the 'Po.'

HANNAH MORE: 1794.

'*England and America*' is not an article suited to our pages. It is certainly forcibly written, but it exhibits a sad lack of good taste, to say nothing of good feeling. Let the strolling travellers from abroad, who occasionally visit us from unworthy motives, say what they please of our country and our people. We are all the while living down their calumnies or misrepresentations, and they themselves will perhaps live long enough to regret them. As for their 'ridiculous vauntings of national superiority,' again we say, let them vaunt; it is a liberty which we enjoy, and truth to say, do not stint ourselves in exercising. 'Whatever strengthens local attachments,' writes one who was a friend of mankind, 'is favorable both to individual and national character. Our home, our birth-place, our native land—think for a while what the virtues are which arise out of the feelings connected with these words; and if thou hast any intellectual eyes, thou wilt then perceive the connection between topography and patriotism. Show me a man who cares no more for one place than another, and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself. Beware of those who are homeless by choice! You have no hold upon a human being whose affections are without a root.' Dr. ADAM CLARKE, one of the greatest divines connected with the Wesleyans, in the last volume of his travels, thus apostrophises his country: 'O, England! decent abode of comfort and cleanliness, and decorum! O, blessed asylum of all that is worth having upon earth! O, sanctuary of religion and of

liberty for the whole civilized world! It is only in viewing the state of other countries that thy advantages can be duly estimated! May thy sons who have 'fought the good fight' but know and guard what they possess in thee! 'O, land of happy firesides, and cleanly hearths, and domestic peace! of filial piety, and parental love, and connubial joy! The cradle of heroes, the school of sages, the temple of law, the altar of faith, the asylum of innocence, the bulwark of private security and of private honor!

'Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee!'

Now this may seem to some an exhibition of clouded *amor patriæ*; but we confess we regard the writer's enthusiasm for his own country as honorable to his heart. What man would honor an American less, for expressing with kindred fervor his deep affection for 'his own, his native land?' . . . LET us hope that in the pages of our present number there will be found something to every body's liking, and all good of its kind:

'AN orchard bearing several trees,
And fruits of several taste.'

The '*Experiences of a Tobacco-Smoker*' will suggest to the lover of the Indian weed, especially to the neophyte in its use, some important truths. The very style of the essay illustrates one or two of the arguments employed by the writer. What a 'clincher' to his main demonstration is the Greek distich with which he closes! **YELLOWFLUSH** orthography 'in the original' of 'Old KING COLE!' Our friend 'NED BUNTLINE' will always be welcome; and those who read the capital sketch of '*Running the Blockade*' will have no need to ask *why*. The '*Visit to Mount Ida*,' from the pen of our esteemed correspondent at Constantinople, will arrest the attention and sustain the interest of the reader. It is pleasant to peruse these accounts of places and events made ever famous in Holy Writ and in classic story. As we read, we think of the wanderings of the Apostle PAUL, and of the scenes and deeds, the record of which is so happily condensed by SHAKESPEARE in his prologue to '*Troilus and Cressida*:'

'In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war; sixty and nine, that wore
Their crowns regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immurements
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps: and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there discharge
Their warlike freightage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilios, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.'

Our friend writes us: 'It is now the second time that I have paid a visit to *Mytilæ*, the first being to Troy and Alexander Troas. I am in firm belief of the whole classic tale of HOMER, and cannot for a moment conceive how any one could doubt it. HOMER has probably magnified both the size of Troy, the number of its inhabitants, and the besiegers; and yet this may not have been the case, for all Asia-Minor was once densely populated, and so was Greece.' We are promised more of the admirable '*Turkish Tales and Sketches*' of our correspondent, who translates the Oriental tongues with eminent faithfulness, and with the facility acquired by a residence of upward of twenty years in the East. The Turkish must be a very difficult language to render into English. No people pretend to

so much precision in their writings as the Turks. 'They have not only verbs active, passive, transitive, and reciprocal, but also verbs coöperative, verbs meditative, verbs frequentative, verbs negative, and verbs impossible: and moreover they have what are called verbs of opinion, and verbs of knowledge. The latter are used when the speaker means it to be understood that he speaks of his own sure knowledge, and is absolutely certain of what he asserts; the former when he advances it only as what he thinks likely, or believes upon the testimony of others.' Our friend closes his private note with the following information, in which our readers are interested: 'I have been lately to spend a couple of weeks at Belgrade, made remarkable by the residence there of Lady MONTAGUE. I made a few sketches of the place and its events, and my 'better half' has drawn it with her pencil. I have made an article of it for your excellent work, which I shall soon send you. Of news I have but little to write you. The recent busy occurrences of the East have at length subsided into 'awful' dull times. Except the revolution, or rather insurrection, of Albania, which also draws to an end, there is nothing stirring. *On dit*, that the Sultan's youngest sister is soon to be married, when splendid fêtes may be expected; of all which I shall advise you.' Is there not a good deal of pathos—'French pathos,' if you please, but yet of a kind to moisten the eye of a merciful and affectionate reader—in the story of '*Bernard and Mouton*?' An' we had not thought so, that 'Dog's Tale' had not been served up among our other dishes. The '*Legend of Count Julian and his Family*,' by WASHINGTON IRVING, needs no praise of ours. It is one of the most touching and felicitous of this eminent writer's Spanish sketches. We are indebted to an English friend, himself a 'ready writer,' for the fine lines on '*The Lost Church*,' by the eminent JAMES MONTEGOMERY. The cool season brings us back the polished JOHN WATERS, whom we look to find replenished by the idleness of summer with 'all rare thoughts and pleasant fancies.' See that the '*Player*' be well bestowed in your memory, who 'Gossips' so agreeably for your entertainment; and if you are a scholar, or whether you be or not, fail not to read the matter-full paper upon the '*Writings of Vincent Bourne*.' It is from the pen of one who, as the 'Country Doctor' and Historian of Tinnecum, has so often exerted himself to please you. For the rest of the number also this latter claim may be honestly preferred. To those whose names (at the kind instance of readers who have known us long and well,) are new upon our subscription-books, we can only say, that we shall use our best endeavors to meet your approbation. We make bold to conclude in the language of one who never promised more than he performed: 'Place as much confidence in us as you do in your doctor; give us as much credit as you expect from your tailor; and if your doctor deserves that confidence as well, it will be well for you; and if your credit is as punctually redeemed, it will be well for your tailor.' . . . RIDING up Broadway one day in an omnibus, with one of the oldest and most distinguished jurists in this country, we ventured to ask him, why amidst the various improvements of this age, the nomenclature of the law had not been simplified, and rendered more intelligible to 'the mass.' 'It's intelligible enough,' said he, 'to those who understand it. We don't want Tom, Dick and Harry to know all about it; if they did, there would be nobody *but* lawyers!' This was a candid confession; and explains why it is that legal papers of every description are amplified with all possible varieties of professional tautology. 'That crafty politician who said the use of language was to conceal our thoughts,' did not go farther in his theory than the members of the legal profession in their practice; as every paper which comes from their hands may testify, and every court of law bears record. They so smother their meaning with words, so envelop it with technicalities, so bury it beneath redundancies of speech, that any meaning which is sought for may be picked out, to the confusion of that which was intended. You ask for justice and you receive a nice distinction, a forced construction, a verbal criticism. By such means you are defeated and plundered in a civil cause; and in a criminal one, a slip of the pen in the indictment brings off the delinquent scot free.' And all this is necessary 'for the good of the profession.' 'Every man his own lawyer' is a chi-

mera. BEN JONSON knew this; and he 'kept one,' he tells us, who 'made himself generally useful' in his way and the way of his kind:

'My man of law solicits all my causes,
Follows my business, makes and compounds my quarrels
Between my tenants and me; sows all my strifes,
And reaps them too; troubles the country for me,
And vexes any neighbor that I please.'

'HE that bendeth a twig because he would see if it would bow by strength, may chance to have a crooked tree when he would have a straight.' So says an old English writer; and the hint is worthy of heed by those who bend their juvenile 'twigs' to 'incline trees' in manhood, without thought of *present* consequences. 'I am sometimes led to think,' observes a friend of boys, in our note-book, 'that pigs are brought up upon a wiser system than lads at a high-school. The pig is allowed to feed upon any thing on which he can thrive, until the time approaches when pig is to commence pork, or take a degree as bacon, and then he is fed daintily. It has appeared to me that boys should not be introduced to the standard works of antiquity, until they are of an age in some degree to appreciate what they read.' In the case of precocious boys, capable, as SIDNEY SMITH has it, of repaying the obligations they owe to their instructors, and of teaching, with grateful retaliation, 'the old idea how to shoot,' burthens, greater than they can bear, are too often laid upon them. Who would bow the physical frame of a lad with a load too heavy for his young shoulders? Yet how often is the delicate and tender brain of the young taxed beyond its powers of endurance? Fathers and mothers, 'think on these things!' . . . We thought of 'Musquito-Cove' and 'Punkin P'nt' while reading Mr. CLAPP's introduction to the 'Tales of the Glauber Spa.' 'I have lived at Sheep's Neck,' he writes, ever since I was a boy, and so did my father before me; but we have altered the name lately to 'Glawber Spaw,' and call the Old Ram's Alley 'Epsom Walk,' out o' a notion o' my daiter's.' They annoyed the old gentleman very much by the manner in which they modernized the old house, to make it a proper place for fashionable visitors at a new and fashionable spring: 'When it was in order, it was such a trumpery-looking place that I could n't sit in it with any comfort!' . . . PROBABILITY rather favors the conclusion, that if our Boston friend could be aware how sorely we are bethumped with words while reading our fine-type proof-sheets at the printing-office, he would overlook the trifling error at which he carps. Perhaps while we are reading sixteen of these pages a lad is performing the same operation *aloud* for the pages of some half a dozen different works. Indeed, overcome by the wordy din, we have just paused to jot down what has fallen upon our ear while reading this very sheet. First came a tale of distress in a Norwegian settlement of Wisconsin, taken from a poorly-paid gospel-messenger's report to the 'Home Missionary' journal:

'I VISITED one family in which I found every individual, eight in number, prostrated with disease. Two of them, the father, and daughter of some sixteen years of age, were then shaking violently with the ague. The daughter shoeless, and both nearly destitute of all clothing, stood hovering over a few live coals, by the side of which stood an old filthy looking copper tea-kettle, from the spout of which they would take their turns in drinking. The others were huddled together into banks filled with prairie hay, with nothing over them to shelter them from the rigorous cold of a December day, save a few sheep-skins sewed together. Aside from the tea-kettle we saw but one article of furniture, and that a wooden bowl, partly filled with what I took to be shorts, kneaded and prepared for baking. This, as near as I could learn, was all they had in the house with which to support life. In another family I found the sick mother in bed with her dying husband, with no one to administer to their necessities, or even to speak a word of consolation to them, save two little girls of some seven and nine years of age. Before the fire stood a little naked child, reduced to a skeleton, and having every appearance of being literally starved; for, so far as could be judged, no disease was preying upon it. At another hut where the physician called, he found a dead man lying upon a bench out of doors, and ten sick ones, some of whom were dying, in doors. These are by no means isolated cases. They are just what might have been witnessed almost any day during the last winter.'

BEFORE the thought of this 'true tale of distress' is out of the mind, scraps from the proof-sheet of a Nursery-Catalogue are creeping in at the ear; consisting of the names and qualities of fruit-trees, in long abbreviated columns; as for example: 'Heart-Cherries;

Adam's Crown; pale red; round-heart; tender; early June; much esteemed;' 'Ansell's Black-heart; oval-heart; tender; beginning of June; very beautiful, rich, sweet, excellent; 'Early Red Pentecost; dark-red; obtuse-heart; juicy; middle of June; early, flesh and juice dark red, luscious honied sweetness;' and so on, in endless iteration of name, color, form, size, quality, texture, season, and so forth, of 'all manner of trees, bearing all manner of fruits:' then a table of squares, cubes, roots, from a work on Mathematics, in interminable columns, is sung figure-atively through juvenile nose, as: 'Three, dot, six, nought; five, four, seven, nine, two,' and so on, *ad infinitum*. But hark! 'what sounds are these we hear' next? It is the voice of a lad, spelling a leaf in the Mohawk Testament. The language is 'nervous but inelegant,' although it is in the admirably-written 'Acts of the Apostles' that he is reading:

'N^o wahhony raweghniserarakwenh, ne o-nenh denthayadareghdune ne jiyonghwenjade ne atdakwarighyonghtserakonh koak hibhayadare roanhha shakorighwakwadakwennyh; koak niyuriware engshakowy norighwiyuonweh nakwekonh nonkwehkokonkeh, cndewerheke raonhha wahhy shoketakwenh jirawenhheyonghne. Neoui ne o-nenh ro-nathonde ne ne jiyon:ketakwaghs ne yakawenhheyonh, ottayake wahhionwaghsteriste: nok notyakeshon wairon, Enkwadahonghsadade wahhy are ne ken-ikenh ji-nikarihodeuh.'

This is rather sharp practice; and the boy welcomes the waiting proof-sheet of the Corporation Laws, dry though they be, with a sense of relief; and straitway we learn that

'THE said Contractors shall, at their own expense, severally provide a sufficient number of sloops, scows or vessels, to receive as fast as collected, all the manure, filth, garbage, offal, dirt, cinders, ashes, and rubbish of whatever nature or description, from their respective districts: and as fast as the same shall be taken up or collected into the carts, they shall, at their own expense, carry away to their respective dumping-grounds, and forthwith deposit, or in the course of each and every day, in each year, shall put the same on board of such vessel or vessels, and at their own expense remove the same from the city, as often as once in every three days.'

This 'section' from the ordinance respecting street-cleaning is followed by another entertaining proof-sheet, which is full of 'sections' of quite a different kind, being those of house-carpentry:

'FIND the stretch-out, *ef* of *ac b*, from *o*, through the point of the mitre at the newel-cap, draw *os*; obtain on the tangent, *ed*, the position of the points, *s* and *h*, as at *t* and *f*; from *e t f*, and *f*, draw *ex*, *tu*, *fg* and *fh*, all at right angles to *ed*; make *eg* equal to one rise and *fg* equal to 12, as this line is drawn through from the 12 riser; from *g g*, draw *gi*, make *gz* equal to about three-fourths of a rise; draw *xu*, at right angles to *ex*, and ease off the angle at *u*; at a distance equal to the thickness of the rail, draw *v wy*, parallel to *xu i*; from the centre of the plan, *o*, draw *ol*, at right angles to *ed*; bisect *h* in *p*, and through *p*, at right angles to *gi*;' 'and so forth and cetera.'

Now if our correspondent, while trying to read a proof, should have all these several matters, one after another, droned into his unwilling ear, we rather think he would find a little palliation for an occasional error; especially one so very trifling as that which he has taken the trouble to indicate and to animadvert upon. . . . 'THE rebuke of a friend,' says an old proverb, 'is good for the soul.' We thought of the apothegm while reading a 'rebuke' contained in a kindly and flattering notice of our last number, in the 'Courier and Enquirer' daily journal. But we were misconceived. We intended no 'attack upon a large body of professing Christians' in our animadversions upon the unchristian logic, and the illiberal distinctions drawn by an eastern polemical journal. 'After the strictest sect' of the denomination alluded to, we ourselves have lived. Early education; the example of paternal and maternal relations, in near and distant 'removes;' all are against such a demonstration on our part. Nevertheless, we do hold that he who forbids or discourages the enjoyment of the 'religious sentiment' in those who have not been able to claim that they have 'been born again,' according to the terms of a particular creed, is not in our judgment a true follower of his MASTER nor a true friend of his race. 'The law of God,' says the lamented LARNED, himself an honored member of the religious persuasion in question, 'is only beneficence acting by rule, and has not the most distant design of retrenching the sphere of human happiness.' Mr. WILLIS, who was brought up at the feet of Christian professors, in this kind, and was himself one among them, adverts with truth and feeling to

this subject: 'If to look often and adoringly 'through nature up to nature's God' be devotion, I am still devout. No sunset, no morning's beauty, no rich and sudden sight of loveliness in scenery, goes by *without the renewal of that worship in my heart that was once religion*. I praise God daily. Worldling as I am, and hardly as I dare claim any virtue as a Christian, there is that within me which sin and folly never reached or tainted. The unprompted and irresistible thoughts, upspringing in my mind in any scene of beauty, would seem prayers, and pure ones, to many a humble Christian.' Speaking of the 'elect and non-elect,' the saint and the worldling, he continues: 'The chasm between them in this world should be narrowed, for they have many sympathies. The bigot makes the separation unnaturally wide. Who is the one man mentioned in Scripture as 'loved' by the SAVIOUR? The 'young Ruler' who could not give up his 'great possessions' 'to inherit eternal life!' Is not this tender interest in one 'out of the fold' a lesson, a most unheeded lesson, to the strict sect? I talk feelingly of this, for I have an admiration of goodness and purity, that has never separated itself from my love of beauty. I love a simple and unobtrusive piety, and am drawn irresistibly toward the possessor. Yet this better part of my nature is excluded with the rest, when I am denied Christian sympathy.' A cheerful enjoyment of the 'religious sentiment,' as awakened by the works of a great and good BEING, is *not* a thing to be discouraged; and it was discouraged in the article to which we alluded. 'To a Christian,' says the eloquent LARNED, 'not only is cheerfulness (and he might have added charity) becoming, but the want of it is a suspicious symptom. I cannot abide that hollow-hearted Christianity which makes long prayers and wears long faces.' . . . THE 'Scenes at Saratoga, by a Lingerer,' are rather out of season, but we have placed them in our 'Accepted' port-folio. There 'is offence,' *as we happen to know*, however, in one sketch, and *that* we shall omit. Apropos to this theme, by the by, are the remarks of a most shrewd observer of men, women, 'and things': 'A man falls in love just as he falls down stairs. It is an accident — perhaps, and very probably a misfortune; something which he neither intended nor foresaw, nor apprehended. But when he runs in love it is as when he runs in debt; it is done knowingly and intentionally; and very often rashly and foolishly, even if not ridiculously, miserably, and ruinously. Marriages that are made up at watering-places are mostly of this running sort. But the man who is married for mere worldly motives, without a spark of affection on the woman's part, may nevertheless get, in every worldly sense of the word, a good wife; but when a woman is married for the sake of her fortune, the case is altered, and the chances are a hundred to one that she marries a villain, or at best a scoundrel. Watering-places might with equal propriety be called fishing-places, because they are frequented by female anglers, who are in quest of such prey — the elder for their daughters, and the younger for themselves. But it is a dangerous sport, for the fair piscatrix is not more likely to catch a prize than she is to be caught by a shark.' As for 'courting ladies,' we disagree entirely with our correspondent. We rather affect the proposition of a waggish writer in FRAZER'S London Magazine: 'Let us widowers and bachelors form an association to declare, for the next hundred years, that we will make love no longer. Let the young women come and make love to us; let them write us verses; let them ask us to dance, get us ices and cups of tea, and help us off with our cloaks at the hall-door, and if they are eligible, we may perhaps be induced to yield, and say: 'La! Miss HOPKINS! — I really never — I am so agitated! — ask papa!' . . . THE instructive 'Letter from a Retired Business-Man' is not amiss, except for one thing; the writer has read and remembered a similar sketch, written some years since by THOMAS HOOD. The lesson which it teaches, however, is a good one. That prince of hosts, the elder CRITTENDEN, of the 'Eagle' Inn at Albany, died of actual inanition, at the beautiful country-place to which he retired. The renowned hosts of our own City-Hotel redeemed themselves from a similar fate, by resuming their old occupations just in the nick of time. One of the quaintest of modern authors, in a miscellaneous work, like

'That curious book of BUNYAN'S,
All strung together like a bunch of onions,'

has some observations which are germane to this point. 'It is neither so easy a thing,' he writes, 'nor so agreeable a one as men commonly expect, to dispose of leisure, when they retire from the business of the world. Their old occupations cling to them, even when they hope that they have emancipated themselves. Go to any sea-port town and you will see that the sea-captain who has retired upon his well-earned savings, sets up a weather-cock in full view from his windows, and watches the variations of the wind as duly as when he was at sea, though no longer with the same anxiety. Every one knows the story of the tallow chandler, who, having amassed a fortune, disposed of his business, and taken a house in the country, not far from London, that he might enjoy himself, after a few months trial of a holiday life, requested permission of his successor to come into town, and assist him on melting days. I have heard of one who kept a retail spirit-shop, and having in like manner retired from trade, used to employ himself by having one puncheon filled with water, and measuring it off by pints into another. I have also heard of a butcher in a small country town, who, some little time after he had left off business, informed his old customers that he meant to kill a lamb once a week, just for his amusement.' . . . We have had some delightful vocalism in New-York lately. First, Mr. M'^CMICHAEL, an accomplished gentleman, and a 'sweet singer of Ireland,' won at once upon the town, and attracted, night after night, large and gratified audiences, by the manner in which he rendered the charming melodies of his native country. We commend him warmly to the good graces of all our readers in the Atlantic cities, and wheresoever else he may temporarily sojourn in the course of his musical tour among us. Mr. DEMPSTER, in a style peculiarly his own, has been giving us a series of musical entertainments, which have lost nothing of their popularity with all classes. Mr. HENRY PHILLIPS, one of the very first vocalists in England, has also appeared at the Apollo Rooms. The high fame which had preceded him proved not to have been exaggerated. He has established himself firmly in the popular favor, and continues to attract large and delighted assemblies. Mr. PHILLIPS brings us letters from esteemed friends in England, from which we learn, that aside from his great professional eminence, he is a clever man of letters. His 'True Enjoyments of Angling' is pronounced to be a volume which takes rank with IZAAK WALTON'S.' We shall in our next endeavor to do that justice to Mr. PHILLIPS' admirable entertainments, which we are prevented by the lack of time and space, at so late a period, from rendering him in the present issue. . . . THAT passage in Mr. CHOATE'S Anti-Annexation speech which touches upon the means of obtaining a *majority* vote, ('images of foreign missions, and departments, and benches of justice' — high bids, certainly,) reminded us of the remark of LENTULUS, who having escaped justice by means of large gifts to the judges, said: 'I have put myself to a needless expense in bribing one of the two judges who turned the scale in my favor, since a majority of one would have been sufficient.' We suppose it is difficult to graduate those things to a nicety; and it must be very veracious to find we have given a foreign mission where a collectorship would have been sufficient, or a post-office where 'a pair or two of cast pantaloons' would have answered the purpose. By-the-by, speaking of adscititious operations: one of the morning papers mentions a case which it calls 'accidental,' but which we think evidently *suicidal*. The deceased is stated to have been struck on the head by a brick, 'while engaged in mixing mortar and fracturing his skull.' The brick seems to have been altogether superfluous. . . . THE remarks of our Philadelphia correspondent upon '*Clerical Oratory in the United States*' have been anticipated in these pages. A series of papers under the head of '*Pulpit Eloquence*,' from the pen of a distinguished professor of elocution, appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER five or six years since, and attracted very general attention. Several of the suggestions in the present paper do not impress us favorably. Two of the writer's directions, in the matter of gesture, would lead inevitably to an appearance of study or *affectation* — a thing utterly detestable in the manner of 'a dying man preaching to dying men.' NICHOLAS BRETON, one of the old

English poetical worthies, has an idea of the sacred office, which we think would be a good substitute for, if it did not really constitute, clerical eloquence :

'I WOULD I were an excellent divine,
That had the Bible at my fingers' ends,
That men might hear out of this mouth of mine
How GOD doth make his enemies his friends;
Rather than with a thundering and long prayer
Be led into presumption, or despair.

'Then would I frame a kind of faithful prayer
For all estates within the state of grace :
That careful love might never know despair,
Nor servile fear might faithful love deface ;
And this would I both day and night devise
To make my humble spirit's exercise.

'And I would read the rules of sacred life,
Persuade the troubled soul to patience,
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,
To child and servant due obedience,
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbor peace,
That love might live, and quarrels all might cease :

'Pray for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all, that all may be amended.'

WE have from Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, a new volume of '*Walpole's Correspondence with Sir Horace Mann.*' In it is finally concluded the long series of letters which has been from time to time appearing before the public ; and it is peculiarly interesting to the American reader, from the fact that it contains a running commentary on the events of the revolution, which occurred in this part of the correspondence, mingled with a history of the proceedings of the British Parliament in relation to the colonies in revolt. All this would be curious and attractive, had it occurred in the diary or letters of any one ; but coming, as it does, from the pen of a man unsurpassed in this peculiar department, it gives to the present volume great attraction. Its typographical execution is altogether unexceptionable. . . . WE had the great pleasure, in looking in upon Mr. CUMMINGS, our distinguished miniature-painter, the other day, to see two pictures, fresh from his pencil, which he has never surpassed, and one of which at least we have never seen surpassed by any American artist, in this department. The beautiful flesh-tints, the delicate shadows, the well-drawn and sweetly-colored hands, and what is a rare merit, the well-chosen and most tasteful accessories, are beyond all praise. The pictures we learn are soon to be sent abroad. . . . '*A Dream, written on board the Steamer Knickerbocker,*' is neither bad nor good verse. The incidental tribute, however, to Captain SAINT JOHN and his second officer, Mr. H. H. HAUGHTON, is most just ; for two more attentive and obliging gentlemen, or two persons better qualified for the arduous duties of the honorable stations which they occupy, (and fill,) cannot be found 'this side of sun-down.' And as for their noble steamer, it is a waste of words to enlarge upon it. It has never had its equal, in this country, and if it ever has its superior hereafter, we shall 'lose our guess.' . . . WE are writing these sentences with the '*Maintaining Spring Pen,*' manufactured by C. C. WRIGHT AND COMPANY, of this city. It is the thing. It has a spring upon the back, near the split, which gives it all the elasticity of a quill. The spoon-shaped 'back-spring pen,' of the same gentlemen, and their 'Croton pen,' are admirable substitutes for the quill-pen ; and they are moreover the only good substitutes that we have yet encountered. They may be obtained at the manufacturers' in Broadway, below and near Cortland-street. . . . MUCH Gossipry, (including an elaborate review of *The Drama*, at the different theatres, sundry notices of contemporaries, and to correspondents,) although in type, is by an unlucky accident postponed to our next number.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1844.

No. 5.

THE POLYGON PAPERS.

MONS. JOURDAIN. Apprenez-moi l'orthographe.

LE MAÎTRE DE PHIL. Très volontiers.

M. JOURDAIN. Après, vous m'apprendrez l'almanach pour savoir quand il y a de la lune, et quand il n'y en a point.

M. JOURDAIN. R, R, Ra; R, R, R, R, Ra. Cela est vrai. Ah! l'habile homme que vous êtes! et que j'ai perdu de temps! R, R, R, Ra.

LE MAÎTRE DE PHIL. Je vous expliquerai à fond toutes ces curiosités.

MOLIÈRE: LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME.

In a former number I spoke of the confusion prevalent in the orthography and pronunciation of our language. Is there any possibility of remedying this confusion? Yes. There is a physical possibility, linked, I fear, with a moral impossibility. And excuse me if I dwell awhile on a distant and questionable possibility, as feasible however, and as near, I am afraid, as the realization of the hopes indulged by some ardent philanthropists, who think they now see the day when 'the nations shall learn war no more.'

That confusion will cease at the appearance of some great philological Bacon, whose practical spirit will be guided by inductive reasoning to the first principles of phonological writing, and whose sweeping synthesis will bring the discordant elements of our orthographical chaos under the dominion of uniform and universal laws. Or perhaps it will vanish on the decision of some venerable lingual synod, like that learned assembly which put forth our matchless version of the Bible. Such an assembly convening from all quarters of *Englishdom*, and sacrificing their local jealousies on the altar of the public good, will command respect by their disciplined learning, confidence by their impartial deliberations, and obedience by their final and entire unanimity. Such a convention will ordain changes far more radical than those proposed by Grimke, which, although mostly as rational as they were beneficial, were nevertheless rejected. The improvements adopted by Webster, few in number and projected on a narrow scale, yet as numerous and extensive as the temper of the times would bear, that convention will carry through every portion of the hideous and thorny wilderness.

I will now predict some of their enactments. The prophecy will be

but a rude sketch ; because, as a schoolman might say, why expend labor and strength on what is 'in posse' as if it were 'in esse?' The edifice, though founded, as I believe, on an indestructible basis, is as yet a mere 'castle in the air;' and since it may never descend from its cloudy perch to rest among the actual dwellings of men, why elaborate the embellishments, or take even a minutely faithful model of the plan? I will therefore present some leading features, accompanying them by a few words of illustration and defence.

Their first enactment will be a declaration of independence, a total renunciation of allegiance on the part of the English language to any foreign tongue. It will decree that all slips from ancient or modern nurseries, on being transplanted into our garden, shall be trimmed to a perfect resemblance in form with their new brethren.' The Greeks and Romans in deriving words from each other usually adapted those derivatives to the genius of their respective tongues: Many modern nations have naturalized terms from the Greek and Latin in the same rational manner. The Italians and Spanish spell all words derived from the Greek in *phi* with an *f*, which is its exact equivalent. Thus: *filosofia*. And why do not we write 'filosofy,' with a little more of visible good-sense, and a little less parade of learning? (I say nothing at present of the useless 'y,' which is also dropped by those nations.) Why do we endenizen 'phthisis' in a dress so absurd in itself, and so utterly anti-English? Why not, like the Spanish, spell it *tisis*? Or if we wish to write and pronounce it *thisis*, why not be consistent enough in its derivative 'phthisical,' to write and pronounce it *thisical*? I forbear to multiply instances. It is a sickening task.

Again ; the continental nations, in borrowing expressions from one another, *generally* accommodate them to the orthography of their several languages. For example : the French 'adieu' and the Spanish 'a Dios,' were doubtless taken from the Italian 'addio,' and so altered as to present a self-evident sense to the eye of the French or Spanish reader. But the English adopt the French *adieu* unchanged, and thereby occasion a new anomaly in the language — that most senseless thing, a triphthong in *ieu*, pronounced exactly like the single vowel *u*. If we wish the acquaintance of 'adieu,' the cold and polished stranger, to the exclusion of our own expressive 'farewell' and tender 'good-bye,' why not write *adu*? This specimen will enable the reader to discover others for himself. 'Ex uno disce omnes.' In other examples we have, indeed, altered the original orthography, but, ever studious of absurdity, we have made them still more preposterous than we found them. Thus, in Anglicising the French *vue* and *revue*, we have represented the plain *ue* by the ridiculous *iew*, as *view*, *review*.

Now, can any valid objection be urged against the expression of alien words in an orthography strictly accordant with the ancient and legitimate terminations and forms of our language? What is the conceivable advantage of retaining the original spelling? Do we wish to preserve legible marks by which the etymologist may at a glance discover the origin of every word? *Cui bono*? If this be a desirable object let us pursue the attainment of it consistently, not only through those words derived from the Greek, the Latin, and the modern tongues, but also

through those which sprung from the kindred, but half-extinct and wholly altered dialects of ancient northern Europe. Let us go back to the orthography of words as found in Drayton, Gower, and Robert of Gloucester, to show more visibly the manner of their growth from their Saxon roots. As we must rectify 'point' into 'punct,' to display its derivation from the Latin 'pungere,' and 'defeat' into 'defaite,' to show its propagation from the French 'defaire,' so 'net,' (any thing knitted,) we must write 'knet;' and 'farthing' (the fourth part,) we must spell 'fourthing.' We must carry through the same revolutionary process with all those ordinary words which the searching analysis of Horne Tooke has always so acutely, and in general, so successfully dissected. We must even remodel the orthography of the foreign languages, from which we borrow, because in those languages also Fashion, the great Disorganizer, has often neglected to spell the derivative correspondently to its primitive. But I cannot see why we are to make our language a grand etymological dictionary, either to display or to rectify the errors and irregularities of other tongues. And if we cannot carry the system through, why commence it at all? What is the object of dressing our foreign derivatives in such a manner as to display their birth and kindred? Why keep them bundled in the swaddling-clothes of their cradle? To spell a word awkwardly or laboriously in order to preserve the marks of its origin is about as rational as it would be to cumber an elegant steam-ship with all the antiquated contrivances of fifty years since, in order that it might bear about a legible record of its experimental days. All we need is good, explicit, convenient expressions, systematically arranged. Their nativity, travels, and mutations belong to philological history, and have nothing to do with our daily use.

'But etymology is of vast importance in fixing the true uses and proprieties of language.' Granted. Then let the lexicographer show the origin and subsequent changes of a word with its primary and secondary applications; and if the present mode of use be incorrect, let him strive to turn the tide of custom. Let the English student note those derivations and explications, and let both him and his teacher spell and pronounce the word as the laws of our English idiom, aided by a little common sense, direct. The unlearned will know nothing of the sources of the words they employ, spell them as you will; and the learned, I take it, will recognize them, even though they be rationally clad. The Greek scholar will easily detect the expressions drawn from that most beautiful of tongues, whether they be disguised in French, or German, or Italian robes; and the mere English reader will be made never the wiser, though you not only spell them in the Greek mode, but print them in the Greek character.

The advantage to etymology then is nothing, while the inconveniences to orthography are great, arising from the adoption of the foreign spelling with the foreign word. Greek and Latin derivatives moreover have *already* varied very far from their original orthography to accommodate themselves to our language, and why not carry out the change to the point recommended by reason and convenience? If we have so far altered the Greek 'paidagogos' as to write it 'pedagogue,' why not extend the change and spell it, as it should be, 'pedagog?' It cannot be

pretended that the silent *ue* is in any manner a representative of the terminal *os*, nor is it employed to lengthen the syllable. Why not cut off the useless tail? While the Greek character ϕ is less similar in form to its duplex representative 'ph' than it is to 'f,' why not adopt the latter, its equivalent in sound, and occupying but half the space? As our Saxon organs cannot pronounce the Greek χ (ch) differently from *k* or *c* hard, why not always represent it by one of those letters?

This enactment, intended to bring all resident foreigners under the dominion of our own *revised* laws, I think I have irrefutably shown to be rational. It would abbreviate and classify large numbers of words, now so inconvenient, irregular and unsightly. No one can oppose so happy an economy but some classic pedant who sees no beauty in the ancients, except because they *are* ancient; or some antiquarian bibliomaniac, who would become a proselyte to a pseudo-gospel could he find it printed on wooden-block in black-letter characters.

The second enactment, connected with and analogous to the first, will be that 'all words springing from the same root and being of the same class, shall be spelled in a uniform manner.' Then our language will no longer exhibit the unlearned absurdity, sanctioned by immemorial custom, of terminating indiscriminately in *cede* or *ceed* the words 'concede,' 'proceed,' 'recede,' 'succeed;' all directly from the same Latin verb 'cedere,' to give place. Other examples are 'conceit,' 'receipt,' 'recipe;' all from 'capere,' to take; 'cord,' 'chord,' 'accord,' 'monochord;' all akin in their ground significations, and all indisputably derived from the Greek $\chi\alpha\rho\acute{\alpha}\eta$.

Appended to this second enactment will be a recommendation that in the adoption of new words English writers, whenever practicable, shall take them immediately from Latin, and not mediately through the French — because the French is but an imperfect offshoot from that elder tongue; a comparatively meagre dialect; the child of yesterday; inferior in structure, barbarous in tones, and bounded in diffusion, while the Latin is not only more regular and complete in its forms, and more magnificent, melodious and flowing in its utterance, but is, in the words of its own lyric poet, 'monumentum ære perennius;' a stereotyped and universal language, unchanged by time, uncircumscribed in space.

The third enactment will discharge all supernumeraries from the English alphabet. Each letter shall perform its own appointed duties, and all sinecures shall be abolished. *C* soft shall be supplanted by his hissing brother *S*, and *C* hard shall always be a substitute for the idle dignitary *K*. *G* shall no longer be a pluralist, but one half of his duties shall be discharged by the neglected *J*. *Z* shall relieve the over-busied *S* of his incessant toils. The Grecian *Y* shall be thrust back among the consonants, where he belongs, and shall be made to perform only the functions of the German *J*. In every other capacity his place shall be supplied by the equivalent *I* or *E*. After replacing the Siamese monster *PH* by the legitimate *F*, they will substitute the greek θ (theta) for the sound of *th* in *think*, and the old Saxon \mathscr{D} , or \mathscr{S} , for the sound of *th* in *this*. The sound of the preposterous *wh* — truly and literally preposterous; for the cart is before the horse — they will express by a single character representing *hw*; for instance, by the Mæso-

Gothic *Œ*. Wherever *wh* sounds like a simple *h*, they will of course write it a simple *h*. All Greek words in *ch* will be written with *c* alone. The two sounds expressed by *ch* in *church*, and by *sh*, *si*, *cio*, *tio*, etc., as in *shop*, *mission*, *vicious*, *propitious*, etc., will have two distinct and simple characters to represent them respectively; as also the ringing intonation *ng* will be expressed by a single letter. These changes will not require much invention or skill. The simplicity and regularity resulting from them I pause not to illustrate. They are obvious at a glance.

In the fourth place, if they cannot succeed in abolishing ancient usage so far, as like the Germans, to appropriate to each vowel but one unvarying sound, they will, at least, imitate the Italians in banishing all *silent* letters. This enactment will obviate the idle necessity of employing three letters where two would answer the purpose equally well. Its result would be to relieve every writer of one third of the labor now requisite in *papering* his thoughts; and in print it would effect a large economy in size and price, by reducing every octavo to a duodecimo. The only silent letter left would perhaps be *e*, as used to distinguish a long from a short syllable, as 'fate,' 'fat.' But I will say more on this point under the next head.

After the utility of the above enactments shall have been tested by experience, they will promulge a fifth, which will be but a consequence and extension of the fourth, or rather the condensed spirit of them all. It will decree 'that all syllables sounded alike shall be spelled alike, and reversely, that the spelling of every word shall correspond exactly with its sound.' This one sweeping law would at once render our orthography as regular and simple in its classification as is the nomenclature of botany or mineralogy. We should then behold in our orthoëpy that philosophical consistency which should reign in every rational science. The spelling of a word would be an infallible index to its pronunciation, and a disputed point might instantly be settled by a reference to its class, and an appeal to admitted and universal laws. At present a reference to classes and rules is utterly futile, since the anomalies outnumber all computation, and the appeal to custom will receive but an ambiguous or contradictory response.

As preliminary to a brief illustration of the change suggested, I will speak of our vowels. We have in the English language but seventeen vowel-sounds: four of *a* and *o*; two of *e* and *i*; three of *u*, and the two compound sounds *ai* and *ou*. The sound of *a* in 'fall,' and of *o* in 'for' are so nearly identical that they may be called one; thus reducing the number to sixteen. In respect to the long and short sounds of *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, and *u*, their distinction may be made visible to the eye by one of four plans:

First: The long vowel shall always be followed by a silent *e*, as 'fate,' 'meet,' and the short vowel by a single consonant, as 'fat,' 'met.' The objection is that in many polysyllables the silent *e* must be followed by another *e*, to indicate the long sound of *a*; as 'hateer'; since the *a* in 'hater' would be short.

Secondly: The long vowel being followed by *one* consonant, the short vowel may always be followed by *two*; as 'hat' (i. e. 'hate') 'met' (i.

e. 'mete'); 'hatt,' 'mett. The objection is that as much space and labor would be added by the repetition of consonants in some words as would be gained by the expulsion of silent *e* from others, so that there would be no economy in the change.

Thirdly : The long sound may be represented by a double vowel as 'haat,' 'meet;' and the short sound by a single one as 'hat,' 'met.' This plan is quite feasible, and if it should effect no great abbreviation of labor, yet it would be productive of great order and symmetry.

Fourthly : As the Greeks had their separate characters (*ε, η, ο, ω,*) for the long and short sounds of *e* and *o*, so might we represent the long and short sounds of our five vowels by ten distinct letters. This seems by far the best method, and I can see no possible objection to the innovation ; for it would evidently be productive of infinite advantages in respect to systematic arrangement and economy of space and time.

The sounds of *a* in 'far,' of *o* in 'move,' and of *u* in 'full,' might respectively be represented by the German *ä, ö, u,* or by some similar distinctive mark placed over or under the vowel.

The sound of *ä* in 'ball' and of *o* in 'nor,' which are nearly the same, might be represented by the equivalent diphthong *au,* as in 'Säul.' The sounds of *oi* in 'voice' and of *ou* in 'pound' might still be expressed as now.

Here, then, in the five long sounds *a, e, i, o,* and *u,* with their five corresponding short sounds (whose representatives are to be invented,) and in the three broad vowels *ä, ö, u,* and the diphthongs *au, ou,* and *oi,* are contained all the vowel-sounds of the English language. And while the details may doubtless be still further simplified and perfected, yet were the above system adopted, *even as it stands,* and the sixteen vowel-sounds represented *invariably* by the aforesaid sixteen characters, surely our orthography would be nature, simplicity, brevity, and order, compared with its present monstrosity, complexity, prolixity and confusion.

Now, my rational and candid reader, lest you may imagine that I am writing merely for the sake of writing, accompany me through the following brief and probably incomplete synopsis, and bear me witness if I do not make good my charge of the most abominable inconsistency and confusion in our orthography. I follow in my statements the current practice of our modish speakers and fashionable orthoëpists.

According to them the long sound of the vowel *a* is expressed in English by the following letters and combinations of letters exemplified in the words ensuing :

A, ai, aig, aigh, aa, au, ay, e, ea, ei, eig, eigh, ey ; as in *pate, pain, arraign, straight, gaol, gauge, day, there, great, veil, feign, freight, they.*

The short *a* is expressed by *a, aa, ai, ua,* and even by *æ*, when followed by a consonant and a silent *e* ; as *pat, Isaac, plaid, guarantee, bade.*

The Italian *a* by *a, ai, au, ea, ua* ; as *far, half, daunt, heart, guard.*

The broad *a* by *a, ai, au, augh, aul, aw, awe, o, oa, ough* ; as in *ball, walk, fault, caught, soul, saw, aw, for, broad, sought.*

Long *e* by *ae, ai, ay, e, ea, ee, ei, eig, eo, ey, i, ie, oe, ois, uy,* and *y* ; as in the words, *Cæsar, reign, quay, mete, meat, meet, seize, seignior, people, key, machine, mien, fetus, chamois, plaguey, kindly.*

Short *e* by *a, æ, ai, ay, e, ea, eb, ei, eo, i, ie, oe, oi, u, ue* ; as in many, *Ætina, said, says, bed, dead, debt, heifer, leopard, birth,* (according to Walker.) *friend, ecumenical, avoirdupois, bury, guest.*

Long *i* by *ais, eigh, ey, eye, i, ig, igh, ie, ui, uy, y* ; as, *cisle, height, cyns, eyelid, pine, sign, sight, isle, guise, buy, by.*

Short *i* by *ai, e, ee, ei, eig, eo, i, ia, ic, ie, io, oi, ui* ; as, *fountain, yes, breeches, counterfeit, sovereign, pigeon, sin, carriage, victuals, sieve, cushion, tortoise, guilt.*

Long *o* by *out, eau, eo, ew, ho, o, oa, x, oo, ost, ou, ough, ow, ows*; as *hantboy, beau, yeoman, acw, ghost, go, boat, rec, door, provost, pour, dough, show, owe*.

Short *o* by *a, ach, au, ho, o, ou, ow*; as in *watch, yacht, laurel, honor, not, hough, knowledge*.

The sound of *o* in 'move' is expressed by *ew, heu, hu, o, oe, oeu, oo, ou, u, ue, ui, wo*; as in *brew, rheum, rhubarb, prove, canoe, manœuvre, tool, soup, truly, true, bruise, buoyant*.

For the sound of *o* in 'nor' I refer the reader to broad *a*, and pass on.

The long *u* is represented by *eau, eu, ew, ieu, ieu, u, ue, ui*; as in *beauty, feud, few, adieu, view, duty, due, juice*.

The short *u* by *a, e, ea, eo, i, io, o, oe, oo, ou, u, uo, y*; as *rhubarb, suffer, ocean, surgeon, bird, marchioness, done, does, blood, rough, mud, liquor, martyr*.

The *u* in 'pull' by *oo, oul, u*; as in *good, would, bush*.

The *ou* in 'sound' by *ou, ous, ough, ow*, as in *loud, doubt, plough, cow*.

The *oi* in noise by *oi* and *oy*; as in *foil, boy*.

I had intended to present these sixteen sounds under still a different aspect, in order still farther to display their utter lawlessness; but I am weary, and the above is, or ought to be, enough to make one ashamed of his language. By enumeration it will be found that we have on the average *nine* combinations to express *each* of these simple sounds, and deducting those words which some may say are hardly English, (although they appear every where in English books undistinguished by the type,) there will still remain five or six modes of representing to the eye each sound of the voice. I might enlarge on the irregularities of the consonants; but any one may examine for himself, and he will find the same horrible confusion reigning among them from the beginning to the end.

By the proposed change 'rough,' 'snuff' would be written *ruf, snuf*; 'blew' and 'blue' would read *blu*; 'knew,' 'new,' 'gnu' would be *nu*; 'dew,' 'due' would be *du*; 'beau,' 'bow' would be *bo*; and so throughout the chapter.

'A ridiculous orthography,' say you, gentle reader? But, hold: *why* ridiculous? 'Oh! it looks so odd.' Odd! So did steamboats on their first invention. Yet you consider them a wonderful improvement on the slow movements and awkward conveyances of the Romans, while you spell your language in a manner so far inferior to theirs that their very children would have laughed at you as uncouth and uninventive barbarians. If you think it well to boast of having simplified machinery so far as to diminish manual labor one-thousand fold, then turn your abbreviating genius to a machine of infinitely greater importance. Simplify the language-loom. Substitute a scientific engine for the old lumbering labor-multiplying wheelwork. Open a short-cut rail-road to the hill of science. Epitomize the book of knowledge. You are a utilitarian. So am I, a liberal one. Then let me beseech you, as a liberal utilitarian, to facilitate the task of education to every little boy and little girl in our land. Let me beg you as an enlarged philanthropist to lighten the incredible and needless load that presses on the infant mind. Reduce the Herculean task of mastering orthography and pronunciation to the easy labor of a month. Talk not about the oddity of an immeasurable improvement. This orthography differs no farther from the present than you differ from monkeys. And no doubt were a tribe of that chattering race to behold your 'human face divine' in the woods of Congo, they would think you but a *retrograde* improvement on monkeyhood. You would appear so odd. Yet you might very justly tell them, as I tell you, that oddity is a test neither of merit nor of demerit.

'But,' say you, 'it would create inextricable confusion in those words whose sounds are alike, while their significations differ. Thus 'rite,' 'right,' 'write,' and 'wright' would all be confounded in '*rite*.' Begging your pardon without bowing, (for I respect you no more than I do myself, and when I correct myself, I never bow,) there would be little more confusion than exists at present. For in conversation, or in hearing a person read, these words are entirely assimilated in the ear of the hearer, and yet no misapprehension arises. Their connection in the sentence, their relation to the subject, their manner of use, prevent all possibility of mistake. And is it to be supposed that in reading, one is to be completely stultified, or that the channel of intelligence is in the ear alone, to the exclusion of the eye? Beside, many words totally different both in origin and meaning are already *spelled alike* with no harm ensuing. Almost every word, moreover, has *practically* many diverse acceptations — as diverse as 'rite' and 'wright.' Is there not an almost total dissimilarity in the use of 'right' as the opposite of 'wrong,' and as the opposite of 'left'? Or between 'file,' a line of soldiers to wear iron, and 'file,' an instrument to wear it away? Yet are these two distinct significations of the same word confounded in reading any more than in conversation? Is one likely to mistake 'dew' from Heaven for what is 'due' to Heaven, by seeing them both written *du*? And in the few cases where the distinct significations of several words written alike might be injuriously confounded, another advantage would arise. One meaning would gradually exclude the other, and the supplanted word would be replaced by another liable to be misapprehended neither by the eye nor by the ear. This objection I think I have nullified. That arising from the desirableness of marking the etymology of a word by its orthography I have before shown to be futile.

'But,' you farther object, 'it would be necessary to publish new editions of all former works, the correction of which, to make them correspond to the new orthography, would cost almost as much labor as their original composition.' I reply that by the new, uniform, and simple system produced by this union of phonology and orthography, any well-informed printer could re-spell them as fast as he could set up the type. Those works which will not pay for the revision, will hardly be worth reprinting, and will only continue in their present ignoble sleep among moths and dust. If there be any rare and valuable old books too ponderous or too unfashionable to re-edit, the curious will still peruse them by the aid of our present dictionaries, or of new ones adapted to the old orthography.

'But,' says a worshipper of *princeps* editions, 'the gloss and beauty of those venerable worthies would vanish under the rudeness of this process. It would scarce be more blasphemous to deny their inspiration, or more sacrilegious to scatter their holy ashes to the winds of Heaven.' Stop, my dear Sir. Be a devotee, but be a manly one. Turn not your veneration into idolatry. I, too, kneel down before the old and awful shrine. To my eyes also the Present blazes with a painful glare, and the Future is illumined by an ominous and doubtful splendor. I turn from its many inventions, and vociferous boasts to the less noisy and more thoughtful Past, and linger with feelings of sweet solemnity in its 'dim,

religious light.' But I worship, I hope, in spirit and not according to the letter. Doubtless my heart would leap with inexpressible delight on receiving the autograph of a lost tragedy of *Æschylus* from the volcanic grave of Pompeii, and the sentiment of antiquity would make me prize beyond a kingdom even a palimpsest of the 'hiatus valdè deflendus;' the lost and lamented decades in 'Livy's pictured page.' Yet, while I should treasure as the relics of the saints, the papyrus and the reed of Homer, or the Pergamene parchment of Longinus, or the waxen tablets and iron style of Cicero, I should be sorry to think my reverence for their names, or my admiration of their writings could be enhanced by these. In like manner I revere the fathers of English literature; but if the unskilfulness of that age arrayed them in robes of an unseemly (unseamly) fashion, I will not make those robes the object of my worship. If the essence of their worth consists in their spelling, the sooner they become obsolete the better. But it is their *sentiments* and not their orthography that I wish to see 'graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever.' For the very reason that I hold their memories as sacred as you or any one can hold them, I would rescue them from the barbarous edifice, which from its own intrinsic elements of change is daily crumbling to the earth, and enshrine both them and their ever-glorious successors, who have been and who are to be, in a temple as finely proportioned as their own exquisitely-balanced spirits, cemented as exactly as their own elaborate thoughts, and of materials as enduring as their own immortal names. And if your transport be not the echoed enthusiasm of the crowd, the slave of Fashion and the child of Form, you will offer homage to the soul within, and will admire Shakspeare or Milton none the less for being printed by the rules of a rational orthography. In fact they have both already lost much of their pristine figure; and unless our orthography be fixed on immoveable foundations, each subsequent popular edition of their writings must be altered still farther to keep pace with the innovations of custom. If, after the adoption of the proposed change, you should still prefer to drink the waters of the 'well of English undefiled' from 'the old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, the moss-covered bucket, that hung by' it in the days when they gushed cool, copious, and limpid from the unadulterated soil, you can quaff that invigorating draught in your own sentimental way, by treasuring up then, as now, the early editions of those healthful writings. I will not blame you for reverizing, as I love to do, in the dream of the Past, and strolling in the luxury of an aimless happiness through regions made mysterious by our wonder, and beautiful by our love. It is a sweet and almost holy delight to inclose yourself in the sanctuary of Eld, where the twilight-glow of centuries, melting through the western windows, falls rich and warm on gorgeous tapestry and solemn paintings, and to fancy that you see the very 'form and pressure' of a vanished age, and are moving among its majestic figures, the same as once, in all save power of movement—dead, yet so strangely life-like; silent, yet so sweetly eloquent. But while in your occasional retirement you enjoy the indulgence of conversing with those heroes just as they were, even to the sword-knot and knee-buckle, forget not, on your return to the world, the lesson which they teach. Do for your age what

they did for theirs. Aim at its substantial welfare. Bring their wisdom and your own, whether uttered in poetry or in prose, into a form calculated for endless permanence, and adapted to the general good. Then your romance will be no useless day-dream, and our literature will contain an indestructible principle of life, and will become productive and reproductive of salutary fruits beyond the bounds of human computation.

Another objection may be taken against the inconveniences that would arise in the first stages of the process of change. But, although in the first generation the fathers must become the pupils of the sons, and the mother would hardly comprehend a letter from her daughter, all these little troubles would soon vanish, and things would settle on their natural and intelligible basis. One age would bring the reformed orthography into universal vogue, and posterity would gaze in wonder at the shapeless mass which we now call the English language.

Another argument against the change might come from those who, in default of ideas, wish to eke out a short letter by long words, and from those who desire at the smallest cost of thought to bring up an unacknowledged compilation or a furious romance to the legal duodecimo standard. It would abridge *their* facilities very greatly, I admit. It would also infringe upon the privileges of the irreverent order of punsters; since, were words of the same sound spelled alike, they would be compelled to annex a note explanatory of each particular *quolibet*.

One more objection may be adduced by those who think a difficult and anomalous orthography a happy contrivance for the entrapping of villains. But if, as the Editor of this Magazine remarked in a former issue, the scoundrelism of the Chevalier Edwards was detected by his misspelling the word 'few,' yet I think he will agree with me that an unnatural orthography, retained as an auxiliary to Justice, will prove a two-edged sword, and wound the innocent as often as the guilty. If pseudography be considered a *prima facie* evidence of crime, the honest ignoramus will often be arraigned on a groundless indictment, while the cautious 'speculator' will complete his grammatical knowledge, and the dictionary will become one among the implements and means of the swindler.

I can, for my life, imagine no other objection; and were I to ask the caviller yet again, 'Come, your reason, Jack, your reason,' he would probably reply with Falstaff, 'What! upon compulsion? No!' I have stated all the 'cons' and a few of the 'pros,' and it remains for some more able counsel to sum up the case, and for a jury of fifty million speakers of English to render in their verdict. I claim no great credit either for originality or depth. One cannot be very original in an argument as transparent as the air, or very deep on a subject, to the very bottom of which even a child can see. I have merely said what I wonder has not been said and acted upon any time in the last two centuries.

Alas! I have been arguing as earnestly as if I expected to see the change adopted and put forth authoritatively by the rulers of the literary republic. And why *must* this, or some similar and still more incalculably beneficial improvement, remain only a theory, a paper-project,

hooted at by those who see it to be rational, and rejected by those who feel it to be needful? It *cannot* remain a theory. For although time has familiarized, and habit has endeared, and reverence has sanctified the nuisance, and a reluctance to make the first movement in so extensive a change may, for some years, defer its abatement, yet utilitarian common sense must ere long thoroughly revise, amend and abridge our present orthography so idly laborious, so recklessly inconsistent, and so outrageously absurd. Among its other innumerable benefits, it would render our language almost permanent in its forms, and it might safely be said that, with the exception of the disuse of a few words, and the coining of many new ones, caused by the change of habits and the introduction of new things and new ideas, the writings of the thirtieth century would correspond with those of the twentieth. For although the French did not succeed in their attempt to perpetuate their language in the stereotype of the academy, and every nation has failed more or less in similar efforts, yet the main cause has been that none of them reverted in their orthography to the standard of Nature. Were we to regulate our pronunciation and orthography in strict adherence to that standard, our language in those points would be converted into a science of fixed laws, and would be as little obnoxious to innovations as our present numerical system, which probably will never be changed, because no other can be invented more rational, simple and convenient. Let those who wish their deeds or their writings to reach remote posterity, consider this.

As the matter now stands, our children write with far more philosophy than we; for they write by the promptings of nature and of truth. Education and absurdity walk hand in hand, and the more we correct them, the more incorrect they are. If it be desirable that our ladies should be as well skilled as were the ancient Roman matrons in the forms and usages of their language, that they might be capable of teaching the little prattlers at their knees to speak it in its purity, it is hardly less necessary to employ illiterate bumpkins to instruct them in the principles and proprieties of true orthography.

We laugh, with a feeling mingled of pity and derision, when we read the letter of an unsophisticated swain to his fair one, couched it may be as follows:

'SWEETHART AND HUNNE: This iz too tel yu that I am wel and harte. I hav not much too sa, seing az hou I am not yuzd too riting. I luv yu az hard az evvur, and pra yu too menshun a neerur da ov marrij. Mi muthur and bruthurz and sisturz send oshunz ov luv too yu. I hav no thaunts to sa enne more, and so I stop shaurt, and sine miself yure impashent luvvur,

JOEL TRULUV.'

In writing to his *inamorata*, the fashionable scholar dips his patent pen in patent ink, and over the glossy surface of a sheet perfumed with otto of roses, or whatever else comes nearest to the fragrant breath of Venus, and tinted with the blush that dawns on the cheek of 'sweet seventeen,' he traces his polished and amorous conceits:

'BELOVED GERTRUDE: The ethereal thrill, that trembles along the chords of feeling and maintains a sweet communion between hearts that love, electrifies my very pen, as it attempts to portray its lord's emotion. My apology for having suffered one whole *annihilating* week to elapse without transmitting to my adored *ezarina* a renewed assurance of my perennial affection, is founded in my fear lest its perusal might subtract a shade of their lustre from those charming eyes, which lately

gladdened my whole being by their radiant presence, and still beam undimmed upon me through the dreary distance.

'Separate from my soul's dearer half, *routing* daily through the same dull, sickening round, with the freshness of my spirit brushed off by the coarseness of the wearing world, I should sink beneath the load of *ennui*, did not Imagination, delicate sprite, whisper softly in the ear of Hope a cadence wafted from the Hebe lips of my own Gertrude '*au revoir, sweet love!*' etc., etc.

'The thought of that blissful day 'takes my prisoned soul and laps it in Elysium.' Pray with me, *dolcissima anima mia*, that the winged moments may accelerate the hour, which shall intertwine our destinies in an indissoluble union — a union wherein, refined by the alchemy of sympathetic love, my baser nature may rise almost to the level of your own perfection, and my 'bosom's lord sit lightly on his throne.'

'Yours, now as ever, *mon douce-amie*, in the bonds of tenderest attachment,

CHARLES AUGUSTUS FITZWILLIAM DE MONTROSE.'

He then folds it curiously up, seals it with the impression of two cooing-doves, (lineally descended from those which once wafted the cloud-car of the Paphian goddess to the abode of Sappho) and despatches it on the wings of chivalric desire to his Bird of Paradise, who, not improbably, in one short year may moult her Eden-plumage, undergo a complete re-feathering, and be transformed into a *pecking hen*.

If the design of words be to express with simplicity the natural conceptions of the mind and sensations of the heart, a calm critic will doubtless prefer Jorj Truluv's business-like and truthful epistle to the mellifluous missive of his elegant rival. But laying aside all comparison of the thought and language, any rational man, I think, will admit that in orthography his communication is far more philosophically and scientifically correct than that of Charles Augustus Fitzwilliam De Montrose.

'Oh! Veneres, Cupidinesque,' Mr. Polygon, how *can* you say so? ejaculates some fair admirer of the above exquisite model of the epistolary style-amatory; *alias*, of Bedlamism sentimental and moonshine elaborate.

Because it is the truth, and the written language of the twentieth century will, I hope, corroborate my assertion. Therefore, my dear Miss, or respected Madam, (as the case may be,) open not your eyes in gentle astonishment, neither close them, and faint with 'aromatic pain.'

In conclusion, I will remark that I consider the writings of 'CHAWLS YELLOWPLUSH' as not only very entertaining, but as the most truly artistic productions in our language; and I doubt not the day will come, when they will be regarded as the cause and starting-point of a great revolution, in which orthography will be brought from its present state of anarchy under the dominion of Science, the offspring of Nature and of Reason. Yet once again, and at the risk of being classed with the celebrated hawker of '*some more last words* of Richard Baxter,' let me say, that although I have indulged above in a few occasional jests, yet even those jests were penned in 'sober sadness,' and the whole article is commended to the serious attention of every individual who reads an English book, or writes an English word.

POLYGON.

'BETWIXT A TEAR AND SMILE.'

I WONDER whence that tear came, when I smiled
In the production on 't! Sorrow's a thief
That can, when Joy looks on, steal forth a grief.

THE ANGEL OF THE TOMB.

BY FAYNE KENTON KILBOURN.

'I WILL come to the banqueting hall in my power,
 When music and beauty alike rule the hour;
 The song shall be hushed, and the dancer's gay tread,
 For the proud and the joyous shall sleep with the dead!'

EVERETT'S 'VISION OF DEATH.'

AVAUNT! O pale phantom! why comest thou hither?
 To fright us with visions of death and the grave?
 Speed thou to the aged away! — would'st thou wither
 The bright hues of youth and the hopes of the brave?
 Go thou to the languishing children of sorrow,
They will greet thee with songs of thanksgiving and praise,
 Nor ask thee nor wish thee to wait for the morrow;
We seek not thy presence — go thou on thy ways!

But the angel heard not! On his terrible mission
 He had come to fulfil the stern mandate of God:
 What to him were the baubles of Rank and Condition?
 Youth, Fame, will they spring from the green burial-sod?
 The roses that fade when the hoar-frost descendeth,
 Are but emblems of man when the Spoiler is nigh;
 He liveth! he dieth! — his free spirit blendeth
 With the throngs that have passed up before it on high.

Amid laughter and song, where the red wine was poured,
 He came a grim guest at the festival board;
 Unbidden, unwelcome, yet fearless he trode
 Through the halls where the mirthful had made their abode.
 The lights were all quenched as in dreadful eclipse,
 The wine-cups were dashed from the revellers' lips,
 And the clarion-sound died away on the air,
 And silence and gloom for the moment were there.

He seized the fair bride in his skeleton arms,
 'Come with me!' he exclaimed, 'I have need of thy charms!
 I have guests that are waiting for thee and for all,
 I must feast them to-night at my banqueting-hall!'
 And the timid ones shrieked, and the bravest grew pale
 As he bore her away amid sorrow and wail;
 For the voice of the bride-groom no more might she greet,
 Till they met where the shades of departed ones meet.

He breathed on the world with his pestilent breath,
 And the harvest was ripe for the sickle of Death;
 And he cut down the nations, and scattered their thrones,
 Till the old earth was lumbered with skeleton bones!
 From the line to the pole, 'neath the land and the wave,
 Their relics repose in a limitless grave!

List, Monarch of Dread! Lo! the fiat is spoken,
 And the record is made in the archives above:
 Ere long, and thy sceptre and spear shall be broken,
 And the nations shall bow to the teachings of Love:
 No longer shall War hold his ancient dominion,
 The reign of old Error and Want will be o'er;
 And Peace shall go forth on her beautiful pinion,
 And the fair earth will bloom as an Eden once more.

Ha! where all thy laurels of victory then?
 For the *guilty* alone, is thy message of wrath;
 To the pure and the penitent children of men,
 How blest is thy summons! how bright is thy path!
 Gav'st thou heed to the voice of the Prophet that spake,
 'The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall awake?'
 The Angel of Life shall yet breathe on the slain,
 And these dry bones shall start into being again!

MINISTERS AND MINISTERS' WIVES.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

INTRODUCTION.

HAVING been greatly pleased with the simple sketches which have appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER from 'My Grandfather's Portfolio,' it has occurred to me that some of the contents of my own might be interesting to others as well as myself. Before presenting them to the public, perhaps they would like some light on the character and history of their author; though there is nothing remarkable to relate on either head. I am a plain middle-aged man, and have been a widower for twenty-five years. This circumstance, together with a natural taste that way, has led me to seek in literary pursuits my chief pleasures. Books are wife and children to me. Though I have my favorites, friends of long standing and increasing worth, no book ever comes amiss, from a volume of sermons to the last new novel; and withal I bear in mind a maxim of Lord Bacon, himself a miscellaneous reader, that 'Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.' My residence is mostly in a country town in New-England, where I live in the house which my father and grandfather occupied before me. When I was quite young, by a reverse of fortune it passed out of the possession of the family, but seventeen years ago I was able to gratify the strongest wish of my heart, and bought back the old place again.

The house though old-fashioned is spacious and commodious, with a large square hall in front, which in summer serves as a sitting-room, with parlors on each side. One of these is *par excellence* my room. It is a pleasant spot, with windows looking toward the south and west. One side and a part of another is occupied with my library; and the eyes of a real-book lover would sparkle with delight to look over the goodly array of well-filled shelves, while my table is loaded with the latest foreign and American periodicals. Pictures adorn the walls, some of rare value, others rendered priceless to me by associations linked with them, and a few busts of favorite authors look forth upon me, like the faces of pleasant and familiar friends. The south windows are modernized to open to the floor, in summer upon a piazza, and in winter into a small conservatory, for I have a woman-like fondness for birds

and flowers. These give pleasure not only to me but to all my neighbors round. In winter they are ever-welcome gifts. If a wedding comes off even in January, there is always a snowy camelia or fragrant tea-rose for the bride; and my roses and mignonette cheer the sick room of the drooping invalid like a breath of summer.

In speaking of my house, my house-keeper and her husband ought not to be forgotten. They require a chapter to themselves. Suffice it to say, that she is a far-away cousin of mine, whom adverse fortune made willing to accept my offer to take charge of my household; and neither of us I think have ever repented of the bargain. Though, as I have said, I am a lonely man, I am one of a large family, and have brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces in abundance, and cousins enough to colonize a new state. One of my brothers resides in New-York, and with him I usually pass a part of the year. My sister-in-law humors all my whims, and endeavors in every way to make my visit a pleasant one. Indeed I never find myself an unwelcome guest with any of my relatives, for I am not one of those whom Charles Lamb called 'a lion in the path, a shadow lengthening in the days of our prosperity, the one thing not needful.' I am not a poor relation. Reader, let your respect for me increase; I am rich. This makes room for me every where, and opens doors and hearts for my reception.

My brother being a wealthy merchant, connected by marriage with one of the old families of the city, I see a great deal of what is called high life: but I go to New-York to see the world, and do not imagine it to be concentrated in one of my sister's grand parties, or in a clique of Wall-street merchants, or at any place of fashionable resort. He who would study human nature, who would know all his brethren, must not confine himself to the contracted circle where circumstances have placed him; and here the rich and great have the advantage of the poor and undistinguished; to these the entrance to the circles above them is closed, their companionship is repelled, and to a degree, they cannot sympathise in the pleasures and sorrows of a more artificial life, while those in a higher rank can mingle at will in all the various forms of society; their advances are gladly met, and they find free access to the minds and hearts of all. But how few avail themselves of this privilege! 'Few, save the poor, feel for the poor;' and even with those who give freely to relieve the hunger and nakedness of their fellow-creatures, how little true sympathy and brotherly love is found! Judging from the exclusiveness of some, one would think they believed the Indian theory, that men were formed of different kinds of clay, and no common bonds of interest united us together: but it is not so; all are kindred, from the dweller in the palace to the street-sweeper before the door, himself seemingly the off-scouring of all things. However wide the difference, the connexion that cannot be broken is more intimate still. We all feast together, drink together, and shall all sleep together at last. Our common Father spreads for all the bounteous table of nature; the blessed air of heaven, the bright shining of the sun, the pleasant light of moon and stars, and all sweet sights and sounds of His creation, are alike free to all. The same cup of suffering passes round to each,

and all are looking forward to a common resting-place in the chamber of death.

In a city like this every variety of character is presented to the student of human nature ; and as I have no business or other duties to employ me while here, I spend the time, as the merchants say, in 'extending my acquaintance.' Although my lady-sister and punctilious brother would be somewhat shocked oftentimes at my associates, I find much in my wanderings over the city to entertain and amuse ; and I trust also that my walks abroad are not altogether useless to others, or without profit to myself. Something can be learned from every one, even the most insignificant or degraded. Each has their lesson of life to teach, either of reproof, encouragement, or warning. It has been my custom, when I meet with any characters or circumstances of interest, to make some record of them ; and these form part of the contents of my port-folio. However agreeable my sojourn here may be, 'My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;' and I ever return with delight to my New-England home, in the pleasant town of B——. There I was born, and have lived almost fifty years ; there is not a spot in it with which I am not familiar, nor hardly an inhabitant whose history I cannot relate ; my profession as a physician giving me the opportunity of making an intimate acquaintance with almost all the inhabitants. A country doctor, if he be discreet and judicious, becomes in time the confidant of the whole town, and in this way many incidents in the private history of families have been made known to me. As this little town of B—— is the scene of most of my sketches, I must make the reader a little acquainted with its localities.

It is a beautiful and flourishing town in Massachusetts, and possesses in a high degree the intelligence and education common to the State, with more of wealth, refinement, and intellectual character than is usually found in so small a place. The limits of the town are rather extensive, embracing many fine farms and snug farm-houses scattered around ; but it is most thickly settled on a plain, through which the stage-road passes. 'The Green,' as it is called, is a place of no small importance with us. There is the old meeting-house, the academy, the bank, the post-office, one or two hotels, and many handsome dwelling-houses, separated from each other by large and tastefully-arranged gardens. On the street leading from the Green to the mill, is the milliner's shop, groceries, dry-good stores, etc. ; and on a fine Saturday, when the farmers are in, doing their week's shopping, it presents quite a business-like appearance. There are also some pleasant residences here, but the Green is decidedly the court end of the town. The town being on high ground, the prospect to the north and east of us is very extensive ; and in summer, when the abundance of foliage has hidden the rocks and gracefully draped the steep hills, it is most beautiful. The eye rests on a delightful variety of waving grain-fields, rich pasture lands, dark massive forests, with small streams sparkling along the valleys, and here and there a church spire appearing above the trees, telling that a village is hidden at its feet ; and some villages themselves are distinctly seen, spread out on the plains below, or clustering on the

hill-sides, while far in the misty distance rise the mountains of New-Hampshire.

To the north of the Green, the view is bounded by a high hill, that rises abruptly from the opposite bank of a river, covered with a heavy forest of oak and walnut, interspersed with pines and other ever-greens. This little stream here flows smoothly and slowly, half shaded by the trees that bend over it on one side, and watering the fair meadows and gardens that slope toward it from the Green ; but a mile below, it runs in a narrower channel, through rocky banks, and after a succession of rapids takes a leap of twenty feet and expands into a little lake. A wild and picturesque spot was this once, but a water-fall is a strange blending of the romantic and the useful. This latter quality remained in embryo till a speculator from Boston bought the site ten years ago. A dam was built, a canal dug, trees fell, manufactories rose, and soon a miniature city stood where before solitude reigned, unbroken save by the sportsman or some wandering lover of nature. From my windows nothing of the mills is seen except one of the factories, which being built of the rough stone of the country, and partly hidden by the woods, might pass for the gray walls of some old castle rising among the hills, but on a nearer view of the square five story buildings, with their innumerable windows and restless machinery, surrounded by the prim rows of shadeless houses, all of a size and pattern, the romantic vanishes before the useful forever.

Another improvement of the age has visited, I will not say blessed us ; a rail-road passes through the town. When the project was first started, I opposed it vehemently, for the line surveyed for the road passed between the Green and the river, and I had the agreeable prospect before me of a locomotive travelling through my summer-house, scattering cinders over my flower beds, deafening me with their unearthly whistle, and setting my barn on fire with their sparks. It was finally concluded to take a course the other side of the town, and establish a dépôt at the mills, and as I own no stock, I now look upon it with complacency, and regard the locomotive as a picturesque object in the landscape, when it speeds along of a cold morning, with the smoke wreathing in clouds up the hills, or rushes across the horizon at night like a descending comet.

Had I the graceful skill of Miss Mitford or William Howitt, in portraying character, and picturing forth rural scenery, I would take the reader with me from house to house, and to all our lovely walks and pleasant places ; but I forbear, and only wish that one more competent would undertake the task, for surely there is enough in a New-England country town to furnish matériel for as delightful a book as 'Our Village,' or 'Howitt's Country Sketches.' But I will keep the reader no longer from my first sketch of OUR MINISTER AND OUR MINISTER'S WIVES.

In olden time the clergy were the great men of New-England. All temporal matters, as well as spiritual, were subject to their supervision, and the minister possessed almost unbounded influence over his people, who regarded him with a veneration which in our days would be called superstitious. Though the spirit of the age has greatly broken this

feeling of reverence, some relics of it yet remain in the small country towns, where the minister is still a person of high consideration and importance. It must not be inferred from the title of this sketch that our minister entertained any Turkish notions on the subject of matrimony. His conduct is perfectly correct in this, as in all other affairs, though the good Vicar of Wakefield would not agree with me in the opinion, for after waiting a decorous time from the death of his first wife, he followed the example of many of his brethren and took to himself another. He is a man of grave and respectable manners and appearance, a good sermonizer, and unites to the sound biblical knowledge and good sense that distinguish the clergy of New-England, a kindness of heart and simplicity of character peculiarly his own. Perhaps the most striking trait in his character is charity, not the common virtue of alms-giving, but the far more rare attainment, described by St. Paul, 'that thinketh no evil, that suffereth long and is kind.' Though an orthodox believer in total depravity in general, there never was any *particular* sinner so abandoned that he could not trace some sign of good in him, or endeavor to find an excuse for his misdoings.

His deacons sometimes accuse him of stretching this virtue rather farther than is expedient; say that he is wanting in needful severity and decision; and that a person as old as he ought to know better than to credit every thing a man says of himself; but I fear years will not bring him worldly wisdom, or teach him not to judge all men as guileless in their motives and as honest in their purposes as he is. He will never perform great actions, or go in advance in preparing the way of the Lord, but he wins by love, and quietly leads others along with him in the right way. He has the confidence and affection of all his people, and they come to him, secure of sympathy and assistance, in every trouble and difficulty, from the child who has lost his toy or quarrelled with his playmate, to the man wearied and perplexed with trials and disappointments, or burdened with the sins of years. Though he knows little of the feverish delights and exciting strife and tumult of the world, his kind heart teaches him how to sympathize in joys, sorrows, and conflicts which he cannot understand, and to pity those who fall before the strength of temptations, unknown to his calm temperament and unambitious mind.

It is now twenty-nine years since he came among us. His predecessor in the ministry was known the country round as old Parson Evans. He is among the earliest recollections of my childhood; and I can see him now, standing in the high pulpit under the old sounding-board, with 'his reverend locks of snow' falling over his shoulders, his clear light blue eye, smooth shining forehead, and tremulous cracked voice. He was eighty-three when he died, and was gathered to his fathers like a shock of corn fully ripe. For two or three years after his death, we had no settled minister or stated preaching. Disputes arose in the church, and the Baptists, taking advantage of the divisions in the camp, established a meeting in the upper part of the town, and drew away many of the congregation. Alarmed at this movement, the deacons and members of the church felt that a minister must be obtained forthwith, and sent for the Rev. David Fenton, then just graduated, to preach as a

candidate. He came, and was very generally liked, though some of the old folks thought, because his coat was not cut after the pattern of old Parson Evans, that he was rather too much of a beau, and feared he might not be sound in doctrine, as he quoted poetry in one of his sermons that certainly was not out of Watts' Psalms and Hymns.

However, after due deliberation, he received an unanimous call from the church and congregation to become their pastor, accepted it, and was soon ordained. Our congregation now flourished again. Some of the recreant members returned, the young people came more regularly to meeting, particularly the young ladies, so that good Deacon B—— asked his brother deacon 'if he did not think there was great attention to religion; he had n't seen so many young women out to Tuesday evening conference for years, and he hoped they were going to have a revival.' His wiser brother advised him not to build too much upon that; 'he was glad to see the young people out to meeting, and hoped they would get good by it, but he'd like to see if it would last after the new minister had got a wife, which he thought it was his duty to do immediately.' Mr. Fenton thought so too, but where should he find a suitable person to fill so responsible a situation? — for the minister's wife is second only in importance to the minister himself. Her incomings and outgoings are all noticed; her personal piety, the number of her dresses, the management of her family, and the trimming of her bonnet, are alike matters of debate and criticism in the parish; and wo be to her if she does not in all things meet with an approving judgment; for many a poor minister has been dismissed because his wife wore a gold watch or sported too fashionable a bonnet. She is expected to take the lead in all the ladies' meetings and societies, visit all the sick and destitute, as well as all the rich and healthy, and to manage her household, and bring up her children properly. Poor woman! no wonder that some of these manifold duties are neglected, and that the bad behaviour of ministers' children has become a proverb.

Mr. Fenton had been shut up for the last seven or eight years in colleges and theological seminaries, and came out, as most ministers do, with a head full of book-learning and precious little knowledge of mankind, certainly none of womankind. Feeling his incapacity to act for himself in the affair, he determined in his dilemma to take the advice of a neighboring minister, of age and experience. This friend introduced him to a member of his church, whose character he could recommend highly as possessing all the qualifications for a minister's wife. Mr. Fenton saw nothing objectionable in the personal appearance of the young lady, and as he had but little time to spare from his parish, he offered himself on the third day of their acquaintance, to the young lady's unbounded astonishment, and received a decided refusal; for she had too happy a home to be eager to change it, and was not so old as to think this her last chance to be married. Our minister here lost a good wife by his precipitancy, for this young lady had a disposition and mind peculiarly adapted to make him an agreeable and judicious companion, and would probably on a longer acquaintance have appreciated his fine character.

A short time after, Mr. Fenton attended some convocation of minis-

ters in a distant town, and stayed with a Mr. Byrne, the father of one of his class-mates. He had called there a year before and been struck with the sweet face and gentle manners of the sister of his friend, and now, as he became more and more pleased with her, he remembered that he had often heard her brother speak of her piety and amiable temper. The only objection was her age; she was but eighteen, but then she appeared more grave and sedate than many older girls, and it was not a bad fault after all; she would be more tractable, and easily guided. Learning from experience to be more cautious in his advances; he spoke first on the subject to her mother, who lent as favorable an ear to his proposal as he could desire. Mrs. Byrne was charmed with the idea of having her daughter marry a minister of such good character and standing as Mr. Fenton, and intended that she should accept him. Louisa Byrne's yielding and dependent character had always led her to give implicit obedience to her mother, and she would not have thought of opposing her wishes now, even had she been averse to the connection, which was not the case. She had no dislike to Mr. Fenton, was gratified and flattered by his preference, and willingly consented to become his wife.

Thankful that the great matter was accomplished, our minister returned home with a light heart. He was married in the spring, and Mrs. Byrne came with them to B——, to assist her daughter in getting to house-keeping. All the town flocked to see the bride, and no one could help being pleased with so young and pretty a creature. She had the most beautiful and abundant light brown hair I ever saw, with large pensive hazel eyes, and her tall willowy figure and pearl-like complexion betokened delicacy of character and constitution. Her manners were agreeable, and in the presence of her mother, who was a most voluble talker, her reserve and want of conversation were unnoticed. Mrs. Byrne was soon obliged to return home, and then the young wife's trials commenced. Naturally timid and dependant, she had been rendered more so by the injudicious over-government of her mother, who had never suffered her to act for herself, or to use her own judgment in any thing, so that she was even younger in character than in years. Confused and embarrassed by her new situation, she felt like a child who had never walked alone, and was left without a hand to lean upon. She was not at all gifted with that desirable quality called tact, which enables some happy mortals to act just right under all circumstances, and had a most unfortunate memory for people's names and connections; asked old Miss Smith after her husband, and inquired of the widow Morrison how her children were, when they had all died of the scarlet fever in the winter.

Poor Mrs. Fenton was fast becoming unpopular. Her ignorance was exaggerated, her timid reserve was called pride and coldness of heart, and her little mistakes thought to proceed from contemptuous thoughtlessness and disregard of the feelings of others. It began to be whispered about too that the minister's wife was nothing of a house-keeper. Her mother would have been astonished at the charge, for had she not been in the kitchen every week since she left school, learning all the mysteries of cookery in which Mrs. Byrne was a proficient? True,

she had done a great deal of cooking under her mother's direction, but found it quite a different thing now, when she had no one at her elbow whose advice to ask where the cook book says 'use your own judgment,' and only one inexperienced girl to assist her. She could manage very well when they had no company, for Mr. Fenton was easily suited, but a country minister keeps a kind of unpaid hotel, and when some unexpected guests arrived, she often blushed with mortification over her heavy bread or ill-cooked dinner.

About this time the ladies' sewing-society met in turn at her house. This was a large circle of ladies, who met once a week at the different members' houses to sew for the missionaries, discuss their own and their neighbors' affairs, and take a good tea together. Mrs. Fenton had been dreading the infliction for some time, and determined to make all her preparations the day before, so that there would be time to remedy any failure that might be made. Unfortunately, two ministers and their wives came to dinner on that day, and she was obliged to put every thing off till the next morning. Her neighbor Mrs. Bailey thought she would run in to see if Mrs. Fenton would not like to borrow some of her cups and saucers for tea, and found her in tears in the kitchen. The biscuit would not rise, her loaf-cake was heavy, and the pound-cakes were burnt as black as a coal. Mrs. B. did all she could to assist her, made the refractory biscuit rise, and superintended the baking, frosted over the burnt cake, and when she went home, sent over all the cake she had in the house. The society was uncommonly large that day, and after tea, when they gathered in groups around the tables, as is often the case, the character and domestic concerns of their hostess was freely discussed.

'What awful coffee that was!' says one; 'I do n't believe there was any thing put in to settle it, and the tea was as weak as dish-water.'

'Yes,' says another; 'and I know the pound-cake was burnt, though it was frosted, it tasted so bitter.'

'Well,' says Mary Bailey, 'if you won't mention it, I'll tell you something. That good loaf-cake is ours; ma' told me not to tell, but if it had not been for her, you would n't have had any supper at all. She came over this morning and found things in such a pickle, Mrs. Fenton was crying, and every thing was spoilt. Ma' says our Jane, and she is only twelve years old, knows more about baking than Mrs. Fenton.'

'Did you ever!' exclaimed the first speaker; 'but have you heard the reason that Mrs. Dale turned Baptist? She called on Mrs. Fenton when she first came, and Mrs. Fenton never returned the call, and did not bow to her once when she met her in the street; and Mrs. Dale says she wont go to meeting where the minister's wife is so proud that she wont call to see her, because she has lost all her property, and is n't a church member. She told Deacon Barnes so, and he told the minister, who felt bad enough about it.'

'Sister Ann told me,' says a third, 'that she never takes a part in the ladies' meetings; and the other day she set out to read a chapter, and was so frightened she could not finish it; and the next day Mrs. Deacon Fuller called to tell her her duty, and that she must not have the fear of man before her eyes, and Mrs. Fenton cried ready to break her heart.'

'I do n't wonder she did,' said a kind-hearted girl, who had been listening; 'only think, she is no older than we are, and so much is expected of her. See her talking with that old deaf Mrs. Potts; how tired and ill she looks. I mean to go and sit a while with them.'

Poor Mrs. Fenton *was* weary and ill, and grew more so every day. Want of confidence prevented her from succeeding in any thing she undertook, and repeated failures only increased her self-distrust. The husband was always kind, and sympathised with her in her difficulties; but though he never found fault, she knew that he was often annoyed by the consequences of her conduct, and reproached herself for adding to the perplexities and trials that a young minister has always to encounter. She became hopeless and low-spirited. Her health, which was always delicate, suffered in a colder climate than she had been accustomed to. A neglected cough was followed by a quick consumption, and before the anniversary of her wedding-day, the humble and sensitive spirit of Louisa Fenton found rest and peace in death. Her slight faults were forgotten over her early grave; all blamed themselves for their want of tenderness for her, and with her afflicted husband mourned sincerely the loss of one so lovely and unoffending, who had come among us only to wither like a delicate flower in our bleak atmosphere.

After her death Mr. Fenton still remained in the parsonage, with an elderly widow lady for a house-keeper. They lived together so harmoniously and happily for some years, that I think he never would have tried again in the lottery of matrimony if the widow had not accepted an invitation to visit her son in the West; and his friends then advised him that it was his duty, a plea that he never resisted, to marry again. As usual, the second choice was as unlike the first as possible. Being the widow of a minister she was no novice in her duties; and her self-possessed manners, quick, firm step, and keen black eyes, showed that diffidence and want of energy were not among the defects of her character. The people congratulated themselves that now the minister had got 'a real engaged woman' for a wife, who would do much good in the town; for according to one account she had been preëminently useful in her former residence; but they soon changed their tune, and felt like the frogs in the fable when they wished for King Log back again.

The new Mrs. Fenton had a thorough passion for rule and dictation, and regarded it as one of the privileges of her station to regulate the conduct and private concerns of her husband's parishioners. Her opinions were very severe and bigoted, and if any member of the church deviated from what she considered the line of their duty, they were sure to receive a reproof in some way from her cutting tongue. She cast a forbidding eye on all the diversions of the young. Quilting frolics, sleighing parties, and novel reading, were transgressions of the highest magnitude; and indeed she seemed to regard all who were not remarkable for an uncommonly dull sobriety of demeanor as reprobates, and in the broad road to destruction. When her family began to enlarge, it was hoped that she would be obliged to forego some of her public duties; but as her cares augmented her activity increased. With half a dozen children to take care of, she was out of her own house, and in the houses and affairs of others, as much as ever, and no one could ac-

cuse her of neglecting her family or domestic concerns. She always had some convenient poor relative with her who did double the work of a servant without wages; and to tell the truth, she was a very sweet woman, an excellent manager, who worked herself and had the happy faculty of getting all the work possible out of other people.

No one ever heard Mr. Fenton dispute with his wife, but I know they must have disagreed very decidedly sometimes; her love of commotion and excitement, and censorious tongue, were so utterly at variance with his quiet, peaceful spirit, and generous, loving charity for all; but he was an easy man, and set an excellent example of submission to his wife's authority. So long as his study was unmolested, every thing else in the house was willingly left to his wife's control, and he made himself very happy with his books and children. The following is an extract from the obituary notice of her death, which occurred very suddenly a few years ago: 'Truly a mother in Israel has fallen. The death of this admirable woman will be an irreparable loss to her afflicted family, the church, and the different benevolent societies, of which she was an active and efficient member. She 'rests from her labors, and her works do follow her.'

Would that they had altogether followed her, for their consequences yet remain among us, in heart-burnings, jealousies, and enmities which all good Mr. Fenton's oil and wine has not yet healed. She left seven children, the youngest an infant of six weeks. Esther, the oldest, was seventeen when her mother died, and happily combines the good qualities of father and mother, having an equable, pleasant temper, and all her mother's energy and decision. She has been a mother to the baby, and ruled the flock of head-strong boys and naughty little girls with admirable firmness and kindness. It has been surmised lately, from the frequent visits that a neighboring young clergyman finds it necessary to make to Mr. Fenton's study, that our minister is in danger of losing his house-keeper; but by that time my favorite Fanny will have sobered down sufficiently to take her sister's place; so that I am happy to say, and I presume my readers rejoice with me, that it is not likely that our minister will be obliged to have another wife.

P. L. M.

LOVE OF FLOWERS.

AN EXTRACT.

FLOWERS bring me tales of youth and tones of love;
 And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
 To let all flowers live freely and all die,
 Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart,
 Among their kindred in their native place.
 I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
 Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
 And not reproach'd me; the ever-sacred cup
 Of the pure lily hath between my hands
 Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.

L O V E ' S R O M A N C E .

I.

THEY talk of the days of old Romance,
 And say they are all gone by,
 When knights for the sake of a lady's glance
 Went willingly forth to die !

II.

When maidens fair, through the long, long night
 Their lonely vigils kept ;
 And vows were breathed 'neath the pale moonlight,
 When all save lovers slept.

III.

When from dungeon deep the captive knight
 By a dark-eyed maid was freed,
 And he bore in his arms the lady bright,
 When he leaped on his Arab steed !

IV.

Then Love rode forth in the tented field,
 And a right brave knight was he ;
 The warriors bold were forced to yield
 To his peerless chivalrie.

V.

He came like a page to the lady's feet,
 As she sat in her leafy bower,
 And he won her heart by his numbers sweet,
 In the guise of a Troubadour.

VI.

Then he sate in state on his ruby throne,
 All other kings above ;
 For the world of the heart was all his own ;
 Ah ! those were the days for Love !

VII.

They say Love now has taken his flight,
 And dwells in happier bowers ;
 That he will not bless with his presence bright
 This work-a-day world of ours.

VIII.

But though he dwells on earth no more,
 He visits it now and then,
 To try his power, as in days of yore,
 On the stubborn hearts of men.

IX.

For Love's Romance can never die ;
 And till earth and sky depart,
 He will find a home in each beaming eye,
 And a shrine in each trusting heart.

OSCEOLA, THE SEMINOLE WAR-CHIEF.

BY THOMAS W. STORROW.

THE Seminole Nation was made up of various tribes;* the Spanish Indians, who were natives of Florida; the Muscogeese, a tribe of Upper Creeks; and the Micosukees, or Red Sticks. The last were originally residents of the southern part of Georgia and West Florida, whence they were driven by General JACKSON, in the war of 1818-19, across the Suwannee river into East Florida, when they incorporated themselves into the Seminole Nation. They were the most warlike, and were reported to be the most ferocious of all the tribes.

Various changes had taken place among the heads of the nations; but a few years previously to the beginning of the troubles in the territory, the government consisted of

MICANOPY, principal chief or king;

JUMPER, orator and chief;

ABRAHAM, a negro, who acted as interpreter;

HOLATA-MICO, 'Blue King';

TUSTE-NUGGEE, 'Little Cloud';

OSCEOLA;

COA HAJO, 'Alligator';

CHARLEY AMATHLA, and a few others.

Among these, OSCEOLA held only the rank of Fifth Sub-Chief. These chiefs dwelt in different parts of the country, in settlements or towns which they had formed; but the range or jurisdiction of the nation in council extended over an immense surface; even all the territory, with the exception only of that portion inhabited by the Spaniards, which was very inconsiderable.

Osceola, or more properly ASSIN-YE-O-LA, was of the Micosukee tribe. His father was a distinguished warrior in the battles with General JACKSON, before whom he was forced to retreat into Florida. His son, the subject of this notice, was then very young, but was remarkable for his bright qualities, his skill with the bow and arrow, and in all Indian exercises and sports. It is said that in these pastimes he displayed a grace beyond what is usual among the race. King Cudjo, who was a long time interpreter to the army, knew him well, and related to the officers many of his youthful feats, by which he was rendered a great favorite among his people. He was much beloved by his father, who gave him the name of Assin-Ye-o-la, which signifies 'Black-Drink,' or 'Singer at the Black Drink,' for his skill in mixing this favorite beverage. The father thought he could not give a greater proof of his affection than by naming him after a substance which imparted so much enjoyment; and it would not be wonderful if at times the animal appetite proved a stimulus to natural affection, and the more he drank the

* 'SEMINOLE' signifies 'Runaways.'

oftener he remembered and the more he loved his son. It is in conformity to the Indian character that it should be so.

However, Osceola was a youth of bright parts, which were exhibited early, and obtained for him a high rank before he had reached the age when common men receive honors as the reward of wisdom in council or bravery in war. He possessed a great deal of pride, especially that of birth; for when a rumor was circulated that he was the offspring of an Englishman by the name of Powell, he repelled the insinuation as an insult, and drawing up his figure, declared that no foreign blood ran in his veins, but that he was a pure blooded 'Red Stick.' He was however frequently called Powell by the whites, although improperly, which had not an effect to increase his regard for them. In the public despatches he was referred to by this name; but he was known by his tribe, and mostly by the army, as 'Osceola,' by which name only will he be designated in this notice.

Very soon after the cession of Florida by Spain, collisions arose between the Indians and the new settlers; frequent and serious quarrels ensued, and deadly feuds were engendered that were never forgotten. It was believed by the government that the surest way of breaking up these contests was to remove the Indians to the west; but on sounding them on this point it was discovered that their repugnance to depart was insurmountable; and being unwilling at the time to use means of coercion, a treaty was made in 1823 at Camp Moultrie, wherein, among other matters, it was stipulated, that the Indians should continue in the undisturbed possession of their lands, and be at the same time under the guardianship of the government during twenty years. They were to inhabit a certain tract containing about five millions of acres, within which limits they were to remain, and money was to be paid them annually for the purchase of implements of husbandry and of stock, for the support of schools, and for various other purposes.

This treaty or rather truce did not allay angry feelings, and the territory was still subjected to disturbances innumerable by the inroads of some one of the parties into the lands of the other. The settlers were disposed to look upon the territory as belonging wholly to themselves, and did not hesitate to declare the Seminoles as interlopers, who had no right to the soil. A very cogent argument no doubt to those who regarded themselves as the strongest, and who were glad of any pretext, however weak, on which to justify their hostile intentions. Government was accordingly pressed to carry into effect the removal, notwithstanding the provisions of the treaty of Camp Moultrie, and many considerate persons friendly to the Indians urged to this step on other and more substantial grounds. They represented that it was impossible for the Indians and whites to live together peaceably; disorders were continually occurring, the real authors of which it was difficult to discover; and that during the existence of these evils the laws of government were ineffectual, and the settlement and cultivation of the territory if not entirely checked was yet much retarded. Both for the prosperity of the territory and the advantage of the Indians, a removal was strongly recommended.

Affairs continued in this unsettled state, while the Indians were tampered with, by alternate bribes and threats, to overcome their extreme

unwillingness to leave the country. At last, in 1832, a treaty was entered into at Payne's Landing, by which the Seminoles under certain conditions relinquished all their possessions, consisting of upward of four millions of acres of the most fertile land in the territory, and were to be removed to the west at the expense of government. They continued to express the greatest reluctance to go away, and many of the chiefs, among whom was Osceola, absolutely refused to sign the treaty. After much entreaty a certain number did sign, finally '*induced*,' as writes the agent, to assent to the agreement. A deputation of seven chiefs, signers to the treaty, was sent to explore the new country at the west: on their return, they confirmed the agreement without consulting their people, which they had no authority for doing, and which was afterward a cause of dispute that lasted till it was cut short by the sword.

While the treaty of Camp Moultrie allowed yet eleven years for the continuance of the Indians in Florida, this treaty of Payne's Landing, thus obtained, was regarded by government as investing them with full right to eject the Indians by force, and the nation which had never given it their sanction were accused of perfidy in endeavoring to evade its provisions. Now that it was made according to the wishes of government, indeed under its dictation, it was expected the ratification would take place without delay, especially as one third of the Indians were to be removed within the following year; yet two years elapsed before it was formally acknowledged, and some time afterward before appropriations were made to carry it into effect. This was sufficient to create new doubts of its binding obligation on the Indians, to give further time to raise up new subjects of dispute, and to increase the unwillingness to move away. It was openly called '*a white man's treaty*,' and they declared they did not hold themselves bound to its performance. An additional reason for not removing, was raised by a clause in the treaty by which the Seminoles were not to be allowed to keep together as a distinct nation, but to be incorporated with the Creeks, their ancient enemies. Between the two nations a feud had long existed, and the Seminoles justly feared that as they were the weakest in numbers, their adversaries would take advantage of this circumstance and retaliate upon them with bitterness for all past offences. Moreover the tardiness of the government in its action was looked upon as a proof of its indifference to carry the treaty into effect, and of course weakened the obligations of the Indians, even admitting it was a legitimate act. In his despatches to the Secretary of War, General Cass, Major Eaton expresses strong doubts whether the treaty is binding on either party after this delay of two years, which opinion he supports with many good reasons, beside quoting by way of illustration the example of the treaty of cession by Spain, which in consequence of a delay of the Cortes in exchanging the ratification within a reasonable time, Mr. Monroe deemed proper to present to the Senate a second time, to obtain a confirmation of its first approval.

Major Eaton, however, strongly recommends the removal, yet with great good sense deprecates the using a military force for the purpose, as being a sure means of arousing the spirit of the people, and bringing on a war which must last a long time. He advises that conciliatory

measures be adopted, and that intelligent men be sent among the tribes to set forth the advantage to them of removing. He adds, that even if they are not removed, in a few years the race will become extinct.

Secretary Cass replies, that the Attorney General Butler has given his legal opinion that the treaty is still binding, and directs that no time be lost in sending the Indians to their place of destination. Accordingly the agent proceeded to act. In October, 1834, a grand council was assembled at Fort King, when the agent explained anew the provisions of the treaty, and bade them prepare for removal before the cold weather set in. Osceola was present. The Indian chiefs met in their own council in the afternoon to deliberate on the terms of the treaty; when Osceola rose and said:

‘My brothers! The white men got some of our chiefs to sign a paper to give our lands to them, but the chiefs did not do as we told them to do; they did wrong; we must do right. The agent tells us we must go away from the lands we live on, our homes and the graves of our fathers, and go over the Big River among the bad Indians.

‘When the agent tells me to go from home I hate him, because I love my home, and will not go from it.

‘My brothers! When the Great Spirit tells me to go with the white man, I go: but he tells me not to go. The white man tells me I shall go, and he will send people to make me go; but I have a rifle, and I have some powder and some lead. I say we must not leave our homes and lands.

‘If any of our people want to go West, we wont let them; and I tell them they are our enemies, and we will treat them so, for the Great Spirit will protect us.’

This speech made a strong impression on the audience, and Charley Amathla, one of the signers, said ‘The white men forced us into the treaty.’ By the testimony of the agent, often expressed, this chief was ‘intelligent and honest.’

The answer given by the chiefs at the termination of the council, was, that they were adverse to going, and wished to abide by the treaty of Camp Moultrie, which allows them to remain till the expiration of twenty years, eight of which were still unexpired, and Osceola as spokesman, gave the ultimate decision of the chiefs, which was that they did not intend to go.

Not entirely discouraged by this determination, the agent made farther efforts to persuade the chiefs to assent to the agreement; and seeing the effect which his speech had produced upon the assembly, addressed himself particularly to Osceola, urging him not only to change his resolution, but even to sign the treaty. For this purpose he spread the document on the table, and invited him to come and affix his signature in the usual way. Osceola advanced, and drawing his dagger, planted it with force into the midst of the paper, at the same time exclaimed, ‘This is my mark, and I will make no other.’ The council broke up with a severe rebuke from the agent, and the desired object of removal seemed to be as far from attainment as ever. In the report made to government of this failure the agent enters into the particulars of what was done at the ‘talk,’ and observes that while Micanopy, the principal chief, seemed engrossed and deeply interested, ‘a bold, dashing young chief, Powel,

who sat near by him, was seen to speak with great earnestness, urging Micanopy to be firm in his resolution not to go.

It is apparent that Osceola had already acquired commanding influence, notwithstanding his youth and inferior rank; and it affords a clear proof of his inherent abilities, when it is known that he had never had an opportunity to distinguish himself as a warrior. The influence he thus obtained may serve to correct an erroneous impression entertained by most persons, that it is warlike qualities alone that entitle an Indian to distinction among his people. A case still more strongly in refutation of this opinion is found in the character of Abraham, whose name has been already mentioned. He was a negro of great intelligence, who being well acquainted with the English language, was employed on many and almost every occasion as an interpreter. He was admitted into council, and his voice had much weight. He was not a warrior, yet he at times put on the armor of one '*en amateur*,' for he was present at many actions, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his superiors. He no doubt thought this course expedient, in order to add to his influence; but his *forte* lay in his cunning, which was great, though it is said his avarice was greater. He accompanied one of the delegations to Washington as interpreter, where he was remarked for his shrewdness. On his return, Micanopy, whose slave he was, gave him his freedom, but he ever remained with the Seminoles, and was regarded by them as a faithful and able counsellor. Even Micanopy, the head chief or king, was so only for his wisdom in council, for he was without reputation as a warrior; indeed he was far from being bold, and was often irresolute.

Osceola never would have been permitted to take this lead in council over the heads of older and more experienced chiefs, had he not possessed talents to make himself be listened to and respected. He evidently possessed resolution and firmness, joined to great powers of persuasion, qualities which insure success to the possessor in the most civilized communities.

After these transactions no active measures were immediately taken; the agent, Thompson, the government of the territory, with the military officers, contenting themselves with urging on the government at Washington to send an imposing force to produce a prompt and effectual submission. At the same time the Indians were closely watched, and by the acts of the agent, aided by the territorial government, were subjected to many restrictions for the purpose 'of reducing the refractory to a sense of dependence, and to withhold from them the means of doing mischief.' It is reported that on one occasion, when Osceola felt personally aggrieved by the enforcement of these restrictions, he made use of harsh language toward the agent, who ordered him to be put in irons and kept within the fort. This confinement was not of long duration, yet long enough to call up a full measure of pride and indignation, and he was afterward heard to say, 'That man shall suffer for this, but the time is not yet come.' We shall see hereafter how faithful is an Indian's memory.

Nothing was settled, and the territory was kept in a feverish state of alarm; depredations were made by each party; houses were burnt;

occasionally murders were committed ; and a condition of things existed much worse than an open war. At last, in the spring of 1835, the agent called another council, when he delivered a 'talk' from President Jackson. In this letter the Nation was urged to fulfil the obligations of the treaty, and the evils that must befall them by remaining were pointed out in forcible language. This was strengthened by the representations of the agent, General Thompson, in observations calculated to make an impression and induce them to comply. The chiefs were requested to retire and deliberate among themselves. Before doing this, Jumper, for himself and in behalf of the rest, stated anew their strong objections to removal, yet professed the most friendly sentiments, and great aversion to resistance should troops be sent to force them away. He was followed by others, the king, chiefs and warriors.

To put an end to farther delay, and to produce a strong and immediate effect, Gen. Clinch declared that 'the time of expostulation had passed.' He had been sent to enforce the treaty ; he had warriors enough for the purpose, and he would do it. It was for them to decide now whether they would go willingly, or be sent away by force.' The chiefs went over the old grounds of objection ; enlarged upon their utter repugnance to being incorporated with another tribe, yet expressed indirectly a willingness to go peaceably if they were permitted to live by themselves, under the care of a separate agent. The agent, Thompson, and Gen. Clinch, had advised this measure to the government at Washington ; but this not suiting its policy, the request was now sternly refused, while they were told that their Great Father, the President, was very angry at the demand. And to bring the subject to a conclusion, the agent, on a slight cause of offence, and to weaken the growing influence of Osceola, caused him to be arrested and confined in irons.

He was taken to Fort King, where he was imprisoned and chained till he gave a sort of promise, that on being liberated he would approve of the treaty. At his capture he was in a perfect phrenzy of rage, and it was some time before he could be secured. Afterward, at the end of a few days, he became calm, but it is asserted by many persons that he never made a formal engagement to comply with the agent's wishes. It is probable that he said enough to secure the belief of the agent, in order to escape from the galling condition in which he was placed, with the intention, as soon as he was at liberty, to resume his former hostility. While his chains were being removed he uttered not a word, and when free, walked forth in silence, his head erect, with a firm step, through the gate of the Fort. When about two hundred yards beyond, he turned round, and in a loud voice exclaimed, '*As sure as that sun shines I will have my revenge !*'

He lost no time, but proceeded immediately, at an Indian pace, to King Micanopy to relate the indignities he had been subjected to, to warn him that peace between the white and red men was no longer possible, and that war should be immediately proclaimed in every quarter where his authority was acknowledged. Although somewhat unwilling to take the decisive step, Micanopy could not resist the bold and threatening attitude of the fiery young chief, and accordingly issued a summons to all the warriors and head men to meet in a council of the whole nation,

there to mature plans for opening the campaign. The country was aroused; all friendly intercourse with the whites was at an end; councils with them were no longer held, while defence of their homes, and deep revenge for their wrongs, were the only words uttered from one extremity of the country to the other.

Notwithstanding this seeming unanimity, a small minority, under Holata Amathla and others refused to join, and withdrew to Fort Brook, where they were well received by the army, and called 'the Friendly Indians.' Nevertheless the great council of the nation assembled at the summons of Micanopy, when it was decided to retain possession of the country at all hazards, and to put to death all who would not join them, or who were opposed to their views.

Osceola took an active part in these deliberations. He strengthened the weak-hearted, encouraged the timid, and overawed the doubtful. He proclaimed the treaty at an end; no compromise was in future to be listened to; 'the tomahawk and the rifle were raised;' 'the war-cry had been sounded,' and it behooved every lover of his country and his home to secure these possessions, and avenge the wrongs the whites had never ceased to heap upon the Seminole nation.

This was in November, 1835, and at this period commences the military career of Osceola. No sooner was it decided upon to resist removal by force of arms, than the war-parties assembled their men and put themselves in motion. The defection of the body under Holata Amathla which had seceded, was calculated to produce an injurious effect, and they were justly alarmed lest the deliberations of the council should be made public too soon, and this defection be followed by those who might yet be wavering. The war party proceeded forthwith to the upper towns, where by persuasion and threats they succeeded in securing the coöperation of the chiefs and warriors; and learning that Charley Amathla with his band were about to retreat, a party of four hundred warriors, headed by Holata Mico, Abraham, and Osceola, marched without loss of time to his town, and there demanded a pledge that he and his people should join the common cause. The chief declined, and endeavored to convince the party that it was more for the interest of the Indians to remove than to remain, and that notwithstanding the great love he felt for his country and home, he would be true to his promise to go with his people to the West. He was told that the hour was come when he must either unite with them or suffer death, and they granted him two hours to make up his mind. But he answered immediately that his determination was already taken, and he would abide by the consequence of a refusal. Whereupon Osceola raised his rifle and shot him dead. On the loss of their chief the band joined themselves to Osceola's forces.

This decisive step plainly showed the resolution of the war-party, and was the prelude to many revolting scenes, and all the horrors which savage warfare carries in its train. The Indian settlements were now broken up, so as to present no assailable points to their opponents, and dwellings were formed in the swamps and hammocks, whence parties issued out to the work of destruction. These swamps and hammocks are not uninhabitable places, as their names might imply, but dry lands

with a rich growth of timber, and a soil of the greatest fertility. So well did the Indians conceal their trails, that even to this day many of the places where they concealed themselves are still unknown. The whole country was exposed to their attacks; from Fort Brook at the south to Fort King at the north, a space of more than one hundred miles, were to be seen plantations on fire, cattle driven off, pillage and murders.

Notwithstanding the innumerable warnings which had been given to government, they had strangely neglected to provide for the crisis which had now arrived. Less than five hundred troops were in the territory to guard a surface of twenty thousand miles square, and these were distributed in small detachments many miles from each other, while the country from one extremity to the other was ravaged by two thousand Seminole warriors, securely posted and thirsting for vengeance.

Events which had produced this state of affairs had been gradual in their progress. The unwillingness of the Seminoles to leave their homes was well known, and the war that must inevitably ensue was foreseen long before the troubles broke out. The neglect at Washington of Florida affairs was every way reprehensible; and to the supineness of the government is justly attributable many of the dreadful scenes that occurred, and to the prolongation of the contest. The treaty of Payne's Landing, which secured all that was desired, was suffered to remain two whole years unratified, for no assignable cause: while the hostile feelings of the Seminoles was well known, and the defenceless state of the country was pressed upon the government, no measures were adopted to guard against the impending danger. General Jackson never could be made to believe there existed in the territory beyond six or seven hundred Seminoles, or that it was not in the power of the inhabitants themselves to drive them out, if they would make exertion for the purpose; unfortunately, also, he was surrounded by people who were either unwilling or afraid to make known the unwelcome truth that he was deceiving himself. It is proved by official reports that as late as 1836, four years after the time in question, there were two thousand four hundred and twenty Indians in the territory; and this too when a very large emigration had been effected previously.

The two years wherein the pacification of Florida might have been effected, were consumed at Washington in exciting political and financial movements, varied by domestic difficulties. At last, nothing of moment being on hand, the almost forgotten treaty was taken from the pigeon-hole of the secretary's desk, and ratified in due form. This tardy acknowledgment was worse than if no treaty had ever been made. The delay gave time to raise doubts of its validity, which were very reasonable; to create new subjects of irritation between the whites and the different tribes; and farther, afford to the latter ample time to prepare themselves for the contest they were predetermined should take place.

As soon as Charley Amathla was despatched, and his band had joined the forces of Osceola, the party made their report to Micanopy, who lost no time in gathering around him all the warriors within reach, to decide upon future operations. At this meeting a new arrangement was made of the National Council. Jumper was made 'Sense-keeper'

to the king, an office which bears a resemblance to that of secretary of state, and Osceola was declared 'Head war-chief,' equivalent to the united offices of secretary of war and general-in-chief of the army. These two chiefs were the ablest men in the Nation; and on every occasion where the military talents of Osceola were called into exercise, he displayed boldness, energy, and an uncommon degree of skill. Those who served in the Florida campaigns represent him as the leading spirit of his party; and officers of the army who were eye-witnesses, assert that to the judicious application of his forces, joined to his great resources in recovering from defeats, may be ascribed the unexpected length of time to which the war was protracted.

Intelligence had been received by General Clinch at Fort King that a large force of Indians was assembled at the forks of the Outhlacoochee river: it was evidently necessary to disperse them before their numbers should increase: beside this, two other objects were to be accomplished; one to strike so serious a blow at once as to bring the war to an end, or in case this was not effected, to drive the enemy into the everglades, (the extreme southern part of the territory,) and give peace and security to the North, the portion most densely populated by the whites. In pursuance of this determination he concentrated his forces, at the same time sent an order to Major Belton, the commanding officer at Fort Brook, to detach as many of his troops as could be spared to join him on or about the thirty-first of December. Belton despatched a messenger to General Clinch with a reply to the order, giving a detail of the line of march to be taken by the reinforcement, to which he added many remarks on the intended plan of attack.

This movement, with all its particulars, came, no one knows how, to the knowledge of the Seminole chiefs, and was laid before Micanopy without loss of time. He was at the same moment pressed by Osceola and the other warriors to seize this opportunity of cutting off this detachment. Micanopy, with his usual indecision, long hesitated about giving his consent; but the vehement demand of the chiefs was not to be resisted, and he gave a reluctant order that a force should be sent to accomplish the work. The command of this war party was given to Cloud, and the order was that he should not allow one white man to escape. Osceola was not one of this party; he reserved himself for a work more in accordance with his wishes; one in which his personal feelings were more deeply engaged.

The detachment was under the command of Major Dade, and took up its line of march from Fort Brook at the prescribed time. When a little more than half way on its route, it was attacked by the band under Cloud, and a horrible butchery ensued. Cloud was not unmindful of his orders. Of one hundred and ten men, only three escaped; and these, dreadfully wounded, were just able to crawl to Fort Brooke, and relate the melancholy fate of their companions. Two of these men died; the third is still living.

A few days after this, Osceola appeared with a small party at the Seminole agency, the dwelling-place of his hated foe, General Thompson. After a little manœuvring to gain admittance, the post was attacked, and notwithstanding a brave resistance, the defenders, including

General Thompson, were all killed. Thus the threat of Osceola was carried into full effect, and his burning thirst of vengeance was slaked. It appears he was satisfied; for on many occasions afterward he showed humanity, and refused to engage in enterprises undertaken by his countrymen against unoffending inhabitants.

In the expectation of being joined by Dade, General Clinch advanced toward the Outhlacoochee with such of the regular army as he could muster, joined to a body of militia and volunteers. In attempting to cross the river he was attacked by a large force of the enemy, which he repulsed, yet in a few days was under the necessity of retiring to Fort Drane, where the volunteers, whose term of service had expired, left him. This retreat revealed the weakness of the United States' forces, and gave undisturbed scope to Indian depredations. On the north, south and east war-parties rambled over the land; plantations were devastated, cattle driven off, and many of the defenceless inhabitants cruelly murdered.

Osceola took no part in these predatory expeditions. I am credibly informed that being once advised to take a party of his warriors and fall upon a white settlement not far from him, he replied, 'No, I make war against the white warriors, not against old men, women and children.' These expressions are so much at variance with our notions of Indian character, that I should not report them without good authority. They are in the highest degree creditable, since they exhibit a high-mindedness not to be expected from an uncultivated Indian, engaged in a deadly war.

The wretched condition of the territory excited the sympathy of the neighboring states, and at last awakened the dormant attention of the government at Washington. Volunteers flocked in from Georgia, South Carolina, and Louisiana, and a few regular troops were added. The whole was under the command of General Gaines, who took upon himself this charge, believing that this portion of Florida came within the limits of his military district. Although this assumption was not sanctioned by the war department, and he was even ordered to return to his local command on the western frontier, he yet thought proper to remain, and in the early part of the year 1836 assembled at Fort Brook a large force of regulars and volunteers. Having advised Gen. Clinch of his intention to move to the north, he advanced to join him, at the head of one thousand and one hundred men, accompanied by seventy-even friendly Indians as guides. On the twentieth the columns came up to the melancholy spot where Dade and his party had been destroyed. Here they spent some time in the mournful duty of giving sepulchre to the remains of their fellow-soldiers.

Gaines was here informed that Clinch, at Fort Drane, could not or would not coöperate with him: it became necessary therefore to deliberate whether it was advisable to continue his intended route to the left to the appointed place of rendezvous on the Outhlacoochee, or proceed in a northerly direction to Fort King. He decided upon the latter, mainly, as is alleged, on account of his great lack of provisions, and arrived at the fort without annoyance. Clinch came from Fort Drane to see him, on a visit of respect; and here, *as is said, Gaines first knew that*

General Scott was appointed Commander-in-Chief in Florida, and was then at Picolata. This will hardly be believed, when it was well known to all the officers that General Scott had been appointed as early as the twenty-first of January, and letters had been received from the war department under date of the twenty-third, and private advices still later in the month.

The eccentricities of General Gaines have often been a subject of remark. So long as they were confined to acts which regarded himself alone, the public refrained from censure, and were amused. In leaving his local command and assuming one in Florida, he had performed a Quixotic exploit that was a breach of his first duty, and at the same time materially interfered with the policy of his superiors at Washington. The portion of the public who were merely lookers-on, treated him as a hero, and even the Secretary of War, Cass, while gently ordering him to return to his post, tells him that his 'personal presence is necessary at a point where public considerations demand the exercise of great discretion and prudence.' Notwithstanding these very smooth expressions, many persons thought then, (and more think so now,) that General Gaines was woefully deficient in 'discretion and prudence.'

The General, since his entrance into Florida, had made much display, but as yet had won no laurels, although at the head of a strong force. It became necessary to produce a more substantial effect. Accordingly he undertook to make a diversion, on his own responsibility, while he knew that his commanding General was within seventy miles of him, and could be easily reached. He forthwith marched with all his troops to a place on the Outhlacoochee, called 'Clinch's battle-ground,' in the expectation, as he said, of there meeting the enemy, or of withdrawing him from the parts where he was committing depredations. Hardly had he reached the spot and had time to throw up breast-works when he was attacked (numerous and well-appointed as was his army) by a band of Seminoles, headed by Osceola, Jumper and Abraham, who so far succeeded as completely to hem him in within the narrow limits of his works. To make his situation more mortifying, they would one day storm his works in the best way ignorant Indians are capable of, kill many of his men, and the next day cajole him with soft words of peace and a show of negotiation. For fourteen days he was kept in this humiliating condition, without even making a sortie. It was reported by one of the interpreters present at these mock deliberations that Osceola, Alligator, and others, were overheard indulging themselves in playful remarks and coarse jokes upon the position of the pale-faces. Mr. Hagan, another interpreter, with more zeal than judgment, put an end to this by-play, when the two jokers resumed a serious countenance, and re-commenced negotiating.

General Gaines remained in this unenviable state, without power to advance or retreat, until relieved by General Clinch, to whom he resigned the command, and retired to his post on the Texan frontier. The General did not, however, regain his quarters without receiving a shot '*en passant*,' which by the way came from his friends. At Mobile he was greeted as the 'champion of the defenceless and suffering inhabitants of Florida,' and tendered the freedom of the city.

General Gaines' faults, or misfortunes, or by whatever gentle term they may be called, were not greater than those displayed by other persons who had the planning and execution of the Florida campaigns. In the first place, the President was determined that the Florida contest should not be looked upon as a war to be provided against in the customary way, and his ministers were very ignorant of the state of things, or if they knew better, were yet afraid to thwart him: in the second place, there was manifested a shameful want of knowledge of the localities, after an occupation of fifteen years; thirdly, a great want of provisions, although near a fertile region, with a water communication open at all seasons on both sides the peninsula; fourthly, a culpable deficiency of means of transportation. In one instance alone twenty thousand rations were carried off by the Indians in consequence of this signal fault.

These capital errors together are quite enough to render any contest disastrous; their existence would hardly obtain credit, if they were not known to the world by the published documents. They reveal the cause why a handful of half-naked, undisciplined savages were able to contend more than three years against a powerful nation, full of people, and abounding in resources of every description. To these evils were superadded the misfortune that the different divisions of the army did not coöperate as they should do; beside which, a great want of harmony was exhibited among the general officers. General Gaines was not the only commander who 'went out of his way to seek private adventures,' as is well proved by General Scott's rebuke of General Jessup in a public despatch.

As I am not writing a history, it is not necessary to discuss the events of the war; a few of the incidents of it are introduced whenever they are connected with the subject of this memoir. The contest continued, with various turns of fortune. Wherever our troops could fairly get at the Seminoles, they repulsed or drove them off; but as yet no sensible impression was made upon them, and the hope of final conquest was not so bright as it was two years before. At last, in August of 1836, a regular battle took place, the first that might be called a ranged action, where both parties were brought in face of each other. Our little force was commanded by Colonel Pierce, and was on the advance toward a large field on General Clinch's plantation, at which they arrived about sun-rise, where they found the Indians in considerable force, not however in order, as if expecting an attack, but scattered over the field, and occupied in collecting sugar-cane. As soon as their alarm-gun was fired, they hastened to a rising ground, where they formed into line with a degree of precision entirely unusual, and greatly to the astonishment of the officers of the army. The action commenced with a good deal of regularity, and was maintained nearly an hour and a half with great spirit on the part of the enemy. The Indians were commanded by Osceola, whose shrill and well-known war cry was distinctly heard above the din of battle.

Toward the close of the engagement a manœuvre was attempted which showed a knowledge of military art very uncommon among Indians, and which excited the surprise and even admiration of the army,

as being one which would have reflected credit on any skilful civilized military commander. The morning air was heavy and damp, and the clouds of smoke caused by the firing rested low over the field, and concealed the motions of the Indians. Osceola, with great military tact, saw at once the advantage that could be derived from this circumstance. Keeping the front warmly engaged, he ordered two flank movements, with a view of separating the army, and cutting off its retreat; most fortunately, just as these flank parties were changing their direction in extended order, so as to occupy the rear of the position of the troops, a breeze sprang up which dispelled the smoke, exposed the movement, and gave time to the troops to frustrate the plan. This was not however accomplished without much hard fighting, and it was mainly by the aid of a field-piece well served that the Indians were driven from the field into the hammock, where they were lost sight of.

The Indians, although greatly superior in numbers, were completely routed, as they almost invariably are when placed in open battle before disciplined troops; yet Colonel Pierce in his report gives them the merit of having fought long and with most determined bravery, and all the officers were loud in praise of the sound judgment and great military skill displayed by Osceola. I am indebted to a friend, an officer who distinguished himself in this action, for these particulars, which do not appear in the public despatches.

The detachment returned to Micanopy, a stockade; and a few days afterward Osceola drew off his men toward the Outhlacoochee, with the intention, as was afterward discovered, of making this river a line of demarkation, beyond which the whites should not pass; thus leaving the southern and largest portion of the Territory under the power of the Seminoles. The army followed the trail with an augmented force under General Call, which was farther increased by the arrival of the Alabama and Tennessee volunteers. In a skirmish just before reaching the river a few prisoners were taken, who reported that their people had crossed a few days before; that they were commanded by Osceola, accompanied by Micanopy, Jumper, and Cloud, and that a council was then about to assemble to deliberate on future operations. This was a moment to strike a decisive blow; accordingly arrangements were made to ford the river and make a vigorous and sudden attack on the whole body assembled. The volunteers were ordered to make an assault on the hammock which borders the north bank of the river, so as to cover the approach of the crossing party of regular troops. In the advance they were met by a sharp firing, which so disconcerted them as to force them to retire; nor were they more successful in a second attempt a little higher up the river, from which they retreated in confusion, notwithstanding the gallant behaviour of several of the officers.

The regular troops, made angry by the sight of this failure, were urgent for permission to cross and at once make a dash at the enemy; but this was not granted, and the only satisfaction allowed them was the empty triumph of firing a few shells across the stream, probably the first that were ever heard in that lonely region. Osceola's plan succeeded for a time, and this western Rubicon was for a period the boundary of the contending forces: it became a point designated to mark the

relative position of each foe, and was farther celebrated in Floridian annals as being the scene of many a hard-fought battle.

In one of the engagements on this memorable stream, an incident occurred which places Osceola's character in a most favorable point of view, and which, being well authenticated, is worthy of a notice which traces the events of his life. After the battle was over, an accidental meeting took place between Osceola and some of the officers of the army, when he inquired with earnestness if Lieutenant Graham, whom he knew had been engaged, had escaped injury, and was well. On being told that he was wounded, he expressed surprise and displeasure, saying that he had given positive orders to spare him, and added with sternness: 'The man who has disobeyed my orders, and fired upon him, shall not live!' He was told the wound came from a random shot and was slight, at which he appeared much pleased, adding that the Lieutenant was one of his friends, who often had been 'good to the poor Indians,' and he was determined he should not die by their hands.

This was very noble; but a motive more delicate and touching operated still more powerfully to arrest his arm in the midst of deadly strife. The Lieutenant and Osceola had become friends by frequently meeting each other; and when stationed in his vicinity the Lieutenant was often a visitor at his tent, where, beside acquiring an intimacy with the chief, he was able to ingratiate himself into the favor of the other tenants within. Osceola had a little daughter, whom the Lieutenant took much notice of, and who, as soon as her fear of the white man could be overcome, would play with him, call for him when absent, and run toward him whenever he approached. Among other small gifts, he presented her with a frock of gaudy colors, which, after some difficulty, by reason of her unwillingness to bear the least restraint, she was prevailed upon to put on. She became at last accustomed to the garment, and whenever the Lieutenant came, was sure to array herself in the gay attire, enjoy his laugh, although made at her expense, and amuse him by her childish prattle. Osceola would on these occasions lay aside Indian stoicism so far as to join in the mirth, and by degrees transferred to the young officer a portion of the affection he bore to his child. This was sufficient to make him forget that he was a foe, and induce him to issue orders that the Lieutenant should be treated as one of his kin, to whom he wished to give a signal mark of his attachment.

It is pleasant to see a rough warrior bury all private animosity and give rest to his hostile passions, even in the midst of the excitement of battle; and it is delightful to know that even an untutored savage yet possesses some of the tenderest feelings of our nature, and is ready to seize an occasion when they may be developed. It is a bright spot in Osceola's character, which, while it is cheering to our common nature, shows that he could elevate himself above the cold temperament that distinguishes his race; and this mark alone of a gentle spirit serves greatly to enhance our sympathy for his personal misfortunes.

The war continued, if it could be called a war, for neither party showed much activity. The warriors sallied out occasionally; no one knew whence they came, nor whither they went, so secret were their movements, and so well did they conceal their hiding-places. General Jessup

complained that it was difficult to get at them; whenever he did, he gained small advantage, killing a few and taking a few prisoners; yet this was far from bringing the contest to an end. On the whole, however, the strife was a losing one to the natives. They had no means of increasing their numbers, nor any way of repairing their losses, while the regular forces were continually receiving recruits, and the Generals were acquiring experience. The Seminoles, aware of the chances being against them, showed more willingness to have 'talks' with the whites, at which meetings they confessed they were tired of the war, and disposed to treat. As yet, however, Osceola was unyielding, and without him they could not make terms: one reason for which was, that his influence was so great they could not obtain the assent of all the tribes without his concurrence; moreover the Generals were not inclined to make a treaty to which he was opposed, lest the Indians would not ultimately hold themselves bound by it. Osceola's reply to all proposals was, 'Never! — the country is ours, and we will die in it!'

Nevertheless, in the early part of the year 1837, several of the leading chiefs came to General Jessup's head-quarters; and in March of the same year a treaty was made between the General and Jumper, Alligator, Abraham and Cloud, as delegates from Micanopy the king. When this last was afterward called upon to confirm what had been done by his authority, he showed the same indecision that had always marked his character. He wanted the support he was accustomed to lean upon in emergency, and urged General Jessup, in a pressing manner, to send for Osceola, saying he would be governed by him, as he had a 'straight tongue' and a 'white heart,' and that what he should say would be true. This was not done; yet Micanopy, after farther reflection, signed the treaty, and engaged himself and followers to abide by its provisions.

General Jessup seems to have felt as if some uncertainty hung over the transaction, for in his despatches he doubts the power of the chiefs to restrain the young men, and recommends to the inhabitants not to be in haste to return to their plantations. This treaty greatly weakened Osceola's strength, for it not only deprived him of the services of many fighting men, but took from him the more essential means of resistance in the person of several of the head chiefs of the nation. In short, little was left to him save his firmness and indomitable spirit, which even under these discouragements yet bore him up.

In this state he sent word to General Hernander, who was stationed in his neighborhood, that he wished to hold with him a friendly talk. To this the General readily assented, and directed that he should be admitted under a white flag. Accordingly under this safe-guard, acknowledged as such by all civilized people, Osceola appeared, accompanied by about seventy of his followers. Immediately after the usual salutations of meeting were passed, he gave him to understand that the sole object of his visit was to negotiate for the exchange or surrender of Phillip, a chief to whom he was much attached. While in conversation on the subject, by a preconcerted signal, two hundred of Hernander's men suddenly made their appearance, surrounded Osceola and his party, and made them all prisoners! Osceola appealed to the white flag, but

was told by General Hernander that he was authorized by the commander-in-chief to do what he had done. In effect, the secret order given by General Jessup is on record, wherein he gave special directions how to proceed during the talk, and to seize the person of Osceola at all hazards.

When Osceola saw that resistance was useless, and that he was completely in the power of a superior force of his enemies, by means of a dishonorable act, he did not utter a word, but suffered himself quietly to be led away into confinement. Many of the officers who witnessed the scene were much displeased at this act of treachery, and the army in general, in louder tones, expressed indignation at so discreditable a breach of faith; the more reprehensible, as it might have been spared. Hostilities could not have been continued much longer. Osceola was left almost alone in the war; could rally but a small number of warriors, and must soon have submitted, had he been left to himself, with such slender resources. His power of doing injury was very limited, being surrounded, as he was, by a greatly superior force, who had found out his haunts and could always keep him in check, if not totally defeat and take him prisoner in fair battle.

He was taken to St. Augustine, put into the dungeon of Fort Marion, and chained. Several others were imprisoned with him, who a few weeks afterward effected their escape. This he might also have done, had he been willing, but his pride prevented. He said he had done nothing to be ashamed of; it was for those to feel shame who had entrapped him; and he would never have it believed that he fled from danger. After a short stay, he was removed to Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island, in South Carolina.

The citizens of Charleston, proverbial for their generous feelings, readily gave their sympathy to a

'Brave man struggling with the storms of Fate;'

nor were they behind the people of the other States in loud condemnation of the means that had been used to ensnare him. No sooner was his arrival known, than he was visited by many persons, ladies and gentlemen, who manifested their good feelings by many acts of attention and kindness. It does not appear that he was rigidly confined. The chance of effecting his escape being very small, he was at liberty within the walls, and he roamed about at pleasure, or received visitors in his room. Several other Seminoles were prisoners in the Fort at the same time, all under charge of Capt. Morrison of the United States Army. They were well provided with clothing and food, and with whatever else could render them comfortable; and several were so contented as to be willing to amuse themselves by playing at ball with the officers. Osceola was more reserved than the rest, although he was not sullen. He had been ill some time previous to his confinement, which with his present misfortune had evidently an effect on his spirits. One circumstance was remarked, that while the others were constantly asking either for money, tobacco, or whiskey, he never made a request for either; and whatever may have been his previous habits, was not seen to use tobacco or whiskey during his stay at the Fort.

His fame had spread over the Southern country since he had become a leader in the Florida contest; of course public curiosity was greatly excited, and crowds of people flocked to the island to see if his figure and deportment corresponded to their expectations; nor was any one disappointed. A glance at the group was sufficient to enable a spectator to know at once who was the true chief; and it is from these close observations of so many individuals that a pretty good knowledge is obtained of his general character and private habits.

His appearance altogether was very prepossessing. He had a full, high forehead, an aquiline nose, handsome mouth and good teeth; long and narrow chin, rather prominent; but the life-giving feature of his countenance was an eye, that played and sparkled like a diamond. There was nothing savage in it. In its expression it was the leer of a female bent on deceiving, rather than the stern unrelenting glance of a warrior. He was usually pensive, and not over fond of conversing, except with those who had gained his confidence: with these he became sometimes animated, when he would laugh and talk freely. His thoughts were perpetually turned toward his native land, of which he spoke with much feeling, and was ever eager to obtain news of the progress of military events.

In one of his playful moods he ridiculed our mode of warfare, and gave an excellent pantomimic exhibition of the manner of the white man and the Indian in loading and firing. He evidently possessed a large portion of self-esteem, mingled with no inconsiderable share of vain-glory. He said of 'Wild Cat' that he was not fit to command a '*big army*,' but was good to send out with a small party to murder and scalp women and children, and to rob. Such kind of work, he said, did not suit him. 'It was always my pride,' said he, 'to fight with the '*big generals*.' 'I wore this plume when I whipped General Gaines; these spurs when I drove back General Clinch, and these moccasins when I flogged General Call.'

His manners were quiet, and if he was not resigned to his lot, he gave no audible signs to the contrary. Yet sometimes he would complain in private, to the few friends he had made during his imprisonment, of the hardness of his fate, and at the same time dwell with fire on the great things he might have done could he have united all his people, and been obeyed. He was disposed to be melancholy; and when his friend Doctor Weedon, of the army, would speak kindly, and with words of encouragement to him, he would smile, as if grateful for the act, but was still uncheered. He was accompanied by two wives who were sisters, who appeared to live in the greatest harmony with each other; so much so, that if one happened to be absent attending to her domestic duties, and her child cried, the other would take it up and attend it with great apparent affection.

It is said that all military men are fatalists. Osceola was not exempt from the same sentiment. Just before going out to meet General Hernander, he directed one of his people to prepare his meal, at the same time remarking that he might never return. The man who served him, asked why, with such a thought, he should go. Osceola shrugged

his shoulders, and seemed to intimate that his fate impelled him, and he could not resist. His forebodings were verified.

In bringing to a close these remarks of his personal character, I cannot omit relating one circumstance very worthy of notice, as showing the unbounded influence he possessed over his people. It comes from two gentlemen of Charleston, who have most kindly furnished me with this and many other details which appear in these pages, and to whom I feel under great obligations.

While at Sullivan's Island, one of the Indians stole some fowls, and being detected, asked Osceola what he should do. 'Go and hang yourself,' was the ready reply of Osceola; and straightway the Indian went and hanged himself. The body was found suspended from the pump-handle of the cistern.

Among the visitors at Fort Moultrie, came Mr. Catlin, the painter, for the purpose of taking Osceola's likeness. A subject so interesting was well calculated to awaken the well known enthusiasm of this skillful delineator of Indian manners and costumes. He merits great praise for his devotion to the collection of implements of war, and articles of common life, whereby we are made intimately acquainted with past and present races; and he is entitled to the thanks of every American for bringing before us by his pencil many of the individuals who are distinguished in our national annals. In his double capacity of collector and artist, he gives us durable records of the character, manners, and personal semblance of the legitimate owners of the land, who are fast passing away.

Catlin's first view of Osceola excited his admiration. In a letter written to a friend in New-York, he says: 'Osceola is a fine gentlemanlike-looking man, with a pleasant smile that would become the face of the most refined and delicate female. Yet I can well imagine he has a hero's fire, and can put on a lion's rage.' This description, coming from one whose profession makes him an habitual observer of the features of the human countenance, gives a correct idea of Osceola's appearance, and the accuracy with which these traits are embodied on the canvass lying before me while I write, brings forth the original as if he were in life.

The likeness of Osceola had never before been taken; and when Catlin reached Fort Moultrie, he found several other artists, who had come with like intentions. When the wishes of these gentlemen were made known to Osceola, he readily consented to sit; and to prepare himself to be drawn in a costume that he thought becoming, he devoted all the early part of a day to arraying himself in a manner which, in his eyes, was best calculated to set off his person to advantage. This was not done after the usual way of Indian warriors, with all the implements of war upon him, his body disfigured with dirt, or his face made hideous with paint of many colors; but there was a marked display of what we should call taste, in the arrangement of his whole attire. His face was presented in its natural tint, but his person was arrayed in his best garments, covered with many ornaments, and on his head was a cap adorned with plumes which fell behind with studied grace. In short, if he had not presented a figure to command respect, one might

say he was somewhat of an Indian *élégant*, who desired to attract the gaze of the multitude.

For the convenience of the painters, it was agreed that two should work at the same time in one room, one at each end, while Osceola occupied a seat in the centre, or moved about when he wished to be relieved from restraint. Beside being a relaxation to him, the plan was of great advantage to the artists, by exhibiting his features while undergoing the alternate expressions of action and repose. The room was generally well filled with visitors, who came to see the progress of the work, more probably for the purpose of seizing this favorable occasion of beholding the original; and as the chief moved back and forth in a placid mood, became animated by conversation, or excited by the wondering audience, the artists were able to catch every lineament of his countenance with an accuracy which many of our most celebrated painters often fail to attain. Osceola was much pleased with the portraits, and often regarded them with marks of evident satisfaction.

A few days afterward he complained of a pain in the throat; but it was slight, and he declined taking any remedy. The weather was cold enough to make a fire necessary, which, with the often crowded state of the apartment, rendered the air impure, and obliged him occasionally to withdraw for relief. In this way, by a too sudden transition, a cold set in, which very soon took deep hold, and rendered him too ill to permit him to leave his room. He was visited by Doctor Weedon of the army, who immediately pronounced the complaint to be quinsy, which was making rapid progress; so much so that he, with Captain Morrison, lost no time in requesting Doctor Strobel, professor in the Medical College of South Carolina, to meet them in consultation, it being their desire that every possible medical aid should be administered to the sufferer. On making their visit they suggested such remedies as were thought likely to relieve him; but to their suggestions, reasoning, and even entreaty, he would not listen, because the prophet or Indian doctor who was then in the room, and who had cured him before, forbade him to take any of the prescriptions. Seeing they could make no impression on him, or overcome the obstinacy of the prophet, they were obliged to leave him in his critical state. Doctor Strobel recommended that the prophet should be put into the guard-house, to destroy his influence over the patient. This however was not done.

As was foreseen, Osceola grew worse, when Doctor Strobel made him a second visit, and had him placed in a comfortable room in the hospital. It was near twilight in the evening, and the chamber was dark. On a blanket, seated on the floor, his shoulders covered with another blanket, was the prophet, his back leaning against the wall. His head was shaved like a cock's comb, and he presented the appearance of a perfect statue of ignorance and stupidity. He spoke to no one, nor took notice of any one present. The interpreter, a jet-black Indian negro, immensely tall, was standing with a group of two or three Indians at the corner of the chimney, in which a fire was burning. Before this fire, entirely naked, lay on a blanket the dying warrior. He was much emaciated, and suffered greatly from difficult respiration. The doctor, through the interpreter, endeavored to persuade him to let something be

done for him; but at each entreaty he would cast a glance round to the prophet, the nod of whose head would at once dispel every argument. One of his wives was seated at his back, supporting his head upon her breast, whilst the other was at his side on her knees, bathing him with a decoction of herbs. The case was too clearly a hopeless one; and when again asked if he would permit any thing to be done for him, he distinctly answered 'No.' The doctor then took his hand, which he shook, and bade him good-bye; Osceola returned the pressure—and they thus separated. I am indebted to Doctor Strobel himself for many details concerning Osceola's last illness not before known; and the particulars of the present scene are derived entirely from his kind hand.

After the doctor's departure, a revival took place, and Osceola was removed to the bed. A visiter entered, and found him supported by pillows, in a very feeble state. He was dressed in his best attire, richly ornamented, with his warlike weapons upon him, his head decorated with plumes, silver spurs on his heels, and his large war-knife in a sheath by his side. His Indian friends, with his two wives, were near by, gazing upon him with mournful countenances. He did not attempt to speak, but after a little time beckoned to one of his wives, who presented to him a paper parcel, from which he took a dark-colored powder, sprinkled a small quantity into the palm of one of his hands, and drew it in lines round his face. Another parcel was given to him of vermilion, which he used in the same manner, making lines distinct from the others, with great precision, and without the aid of a glass. This finished, a pause ensued, but not a word was uttered. He appeared to rest. After the lapse of a few minutes, he made an effort to draw his knife from the sheath, but not succeeding, on account of his weakness, one of the attendants attempted to assist him. This Osceola resisted as strongly as his weak state would permit, and repelled him with a frown. After another pause, as if to gain strength, he accomplished his purpose, drew forth the knife, brandished it over his head, made an effort to shout; but being unable to raise his cry, his arm fell, and he expired.

When Osceola arrived at Fort Moultrie, his general health was far from being good, and the new mode of life, with his depressed spirits, by depriving him of his usual vigor, rendered him less able to throw off a new complaint. His medical attendants still think, had he been willing to submit to their treatment he might have been restored, and that he died more as a victim of ignorance and superstition than of his disease, deep-seated though it was. This is more than probable; yet let us not hastily condemn the perseverance which made him resist the advice of strangers, although offered solely for his benefit. We have all of our predilections and prejudices, not to mention our proneness to yield our reason to the force of habit.

Those who now feel an awakened interest in the life of Osceola, may regret that he had not shaken off an habitual submission to his customary adviser; but those who will consider the subject as worthy of reflection at the present day, may reasonably doubt whether his worldly condition would have been improved by the preservation of his life.

He would certainly have been removed to the west, a place he looked upon with horror ; been mingled with another tribe, his inveterate foes ; and his power and influence would have been lost among superior numbers, who would not fail to have exacted of him a degrading submission.

The passions of our nature, which are alike the sources of our joy and our misery, beat as strong in the breast of a savage as of a civilized man ; and if Osceola possessed the pride and elevation of sentiment which the facts here set forth lead us to believe, he by his death escaped bodily suffering, and what is more painful still, a lingering life of humiliation, with the constant remembrance of blasted hopes.

The funeral of Osceola was performed with respect, and the honors usually observed at the death of military officers. The body was escorted by a detachment of United States' troops, followed by the medical gentlemen ; the Indian Chiefs attended, and were careful to commit with the corpse every thing that belonged to the deceased. The body was then deposited, and a military salute fired over the grave. At the same time the ramparts of the fort, which overlooked the spot, were crowded with the men, women and children of his tribe, who seemed to be much affected and pleased with the honors paid to their chief, thus

‘By strangers honored and by strangers mourned.’

It is painful to add, that some days afterward the grave was disturbed, and the head separated from the body, with what motive no one can imagine. It is only sufficient to observe, that this unjustifiable violation of the tomb was by the inhabitants of Charleston universally condemned. One of the officers erected a paling round the grave, and the generous sympathy of Mr. PATTON of Charleston prompted him to place a marble slab at the head, with the simple inscription,

‘O S C E O L A.’

Sufficient may be gathered from these pages to prove that Osceola was not an ordinary man ; neither perhaps will it be admitted that he was a hero. Yet it certainly will be seen that he had within him many of the elements that heroes are composed of, with perhaps more merit to the title than is possessed by many educated persons who figure in the temple of fame.

He evidently possessed strong good sense, with the capacity to apply it aptly ; and it is equally clear that to this alone was he indebted for the commanding influence he acquired over his countrymen at a very early period of his life. He was an ardent lover of his country, and as a warrior skilful beyond his opportunities. He possessed, even in the savage state, many of the gentle virtues his race does not lay claim to or covet, and which in the civilized world go to humanize and adorn private life. He was not filled with the stoicism so much prized by the savage, which makes him alike indifferent to sorrow or joy, but alternately exhibited the emotions of anger or pity, as circumstances called forth the exercise of these passions. He seems to have been adapted to the quiet of retired life ; yet when once the warlike spirit, dormant within him, was aroused, he laid aside peaceful habits, acted his part

with intelligence and vigor, and at last, although a captive in a strange land, died a warrior in his paint. In his narrow sphere he displayed many heroic virtues ; his life was engaged in a nobler cause than that which incites the actions of many whom the world calls great ; and in his last moments he displayed the workings of a lofty spirit, which commands our admiration.

If those who have devastated the earth to gratify their selfish ambition or thirst of conquest, have historians to record their deeds, and poets to sing their praise, let us not withhold a token of applause to one who committed fewer wrongs, and during his life was a brave defender of his country.

T H E I D L E R ' S S T U D Y .

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF HANS VON SPRIGEL.

WHERE the elm droops o'er the brook,
In a sweet embowered nook,
There I waste the summer day,
Reading in some olden book,
Romance quaint or poet's lay.
Through the roof of densest green
Scarcely steals the sunlight in,
Save to kiss some scented flower
Blooming in this hidden bower.

Nought care I for fame or gold,
While sweet communion here I hold
With wit and choicest sentiment,
Mirth and sadness wisely blent :
Nor ever does my heart grow cold,
Though I leave the crowded street
And hide me in this cool retreat,
Where the city's dust and hum,
Toil and traffic, never come.

If a-weary grows my eye
Poring on the stained page,
Then the sweetest fancies lie,
Suited or to youth or age ;
Then I turn a welcome ear
To the cuckoo's warble clear,
Or wood-robin's modest note
Gurgling from her mottled throat ;
While she sits on some low tree,
And mocks the water's melody.

Friends have I that fear me not,
In this still, secluded spot.
The little dormouse knows me well,
Darting from her hidden cell,
And overhead, within her nest,
The ring-dove smoothes her purple breast.
The lonely partridge, bird of fear,
Dreading not my presence near,
From her dark and polished bill,
O'er her dappled wing and side
And her neck of ruffled pride,
Lets the cooling water spill.

Here, from morn till sweeter night
 Glide the hours unheeded by,
 Till I mark day's fading light
 And the soaring night-hawk's cry:
 Homeward then, with loitering feet,
 Turn I from this bower sweet;
 While the plaintive whip-poor-will
 Sorrows on the distant hill,
 And the stars and rising moon
 Bring apace night's solemn noon.

L E T T E R S F R O M C U B A .

NUMBER ONE.

Havana, September 1, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I fear you have nearly given up all hope of hearing from me, notwithstanding my promise to supply you with true and detailed accounts of whatever I met with that could interest the American public. But even now I must perhaps disappoint you. For the present at least I shall avoid as much as possible the subject of the late colored insurrection, which is the most interesting to you, and of which I suppose you are most anxious to hear. Still, I do not feel inclined to go into a hasty and perhaps erroneous view of the case, although that is considered a slight fault with travellers. Leaving that part of my information for a future opportunity, when I shall be better able to judge of all the facts, you must allow me at present briefly to enumerate what objects have thus far attracted my attention; adding such remarks as the few moments I can command before starting for the estate of Don —— will permit.

I was presented not long ago at the Tertulia of St. Cecilia, one of the three very respectable Philharmonic Societies, which are the constant resort of the fashionable world of Havana. By means of a small stipend the members of these communities are enabled to have concerts and two hours of dancing every week, which in a great measure take the place of the agreeable parties we enjoy so much at home. Of late complete operas have often been performed, altogether by amateurs. The Lucia di Lammermoor, the Pirata, and the Barbier de Seville have repeatedly called forth the applause of crowded audiences. Indeed we must admit that there is throughout this country a very general and delicate taste for music, which is not to be found in our colder region. I do not however consider the higher latitude the sole cause of this difference. Where the genius of man is quelled, crushed, and forced from its natural channel, like the waters of the fountain it will rise to the level of its outlet in another. Take from American society the exciting interests of political ambition; restrain their bold mercantile, manufacturing, and agricultural enterprise by unwise legislation; shackle and repress their free spirit, and they would instinctively seek

other spheres of exertion, and consequently become greater proficient in the fine arts. Give free institutions to Italy, and her dazzling musical superiority would gradually sink to an equality with the rest of the world.

In most countries you would naturally conclude that by taking up a newspaper a correct knowledge of all the interesting events of the day might be obtained: not so here; and the reason is to be found in the strict censorship exercised over the publication of the most trifling article, the grant depending upon the mere will of the censor. This state of the public press originates a conventional emphatic style of writing, which every body reads without surprise in all the periodicals of the city, and every body translates into the veritable meaning, as a matter of course. To a foreigner, however, unaccustomed to this everlasting hyperbole, extending its poetry and fiction to the most common acts of every-day life, it is difficult to get into the habit of translating. It is withal very important that the newspapers of the United States should be put on their guard; for it often excites a smile with those who are here, to see the apparent or real candor which they exhibit in repeating the fairy dreams of the Cuban press. But we are occasionally amused with the efforts of some able writers, who give interest to the periodicals by an airy, delicate style, which though characterized by great enthusiasm and warmth of feeling, vented in exaggerated expressions, is still pleasing to the reader. The editor of the '*Diario de Avisos*,' Don RAMON DE PALMA, is a remarkable specimen of this kind; a distinguished literary character, and both as a poet and prose writer, excelling in that lively and graceful, I had almost said ethereal manner, for which the French are distinguished. His introductions to the periodical reports of the fashions, of the public amusements, and various little incidents which entertain the fashionable world, affect one almost like the perusal of an oriental tale. Lest you may think me urged by some undue influence of the moment, I make a translation of one of his hasty sketches, for your inspection:

CHRONIQUE OF THE BON TON.

THE WORLD'S CAPRICES: FASHIONABLE BELLES: THE POLKA, &C.

Who can oppose the swelling waves of this ocean we call the world? Who can explain its flows and ebbs, its caprices and changes? The scenes where the multitude was thronging yesterday; where the melody of music filled the air, and the responsive tread of the dance was graceful and gay; to-day are dumb and solitary, while the foaming tides pour along in other channels their waves of life, bustle and commotion. Yesterday Guanabacoa, to-day the Cerro, to-morrow Puentes Grandes. The chafing billows of youth, beauty, and hopeful life, roll in succession over every spot, and receive new strength from its impressions, its inspirations and its pleasures. Like flowers, torn from their stems, we are wafted onward in the tumult of its waters: we follow its course, and are tossed about, under an auspicious or ominous star, by those flows and ebbs, those caprices and changes. Votaries of the beau monde, we abandon ourselves to its guidance, and as long as youthful fancy preserves a single feather of its bright plumage, it directs its soaring flight to the regions of pleasure, luxury and taste. Far away from the realities of life, we search for the flowers of inspiration, to strew them around the altar of Love and Beauty.

'Love and Beauty! behold the great springs which move fancy and feeling; the divinities which govern the world of poetry and taste, to whom fashion consecrates its untiring homage. Each beauty has a day in which she wears the crown of empire, and may cast her eye over the sphere of her conquests with triumph and intoxicating contemplation of her power. Queens of beauty, come! the world of taste claims your presence. The streets of the Pareo are solitary, silent are the saloons of the societies. Where then shall we find the youthful Havanese, with the charm of her pale beauties, the voluptuous extacy of her contra-dances? Life dwells on Sunday at the Avenue del Monte, the bowers of the Cerro, and Las Puentes; and the select world, the youth *d'élite*, is now and then to be found at the public Tertulias, except on occasion of private soirées, which,

as present, have been this season unusually rare. It was last Tuesday that we enjoyed the first one. At a house of high rank we met a select and refined assembly, and inhaled with the perfume of beauty, the sweet fragrance of friendship and intimacy. All in that mansion was flowers; the flowers of taste, harmony, elegance and beauty! There did we hear music in the veritable strain of sensibility which belongs to its most touching accents; we experienced the pleasure of the contra-dance with the raptures flowing from its tropical charms; and there at last did we witness, Oh, ye inquisitive fair! can ye divine what?—THE POLKA!—the renowned Polka—which has brought a universal dancing mania upon the world. Fain would we consecrate, in our chronicle-summary, the first pair who on this occasion were crowned with Terpsichore's wreath; fain announce to the public a triumph, which fear of offending must make a subject of delicate regard. The Polka, fair amateurs, the Polka combines and concentrates the graces and excellencies of all modes; the rapidity of the waltz, the exercise of the gallop, the grace of the cotillon, and the crowning merit of—*novelty*! Dance, then, we invite you, the Polka at all the balls. Let it triumph and reign this winter, and waltzes and gallopes be forgotten.'

Thus much for PALMA's daily romance. In very many of his numbers, however, you will find interesting details of some of the economical subjects and events affecting the prosperity of the country; wherein by his elaborate skill, exercised in such a manner as not to excite the ever-wakeful suspicion of the officers or dependants of government, he contrives to impart substantial information. In looking over a number of the *Diario de Avisos*, for instance, I noticed the subject of the cultivation of tobacco, as compared with that of sugar, where the conclusion is, that the former is decidedly the most advantageous. The sum required to make an estate of twenty-five thousand boxes is supposed to be \$163,000, and the annual advance or expenditure \$11,700, amounting to \$174,700, which he considers the real capital employed, and on which he supposes the profit to be seven per cent. He contends that were this sum used in raising tobacco, which can be done with hired labor, it would yield a profit of sixty and a quarter per cent. Without claiming for the above statement absolute correctness, I believe that the cultivation of the tobacco plant in the districts of the Vuelta de Abajo, where it grows with that peculiar flavor to be met with no where else, is perhaps at this moment, and so long as fiscal exactions do not weigh it down, as they have many other sources of wealth and revenue in this Island, will be, a fruitful employment of capital, unattended by the risks usually accompanying most pursuits here.

An investment in very high repute, at the present time, is that of the Regla Warehouses. They are intended to hold all the sugar now entering the port of Havana, say five hundred thousand boxes, and all the coffee, etc., at so low a rate as to make it an object for all the planters to send their crops to them. The weight of the produce once taken, it is made to serve all purposes of any subsequent sale, at a trifling additional charge of storage, all parties saving thereby the necessary loss, wear, and expense of removal, weighing, etc., the transfer being made perfect by the certificate of the acting director of the Company. The Company offer a much safer dépôt, and consequently, the security of a large quantity of produce, as means of obtaining credit, is necessarily increased. The activity of the market will probably be greater when the expenses of receiving and storage are diminished; and purchases may be realized, without the trouble of providing other storage for the article. The company is moreover answerable for any damage incurred while in their buildings. It is supposed also that the Regla Warehouses will become the Planter's

Exchange, where they will meet, ascertain the state of the markets, and make their contracts of purchase and sale, and so forth. It will certainly contribute to lower the cost of produce to the shipper, without depreciating its value in the hands of the planter: even the public or town revenue will be benefitted, since the use of carts in the city will be in a great measure unnecessary. The mud which now finds its way into the bay, from the incessant wear of the pavements, will no longer fill up the docks and channels of the port, the clearing of which, by machinery and boats, as now practised, is a source of constant expenditure. The wharves and streets will require much less repairing, and the city of Havana will become more quiet and comparatively safe to the foot-passenger. From what I have said, you will understand that the capital required to construct the Regla Warehouses is of no trifling amount, and you will of course be surprised to learn that after an insurrection so extended and fearful, there should be money in the country ready for investment in any stock, however profitable. There certainly has been a heavy amount drawn from the Island within the last year; and the amount of capital which was formerly made productive by advances to the planters, and by other inland business, not now existing, is likewise great. The slave trade is becoming an odious traffic, which of course diminishes the number of slaves imported, since the owners of plantations begin to see in its continuance cause for well-founded and constant anxiety. These concurring circumstances have no small share in creating the facilities which have placed the profitable and comparatively safe fund of the Regla Company at its disposal.

It is to be hoped that the government of Spain will give a more positive and liberal attention to Cuba, and that by abolishing the military system, which is ill adapted, where moral reforms are chiefly wanted, its fertile fields and immense woodlands will once more become the natural resort of foreign capital and emigration, and the late insurrectionary movements soon be forgotten.

In the edicts which have been published in the late papers, by order of the Junta de Fomento, offering cash premiums to such as will comply with certain conditions specified in the system of agriculture and manufactures, and also to such as will import and make landholders of a given number of emigrants, I should be particularly pleased to find the commencement of that more liberal and extended reform to which I have alluded. But should those edicts not have been dictated by the right spirit, and with a wise discernment of the peculiar circumstances and necessities of the country, it appears to me they will do more evil than good, at least as regards the question of substituting free labor, which is asserted by some to be utterly impracticable here. I will just sketch for you the outlines of the programme, add a few remarks, and 'have done' for this time.

1st. A premium of \$12,000 is offered to the first owners of *Haciendas** not yet distributed, who shall in the years 1845, 1846 and 1847,

* *THE Haciendas* is a peculiar term, denoting originally two leagues of ground, measured in a circle from a given centre. In case of conflicting grants, the oldest grant swallows the younger, or as much of it as is necessary; so that by the term one cannot understand any positive quantity of land.

establish on their lands, at least fifty white families, each composed of at least one married pair, and owning in fee lots of a cavalrie (thirty-three acres) of land, possessing huts and animals, and having part of the premises under cultivation.

2ND. A premium of \$6,000 to the three first sugar-estate owners who in the years 1845, 1846 and 1847, shall present twenty-five white families, composing at least one married pair, who are to be established on a sugar estate, each family owning half a cavalrie, and having a standing contract to sell to the owner of the estate the cane which will be planted on half of the colonists' land.

3RD. A premium of \$20,000, payable in yearly instalments of \$2,000, to the first individual who in the years 1845, 1846 and 1847, shall establish a sugar estate where the cultivation of the cane shall be carried on by thirty white families, composed of at least one married pair, each of which shall possess in fee at least one cavalrie; and where the manufacture of sugar shall be carried on in trains by the vacuum method, and where all the labor of every kind shall be performed by white hands, no colored person to be admitted, even for domestic services. And lastly, where the whole production shall amount to 45,000 arrobes* of sugar. Whenever the aspirant to this premium fails in any one of the conditions required, he forfeits the instalments not already paid.

4TH. A premium of \$6,000 to any person who shall present in the year 1846 a complete train to manufacture the cane-juice into sugar by the vacuum method, every piece of which shall have been constructed on the island.

5TH. A premium of \$6,000 to any person who shall in the year 1846, present a complete apparatus to purge by the vacuum method, which shall be constructed on the island, under the inspection of a committee of the board, and which shall in twenty-four hours after the syrup shall be drawn from the kettles, give a result not below one-half white and the other half brown, in a whole crop of 45,000 arrobes.

The remaining premiums are intended to encourage the use of the American plough, the cultivation of the trifolium, the cedar, pine and other trees, the bean used in the Louisiana plantations, the raising of horses, cows and hens of foreign breed, and the renewal of the cane of Otaheite.

It is obvious to all who have given some attention to the general principles of government, that nothing is more difficult, and more fraught with danger to the sources of wealth, than legislative interference with the course of industry. Where the laws made with such a view have a practical application, it is generally found that the more precise plan marked out by legal or fiscal enactments is the most prejudicial to the interests of the country at large. The celebrated Spanish jurisconsult JOVELLANOS, in his agrarian law, has shown the truth of this proposition more strikingly than any writer with whom I am acquainted. But where, as in the present instance, the resolves of the body will have only an indirect and partial influence, though they may not bring about greater evils than now exist in the island, they may lull the fears which

* AN arrobe is twenty-five pounds.

have given rise to the present programme, by propagating the belief that all has been done which is at this time possible. No government or society should undertake to direct industry by the sole stimulus of a premium. If unsupported by other auxiliaries, and the undertaking be not profitable of itself, the intended encouragement will produce few and isolated attempts, without bearing upon the general good, or perhaps die away and disappear, as soon as the momentary impulse has passed. The same body now offering the premiums have in more than one instance examined the general causes which prevent the increase of white population, and their views are correct, although not so freely expressed as they would be if not given under the restraint to which all bodies as well as individuals are subjected here. Heavy taxation of the necessities of living, the exclusive military and exceptional systems, unknown in the islands' more propitious days, the corrupt, expensive, and disorderly administration of justice, and the difficult acquisition of land, have thus far had as much influence upon the increase of the white population, as the terror lately inspired by the insurrection itself, and the ill-judged persecution which succeeded it, will exert hereafter. I am aware, however, that even giving the individuals called to the junta credit for the most enlightened and independent views, it would not be in their power to express their opinions freely, much less to obtain the passage of resolutions not previously and specially approved of by the Captain-General himself. My only regret is, that in using the slight means they may accidentally have of influencing the measures of government they may neglect altogether more important changes required in the economical and moral condition of the country; giving their attention exclusively to the premiums, which by themselves are utterly useless. Does the government really mean to favor the introduction of white emigrants? Will the indefinite responsibilities and expenses of landing a foreigner be done away with? Will any of the liberal views which Spain tried successfully to put in operation thirty years ago, in favor of white emigration, find favor with the present administration of Cuba? Above all, will the slave-trade cease?

With these few preliminary remarks, I will proceed to examine briefly the general character of the premiums offered.

To the first I make but a single objection; namely, that it is obtainable only by the owners of Haciendas, who may think twelve thousand dollars an inadequate compensation for the distribution of such large tracts of land, and the additional trouble of procuring the required number of families; and whose lands, being far removed from the centre of cultivation, would not have an influence so beneficial as if in or near that part of the country which is in a high state of improvement.

As to the second, considering the low price of colored labor, the general prejudice against a change to free labor to be contended with, and the difficulties of introducing the whites, arising from the several causes before enumerated, I disapprove of it, as altogether inadequate to the great object in view, both as regards the number and amount of the premiums.

As to the third, I was at first almost inclined to believe the express object of its conditions was to make it utterly unobtainable by any one. At any

rate, very few will strive for it, and it will consequently be equally useless for general purposes. In the first place, the sum of \$20,000, though large in the aggregate, is payable in ten years, in equal annual instalments; a condition which materially reduces its value. You are required for this to carry on the cultivation of the cane by thirty white families. This is of itself a great undertaking. Should you however accomplish the most difficult part of the undertaking, and happen not to have thirty married couples, you forfeit the sum. These families must each own a precise quantity of land, and if they transfer it among themselves, may keep you in constant anxiety about their private doings. You must of course sell the land on credit, and either subject the purchasers to a continued contract for planting and selling your cane, which will necessarily impair their personal rights, or run the risk of having no cane to grind. As if these obstacles were not sufficiently great, it is farther required that the very expensive vacuum method, which of itself will cost some \$35,000, shall also be employed; that forty-five thousand arrobes of sugar be manufactured, and no colored person to be employed for even domestic purposes. It is moreover added, that if any of these terms be not complied with, the instalment shall be discontinued, without adverting to the cause of the failure.

The fourth and fifth premiums are equally absurd and useless. The trains of *Derosite* and *Cail*, in whatever manner modified, and however reduced in price, are very expensive. Still more so, and to an almost insurmountable degree, are the manufacturing establishments required to construct them. To erect such buildings and make such delicate machinery in a country like this, where mechanical skill is so dear, demands a very large capital, and a very extensive market for the disposal of the manufacture. Such establishments are not frequently to be found even in Europe or the United States. But upon the plainest principles of political economy, is it right to force the industry of the country from its more natural direction? Is it not absurd to think of making a manufacturing country of Cuba? Were it possible successfully to effect such a result, it must be accomplished by effectually destroying the mutual exchange of Northern manufactures and the agricultural productions of this island. Would not a due regard to the wants of Cuba suggest some plan like the following as the most judicious course: to reward abundantly the first thirty planters who shall present from their several estates forty-five thousand arrobes of sugar, the produce of one year, cultivated and manufactured by white hands exclusively, without requiring further details. For instance, were each planter entitled to the reward to receive \$30,000 in yearly instalments of 3 to \$5,000, it would not drain the abundant resources of the board, and the distribution of the premiums would undoubtedly fix the date of the country's salvation from its present dubious and dangerous situation. Nothing, withal, can be more singular than the total neglect of the favorable occasion for encouraging the establishment of a white population which the cultivation of tobacco presents. It requires no exceptionable, hard, or night labor. With negro labor it is a profitable business, very extensive, and still extending, and should by all means be carried on by white hands. The junta seem to fear the in-

crease of the white population by any means, and to approve of those only which are attended with obstacles.

In former and recent resolutions of the board, projects for increasing the white population have been proposed, of a character that makes one doubt whether they did really mean to encourage it or not. It was at first thought necessary that the common laborer, imported and contracted for, should come from Spain, and not be solely paid by a salary, but in whatever establishment he might be employed, should receive a share (not defined in its amount,) of the profits of the concern. It was subsequently decided, that the junta should pay the passage of such as should be imported, in conformity with a contract wherein country or city laborers were to be brought, of a given age and size, healthy, robust, of good morals, and with no literary or forensic inclinations. These men the board engaged to feed, furnishing each daily with sixteen ounces of bread; eight of fresh meat without bones; eight of Spanish beans on Sundays, Mondays and Tuesdays; eight of rice on Wednesdays and Thursdays; eight of small beans on Fridays and Saturdays; four pounds of lard, four pounds of coffee, and four pounds of sugar, two of salt, for every one hundred portions; seven arrobes of wood, and a sufficient quantity of garlic and red pepper to season the food. Now as these contracts were to be fulfilled ultimately by the planters or manufacturers, who were to take them voluntarily off the hands of the board, it is easy to see that such an abundant table, so particularly described, would effectually prevent the adoption of this plan, and consequently the extension of its useful influence throughout the island. The craving wish to legislate, and to crowd enactments with minute and comparatively unimportant particulars; the lack of liberal views, and the ambition to control the social and moral world; are the legitimate weaknesses of government agents, in a country subject to a strong military rule.

Though endeavoring not to meddle with grave topics, I have been occasionally carried by the nature of my subjects upon the very grounds I wished to avoid. Do not conclude, however, from my remarks, that I consider the condition of the island entirely hopeless. I believe, as I have before observed, that the Spanish government will soon perceive the necessity of more judicious measures, and the impolicy of a despotic system, which, however honest may be its chief, can in no circumstances, in our day, produce other than baneful results.

O M N I B U S D R I V E R S .

WHAT injury they suffer! what
 Opprobrium they inherit!
 Unconscionable call them not;
 Their conscience is their merit.
 'T were well if they, at anger's beck,
 Who load them with detractions,
 Possessed like them an inward check
 Upon their outward actions.

WHAT ARE BUBBLES?

BY SUSAN FINDAR.

'WHAT are bubbles?' asked a child,
Gazing with bewildered eyes
On the spheres of fairy form,
Glittering with the rainbow's dyes:
'They seem to sail so gaily on,
Yet when I grasp them they are gone!'

What are bubbles? — careless boy,
Thou hast asked a question rife
With stern meaning, deeply traced
On the varied page of life.
And a voice with sadness fraught,
Answers from the cells of thought:

Hopes are bubbles, born to burst,
When their hues the brightest seem;
And the joys that o'er our path

Scatter a delusive gleam;
Like bubbles sparkling in the sun,
Are only bright when shone upon.

Fame, ambition, the delights
We have longed for years to clasp,
Won at length through toil and strife,
Perish in our eager grasp:
Grief and gladness — pleasures, troubles,
All alike are empty bubbles!

Life's a bubble, bright and brief,
And its ever-changing dyes
With a purer brilliance glow
As it mounts toward the skies;
Till wafted on Time's passing breath
'Tis shattered by the touch of death.

REMINISCENCES OF A DARTMOOR PRISONER.

NUMBER FOUR.

AMONG the prisoners at Dartmoor were several Irishmen, who had been in the United States' service as soldiers. They were captured in Canada, sent to Halifax, and from thence to England, to await their trial for being taken in arms against Great Britain. They were confined with the other prisoners at the Dépôt, and had the same fare, but were given to understand that a court-martial would soon be convened, that no favor would be shown them, and that they had better prepare for the worst. This was repeated to them every few weeks, and word was frequently sent in that they must expect to be summoned the next morning by day-break. For several months this was continued, I presume for no other purpose than to harass and perplex them; for they were eventually suffered to return with the other prisoners, without being brought to trial. They were a jovial set; and notwithstanding the continued annoyance they underwent, they were true to their national character; full of joke and mirth, song and story; varied by an occasional black eye or broken nose.

In such a multitude it may easily be supposed that there was a great diversity of feeling and disposition. There were the moody and the mirthful, the silent and the boisterous, the knave and his unsuspecting

victim ; 'black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray.' There were seamen of all grades, from the boy just off his first cruise as a privateersman, to the old 'Forecastle Jack,' with his quid in his cheek, his strongly-marked weather-beaten countenance, and grave and resolute demeanor ; the characteristic of the 'ancient mariner' when in a meditative mood : but when he is engaged in conversation, or as he terms it, has a 'yarn on the stretch,' his countenance brightens ; his stern eye beams with intelligence as his mind expands with his subject ; he becomes animated, and stands before you a different being from what he appeared a few moments before. Knavery, as I have remarked, had also its representatives among us. One day as I was taking my usual rambles through the different prisons, I was accosted by one of the inmates, who asked my opinion of a five-pound note which he held in his hand. As I was not on intimate terms with money, I told him I was not able to vouch for its character ; but as my principle was to speak ill of no one, I felt inclined to think well of it. It was however a well-executed counterfeit. On another occasion, on entering one of the prisons, I was assailed by a shower of spurious shillings, which some person had inadvertently let fall from one of the upper stories. I was told that the paper currency was of domestic origin ; but touching the specie, I could get no information. It may have been put into the hands of some of the 'capitalists' within by some knowing one outside, to be circulated among the country people on market days.

It was now mid-winter, and it was generally understood that the United States and Great Britain had appointed ministers to negotiate terms of peace. The prisoners were all looking with intense anxiety for the hour of their release, that they might once more return to their long-forsaken homes and friends. Many could hardly sleep, or persuade themselves that the treaty was not signed, so completely had this idea taken possession of their minds. One of our mess one night insisted upon it that he distinctly heard one of the guard utter the cry of 'peace ;' and although no one but himself pretended to hear it, he easily found many ready to believe it, so strong were their hopes ; and some went so far as to spend the little money they had hoarded with miserly care and self-denial, that they might celebrate the joyful event with becoming spirit. But when days and weeks had passed without bringing the glad tidings, their disappointment knew no bounds, and they sank to the lowest state of despondency. The alternate hopes and fears to which they were subjected created a restless and feverish excitement among them, which they were wholly unable to control. They gradually neglected their employments and amusements, and the one only theme took possession of their minds.

At length the long-desired news arrived. Extravagant joy now took the place of abject despondency ; not a chest that was not examined, nor a pocket that was not turned inside out, to raise funds to vie with each other in honoring the great event. At night the building in which I was confined exhibited within one blaze of light ; for every one who could procure a candle divided it with those who could not, and by this means every post throughout the establishment was decorated with six or eight pieces of burning candles. The mirth and revelry

knew no bounds. The prisoners feasted, and drank, and danced, without ceasing. There was no sleep that night. It was amusing to see the rueful faces of the revellers when they learned that the report was false. Two of my mess-mates had given way to the temptation ; and I shared with them the good things which I had ; that is to say, a good supper, topped off with a mug of beer, which was allowed to be brought in at all times. From this time forth, all was hubbub and confusion, occasioned by the preparations for leaving. Many in the ardor of their feelings forgot that the treaty of peace had yet to be ratified at Washington City, and that it would take a month or two, at that season of the year, to go and return.

About this time came the news of the great victory at New-Orleans: this reanimated the captives, and occupied their minds for several days. The daily expectation of leaving the Dépôt had suspended all mechanical employments ; and the police, which had been established at an early period by themselves, for mutual protection and good order, began now to lose its influence : theft, gambling, and licentiousness soon got the ascendancy ; and what still farther augmented the discontent was, that about this time a small stipend of about six shillings and eight-pence, which had been allowed by our government monthly, for soap, tobacco, or for whatever purpose they chose to apply it, became due, and their anger rose to the highest pitch when they learned that it was Mr. Beasley's intention to withhold it altogether ; an assumption of a responsibility which he was not entitled to assume. This with his former conduct caused the hitherto smothered discontent to break forth. The prisoners procured an old suit of clothes, of which they formed an effigy of Mr. Beasley, and trying him before Judge Lynch's court, he was found guilty of divers misdemeanors, and sentenced to be hung and afterward burnt ; which sentence was carried into execution by those appointed for the purpose.

At length, about the middle of March, intelligence was received of the ratification of peace ; and although the joy was as great as when the news was first heard, it was not manifested with the same outward appearances, for the want of means, the money having been nearly all spent on the former occasion. From this time forward the captives were not so strictly guarded : the yards were thrown open in common through the day, and they were permitted to take such exercise and engage in such amusements as were consistent, until arrangements could be made for their return home.

One morning, at the usual time of serving out the provisions, it was announced that there was no bread, and that ship-biscuit must be substituted. This met with decided opposition ; the prisoners were determined not to be imposed upon by the contractors and agents, nor to allow them to palm upon them the damaged remnant of ship's bread which they had on hand, in lieu of the usual kind. They were informed that there was no other, and that they must take that or none. They remained without bread all that day, but toward night they grew restless. At night-fall they became 'like a raging tempest.' From some cause, which I never heard accounted for, the prison doors had been left open, and the inmates had free access to the yards, where a great

number had assembled, giving vent to their feelings in curses loud and deep. All at once, and as with one mind, they made a rush toward the market-square, where the provision stores were situated. In an instant the ponderous gates and massive iron barriers were prostrated: then seizing the bread, which had probably lain there during the whole day, they quietly returned to the prisons, and suffered themselves to be locked in as usual. They then divided the bread, and partook of their scanty fare, the only food which had passed their lips for the space of thirty-six hours or more. I never before or since saw the old proverb realized, that 'Hunger will break through stone walls;' in this case it was literally breaking through walls of iron. If the prisoners had been desirous of escaping, they certainly had at that time a fair opportunity; for I did not hear of the slightest resistance being made to them by any one; and another and a less effort would have put them in possession of the arms. It was said that Captain SHORTLAND was absent at the time; I think this very probable, for if he had been present blood would have been shed. It was reported that on his return, learning what had taken place, he became frantic with rage. I have no doubt of it; for threats which were then uttered were terribly fulfilled but a few weeks afterward.

Time wore tediously on, appearing tenfold longer in proportion to the growing impatience of confinement, which seemed so uselessly prolonged. As the season advanced, the weather became more temperate; and the sun seemed to coquet with the earth, in occasional glimpses through the thick veil of fog which enveloped that dreary waste; and the prisoners embraced the opportunity of enjoying her smiles. At this time they were allowed to do pretty much as they pleased; indeed, they were scarcely considered as prisoners, being only confined at night, and having the free scope of the yards during the day. They appeared merely to be kept together, until arrangements could be made for their embarkation for the United States.

On the sixth day of April, 1815, the sun broke forth with unusual splendor. A warm, gentle breeze dispersed the heavy pall of vapor which had enveloped the place during the winter; and it appeared as though all nature smiled, to make glad the heart of the poor captive. All that day the yard was thronged, and faces were lighted up with joy, hope, and peace, that had long been worn and furrowed with care. The sick and feeble came forth to enjoy the air; the hale and the strong were there; the youth of fourteen, and the gray-headed man of sixty, were there; some amusing themselves at various games: some wrestling, some walking, and meditating upon their homes, wives, children, and friends, whom they hoped soon to see, after a separation of many years. Tears filled their eyes, and sobs choked their utterance, as they conversed together upon their anticipated happiness. The day was spent as in a happy dream.

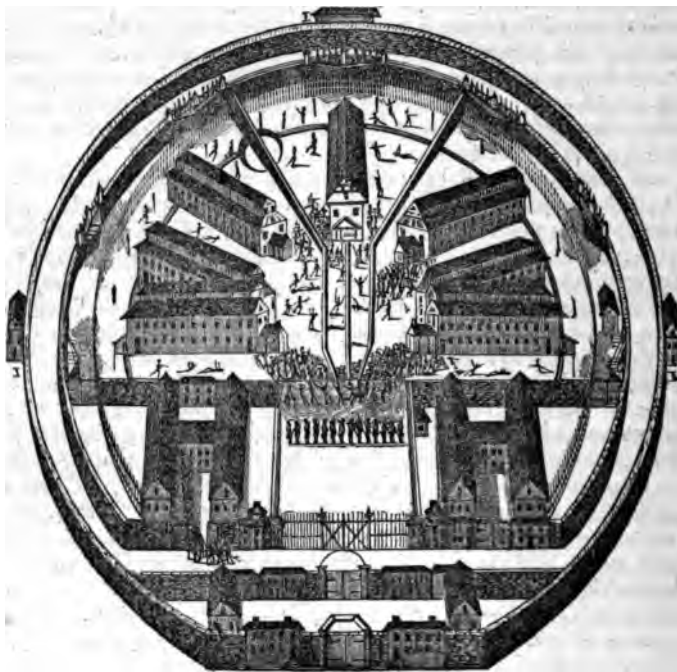
Late in the afternoon, a small party was engaged in a game of ball, in the upper part of the yards of prisons Nos. 5, 6, and 7, and near the wall separating them from the soldiers' quarters. During their play, the ball was sometimes knocked over the wall, which was as often thrown back by some one of the guard who was not then on duty.

At length, becoming tired of returning the ball, the amusement was at an end. They then threatened, if the ball was not returned, that they would break through and get it. Receiving no answer, they proceeded at once to put their threat into execution; and with their knives soon succeeded in making a small breach. By this time it was nearly dark, and most of the prisoners had retired to their quarters, it being about their usual supper time: a few remained in the lower part of the yard, walking and conversing together, enjoying the tranquillity of the evening; and some dozen or two continued around the hole which had been made in the wall.

I was within the building, standing by a window, when a person who had just come in, observed, 'There will be trouble soon, caused by that break in the wall.' This was the first intimation conveyed of the occurrence; myself and a large majority of the prisoners were totally ignorant of it up to this time. While conversing, we heard the report of fire-arms, and looking out, we beheld the walls lined with soldiers, and down in the yard, saw the prisoners closely pursued by a platoon of soldiers at a charge speed, led on by Shortland. All was now in the utmost confusion. It was discovered that the monster Shortland, in order to 'make surety doubly sure,' had unobserved closed all the doors but one, of each prison. The long-threatened storm had now burst upon them in all its fury. On the first alarm, many of those within rushed out to learn the cause, by which means the only entrance was for a time blocked up; and those outside, finding escape cut off at the closed doors, hastened to that which was open, closely pursued by the soldiers, who used their bayonets without mercy; they suffered severely at the same time from a cross-fire from those stationed on the walls. The scene now baffled description. The fugitives, in their haste to get under shelter, were met by those coming out, by which means they were for a time exposed in a body to the balls and bayonets of Shortland and his mercenaries. At length they all got in, dragging with them at the same time several of the killed and wounded of their comrades. The door was then closed and secured, and Shortland and his heroes retired.

It would be impossible to give a correct description of the scene which now presented itself. On the floor opposite where I messed lay a handsome youth, of about fifteen years of age, stiff, and cold as marble, pierced through the heart by a bayonet. A few yards farther on, lay another: a ball had entered his forehead, and passed out at the back of his head. I examined the spot the next morning, and saw part of his brains which had been dashed against the wall nearly opposite the prison door. Among the wounded, who were brought in by their comrades, was one with a wound in the shoulder; another with his thigh broken; another had a most miraculous escape with his life; a musket ball had passed through his mouth from side to side, taking out nearly the whole of his teeth. I saw him after he had got well: he could take no food except with a spoon. It was several days before the full extent of the mischief was known, when it was ascertained that the amount was seven killed, and fifty wounded, some of

them severely. The accompanying engraving will afford a correct idea of the several prisons, and the scene which I have endeavored to describe :



No language can depict the deep, burning feeling of hatred and indignation which now broke forth in bitter execrations from the survivors. If they could have obtained arms of any kind, dreadful would have been the retaliation ! In about an hour a litter was sent in, and the dead and wounded were taken to the Hospital. Not an eye was closed that night. Some gave vent to their feelings by threats and exclamations, others brooded over their wrongs in silence. Alas ! who can tell what a day may bring forth ! Who could have believed that a morning of so fair a promise would close in blood and sorrow ? Who could have imagined that a body of unarmed men, in time of peace, in charge of 'one of the most enlightened and christian nations on the earth,' would be most foully and cowardly butchered in cold blood ? Would that this were the only blot upon the history of that arrogant nation ; that 'champion of the civil and religious liberty of the world !' When this brutal transaction became rumored abroad, it was scarcely believed for a time ; but when it was confirmed, astonishment at the atrocity of the deed bewildered the minds of the people, and they exclaimed, '*Can* such things be !' To allay the public excitement, and attempt a justification of their proceedings, a court of

inquiry was called ; and Mr. CHARLES KING was appointed to act in behalf of the Americans. He was then a very young man, and from want of experience, could not reasonably be expected to be as competent as an older person for the investigation of so grave and important a transaction. It was easy to foresee the result, surrounded as he was by old and interested veterans in intrigue and diplomacy. Capt. Shortland was acquitted, on the ground, first, that he was justifiable, in consequence of an attempt on the part of the prisoners to break out ; secondly, that he did not give the order to fire, and therefore was not guilty.

The idea that the prisoners wished to escape, was preposterous. They had no inducement to do so, as they well knew that they were merely waiting for arrangements to be completed to send them home. If it had been their wish, they had a fair opportunity about a fortnight before, when they seized upon the bread. If it had been their intention, at the present time, there would have been some mutual understanding, some preconcerted plan ; instead of which, the breaking of the wall was known only to the few who were foolishly engaged in it ; the great body of the prisoners being at the time within the prisons, with the exception of the few who were conversing and walking at the lower end of the yard, all of whom knew nothing of the affair ; and beside all this, the whole difficulty originated in the yard enclosing Nos. 5, 6, and 7 prisons ; the inmates of the other four knowing nothing of the transaction, until they were assailed by the soldiers, and made to suffer equally with the others. As to the supposition that the soldiers commenced firing without orders, who does not know that the strict discipline enforced in the military of Great-Britain, at all times, forbade for an instant such an absurd idea ? Indeed, had the soldiers been possessed of the demoniac spirit of their leader, the havoc would have been threefold greater than it was ; for it was evident that they must have generally fired very low, or over their heads, to have caused so many wounded and so few killed.

It would be difficult to account for the motive which actuated Capt. Shortland, in his conduct toward the prisoners, unless it was from his having been many years in the British navy, and having belonged to the class termed the 'old school ;' possessing all the coarse brutality of that early period of the English service ; tyrannical and overbearing to those under his command, and servile to his superiors. There is but little doubt that the repeated reverses of his countrymen on their favorite element, the ocean, and the finale of the contest in the decisive victory at New-Orleans, rankled in his bosom ; and the affair of the bread, and the breach in the wall, served him as a pretext for his unnecessary and brutal act.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT.

WHAT I WAS, is passed by ;
What I AM, away doth fly ;
What I SHALL BE, none doth see,
Yet in THAT my beauties be.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW. Number CXXV. October, 1844. pp. 253. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

A VARIOUS and interesting number of a publication whose out-goings we hope long to be able to greet. The oldest Review in the United States, and by general consent the best, it deserves, and we trust receives, a wide and cordial reception at the hands of American readers. There are nine articles in the present issue, the last including a cluster of brief literary notices. Of these we have as yet found leisure to peruse only five or six with such attention as to qualify us to speak of their merits. The first paper is upon the 'American Loyalists,' a class of persons somewhat various in kind, and more numerous by far, we are inclined to think, than most readers are aware of. The opponents of the Revolution were powerful in all the thirteen colonies. They abounded in New-England; this State was their strong-hold; and in the Carolinas they were as numerous as here. The inhabitants of Charleston and its vicinity, as a body, 'preferred that both the American army and the city should fall into British hands.' They 'flocked to the royal standard by hundreds, and bound their necks to the yoke of colonial vassalage.' An honorable loyalist, 'a victim to conscience,' it would seem was not always the character sustained by this class:

'WHEREVER there was defection, conspiracy, or treason, there were to be seen the stealthy footsteps of the Loyalists. They were connected with the plot to seize, and, as we believed, to assassinate, WASHINGTON and some of his principal officers, and with the plan to destroy Albany. An adherent of the king, and a relative of Nathan Hale, recognized him while on his perilous service, and betrayed him to an ignominious death without a trial. A Tory, who had been in the employment of General Silliman, led the band that took him prisoner. In the capture of General Wadsworth, a Tory was the chief instrument. The loyalist colonel, Boverly Robinson, figures conspicuously in the real or supposed scheme of the Whig leaders of Vermont to resume their allegiance to the crown, and in the treason of Arnold. Arnold might not have fallen, possibly, had he never had Tory connections in his commercial adventures; had he not found so many associates among the Loyalists of Philadelphia; and had he not married a lady whose sympathies were with the royal cause, and who had been flattered and admired by the officers of the British army. In the plot to attack Falmouth from Castine, the British troops were to do all the open fighting, the Tories all the mean and infamous work. Those who hovered in the vicinity of Washington's camp at Valley Forge, when his soldiers had neither food nor clothing, to induce and aid desertions, were Americans. On the revolt of the troops of Pennsylvania, another opportunity occurred for tampering with Whig integrity; but the Tory emissaries were delivered up by the men whom they were sent to seduce, and were hung without ceremony or delay.

'Before the last named event, however, the Loyalists had played their last card; we allude to the failure of the British commissioners to effect a reconciliation, which was decisive of the final issue of the contest. While these commissioners were about their master's work, both parties seem to have felt that the important hour which was to determine their destiny had come, and both used their pens and tongues to the utmost of their ability. If the terms of accommodation were accepted, the Whigs would be, at best, only pardoned rebels; while their opponents, riding rough-shod over them, would enjoy all that a grateful sovereign could bestow. The attempt — through the wife of a Loyalist — to bribe a member of Congress, by the offer of a fortune in money, and the best colonial office which the king had at his disposal, to aid in uniting the colonies to the mother country again, proved of incalculable service in recalling the doubting and irresolute to a sense of duty. The noble answer of REED, 'I am not worth purchasing; but, such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me,' was repeated from mouth to mouth; and from the hour he uttered it, the Whigs had won, and the Tories had lost, the control of a future empire. Henceforth, for ever, the annals of America

were to contain honorable mention of 'rebel' names, and the high office of ruling the western hemisphere was to devolve upon 'new families.'

The entire article is replete with interest, and evinces elaborate historical research. 'Landscape Gardening' is the title of the second paper; and the subject, with its appropriate belongings, is treated in a pleasant and masterly style. The writer seems familiar with his theme; and there are evidences, we think, that it is to his pen that the public were indebted for the article upon 'Architecture in the United States,' in the number of the 'North-American' for the July quarter. Handsome and well-deserved tributes are paid to Mr. DOWNING of Newburgh, whose writings on landscape-gardening have been productive of great, and will be productive of still greater good, in this 'great country.' A new and improved edition of his work, it may not be amiss to add here, has recently been issued by his publishers, Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM. The paper on the 'Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb' we have not found leisure to read. 'WORDSWORTH'S Poetical Works' are, in the succeeding article, reviewed by one who has a heart to feel and taste to discriminate the tenderness and simple beauties of the poet; while at the same time he points out with candor and condemns with justice those faults which have had no small influence, we can well believe, in deterring many readers from extending their acquaintance with some of the most delightful poetry in the English language. The perusal of the article on the 'Life and Correspondence of Dr. ARNOLD' we have postponed to 'a more convenient season.' To a very interesting paper upon 'The Founder of the Jesuits' we shall endeavor hereafter more particularly to refer; meantime, we commend it to the attention of our readers. Mrs. (not the Miss) SEDGWICK'S 'Alida, or Town and Country,' forms the theme of the next article. The work is commended with a friendly warmth, and very long extracts are made from its pages. One of the very best papers in the number is that on SPARKS' 'Life and Works of Dr. FRANKLIN.' It well deserves the liberal space which it occupies and illuminates in the Review; for it involves themes and narrates events of the deepest interest to every lover of his country, and the men who have conferred glory upon her annals. Among the 'Critical Notices' we find one of Mr. STREET'S poetical volume, 'Drawings and Tintings.' The reviewer agrees with us, we perceive, in considering the title an infelicitous one. It almost compelled him, he tells us, 'to shut up the book, without reading a single page.' 'Mr. WILLIS,' he adds, 'began these finical titles in his 'Pencilings by the Way,' and since that unfortunate titular whim made its appearance, every puny poetaster and prosier has felt himself called upon to mimic the affected metamorphosis of present participles into common — quite too common — nouns.' The notice of Mr. STREET commences with the declaration, 'No doubt Mr. STREET is a poet; he has the imagination and the faculty divine;' and with this admission, the reviewer proceeds to criticise his author's performances; and in subsequent remarks and extracts, devotes himself *entirely* to the business of proving that the high praise he had bestowed was either insincere or undeserved. Much that he says of Mr. STREET'S 'high-pressure language and thoughts,' in certain of his performances, is undoubtedly true, and the poet may and probably will be improved by it; but amidst all his illustrations of Mr. STREET'S defects of style, had the critic no room to cite examples of an opposite character? Those faithful transcripts of Nature, in which her minutest lineaments are copied, and for which Mr. STREET is preëminent, were *they* not worthy of mention, in connection with the unrelieved censure that is rained upon him? It requires a true poet, perhaps, to appreciate these things. Mr. BRYANT, unquestionably the very first of American poets, has often copied Mr. STREET'S daguerreotype pictures of nature from these pages with high and unqualified commendation; and praise from so competent a source must outweigh with Mr. STREET a whole quarto of studied severity. No one who has ever lived in the country, and who has an eye to see and a heart to feel the beauties of Nature, can fail to perceive Mr. STREET'S great merit as a limner of her charms. However, *the public* do appreciate it. 'All readers — thank Heaven, and that best and rarest of all senses called common sense — all readers are not critical.' There are still some who are willing to be pleased and thankful for being pleased; and who do not think

it necessary that they should be able to *parse* their pleasure, like a lesson, and give a rule or a reason why they are pleased, or why they ought not to be pleased. This is a consolation, of which no individual opinion, however adverse, no criticism, however savage, can deprive Mr. STREET; and it will have an influence also with his many admirers.

NEAL'S HISTORY OF THE PURITANS, OR PROTESTANT NONCONFORMISTS: from the Reformation in 1517 to the Revolution in 1688. Edited by JOHN OVERTON CHOWLES, M. A. In two volumes. pp. 1098. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE capable and accomplished editor of these volumes remarks in his preface, that he has long desired to see NEAL'S admirable history of the Puritans in the hands not only of the ministry and students, but all private reading Christians, a growing class in this country; but its very expensive price has hitherto been an insuperable barrier to its general circulation. Consultation with many of our most influential clergy of all denominations, induced him to prepare the present edition, which is not only so cheap as to admit of general perusal, but embodies the valuable information which has been garnered up by the writers of the last century. Since NEAL finished his work, we have had the writings of TOWGOOD and TOULMIN, WILSON and PALMER, BROOKS and CONDER, FLETCHER and ORME, and the admirable contributions of Drs. VAUGHAN and PRICE. The works alluded to, and very many others, have been faithfully and laboriously consulted in order to enrich the volumes before us. The editor assures his readers that the present is the most perfect edition extant; he having made many corrections from the latest London edition. Not an iota has been altered in the original text of NEAL, and every edition of the work has been carefully collated and compared. To the Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist ministry, these volumes will be welcome; and if American pastors 'are faithful to their high trusts, they will see that they are placed in the hands and houses of their people.' The present is from the text of Dr. TOULMIN'S edition, and contains his life of the author, an account of his writings, and nine exceedingly well-engraved portraits, on steel, of the Puritan worthies. We commend the work to a wide and general acceptance.

THE TRUE LIFE OF THE SCHOLAR. An Address delivered before the Literary Societies of Dartmouth College, Hanover, (N. H.) in July last. By RICHARD B. KIMBALL, Esq. Published at the request of the Societies. New-York: JOSEPH SNOWDEN.

A SOUND, able, and in parts very eloquent exposition of the true life of the scholar, his destiny, and the influences which determine that destiny. We regret that we have not space to show alike the justice of our praise, and the clear and cogent reasoning of the orator. As it is, we must content ourselves with one or two extracts, which will indicate rather the manner than the matter of the Address before us. After showing the necessity of a course of early intellectual training, the elements which should compose that course, and the evils attending a desire of superiority for the sake of superiority, Mr. KIMBALL observes:

'THE pride of intellect should ever yield to the noble influence of an expanded benevolence. The idol should be cast down, and the True Deity held up to the contemplation of man. Is this any self-sacrifice that is demanded at your hands? If it is, so much greater the necessity that you make it, and speedily, or it will be too late. The day has gone by (and I rejoice that it has) for the astonishing personal influence which individuals, as individuals, have exercised for good or for evil in the history of the past. It has become the habit of late to deplore the want of great men. 'Where,' it is asked, 'are the ADDISOONS, the JOHNSONS, the BURKES and the CHATHAMS of a former age?' I reply, that our age produces men of as great mental capacity as those of any previous age; but they do not stand out to view with the same prominence as the distinguished men of former times. These latter shone with brilliancy in the midst of darkness; now the whole firmament is full of light; and although 'one star differeth from another star in glory,' yet all shine; so that individual superiority is lost in the superiority of the many. The same objects of pursuit and congeniality of feeling unite

men now more than formerly. The doctrine of the '*primitive equality of souls*,' for so many ages lost sight of, is once more in the ascendant. The aspect of the intellectual horizon gives token of the elements which are to produce a new order of things; and it is a miserable selfishness, or a more miserable ambition, that would confine the avenue of knowledge to the few, in order that the ignorant should bow down and worship.'

The remarks of the orator upon *earnestness*, as an element of success in intellectual pursuits, and the cordial tribute which he pays to the lofty and sonorous Ciceronian Latin of the great TULLY, from whom he quotes a noble passage, are worthy of especial heed by the student. The warning against the commission of errors during 'the forming-time of life' is admirably enforced by this apposite anecdote:

'It is related of the Duke of WELLINGTON, at the battle of Salamanca, that previous to the engagement he was constantly employed in viewing from his horse the movements of the enemy, as they marched and countermarched, now in solid column, now in open defile, while performing the customary manœuvres, in order to gain the vantage-ground before the contest commenced. Their position was evidently in their favor. The eye of the Duke was scarcely taken from his glass, as he watched with breathless interest the different movements of the opposing troops; taking in at a glance the meaning of every new evolution, and deciding at once upon its effect. Suddenly his countenance changed; the glass trembled as he held it; another long and earnest look, and he threw back his hands, exclaiming: '*Thank God! they have made a mistake!*' His orders were then given with rapidity; the two armies entered into conflict, and Salamanca was added to the list of victories which distinguished the future conqueror of NAPOLEON. May the thrilling words '*They have made a mistake!*' never be said of you! '*A mistake!*'—it can never cease to affect you, so long as the past affects you, and you will never have done with the past. Its influence will cling to you always; for the past is but the present a little removed from sight, and the present is what you will have to do with forever. The present, the everlasting now claims you, and ever will claim you. *In the true life there is no future.*' . . . 'There is a species of indolence which cannot be termed *inactivity* because the one under its influence seems to be always occupied, though accomplishing nothing; but which is a very canker-worm upon the scholar's time; it is the habit of frittering away seconds and minutes, and often hours, in petty nothings; and when at the end of an apparently busy day the scholar asks himself what he has done, he can fix upon little to satisfy him. It is astonishing what strong hold this pernicious habit takes upon the student, and how impossible it is to shake it off when once fixed. If you would wisely improve the present, forget not that it is but a *second*; another and another has fitted by—and where are you? Still lagging, still trifling, still delaying. Heed the warning of GOETHE:

'Loose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the rest more dilatory:
Thus indolence brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting over days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it!
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it;
Only engage, and then the mud grows heated;
Begin, and then the work will be completed!'

'Nothing but ceaseless action, ceaseless action in the proper sphere, can enable the scholar to fill up the measure of his true life. '*Nulla dies sine linea*,' should be his motto, and he should take heed lest at the close of what may seem to have been an eventful existence, it should be said of him, as it was said of the well-known CHARLES SELWYN: '*He had nothing to do, and he did it.*'

Our readers will perhaps need no other incentive to the perusal of this well-reasoned and well-written Address, than the foregoing random extracts; but we should fall short of our professional duty, did we not commend it, in explicit terms, to the heedful attention of all who are, or are becoming, scholars.

THE DRAMA OF EXILE: AND OTHER POEMS. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT, author of 'The Seraphim, and other Poems.' In two volumes, pp. 543. New-York: HENRY G. LANGLEY.

MRS. BARRETT apprises us in her preface that the present edition 'precedes the English one by a step, a step eagerly taken, and with a spring in it of pleasure and pride.' She observes farther, that her 'love and admiration have belonged to the great American people as long as she has felt proud of being an Englishwoman, and almost as long as she has loved poetry itself.' Criticism is disarmed by words so kind and gracious, coming from a woman, in a distant land; and we are quite certain that under the circumstances her handsome volumes will be as cordially welcomed by American readers as if they exhibited an order of literary merit superior to that which marks the performances of our own female writers; such for example as those of Mrs. SIGOURNEY, Miss H. F. GOULD, Mrs. NICHOLS,

Mrs. WELBY, and other of our more popular lady-poets. Mrs. BARRETT expresses, as her 'favorite wish,' that her work 'may be received by the public as a deposit, ambitious of approaching to the nature of a security for a future offering of more value and acceptability.' That it will be so received, we cannot doubt. She adds: 'I would fain do better; and I feel as if I might do better; I aspire to do better.' We are decidedly of the fair writer's faith, and consider her aspiration as alike creditable and in its purpose feasible. The spirit in which the work has been written is most praiseworthy, as may be gathered from these closing sentences of the preface: 'Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been to me a very serious thing. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry nor leisure for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far, as work; not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being, but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain; and as work I offer it to the public; feeling its faultiness more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration: but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done, should protect it in the thoughts of the reverent and sincere.' We commend the volumes heartily to our readers.

THE GIFT: A CHRISTMAS, NEW-YEAR, AND BIRTH-DAY PRESENT, FOR 1845. pp. 300. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

WE are reminded by this beautiful volume, that the holidays are nearing us; and surely no one need wish a more pleasant remembrancer. The engravings are eight in number, from the burins of our most accomplished professors of the art of celature, and from paintings by PAGE, STUART, LESLIE, MOUNT, MALBONE, DURAND, and HUNTINGTON. In both departments the pictures are unexceptionable, and several of them possess great attraction. It would be invidious however to particularize where all are so creditable. The literary matériel is furnished by various American writers, chief among whom appear Mrs. KRAKLAND, in one of her graphic and entertaining country stories; LONGFELLOW, in a delightful poem, written in his purest and most graceful manner; JOSEPH C. NEAL, the admirable 'charcoal-sketcher,' in a characteristic lipping from life; the Rev. Mr. FURNESS, in a fine poem, translated with faithfulness and grace from the German; Mr. WILLIS, in one of his light and fanciful tales; Mr. HOFFMAN, in a spirited Western sketch. There are articles also by EMERSON, Mrs. ELLET, Mrs. SIGOURNEY, Mr. SIMMS, Miss ANN C. LYNCH, Mr. WATMOUGH, etc. The last article, 'Leaves from the Diary of a Recluse,' is without a name; but the writer had no need to conceal it, for the 'Diary' is among the best papers in the volume. We subjoin one or two brief extracts:

"THE moon is beaming silver bright, and the stars are looking down with a melancholy gaze: I have looked on them a moment since: they are the very same that inspired the fantasies of PLATO and PYTHAGORAS. There they shine with their pale sad light, and PLATO and PYTHAGORAS are gone, and generations have vanished like the waves that have broken on the sea-shore. Myriads of eyes have looked on them; myriads of beings like myself have lived, loved and died; yet they are not changed. I look upon them to-night; a few more years and I shall see them not, but they will still shine on. What is humanity amidst such a universe, and what am I? The very trees under my window have lived longer than I can live: my life, the very breath of Heaven can destroy it! Races and generations are nothing. The mighty machine rolls on and sweeps them away. FATHER of Light and Life! THOU alone knowest the conflicting thoughts that agitate my soul: give me a right spirit, and guide me in the way of truth; THOU only canst know my desire for it.'

What thoughtful observer of the 'promises of immortality written in star-lines on the cope of heaven' has not been overpowered with thoughts like these? There is a valuable lesson conveyed in the ensuing sentences:

'Our friends die and change; we ourselves grow old; and as the vigor of our youth decays, and the flowers of our spring wither, some objects must supply their place; and where shall we find them,

if not in our own minds? and what shall these objects be, if not the cultivation of taste and the acquisition of knowledge? These make us independent of time and place. Like the camel in the parched desert, we bear within us the fountain to supply the wants of our solitary pilgrimage. Thus refreshed and invigorated, we travel on, while those around us languish beneath the storm, or die of feverish thirst. One might ask, will not this course make you selfish, by putting you above the necessity of sympathy? Not more than is necessary. Why, when we find nothing to lean upon, should we not support ourselves?

We are struck with the force and truth of the following: 'Is it not a proof that we are low in the scale of being, that any thing like greatness of mind, nobility, or generosity, strikes us as something strange? The world gazes in as much astonishment to see a man perform a really generous action as if he had suddenly mounted in the air on wings. It must be a low state of existence when the beautiful, the holy, and the elevated excite such emotions of novelty, rather than that which is base, cowardly and low. The latter surround us like the air we breathe. Show us the contrary, and we wonder and praise; praise a good action! — praise virtue! — praise a man because he has done just as he should do!' Brief as we have been, we must yet bring our notice of 'The Gift' to a close. We can make no better end than like the dying swan to 'fade in music' with these most melodious lines by LONGFELLOW, which he with truth entitles 'A Gleam of Sun-shine.'

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present reunite
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like foot-prints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town,
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
Oh! gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden trees
Lay moving on the grass;
Between them and the moving boughs
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they;
One of God's holy angels
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

'Sleep, sleep to day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds, the golden sun-
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder
Of the ancient patriarch's dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,
Sweet-scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
But it seemed not so to me,
For he spake of *RETURN*, the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
But it seemed not so to me,
For in my heart I prayed with him,
But still I thought of thee.

But now, alas! the place seems changed;
Thou art no longer here;
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep rooted in my heart,
Like pine trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the Past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

The last stanza of this charming poem reminds us of one of the earliest lyrics of the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, which is not included in his poetical writings, lately published, and which Mr. LONGFELLOW has doubtless never encountered. It closed as follows; and the stanza develops an instance of coincidence of thought between two poetical minds, which we are sure would have greatly gratified the Departed:

'YET still I gaze, and feel like one
Who, travelling, marks a landscape passed,
Where streams the influence of the sun,
While cloud and storm are round him cast.'

The typography, paper, and binding of 'The Gift,' are of the very best and most tasteful description, and reflect credit upon the care and liberality of the publishers.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'WHITE LYING' AND ITS VICTIMS. — We have been not a little amused, and we think our readers will be, and instructed beside, in the perusal of an account, given in a free-and-easy epistle from an eastern friend, of the evils of 'white-lying.' He tells his own story so well, that we shall plunge at once into his pleasant missive: 'WALK in and take pot-luck with us,' said friend A —. In an unlucky moment I accepted the invitation, forgetting that a fine turkey awaited me at home. On entering the parlor we met Mrs. A —, who received me very politely, but seemed rather disconcerted when her husband announced that I had dropped in to dine with them. I turned away to give her time to recover her equanimity, but in the opposite glass saw her dart a reproachful look at her spouse, accompanied with a gesture of vexation; and at the same time I saw him elevate his hand in an imploring attitude, and cast at her a beseeching look. All this was seen at a single glance — but it was sufficient. I was miserable from that moment. I thought of the turkey, and said to myself: 'What a goose, not to have thought of it before!' But what could I do? It was plain that the gude-wife had only a poor dinner to offer me, and was greatly mortified thereat. I uttered an internal vow that I would never again accept an informal invitation to dine. I pretended to be looking at some engravings on the centre-table, but was all the while trying to invent a scheme by which to extricate myself from my unpleasant position, and had nearly come to the conclusion that I would suddenly pretend to recollect a previous engagement, when a domestic announced that dinner was ready. It was too late: in another minute I was in the dining-room; and 'there I smelt 'em out!' I was about to partake of a salt-fish dinner! My heart sank within me, at the thought that I had left a *real* gobbler at home, to come here and dine on a 'Cape-Ann turkey!' Of all articles tolerated on a dinner table, I most abominate boiled salt fish; and now it was to be seasoned with the sauce of misery and the pepper of domestic irritation. 'I must get rid of these two last ingredients, at any rate,' thought I, 'and the only way to accomplish it, is to swallow the former with a good grace.' 'Shall I help you to some fish?' said the lady. 'Certainly,' replied I; 'there is nothing of which I am so fond.' Here I observed her countenance to brighten. 'Some onions?' 'Thank you, yes; I always eat onions with fish.' (Face brighter still.) 'Beets? carrots? parsnips?' 'Yes, yes.' (Another shade vanished.) 'Eggs? butter? potatoes? etc., etc.' 'Yes, that's exactly right; you understand these things, I see; I could not be suited better. What a lucky fellow I was, A —, to fall in with you to-day!'

'By this time his wife's face was as bright as a sunny day in May, and the perturbation so long visible on the countenance of my friend had given place to a smiling calm. I facilitated myself on the happy turn of affairs, and the thought of having made my entertainers easy, almost made me happy myself: *almost*, but not quite, for right before me lay an enormous plate of salt-fish and accompaniments, which I must devour as a proof of the truth of my declaration that 'there was nothing of which I was so fond as a salt-fish dinner.' I put on a smiling face, and addressed myself to the task. Mustard and vinegar

alone saved me from loathing. Host and hostess were now on excellent terms with each other and with me; and we discussed at large the merits of dun-fish, pickled fish, pollock, hake, cusk, haddock, and salmon; also lump, halibut, mackerel, lobster, shad, and trout; but we unanimously agreed that there was nothing so delicious as the dun-codfish, served up exactly like the one on which we were then dining! By and by my friend brought forth a bottle of excellent Maderia and some fine Havanas. We were quite a happy party; and when I reflected that this was owing entirely to a little innocent falsehood of which I had been guilty, I took great credit for my benevolent artifice, and thought, 'Here is a case which would prove, even to Miss EDGEWORTH, that good *can* come out of a white lie.' Just then the voice of that dear good woman seemed to whisper, 'Wait a little!'

'Just a fortnight from that day, I received from A — a written invitation to dine with him; to which, owing to an unfortunate repugnance to say 'No,' which is my besetting sin, I returned an affirmative answer. To tell the truth, I had no objection; for I thought it likely that he was going to show me that he did dine *sometimes* on other things than salt fish. I expected a sumptuous dinner, and was accordingly very punctual. There were no frowns now; no gestures of vexation, no perturbed visages; all seemed smiling, peaceful, happy. There was an air of ill-concealed triumph in the countenances of my friends, which seemed to say, 'We will show you to-day what a good dinner is.' I expected venison at least. 'Dinner is ready, if you please, Ma'am,' said the servant; and we proceeded at once toward the dining-room. I was a little surprised that there were no guests except myself, for I had expected to meet a large company; but, on reflection, I felt it to be a higher compliment to be invited to dine *alone* with my friends — on venison. How kind they were! By this time we were in the hall. 'Is it possible,' thought I, 'that the odor of that salt-fish dinner can have hung about this place a fortnight? It's rather too strong for that. It *can't* be that we are to dine on salt-fish again *to-day*!' My doubts increased at every step. We entered the dining-room, my friend a little before me, as if to prevent my seeing what was on the table, until I was close to it, when *he* stepped aside, and *she* withdrew her arm from mine; and both turned and looked, first at the table and then at me, with an air of mingled triumph and friendship, which was particularly vexatious; for on the table lay a dinner identical with the one of which I had reluctantly partaken a fortnight before! The blood rushed to my face, as if determined to find vent there, and then as suddenly retreated. A seat was most acceptable. I am sure I looked very pale, for I felt as if fainting; but recovering soon, I complained of being subject to vertigo, declared I had not felt well all day, and made this 'white lie' a plea for eating very sparingly. During the whole time I sat at table, I could not get Miss EDGEWORTH out of my mind. 'She is avenged,' thought I; 'my white lie has brought its own punishment.' . . . Not long after this, I was *again* invited to dine with the A — 's. Would you believe it, I was fool enough to accept; and *AGAIN* a salt-fish dinner was set before me, 'because I was so ill as not to have been able to enjoy my favorite repast the last time I was there!' Cape Cod! how I 'groaned in spirit!' Neither my friend's wine nor his flavorful cigars could elevate me. I was about to say, in reply to a commiserating remark, that my mind was preoccupied with very serious business matters; but I thought of Miss EDGEWORTH, and was silent. I tried to smile, but I have no doubt the result was a grimace. I escaped as soon as possible, and hoped, as I left the house, that I had taken my farewell of salt-fish dinners forever. But, by Jove! 'the end was *not yet*!' This was about two years ago; and since then, I have been inveigled into the acceptance of no less than seventeen invitations to salt-fish dinners, which I have now the *general* reputation of being passionately fond of! I am sure, if such a thing were possible, I should have acquired a taste for them long ago; but on the contrary, my dislike of them increases in a geometrical ratio. I have been several times on the point of feigning dyspepsia, as an excuse for declining *all* invitations, but the thought of Miss EDGEWORTH has prevented me. I have prayed that I might have a slight touch of it; just enough to swear by; but my chylifying function continues as strong as that of an ostrich or an anaconda. I begin to think that Fate itself is against me. Without doubt

I am 'doomed for a certain time to walk the earth,' during which I shall be compelled to accept invitations to cod-fish dinners! They will 'be the death of me' at length, however; I shall be 'found gone for good' some pleasant night; the 'crown's quest' will sit on my corpus; and the verdict will be, 'Died of a white lie, and a suffusion of salt-fish dinners on the brain!'

OSCEOLA, THE SEMINOLE WAR-CHIEF.—The paper upon OSCEOLA, in preceding pages, is from the pen of one fully conversant with his theme; and it will arrest and enchain the attention of the reader. The following remarks, which accompanied the article, will prove of general interest, in connection with its developments: 'THE difficulties attending an attempt to give an account of the life and exploits of an Indian warrior are manifold, and greater than a hasty observer is apt to imagine. The absence of historical memorials to which one might refer for a knowledge of past events, creates a necessity for resorting to oral tradition, which is not to be depended upon implicitly, or to the verbal opinion of cotemporaries of the same tribe, whose judgment is often perverted by jealousy. Unhappily for the Indian, the only record of his exploits is necessarily made by his enemies; and here the difficulty of arriving at truth is greatly increased. The pale-faced historian begins with pre-conceived notions, perhaps aversion; and even those who are well-disposed, or capable of forming a favorable judgment, are unwilling to bestow the attention necessary to obtain a thorough knowledge of the character of their subject; while a class of persons who come into the closest contact with, and who from their position are best able to see the peculiarities of savage life, are ignorant and sordid traders, intent only upon the gain they can wring from those immediately within their grasp. A few missionaries have written the history of savage tribes, but their accounts are of those that were, rather than of the semi-barbarous races by which we are surrounded, and with which we are in later times brought into collision. Notwithstanding our means of better knowledge, we are prone to marvel why the Indian does not think or act as we do, and we blame him for not cultivating the arts of peace, and conducting his wars on the same principles we have acquired by study and experience. We make no allowance for defects of education, as we term them, or rather for his no education, and wonder he does not curb his passions, or if he must give vent to them, do so by such rules as we are taught. This is exactly the thing the Indian cannot do, for he does not know the art, nor has he ever felt the necessity of practising it. Whatever he does, either of good or evil, he does of right good will. Even in his deadly hatred, he is without hypocrisy; for his adversary is made to know, by his uniform habit, that execution follows thought as soon as opportunity offers. He is of a race which cannot assimilate with ours; neither is he of himself willing to adopt our manners and general habits, and become one of us. The mode of treating the Indians was laid down wisely as early as the formation of our present government; and the intentions of the several administrations that have succeeded have ever been good; but interested traders, joined to greedy speculators, have at times had power to thwart or misdirect these intentions, and several of the persons who were charged to carry them out have proved faithless to their duty. During the campaigns in Florida some of the acts of the traders came to light, which were of most unblushing rascality. The following are among a number:

'An Indian wishing to obtain a sum of money that was due to him at Washington, gave to a white man a paper which he signed, and which he was told was an order for the amount: it proved to be a receipt in full, on which the man received the money, and kept it, in spite of the Indian's exposition of his villany. Another case, even worse, was one of a friendly Indian, who held several slaves, whom he desired to assign to a white man in trust, for better security during the troubles, and for this purpose gave what he believed was an assignment. The instrument was drawn up by the white man, and proved to be a bill

of sale for the whole ! Happily, the fraud was afterward fully proved, and the civilized pale-face was forced to give back his ill-gotten property ; but the design was apparent.

'These are a few of the examples the educated whites set to the untutored savages ; and yet these men are often the loudest in crying out against Indian treachery. Is it to be wondered at that retaliation should follow, and that it is often practised beyond the full measure of retribution ? We are apt to begin our intercourse with distrust, without regard to the feelings of the Indian's nature ; we wound his pride, and scoff at his superstition. He feels himself insulted, and flies to battle, smarting under injuries and thirsting for vengeance. He knows that his race is becoming extinct ; often alludes to his fallen state and hopeless prospects with touching eloquence ; and fights in despair. It is reasonable to believe that if we treat the Indians as rational, thinking beings, give them fair words of truth, and act justly toward them, we shall draw out their latent good qualities, for no person is entirely destitute of these ; give them truer notions of morality, remove the temptation to commit wrong, and teach them the value of virtue. At least we might expect to see a willingness to return good for good. Now we look to see good returned for evil, according to the precepts of our faith, but which alas ! few of us observe. The Indian's code does not teach this. In short, we must take the savage as we find him ; and those who write a history of his life, must relate all the horrors he commits, the gusts of passion to which he is subject, and give full praise to whatever virtues Nature has bestowed upon him. It should be borne in mind that he comes to us as Nature has formed him, and the working out of his system of education is to us, proud pale-faces, with our ' wholesome restraints,' and ' propriety of conduct,' worth the study, for by it we may learn much that we did not know before. These remarks may serve to show you how little chance the Indians have of being justly represented, and the dubious source whence is obtained a knowledge of the character of individuals. Notwithstanding these impediments in the way of truth, I have attempted to sketch the prominent traits in the life of a Florida chief, who possessed many manly qualities, much practical good sense, and who rendered himself conspicuous in the late war, by maintaining for a long period an unequal contest with no other resources than great valor joined to an influence which his personal character alone enabled him to exercise over his countrymen. The publications of the day treat almost exclusively of military movements, and give little information as regards individuals ; and what they do afford has been used freely, especially when the facts are confirmed by eye-witnesses or actors in the war. From these last I have obtained the points most to be depended upon ; and I have derived from a friend who served in the army with distinction, many minute details, which could not be gathered from any other source.'

REV. WILLIAM JAY'S WORKS have just been published by the HARPERS, in three handsome volumes, with a portrait. The first volume contains 'Morning and Evening Exercises' for every day in the year ; each exercise being made to express fully the import of its text, and the whole exhibiting a great diversity of subject, a wide selection of passages from the less observed and less improved parts of the Scriptures, and a judicious blending of doctrine, experience, and practice. The second volume embraces 'Short Discourses to be read in Families ;' 'The Christian Contemplated,' in a course of lectures ; and 'Prayers.' The first is intended for those who wish to blend instruction with family devotion ; the second to diversify a little the ordinary course of ministerial instruction ; to excite and secure attention by a degree of allowable novelty and curiosity ; and to bring together various things pertaining to the same subject, so that they may aid each other in illustration and improvement, by this arrangement and union. The 'Prayers' are simple, devotional, and brief, and are for morning, evening, and select occasions, with short devotions, to be used occasionally. The third volume contains Sermons ; Life of WINTER ; Memoirs of JOHN CLARK ; 'Charge to the Wife of a Minister ;' 'The Wife's Advocate,' etc., etc.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We have just finished the perusal, we believe for the fourth time within three years, of the writings of SYDNEY SMITH. For pungency, sarcasm, felicitous collocation of words, and invariable clearness and force of style, we scarcely know any thing in modern literature to compare with them. We desire the reader to reflect and laugh with us over three or four passages which we have condensed or selected for his gratification. The reverend gentleman tells some truths of his own countrymen quite as pungent in their way as those he is fond of bestowing upon us; but the unction of prejudice against 'Yankees' being wanting, they come forth with amusing unconsciousness of exposure, which is very pleasant. He rails away lustily against seceders in general, and Methodists in particular, as people who set out to be better than their neighbors, and dissatisfied with the regular preaching of the Establishment; people who talk of being 'converted' after having been always under the influence of 'regular' preaching. Of this same regular preaching he says elsewhere, that clergymen 'are usually appointed to their situations by those who have no interest that they should please the audience before whom they speak,' and that 'the only evil which accrues from the promotion of a clergyman to the pulpit which he has no ability to fill, is the fatigue of the audience and the discredit of that species of public instruction; *an evil so general that no individual patron would think of sacrificing to it his particular interest.*' As to the sermons of the day, he confesses that their general character is that of 'decent debility,' and we do not learn that the reverend critic has ever turned his pen to account in endeavoring to improve their tone. He laughs at some one who declined allowing his servant to deny him at the door when he was at home, and draws the conclusion from such instances of inconvenient tender conscience, that 'The energy of religious feeling disturbs the ordinary occupations and amusements of life.' We cannot help thinking that a clergyman would find it difficult to choose from any of the epistles or gospels an appropriate text for a sermon on the subject of that sort of disturbance. He remarks, that upon reading in the works of a certain divine, that trials and crosses and self-sacrifice were the lot of the Christian, he was at first disposed to dispute the correctness of the observation; but it occurred to him that the writer must undoubtedly allude to the eight hundred and fifty actions which, in the course of eighteen months, had been brought against the clergy for non-residence. Two phrases in great repute, 'The true theatre for a woman is the sick chamber,' and 'Nothing so honorable to a woman as not to be spoken of at all,' he calls 'the delight of noodledom;' and we quite agree with him. After his scorching exposé in the Edinburgh Review of the conduct of the English Methodist missionaries in India, some 'consecrated cobbler' among the divines of that sect replied to him in a pamphlet-review, which was written in execrable taste, and abounded in blunders, one of which is thus pleasantly exposed in Mr. SMITH's rejoinder: 'In speaking of the cruelties which their religion entails upon the Hindoos, Mr. STYLES is particularly severe upon us for not being more shocked at their piercing their limbs with *kimes*. This is rather an unfair mode of alarming his readers with the idea of some unknown instrument. He represents himself as having paid considerable attention to the manners and customs of the Hindoos; and therefore the peculiar stress he lays upon this instrument is naturally calculated to produce in the minds of the humane a great degree of mysterious terror. A drawing of the *kime* was imperiously called for; and the want of it is a subtle evasion, for which Mr. STYLES is fairly accountable. As he has been silent on this subject, it is for us to explain the plan and nature of this terrible and unknown piece of mechanism. A *kime* then is neither more nor less than a false print in the Edinburgh Review for a *knife*; and from this blunder of the printer has Mr. STYLES manufactured this Dædalean instrument of torture called a *kime*! We were at first nearly persuaded by his arguments against *kimes*. We grew frightened. We stated to ourselves the horror of not sending missionaries to a nation which used *kimes*. We were struck with the nice and accurate information of the Tabernacle upon this important subject; but we looked in the

errata and found Mr. STYLES to be always Mr. STYLES; always cut off from every hope of mercy, and remaining forever himself! It is said that the article had such an effect upon Mr. STYLES, that immediately after reading it, he killed himself with a *kime*! What could be better in its way, or more forcible, than the following illustration of *PLYMLEY*? 'I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. PARTINGTON on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town; the tide rose to an incredible height; the waves rushed in upon the houses, and every thing was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame PARTINGTON, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused; Mrs. PARTINGTON's spirit was up; but the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. PARTINGTON. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest.' In the same vein are his remarks upon the attempt on the part of the government to interfere with the religion of Scotland. They could not prevent, he said, that metaphysical people from going to heaven their own way. 'With a little oat-meal for food, and a little sulphur for friction; allaying cutaneous irritation with the one hand and holding his Calvinistical creed in the other, Sawney ran away to his flinty hills, sung his psalm out of tune his own way, and listened to his sermon of two hours long, amid the rough and imposing melancholy of the tallest thistles.' . . . WE do not accept 'M.'s' '*First Love*;' not because it lacks truth or feeling, but because it is very carelessly written. Does 'M.' remember the charming lines quoted by CHARLES LAMB, and embodying a picture of that of which he has made only a mere sketch? Listen:

'Ah! I remember well (and how can I
But evermore remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sighed
And looked upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ailed — yet something we did ail;
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus
In that first garden of our simpleness
We spent our childhood. But when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah, how then
Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardness;
Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show
What she would have me, yet not have me know.'

One who loved LAMB well, has drawn a pleasant sketch of a youth in the situation of our correspondent: 'Hitherto hope had never been to him so delightful as memory. His thoughts wandered back into the past more frequently than they took flight into the future, and the favorite form which his imagination called up was that of the sweet child, who in winter partook of his bench in the chimney corner, and in summer sat with him in the porch, and strung the fallen blossoms of jessamine upon stalks of grass. The snow-drop and the crocus reminded him of their little garden, the primrose of their sunny orchard bank, and the blue-bells and the cowslip, of the fields wherein they were allowed to run wild and gather them in the merry month of May. Such as she then was, he saw her frequently in sleep, with her blue eyes and rosy cheeks, and flaxen curls; and in his day dreams he sometimes pictured her to himself such as he supposed she now might be, and dressed up the image with all the magic of ideal beauty.' Remembrance will enable some of our readers to recall scenes like these; and then perhaps a sigh may be heaved for the days that are gone; hope will picture it to others, and with them the sigh will be for the days that are to come. . . . AMONG the matter in type for our last, was an elaborate notice, from the pen of a correspondent, of NIBLO's Garden Theatre, and of the claims of MITCHELL,

NICKINSON, Miss TAYLOR, and the pretty and accomplished Miss CLARKE, upon the favor and patronage of the public. As Mr. MITCHELL, however, has opened his winter-theatre, the popular 'OLYMPIC,' with all his old and many new dramatic attractions, the publication of the article is 'suspended' indefinitely. At the PARK, preparations are on foot for a 'variety of entertainments' and 'stars,' from which, if certain hints may be credited, we gather that something out of the beaten course may be anticipated. At the BOWERY, the popular play of 'PUTNAM' 'runs its ceaseless course.' It has kept constant possession of the stage for thirteen weeks, and its attractions continue undiminished. CORBYN, the well-known estimable treasurer of the 'Olympic,' continues NISLO's Garden Theatre, during the winter months. The house has been made 'all right and tight,' and the worthy manager will have 'an eye to every thing that is going' that can serve his purpose. He has already secured a good theatrical company. We shall keep our readers advised of all that is worthy of record in our dramatic department. . . . THERE is a pleasant anecdote related of Mr. ALVAN STEWART, of Central New-York, which strikes us as worthy of preservation. He was dining one day at one of our fashionable hotels; and after selecting from a bill-of-fare in French a piece of roast-beef, he despatched one of the spare corps of servants to procure it. He waited for some time, but the servant 'came not back.' At length, observing him assisting at an opposite table, he beckoned to him, and having caught his eye, exclaimed, in a deep sonorous voice, '*Young man, I am hungry!*' Ay, ay, Sir,' replied the waiter, and departed a second time for the plate of beef. After some time had elapsed, the beef was placed before the hungry gentleman, who turned a solemn face to the servant, and asked, 'Are you the boy who took my plate for this beef?' Yes, Sir, I be,' said the waiter. 'No!' exclaimed Mr. STEWART; 'why, *how you have grown!*' Moral: there is scarcely a hotel in town, except perhaps the peerless ASTOR and AMERICAN, where there are as many waiters by one half as there ought to be. . . . Who can withhold his assent to the justice of this estimate of the deserts of that class of persons (happily small) who, having acquired some notoriety as 'conversationists,' are continually striving to be striking or profound; who say things in ten words which require only two; and who fancy all the while that they are making a great impression? 'It is easy to talk of carnivorous animals and beasts of prey; but does such a man, who lays waste a whole party of civilized beings by prosing, reflect upon the joy he spoils and the misery he creates, in the course of his life!—and that any one who listens to him through politeness, would prefer ear-ache or tooth-ache to his conversation? Does he consider the extreme uneasiness which ensues, when the company have discovered that he is a bore, at the same time that it is impossible to convey, by words or manner, the most distant suspicion of the discovery? And then who punishes this bore? What sessions and what assizes for him? What bill is found against him? Who indicts him? When the judges have gone, their vernal and autumnal rounds, the sheep-stealer disappears; the swindler gets ready for the Bay; the solid parts of the murderer are preserved in anatomical collections. But after twenty years of crime, the bore is perhaps discovered in the same house; eating the same soup; unpunished, untried, undissected.' Have you not encountered, reader, in the course of what Mrs. GAMR would term your 'pilgrimage' through this mortal wale, an occasional bore of this stamp; a man whose disquisitions (touching mainly perhaps his own literary opinions and writings, published or unpublished,) beat lettuces, poppy-syrup, mandragora, hop-pillows, and the whole tribe of narcotics, all to nothing? If you have not, you are lucky. We know who has, 'we do'—but not lately. . . . Our remarks upon '*Watering Places*' and their cognate themes in our last, have brought down upon us sundry epistles and communications, with which we shall have more to do hereafter. Saratoga, Sharon, Newport, and even the Virginia Springs, have contributed to our portfolio. The sketch of '*The Paper-Match*' is too transparent. It reveals a pique and conceals a sting. Beside, we do not wish to discourage venerable lovers. What says old BURTON on this point? 'An old, grave, discreet man is fittest to discourse of love matters; because he hath likely more experience, observed more, hath a more staid judgment, can better discern, resolve, discuss, advise, give

better cautions and more solid precepts, better inform his auditors in such a subject, and by reason of his riper years, sooner divert.' Ladies should never taboo such 'customers.' The very *success* of the gentleman in question establishes the wisdom of this caution. Here is a clever thing, found, says a correspondent, near the door of a young lawyer's office in Wall-street:

FAREWELL, O Sharon! and alas, farewell
Thy proud pavilion and thy brimstone spring;
Ill can my halting muse describe or tell
The raptures that my heart is fain to sing;
Of all thy glories and of all thy smells,
Thy baths, thine omelettes, billiard-rooms and belles.

No more the spring-boy doth his tumblers dip,
Plumping within thine own odorous fountain's brim;
No more, with nose averted, shall I sip,
Nor, sulphuretted, turn from thy hygeian stream;
The spring-boy now laments the season o'er,
And I return again to Law's detested lore.

No more thy ball-room will invite at eve,
The oft-told tale to tell in woman's ear;
For ah! to-morrow's stage-coach will bereave
The last lorn lover of his lingering dear;
Such flames, alas! all watering-places know,
Come with the summer, with the season go.

No more at sound of CUPPEE's clanging bell
The parlor, bar-room and piazza vent
The hungry throng in headlong rush, pell-mell,
To gorge their welcome provender intent;
The chickens all are gone, the final egg is poached,
E'en the old gobbler yesterday was broached.

No more the bowling-alley's sounding balls
Allure the ladies and their hangers-on;
No new arrival all the curious calls
To speculate the dusty wights upon;
Through vacant halls the mournful landlord prowls,
Through rooms deserted now, old Boreas howls.

But I will bear with me the grateful thought
Of days of reverie and nights of rest,
When neither bores nor fell mosquitoes sought
To mar the quiet of the tired guest;
And oft within my legal garret lone
Will meditate upon the pleasant season gone.

Just after you pass from Broadway into Wall-street, citizen reader, you will perceive on your left a wide open space, covered with rubbish and dotted with laborers. Turn aside for a moment, and survey the scene. It is a space of ground occupied by two sacred edifices, in succession, the latest of which has just been taken down. The numerous arches which you see around, some almost demolished, and others slowly yielding to the crow-bar and pick-axe, were the vaults of the dead. Advance a few yards and examine them more attentively. The workmen are removing all that remains of the forms that once tenanted them; sometimes so little as scarcely to be perceptible; a spade-full or so of dust, a shapeless lump of porous bone, and perhaps a dank piece of worm-eaten mahogany, being all that is left. In the two or three small pine boxes which you see in the centre of the square are deposited, in a promiscuous heap, the few bones, large and small, which were found commingled together in the vaults; and where the lines of graves ran on each side of the church, are also now and then found similar 'trophies of the dead and gone.' Pause at this spot, reader—as by an eddy that slowly revolves in the curve of some rushing stream—pause for a moment, ere you hasten on to mingle with 'multitudes commercing' in the crowded mart of traffic, solemnly meditate, and commune with yourself: What am I? and whither am I tending? Men with spirits as buoyant and hopes as bright as my own; who once met daily in the busy thoroughfares of the metropolis; who mingled

with each other in fraternal intercourse; who sat side by side in the same house of prayer; where are they now? 'Shrunk to this little measure!'—their very remains commingled together in the dust, and dwindled into indistinctness and inextricable confusion:

'AND is it thus!—is human love
So very light and frail a thing!
And must life's brightest visions move
For ever on Time's restless wing?

'Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?'

Even so! When the rattling earth is cast upon our coffin, it sends up a hollow sound, which after a few faint echoes, dies and is buried in oblivious silence. That fleeting noise is our posthumous renown. 'The earth itself,' says the great MILTON, 'is a point, not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. The mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens they have an end, cannot persuade me I have any. There is a divinity within us; something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun.' Bear this well in mind, therefore, that 'affections well-placed and dutifully cherished; friendships happily formed and faithfully maintained; knowledge acquired with worthy intent, and intellectual powers that have been diligently improved as the talents which the great Author of Mind has committed to our keeping; will accompany us into another state of existence, as surely as the soul in that state retains its identity and its consciousness.' No one, says SOLON, can truly be called happy, until his life has terminated in a happy death; and surely his death will be the happiest, who in his day and generation has done the most good to his fellow-men. Seek out then those unhappy wretches who are shunned because penniless and forlorn; oppressed and wronged, because weak and powerless; who endure poverty without pity, age without reverence, want without succour, and pain without sympathy; seek them out, and relieve them. Then will the 'blessing of him that was ready to perish' cheer your last hour. Then there will be joy in the thought that

—'our living bodies (though they seem
To others more, or more in our esteem)
Are but the shadow of that real Being,
Which doth extend beyond the fleshly seeing,
And cannot be discerned until we rise
Immortal objects for immortal eyes.'

THE cat-o'-nine-tails, says some one as wittily as truly, must have had as many lives as a cat to have lasted so long. We were perfectly shocked at the revelations of cruelty contained in an article from a late English work, upon the system of flogging practised in the British army. Its details are too painful, too revolting, to be laid before our readers. The utmost 'horrors of war' would seem scarcely to equal the terrors which military discipline should inspire. There is some hope that the exposure of these cruelties may in some manner effect their abatement; although experience has shown that nothing is so reluctantly abandoned by despots as any oppressive cruelty which they imagine to be connected with the maintenance of their authority. All trouble of argument and proper management are saved by the use of the whip. Think of men receiving five hundred out of a thousand lashes at one time, and before their 'sloughing' backs are healed, brought from the hospital to receive the remainder! And this 'not an unusual occurrence!' O MERCY! 'thou art fled to brutish beasts!' . . . In the matter of *Concerts*, October 'opened rich.' OLE BULL led off with his old triumphs of soul-melody, and the achievement of new ones; especially in the case of his '*Recollections of Scotland*,' in which he played a Highland air that seemed to entrance every hearer. MR. DEMPFSTER has concluded his series of metropolitan entertainments for the present. They have lost no whit of their popularity; nor will they, until fine

taste, simple melody, and a 'most sweet voice' shall lose their power to please. MR. DEMPSTER's great merit as a *composer* we think is not generally known. We are surprised to learn that the touching and exquisitely pathetic air of 'The Irish Emigrant's Lament' is his own music, and that this is the case with very many others of his most popular songs. He sang with great tenderness a charming air of his own, to words written for him by a gentleman of Philadelphia. Very delicate and felicitous are these first two stanzas:

'I HAE a cup o' gude red wine;
Wha shall I pledge it wi'?
Nane, nane shall be a toast o' mine
But thee, my MARY, thee;
Then here's a health to thee, my dear,
Then here's a health to thee,
For its hue is like thy bonny cheek,
And it sparkles like thine e'e.

'I hae a wreath baith sweet and rare;
Whose shall the flow'rets be?
Nane, nane shall twine them in their hair,
But thee, my MARY, thee;
Then here's a wreath for thee, my dear,
Then here's a wreath for thee,
For the opening rose is like thy mou',
And the violet's like thine e'e.'

AT MR. DEMPSTER's third concert, he introduced to the audience his old instructor, MR. DANIEL, of Scotland, who sang 'My Sister Dear,' and two or three other songs, with much truth and feeling. MR. DANIEL comes among us as a musical teacher of the highest repute. He was for fourteen years a principal instructor at Montrose and Aberdeen, where he conducted church music, taught vocal and instrumental associations and bands, arranged music for full orchestras, etc.; and where he was acknowledged to have no superior as a profound theorist. In schools, seminaries, institutes, and private families, where the theory of music, the piano-forte, or singing are taught, MR. DANIEL is qualified to acquit himself with distinguished éclat. We commend him to our citizens as a gentleman most 'worthy of acceptance.' . . . OUR new (and welcome) correspondent, in his '*Letters from Cuba*,' in preceding pages, speaks of the magniloquence of the Spanish language, even in the most common-place matters. We have often thought of this. There is a pleasant example of this kind, although somewhat elevated in subject, in a passage of the history of the Cid Campeador. It is related, that 'when he recovered from the Infantes of Carrian his two swords Colado and Tizona, his whole frame rejoiced, and he smiled from his heart. And he laid them upon his lap and said, 'Ah! my swords, Colada and Tizona, truly may I say of you that you are the best swords in Spain; and I won you, for I did not get you either by buying or by barter. I gave ye in keeping to the Infantes of Carrian, that they might do honor to my daughters with ye. But ye were not for them! They kept ye hungry, and did not feed ye with flesh as ye were wont to be fed. Well is it for you that ye have escaped that thralldom, and are come again to my hands!' . . . If any man among us lacks pride in his country, or in the ingenious handicraft of his fellow-citizens, we counsel him to step into the *Fair of the American Institute*, at NIBLO's Garden. Is their any nation under heaven, with the experience that our's has had, that can excel us in the useful arts? How vain-glorious soever the assumption may seem, we think not. There are *some* inventions on exhibition at the fair which will provoke a smile from the observant visitor; but we shall not name them, lest our motives should be misinterpreted. The truth is, we have had an invention 'thrown out' by the managers; and any adverse remarks of ours upon the 'improvements' of other exhibitors would be placed to the account of private pique. Our appeal lies to the public. The '*Ekkalaebion*,' or Chicken-Hatching Machine, suggested to us an improved plan for supplying the increased demand for eggs created by that unique steam-hen. It was called '*The Self-acting Compulsory Hen's-Nest*,' and was upon the following principle: A nest, in the usual form, was made of bent pieces of whale-bone, supported at their upper ends by a circular hoop, and terminating in very thin points at the bottom of the nest. Below the nest was suspended a circular thread-netting. The *modus operandi* of the invention was as follows: The veritable nest being concealed by the usual matériel, the hen mounts in good faith, settles down, and deposits her egg, 'in the full glow of conscious security.' The pliant centre of the nest feels the weight of the new burthen, yields gently to the pressure, and the egg is safely deposited in the netting below.

The hen, finding after all her labor 'a product of nil' in the nest, renews her maternal endeavors; nor does she cease, until the lower basket of net-work is filled with eggs, and there remains *one* in the veritable nest. Such, fellow-citizens, is the useful invention which was 'thrown out' by the Accepting Committee of the American Institute. 'D—n 'em!' said Mr. DAUBSON, the Little Pedlington painter, when his picture of 'The Grenadier' was refused admission into the Royal Academy, 'd—n 'em! they did n't *dare* to hang it up!' We indulge in a kindred consolation, whenever we reflect upon the reception given by an unpatriotic and self-constituted body of envious men to our 'Self-acting Compulsory Hen's-Nest.' . . . 'CARLOS' speaks feelingly of the wrongs which he has received at the hands of 'perfidious woman;' and since he appeals to us, we have no hesitation to state, that if what he tells us be true, we think he *has* been 'shabbily treated:'

'It is not that she bade me go,
And said, I'd better stop my calling,
It is not that she answered, 'No,'
As loud as could be—short of bawling;
It was not that she slammed the door,
And set her nasty lap-dog on me;
Oh no; a greater, keener grief
Weighs down my heart and preys upon me.

I cannot bear to see her go
And promenade with other fellows;
I cannot bear to see her walk
On rainy days 'neath their umbrellas;
To see such things a-going on,
Excites my virtuous indignation;
It makes me swear, as one might say,
In vulgar phrase, 'like all creation.'

To see her seated in a chair,
With half a dozen sop's about her;
And hear that fool AUGUSTUS swear
He 'can't exist a day without her,'
'Tis *this* which makes my withered hopes
Fall thick and fast like leaves in Autumn,
And causes my poor heart to beat
Like a young bear's when dogs have caught him.

What if her father is the Squire,
And I'm a briefless-lawyer-devil?
She need n't cut me in the street—
It would n't hurt her to be civil.
But ah! my heart-strings are a lute
On which her hand unfeeling lingers;
Well be it so! the tune is sad,
But then 'tis played by Beauty's fingers.

Enough! enough! I've lost the maid:
My mind is bordering on distraction;
Yes, yes—I'll leave this classic shade,
And seek a wider field of action;
Far in the distant Texan land,
In war's proud ranks I'll seek for glory,
And then perhaps in later years
My name will sound in verse and story.

And if, oh cruel MARIANNE!
You hear them tell about 'a stranger
Who wore the 'lone star' on his crest,
And never cared a cent for danger,'
Perhaps you'll proudly look around,
And with a sigh of sympathy
Exclaim to all your wondering friends,
'That brave young man once courted me.'

THE London '*Gentleman's Magazine*' has an article on '*The Future Life of Animals*,' based upon JESSE'S *Scenes and Tales of Country Life*,' which will be 'nuts' to our correspondent, the author of the papers on 'Mind or Instinct in Animals.' The writer thinks that the thousand examples of 'love strong as death,' of attachment as independent of any selfish motives as it is possible to imagine, are moral attributes, which the DEITY will hereafter place to the credit of his lowlier servants, the humbler tenants of his love. 'THE CREATOR seems, by bestowing on some animals an instinct to attach themselves to man, to have intended through this to improve and soften and elevate their nature. They learn to look to man as their protector and their teacher; they watch his movements; they even anticipate his desires; they partake his enjoyments; they share his sorrows; they rejoice in his presence, they grieve for his departure; they feel for him in sickness, and they lie down by him in death.' We *hope* the postulate of the annexed passage may be a correct one. We have often thought, when we have encountered in the streets on sultry summer days scores of innocent sheep, their heads hanging over the sides and ends of butchers' carts, (lambs led to the slaughter, yet opening not their mouths,) or heaps of youngling calves, tied together before the doors of slaughter-houses, that *somewhere*, by means of the system of 'compensations,' there must come retribution for this:

'FOR man there is appointed a future world, in which the spirits of the just may rejoice, and the remorse of the godless and impenitent may be the sole subject of their eternal shame; but can there be supposed no other worlds in the countless multitudes of the heavenly host, that may be the future habitation of the innocent creatures that have spent their little lives in this? May not there 'the half-reasoning elephant' be found, who has had his faculties so much improved and enlarged by his acquaintance with mankind? May not there the noble horse, man's servant, or the dog, his faithful

and sagacious companion, be permitted to prolong their lives, which have been so elevated and improved by their fellow-creatures here upon earth? Is it wrong to suppose that there can be no future compensation for the inflictions of cruelty, no enjoyment of freedom after a tyrannous and incessant bondage, no blessings of repose after a wretched life worn out under the oppression of creatures far lower, far more brutal and bestial than themselves? Who would not wish this to be, and, wishing, who would not believe it true?

'*A Tale of the Cholera in New-York*' has been anticipated in these pages by a sketch from the pen of the clever correspondent to whom we were indebted for a series of papers entitled 'Limnings in the Thoroughfares.' The ludicrous description which our new contributor gives of the excited fears of the community during the cholera season, is not exaggerated. Every thing that was eatable or drinkable, we remember, was by very many persons considered extra-hazardous. 'Esculent vegetables were pronounced uneatable; even the tailors foreswore cabbage: people looked black upon green peas, and eschewed with horror the salads they once chewed with pleasure. As to fruits, it was fruitless to put them on the table: the dessert was deserted; every apple was a forbidden one; currants were no longer current; it was dangerous to pare a pear, and still more so to pine for pine. Some forsook their French wines, and took to port as their only harbour; others dropped their spirits at the very moment when they most wanted to keep them up; and a few paid more than usual attention to their temper, because they had been cautioned against every thing liable to turn sour.' . . . WE congratulated ourselves the other evening, while listening 'at second hand' to Mr. GREEN's exposé of the tricks and evils of *Gaming*, that we did not certainly know, even by the face, one card from another. GODWIN, in his '*St. Leon*,' has drawn a most vivid and frightful picture of the sensations of an unsuccessful gamester: 'He would be the most pitiable if he were not the most despicable creature that exists. Arrange ten bits of painted paper in a certain order, and he is ready to go wild with the extravagance of his joy. At another time, when his hopes have been gradually worked up into a paroxysm, an unexpected turn arrives, and he is made the most miserable of men. Never shall I cease to recollect the sensation I have repeatedly felt, in the instantaneous sinking of the spirits, the conscious fire that spread over my visage, the anger in my eye, the burning dryness in my throat, the sentiment that was in a moment ready to overwhelm with curses the cards, the stake, my own existence, and all mankind. How every malignant passion seemed to rush upon my soul! What nights of dreadful solitude and despair did I repeatedly pass during the progress of my ruin! It was the night of my soul! My mind was wrapped in a gloom that could not be pierced; my heart was oppressed with a weight that no power was equal to remove. My eye-lids seemed to press downward with an invincible burthen; my eye-balls were ready to start and crack their sockets. I lay motionless, the victim of ineffable horror. The whole endless night seemed to be filled with one vast, appalling, immoveable idea. It was a stupor more insupportable and tremendous than the utmost whirl of pain, or the fiercest agony of exquisite perception.' Who can peruse this picture of horror and despair, without feeling the wisdom of the caution given by an old English poet:

'PLAY not for gain, but sport: who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart;
Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she hath bore.'

THE '*Sunday Atlas*,' which has established for its engravings of men and scenes a wide reputation, contained recently the head of our friend J. J. MAPES, Esq., a gentleman more accomplished in various sciences and multifarious arts than any American with whom we have ever been acquainted. As we have heretofore remarked, he is no *smatterer* in any thing. What he undertakes, he thoroughly understands. Second to few as a chemist; as an engineer, of high repute; as a painter, well known; as an engraver, not amiss; he deserves all the praise which is awarded him in the personal sketch which accompanies the portrait to which we have alluded. The foregoing was in type for our last: since that time there has appeared among the portraits of the '*Atlas*' one of Mr. JAMES R. CHILTON,

so well known, not only in this city but by repute throughout the United States, as one of the first analytical chemists in the country. The likeness and engraving are of more than ordinary excellence. . . . 'Water Poets' are coming in vogue again; at least watering-place bards are on the increase. We give a specimen of one elsewhere in this department; and here 'comes us up' another, in the shape of '*Lines to the very Ancient and Unpainted Town of Newport*,' a place where they apparently build nothing but old houses, since they are all of one complexion. Whatever may be thought of the execution of the following, no one can deny that the incidental theme is luscious and *appétissant*:

'HAIL to thee, Newport! ANNAWAN, all hail!
Thou best beloved of Ocean, whose small fry,
Scattered upon the barren soil, improve
Alike thine atmosphere and turnips;
Thou home of all that's fishy, from the broil
That waits the hungry citizen at morn,
To the cow's milk with which he's wont
His tea at night to thicken: on thy beach
I love to roam, and see the scaly tribe,
In fisher's net entangled, drawn on shore
To feed or man or cattle. Better still I love,
Perched on some dizzy rock above the brine,
With hempen string, and bait of fat manhaden,
To throw for bass or blue-fish; or with skiff
Toosing among the breakers, catch the dark tautang,
Whose pouting lip, as that of maiden coy,
Affords a feast delicious. Then at two,
(The dinner season of the native born)
Hie me to TOWNSEND's, and on *chowder* rich
Feed to the full! Delightful too it is
To take a boat and boatmen, and proceed
To some small isle within thy harbor fair,
And there to have a CLAM-BAKE! At such times,
With shoes and stockings doffed, and 'trowse's' rolled
Above their knees, the men adventurous wade
Through mud and water 'for to dig for clams.'
While on some smooth-worn stones the maidens pile
A heap of sun-dried branches, which enflamed
By loco-foco match or other means,
Kindles straightway, and heats the hearth beneath:
Next sweeping off the ashes, lay the clams,
And cover o'er with sea-weed, that may keep
Enclosed the fierce caloric. Then when done,
And the shell opens of itself, the morsel sweet
Is gobbled from that natural spoon, its juices all
Retained, its flavor full and perfect. Such the joys
That Newport offers to the tired cit.'

HEAR that remarkable writer EMERSON on '*Heroism*': 'Self-trust is the essence of heroism. It is the state of the soul at war, and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong, and the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth; it is just. It is generous, hospitable, scornful of petty calculations, and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness, and of a fortitude not to be wearied out. Its *just* is the littleness of common life. That false prudence which dotes on health and wealth is the foil, the butt and merriment of heroism. There seems to be no interval between greatness and meanness. When the spirit is not master of the world, then it is its dupe. Yet the little man takes the great hoax so innocently, works in it so headlong and believing, is born red and dies gray, arraying his toilet, attending on his own health, laying traps for sweet food and strong wine, setting his heart on a horse or a rifle, made happy with a little gossip or a little praise — that the great soul cannot choose but laugh at such earnest nonsense.' And on '*Hospitality*' hear him: 'Citizens, thinking after the laws of arithmetic, consider the inconvenience of receiving strangers at their fire-side, reckon narrowly the loss of time and the unusual display: the soul of a better quality thrusts back the unseasonable economy into the vaults of life, and says, 'I will obey the God, and the sacrifice and the fire HE will provide.' The magnanimous know very well that they who give time, or money, or shelter to the stranger, so it be done for love and not for ostentation, do as it were

put God under obligation to them, so perfect are the compensations of the universe. In some way, the time they seem to lose is redeemed, and the pains they seem to take remunerate themselves. These men fan the flame of human love, and raise the standard of civil virtue among mankind. But hospitality must be for service, not for show, or it pulls down the host. The brave soul rates itself too high to value itself by the splendor of its table and draperies. It gives what it hath, and all it hath, but its own majesty can lend a better grace to bannocks and fair water than belong to city feasts.' . . . Did you never meet, reader, on board a steam-boat, in a rail-road car, or in society, with one of those 'perking, inquisitive persons, who try to pick the brains of every man who will submit to the process? When *next* you encounter such an one, adopt the 'interrupting game,' as played by a traveller upon an inquisitive inn-keeper: 'Good morning, Sir; how do you do?' I suppose you are going to —' Here BONIFACE paused, expecting the name of the place to be supplied; but the traveller answered: 'You are quite right, Sir; I generally go there at this season.' 'Ah! ahem! do you? And no doubt you are now come from —?' 'Right again, Sir; I live there.' 'Oh! ah! do you? Well, your face is familiar to me; I have met you somewhere, I am quite —' 'Very likely, Sir; I've been there often. Good morning, Sir.' 'Good morning.' 'Not much information elicited from *that* witness!' as MEDDLE says in the play. WALTOTT, that very clever and most versatile of actors, tells us that he was once shut up in an apartment of a New-England country inn, with a 'ginoowine' female inquisitor, who had just alighted from a stage-coach. While her male attendant had gone to get her 'some *'fresh'ents,*' he was left alone in the room with her. Being engaged with a book he did not notice her particularly. Presently she observed, looking at a daub of a portrait hanging against the wall, 'Do yoëu kneöw whuse picter that is? It looks like a fine moral creetur.' 'I am afraid you mistake the character of the original,' replied Mr. WALTOTT; 'I am informed that he was a lodger, who was leaving clandestinely, without paying his board, and that his portrait was detained as security in part for his dues.' 'You don't say so!' — and the lady passed on to another rude painting, and the only other one in the apartment. Surveying it a moment, she again inquired: 'Whtuse is *that* paintin'? It's a pleasin' picter, but he wears his hair cur'us.' 'That,' said the player, 'is a copy of our SAVIOUR.' 'Now du tell — I want to know! Well,' she continued, 'it *does* look sun'thin' like him, don't it?' Reflection as to the implied familiarity with the original face, which enabled the 'inquisitor' to detect at a glance a *general* resemblance, was interrupted by the appearance of the 'fresh'ents,' in the shape of 'nut-cakes and cider;' and presently, says our informant, 'the pair went their way, and I saw them no more.' . . . The opening paper of the present number, from an old correspondent, will 'make some talk,' we call'te. Many of the suggestions of the writer we believe will meet with general acceptance. The 'declaration of independence' which decrees the total renunciation of allegiance on the part of the English language to any foreign tongue; which makes it imperative upon us to trim to a perfect resemblance with their new brethren all slips from ancient or modern nurseries which are transplanted into our garden; will be received, we have reason to think, with favor. Either make 'natives' of vagrant words, or send them back to their own parishes. Just as we are closing the present issue, we have the last 'Southern Literary Messenger,' wherein a correspondent of that excellent journal takes ground with 'POLYGON,' and gives a long list of words whose orthography requires amendment. 'What can be more absurd,' he asks, 'than that the letters *ough* should represent six distinct sounds,' as in the following line:

'Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through!'

Bad enough, certainly; but we fear that 'going the entire YELLOWFLUSH' will scarcely answer as an 'improvement,' at least at present. . . . OUR squib at the 'Lawyers' in our last number has brought down upon us one or two grave, and four or five very amusing communications. Of these we have selected for 'consideration' the one which reaches us from

the pleasant village of S——. In reply to our ci-devant metropolitan 'M.,' we would ask, in the words of another, whether it is not *true* that 'the most upright lawyer acquires a sort of Swiss conscience, for professional use?' It is difficult otherwise to understand how gentlemen, who would resent any imputation upon their honor or their courage as an offence not to be forgiven, can undertake to plead the cause of a scoundrel in cases of seduction; how they can think that the acceptance of a dirty fee is to justify them for cross-examining an injured and unhappy woman with the cruel wantonness of unmanly insult, bruising the broken reed, and treating her as if she were as totally devoid of shame as they themselves of decency and of humanity. That men should act thus, and be perfectly unconscious the while that they are acting a cowardly and rascally part, and that society should not punish them for it by looking upon them as men who have lost their caste, would be surprising if we did not too plainly see to what a degree the moral sense, not only of individuals but of a whole community, may be corrupted. '*Riker Redivivus*' is a wag; but some at least of his 'illustrations' are not altogether original. We have encountered the following before, somewhere, if we do not 'misremember': 'A French gentleman having invited several friends to dine with him on a *maigre* day, his servant brought him word that there was only a single salmon left in the market, which he had not dared to bring away, because it had been bespoken by a lawyer. 'Here,' said his master, putting two or three pieces of gold into his hand, 'go back directly, and buy me the lawyer and the salmon too!' We puncture with pleasure the printed page at this point, and discharge sufficient 'matter' to make room for the remark, that since the foregoing sentences were placed in type, we have received the very able communication of 'H. N.' He writes with candor and gentlemanly courtesy, and shall be heard at length in our next number. . . . '*Where is the Mind in Sleep?*' involves many considerations upon which our correspondent has not touched. 'All that we know is, nothing can be known' with certainty, in relation to the matter. We 'spend our strength for naught' in pursuing the investigation. Is that mysterious power by which the nerves convey sensation, and make their impulses obeyed, identical with the galvanic fluid? Are the galvanic and electric fluids the same! and do the lungs elaborate for us from the light of heaven the pabulum of the brain—the material essence or essential matter of genius? Who shall make answer? . . . We say nothing;' yet it is just possible that some of our opera-going readers may have encountered in the dress-circle at PALMO's opera-house 'people such as individuals' who might singly have sat for this graphic sketch:

'Good Sir, he 's a critter, with true Attle salt,
Can damn the performers, can hiss and find fault;
And tell when we ought to express approbation,
By thumping, and clapping, and vociferation;
He has taste, without doubt, and a delicate ear,
And concerts are things that he never could bear;
But talks of the op'ras and his signiora,
Cries 'bravo! bravissimo! bravo! ancora!'

OUR friend SANDERSON, of the Philadelphia 'Franklin House,' who is especially *à fait* to every refinement of the *cuisine*, has a work in press which will spread abroad many of the curiosities of gastronomic literature, unrevealed hitherto to American *gourmets*. We illustrated in our September number the advantages of a good dinner, in a 'moral point of view.' All our reading confirms the *sinequanoniness* of the stomach. It is a wise dispensation of Providence. 'Some animals,' says a quaint author, 'are without eyes, many without noses; some have no heads, others no tails; some neither one nor the other; some there are who have no brains, others very pappy ones; some no hearts, others very bad ones; but all have a *stomach*.' Exactly: and so influential an 'organ' should be played upon deftly, by one who knows how to 'sound it to the top of its compass.' SANDERSON is that man. . . . We thought of the neglected ROBERT BURNS, and his struggles to obtain bread for himself and his little family, while reading lately an account of the sufferings of THOM, the weaver-poet of Inverury, Scotland, who has taken the English reviewers by

surprise with the power and melody of his verse. He was a hand-loom weaver, and received five shillings a week, on which six human beings subsisted. At length, *all* employment failing, he wanders from his breadless home, taking his little family with him. They travel three days; the wife sorely exhausted from carrying an infant constantly at her breast, and often the youngest boy, who had 'fairly broken down.' A sour east wind and rain prevail; the husband is a cripple, his ankle and foot having been crushed when he was a boy, beneath the carriage of the Earl of ERROL, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire; and under these pleasant auspices, after nightfall, THOM seeks shelter at a 'comfortable looking steading,' but is denied the hospitality of an out-house and straw. He returns to his little family without; the wee things, weary and way-worn, and one 'wae-some-like,' are fallen asleep. He announces to his wife the result of his application; and goes on to tell us:

'Few more words passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them. My head throbbed with pain, and for a time became the tenement of thoughts I would not now reveal. They partook less of sorrow than of indignation; and it seemed to me that this same world was a thing very much to be hated; and on the whole, the sooner that one like me could get out of it, the better for its sake and mine own. I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind; enclosed; prisoned in misery; no outlook — none! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me, what would I not have done for their sakes at that hour! Here let me speak out; and be heard too while I tell it; that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it sits; when Despair has loosed Honor's last hold upon the heart; when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping Reason in the dust; when every unsympathising on-looker is deemed an enemy; who THEN can limit the consequences? For my own part, I confess that ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial view of his career, under which, I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse; a chain with one end fixed in Nature's holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny.'

This touching passage reminds us of an admirable satire of DICKENS, upon the 'late remembered, much forgotten, mouthing, braggart *'duty to society,'* always owed, and seldom paid in any other coin than punishment and wrath: 'Oh ermined Judge, whose *'duty to society'* is now to doom the ragged criminal to punishment and death, hadst thou never, MAN, a duty to discharge in barring up the hundred open gates that wooed him to the felon's dock, and throwing but ajar the portals to a decent life! Oh magistrate, so rare a country gentleman and so brave a squire, had you no *'duty to society,'* before the corn-ricks were blazing and the mob were mad; or did it spring up armed and booted from the earth, a corps of yeomanry, full-grown!' We are grieved to learn that although the affecting narrative from which we have quoted has now been published some two years in Scotland, the author has received little beyond mere sympathy from his countrymen. They were proud of him, felt for him — but not in their pockets. 'But the time,' says the London *'PUNCH,'* with equal severity and justice, 'the time is not yet come. In some eight-and-forty years, perhaps, there may be a THOM Festival. A descendant of ERROL's Earl, of the family whose carriage made a hopeless cripple of the poet, may honour the solemnity with his presidentship; a Professor, some Jupiter from the great Saturn, may discourse 'like that large utterance of the early gods,' and all be jubilee and gladness. Then may the weaver's house at Invertye be visited; then may the road-side where the mother watched her dying infant be deemed consecrated ground; the flute on which the poet played for meals and shelter, a priceless relic! Wait eight-and-forty years, WILLIAM THOM, and such glory shall be your's. For the present, starve. It is cheaper, thinks economic Scotland, to give bays to the dead than bread to the living.' . . . 'A Vision of Youth,' by 'NED,' is full of natural and pleasant pictures. Would it had been a little more carefully written, or more closely revised! We see the strawberry-patch; the boy in the cherry tree, dropping the ripe berries into his 'dear little sis's check-apron; the grandfather under the grape-vine in the golden evening-tide, with the little brother and sister 'throned on his knee;' and the old school-house, with its blotted desk and whittled seats; the writing books, with their lines of 'pot-hooks' beneath the master's 'copy;' the old oak-tree, 'with its bark worn away by the rustical swing;' all these are before us. They enkindle the poetic feeling; but as embodied by

our friend 'Ned,' they lack, in many respects, the poetical form. Is our plainness of speech excused? . . . It is related of WILKIE, the celebrated Scottish painter, that when he was in the Escurial, looking at TITIAN'S famous picture of the Last Supper, in the refectory there, an old monk said to him, 'I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly threescore years; during that time my companions have dropped off, one after another; all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation, has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged. I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but shadows.' This natural feeling, so feelingly and strikingly expressed, reminds us of a scene in the play of '*The Last Man*,' in which Mr. BLAKE, of the Philadelphia theatres, was wont to perform the principal character with such remarkable effect. We shall never forget his look and manner, when as president of a club which has met every Saturday night for more than sixty years, the white-haired dim-eyed old man raises his little hammer to call the members to order, and finds that he is *alone*. One by one, his companions had dropped away. The room is the same; the same pictures are there; but the club is no more. He is the 'Last Man.' . . . EVERY now and then we are favored with anonymous advice, as to what is proper and what improper to 'print in a periodical like the KNICKERBOCKER,' with an occasional remonstrance 'in the *'Ereles vein*,' suggesting what would 'better please the public.' But, good Sirs, *what* public? that 's the question-issimus. 'There is the 'fashionable public,' and the 'religious public,' and the play-going public, and the 'commercial public,' and the 'literary public,' and Heaven knows how many publics more. They call themselves 'worlds' sometimes — as if a certain number of worldings made a world! He who pays sole homage to any one of these publics is a publican and a sinner.' One of our 'very anonymous' friends is a little personal; but as HOOD'S BETTY says, we 'do n't mind names; you can be as scrofulous as you please.' We recognize his hand-writing to be the same with that of a signatureless communication sent us some time ago, containing an attack upon the literary reputation of a popular American writer. It is our belief that a man who would stab another in the dark with a pen, would do the same with a pen-knife, were he equally safe from malediction and the law.

'The voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key;
Those eyes, which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day;
Those now by me as they have been,
Shall never more be heard or seen;
But what I once enjoyed in them,
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

Thus tenderly sings the quaint and musical GEORGE WITHERS. But one who also mourned the loved and lost might have afforded him consolation: 'The ideal face of any one to whom we are strongly and tenderly attached; that face which is enshrined in our heart of hearts, and which comes to us in dreams long after it has mouldered in the grave; that face is not the *exact mechanical countenance* of the beloved person, not the countenance that we ever actually beheld, but its abstract, its idealization, or rather its realization; the spirit of the countenance, its essence and its life.' 'I hardly remember the color of his eyes,' said a bereaved widow, speaking of her departed husband; 'I only know that mirth sparkled in them, scorn flashed from them; thought beamed in them, benevolence glistened in them; that they were easily moved to smiles, easily to tears. No barometer ever indicated more faithfully the changes of the atmosphere than his countenance corresponded to the emotions of his mind.' . . . THE communication of a friend at Boston, touching a late instance of the '*Cant of Criticism*,' and the propriety of 'administering the test-oath' to the writer, reminds us of a luckless undergraduate of one of the English universities, who, being examined for his degree, and failing in every subject upon which he was tried, complained that he had not been questioned upon the things which he knew. 'Upon

which the examining master, moved less to compassion by the impenetrable dullness of the man; than to anger by his unreasonable complaint, tore off about an inch of paper, and pushing it toward him, desired him to write upon that all he knew! . . . Our friend NEAL, for many years editor of the '*Pennsylvanian*' democratic journal, has retired from his supervisory duties over that daily sheet, and has 'taken the chair' of the Philadelphia '*Saturday Museum*,' a new weekly newspaper, which we venture to predict will become one of the most popular gazettes of its class in the union. JOSEPH C. NEAL is a man of robust and healthy intellect, who aside from the originality which has made him famous, knows full well how to gather the harvest of literature into his barn, thresh the straw, winnow the grain, grind it at his own mill, and bake it in his own oven. He has sometimes, greatly to the detriment of his reputation, been confounded with another and quite a different NEAL, resident in the 'down-east' quarter, who is remarkable for nothing so much as for being the very antipodes of his namesake. By-the-by, we perceive that the 'Charcoal-Sketcher' has just issued a new work, entitled '*Peter Ploddy, and Other Oddities*,' with numerous illustrations, from original designs. Take our advice, and buy it. There is 'nothing going' that is half as entertaining. . . . 'P. D.' must be a young man. No! Then we are mistaken on *that* point; but we are certain of *one* thing, which is, that he altogether transcends sense in his transcendentalism. The following 'great moral truth,' from the Chinese, may be commended to our correspondent: 'They who cannot swim should be content with wading in the shallows; they who can, may take to the deep water, no matter how deep, so it be clear. *But let no one dive in the mud.*' A vermilion edict. Observe what SOUTHEY, whose prose style is like a clear-running stream, says on this head:

'THERE is nothing more desirable in composition than perspicuity; and in perspicuity precision is implied. Of the writer who has attained it in his style, it may indeed be said, *omne tulit punctum*, so far as relates to style; for all other graces, those only excepted which only genius can impart, will necessarily follow. Nothing is so desirable, and yet it should seem that nothing is so difficult. He who thinks least about it when he is engaged in composition will be most likely to attain it, for no man ever attained it by laboring for it. Read all the treatises upon composition that ever were composed, and you will find nothing which conveys so much useful instruction as the account given by JOHN WESLEY of his own way of writing. 'I never think of my style,' says he; 'but just set down the words that come first. Only when I transcribe any thing for the press, then I think it my duty to see that every phrase be clear, pure, and proper: conciseness, which is now as it were natural to me, brings *quantum sufficit* of strength. If after all I observe any stiff expression, I throw it out neck and shoulders.' Let your words take their course freely; they will then dispose themselves in their natural order, and make your meaning plain; that is, supposing you have a meaning.'

THAT is a hard case, mentioned by GOLDSMITH, in his '*Vicar of Wakefield*,' wherein the simple-hearted divine, while in jail, is imposed upon by a fellow-prisoner, a *pseudo* scholar and clergyman, with his solitary quotation from some ancient author. We thought of this piece of dissimulation, while reading the following passage in a police-report of one of our daily journals: 'Officer NIXON, of Albany, after prisoner's arrest, got himself locked up in the same cell with him, pretending also to be a prisoner, and drew from him his connection with SULLIVAN; prisoner saying that SULLIVAN was his 'pal,' and that the robbery of the store in Broadway was the first crack he had since he came out of the state-prison,' etc. Who ever heard of a more ungrateful return for confiding friendship! Coming to the poor prisoner in the garb of a fellow-scoundrel, and winning his confidence by means of their apparently mutual sympathy! Very justly did the prisoner complain, when sentenced to the state-prison for ten years, of the 'false appearances' by which he had been betrayed! . . . AFTER a long and severe storm from the north-east, which had wrought the bay into foam, and filled the parks with withered leaves, the wind suddenly chopped round into the west; the clouds retreated before it like a routed 'army with banners;' the sun came out in all his glory, and the atmosphere assumed that ineffable purity and clearness, characteristic of our 'magnificent and pompous autumn.' At four o'clock in the afternoon of such an October day, we visited one of our favorite metropolitan resorts, an edifice in progress of erection, over which we have had a general supervision ever since its commencement. We allude to the *New Trinity Church*, which, with the assistance of Mr.

UPJOHN, we are carefully 'training up, in the way it should go.' On the 'day first above-mentioned,' we ascended to the farthest point of the unfinished spire, and looked abroad upon the world. In such an atmosphere, what a scene it presented! In the distant north-west the sunlight was sifting down in broad stripes upon the pale blue mountains of Jersey; between, rolled rivers, dotted with white sails; and cities and villages gleamed amidst the brown October landscape; far to the south, with a broad white edging all around it, ('Ho! how the breakers roared' there at that moment!) spread the cold gray waters of the Lower Bay, the blue line of Neverink limiting the view; on the east, over the undulating hills of Greenwood, stretched a faintly-defined line, marking the whereabout of the 'endless-blue main, the old Atlantic;' while to the north-east and north rose the bold shores of Long-Island Sound, and the dim Highlands of the Hudson. This was the frame-work of the great picture, that embraced the metropolis and its more immediate vicinity. The city itself lay like a map below; its streets resembling paths cut through a vast forest; while its public edifices, its steeples, towers, turrets and domes, marked out its prominent localities with unerring distinctness. One 'looks down' upon every thing from this dizzy elevation. Our neighbors over the river talk of their Brooklyn Heights. 'Brooklyn Heights!' why, we could look into the sky-lights of Colonnade Row! No doubt the engineer on the Paterson Railway fancied that afternoon that his locomotive was devouring the road at a marvellous rate; but from our position, it seemed to be 'taking its time' as leisurely as a quiet pedestrian, similarly engaged, (that is, smoking,) would have done. It reminded us of the boats on the Hudson, as seen from the Kaatskill Mountain-House. But 'something too much of this.' . . . 'A Knowing One in Difficulties' shall be interpolated into our gossipry hereafter. It is too brief for 'an original paper.' This thought of old HEYWOOD stepped out of one of the cells of memory, as we came to the result of Mr. T. — 's' 'practical experiment':

'A SCHOLAR in his study knows the stars,
Their motions and their influence, which are fix'd,
And which are wandering; can decipher seas
And give each several land his proper bounds:
But set him to the compass, he must seek,
Where a plain pilot can direct his course
From hence unto both the Indies.'

THE first number of 'The American Review, a Whig Journal of Politics, Science and Literature,' has just appeared. It is intended to subserve the purposes of the Whig party, as the 'Democratic Review' does those of the democratic division. In its externals, it resembles the 'Democratic,' save that it is printed upon new types, and has therefore a brighter appearance. The editor is Mr. GEORGE H. COLTON, a young gentleman whose poem of 'Tecumseh,' heretofore noticed in these pages, has won for him deserved repute; but it is stated that he will be assisted, especially in the supervision of the political department, by older and more experienced writers. The number before us impresses us very favorably. Its main articles are of course in keeping with the general design of the work. There are elaborate papers upon the 'Position of Parties,' 'The Infancy of American Manufactures,' 'Mr. CLAY and the Texas Question,' 'Who shall lead the Nation?' 'Influence of the Trading System,' 'Mr. FREELINGHUYSEN,' etc., etc. Among the other articles is an extended one from Mr. LARDNER, on 'Steam Navigation;' a long and very laudatory review of Mrs. BARRETT's poems, which the editor has thought expedient to designate as 'from a contributor;' a very lively and entertaining chapter of 'Random Recollections of Travels' in Ireland; a good review of Mrs. CHILD's Letters; another of Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT's 'Onéota;' a number of 'Critical Notices,' and the customary sprinkling of poetry. We commend the 'American Review' (a repetition of title, it strikes us, since there is a venerable Boston periodical of that name, with only the scarcely un-distinctive prefix of 'North,') to general acceptance. Our young friend the editor will leave no stone unturned to render it worthy the favor of the great party to whose interests it will be devoted, and in a scientific and literary point of view, of the patronage of the public at large. We should be justly chargeable

with inconsistency of opinion, if we did not add, that our former views are unchanged as to the bad policy of uniting politics with literature. We still hold with Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, that there should be one broad neutral ground, on which all parties may meet, and that ground should be the peaceful field of literature; yet if politics and literature *are* to be united, it is pleasant to know that the union will be marked by good taste, and partisan discussions conducted with courtesy. . . . WHAT a thorn must the London 'PUNCH' be in the side of 'high reaching BUCKINGHAM,' the late itinerant Oriental lecturer, and present proprietor of the 'British and Foreign Institute!' A late number contains a letter from SAM JONES, a cockney-clerk, whose education stopped on the wrong side of the art of spelling, describing his falling in love with SELINA SPETTIGREW, while she was attending one of BUCKINGHAM's lectures on Jericho, at the 'Institute,' in company with her father. 'Old SPETTIGREW, who had been asleep with his bandanna over his face, woke up when BUCKIN'AM came to a stop,' and asked Mr. JONES whether he had taken care of SELINA; 'which he 'ad, having 'put the ladies into a cab, for 'Unter-street,' their family manshan.' Being overjoyed, he was rather rash: 'SPETTY and I 'ad some supper at the Hinstatoote, which I stood — the 'appiest of human beings! 'I'll tell you what, JONES, my boy, 'm blest if I don't ask you to dinner!' said the old man, when he had 'become of a tight nature' by reason of the potables which he had imbibed; but owing to a mischievous namesake, (a hit at BUCKINGHAM's assistant, GEORGE JONES, the great Anglo-American Humbug,) who opened his letters, the invitation never reached Mr. JONES; 'Days roaled on; SPETTY never asked me to dinner; I pined and pined as I thought of SELINA. I did n't call in 'Unter-street. Pride pravented me: and bismess hours isn't over till eight. I saw SPETTY at our president's lectur on the tomb of 'Cheops' grandmother, but he evoided me. I was too proud to notice him.' We have anticipated the dénouement. . . . THE 'Song, to Annie' is very fair verse; but there is one stanza in it that surpasses all the rest; and unfortunately every simile in it is picked out of these four lines:

'WHEN winnowed by the gentle air
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.'

'Should n't do so,' young friend; that is n't 'writing poetry — it's what is termed *stealing* it. . . . THE account of 'The Moral Drama,' by an 'Octogenarian Play-goer,' reminds us of a piece that was brought out in Paris many years ago. It was called, if we remember rightly, 'The Sacrifice of ISAAC.' SAMSON was the subject of the ballet; the unshorn son of MANOAH delighted the spectators by dancing a solo with the gates of Gaza on his back; DELILAH clipped him during the intervals of a jig; and the Philistines surrounded and captured him in a country dance! . . . WE are well convinced of the truth of the remark of one who 'knew whereof he spoke,' that there is no unvarying standard of intrinsic or inherent beauty in architecture. We may equally admire two styles, totally dissimilar in their outlines, proportions, and details. The principles of taste, and the plastic power of association, will throw a charm round the works of the true architectural artist, whether he confines himself entirely to any one of the five orders or not. His art admits so wide a range and so great a variety, that it cannot be circumscribed within five orders. In looking over the interior architectural designs of Mr. GEORGE PLATT, whether on paper, or in the more distinct view of their finished state, we have often been struck with the advantages to be derived from original combinations of various architectural beauties; where every thing may be in the finest 'keeping,' yet without conventional restraint. In this respect, Mr. PLATT stands preëminent; and the increased demands upon his exquisite taste and practised skill, from opulent persons 'emulous of good works' in their costly dwellings, in our own and other cities, would long ago have convinced him (had he not the modesty which ever attends true genius) of the undeniable fact. . . . A PASSAGE in the excellent paper upon 'Ministers and Ministers' Wives,' else-

where in the present number, may perhaps call to the reader's mind, as it did to ours, an admirable portrait of a somewhat similar 'mother in Israel.'

'SHE was troubled with no acrid humors, no fits of bile, no diseases of the spleen, no vapors or hysterics. The morbid matter was all collected in her temper, and found a regular vent at her tongue. This kept the lungs in vigorous health. Nay, it even seemed to supply the place of wholesome exercise; and to stimulate the system like a perpetual blister; with this peculiar advantage, that instead of an inconvenience it was a pleasure to herself, and all the annoyance was to her dependants. She lies buried in the cathedral, where a monument was erected to her memory worthy of remembrance for its appropriate inscriptions and accompaniments. The epitaph recorded her as a woman eminently pious, virtuous, and charitable, who lived universally respected, and died sincerely lamented by all who had the happiness of knowing her. This inscription was upon a marble shield supported by two Cupids, who bent their heads over the edge, with marble tears larger than gray peas, and something of the same colour, upon their cheeks. These were the only tears which her death occasioned, and the only Cupids with whom she had ever any concern.'

It would have delighted 'the very cockles of our heart' to have been able to accept the kind invitation of our 'Northern' friend. Ah! those trout!—*would n't* we have troubled them with a line, asking their company to dinner! 'Oh! by no means; oh, certainly not!' But we had *other* fish to fry; and by reason thereof, 'those things which we *would* do, we could not.' . . . We have seen many condensed sketches of the character of our SAVIOUR, but none more felicitous than the following. We know not whence it is derived. It would seem to have impressed us favorably many years ago: 'CHRIST, in his sympathetic character, was fairer than the sons of men, therefore full of grace were his lips. His humanity was not like ours, degenerate, but refined and exalted. God breathed direct into him. Sin had not impaired the delicate and sensitive perceptions of his nature; had not chilled the fountain of his feelings, nor the warm current of his affections. Prompt to feel the woes of others, the sympathetic strings of his heart, constantly attuned and tremulously sensitive, vibrated at every sigh of the sorrowful spirit, and responded full and deep to every sound of human woe. He identified himself with disgrace and sorrow, and even with sin. He sympathised with the sufferers in his humanity, before he exerted the power of his divinity for their relief.' . . . CLASSICAL allusions on 'change we fear are 'caviare to the general.' A friend tells us, that speaking one day in Wall-street of some one who was 'as rich as CÆSARUS,' he was corrected with: 'But CÆSARUS aint rich now. He was pretty 'forehand at one time, but he lost the bulk of his property a-speculatin' reïund!' Who the deuce was meant, our friend did not know; but the correction was made in the best of good faith. . . . THERE are many noble thoughts in the '*Lessons of Autumn*,' with not a few similes that are as faded as the leaves whose fall they mourn. We appreciate the deep feeling of the writer, and partake with him the hallowed associations of this 'Sabbath of the year.' Alas! we are indeed passing away:

'TIME flies away fast,
Tho while we never remember
How soon our life here
Grows old with the year
That dies with the next December.'

Shall we not hear again from the writer? He evidently has powers which should not lie dormant. . . . HERE are sundry 'parlous questions,' to which we should like our friend and umqwhile correspondent, Dr. HOWE, of the Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, to respond, if quite convenient: 'What are the dreams of persons born blind! Are forms and figures presented to them, either animate or inanimate!—and if so, do they bear any resemblance to their originals? Every thing thus fitting before the mind's eye must be a creation, not a recollection, to those who can only have gathered vague notions of form from the touch, and can have no idea of color.' A correspondent has some singular ideas, based upon a branch of this subject; but we do not consider his premises to be altogether established. . . . Who is 'YOICKA,' who writes so earnestly and so eloquently, in a late number of the 'Spirit of the Times,' rather under the head of, than upon '*The Red Fox and Fox-Hunting*?' A most agreeable gossip, he certainly is;

full of cheerful remembrances of better days, when there was more comfort and less display, more sincerity and less art, less cant and more honest-hearted hospitality. We could hug him for his defence of God's gifts, which bigots have taboo'd; as if the use instead of the *abuse* of the comforts and luxuries of life were a matter of condemnation. We shall look hereafter for 'YOCKS' in the 'Spirit's' table of contents, with no little interest. . . . 'The Done-Over Tailor' is declined, for two reasons. In the first place, it is too evidently *suggested*, to say the least, by OLLAFOD's story of 'Desperation;' and in the second place, the very *gist* of its close is borrowed from SHERIDAN, whose reply (as every body knows) to a demand of his schneider for 'at least the *interest* on his bill,' was, that it 'was not his interest to pay the principal, nor his principle to pay the interest.' . . . We did not intend by our comments upon the illiberal tendency of the remarks of a New-England polemical journal, to invite an attack upon the religious denomination whose tenets it holds and defends. One or two of the most repulsive of those tenets, we have reason to believe, are gradually fallen into desuetude. There is unfortunately, however, as SYDNEY SMITH well observes, so much pride where there ought to be so much humility, that it is difficult to make religious sects abjure or recant the doctrines they have once professed. But still, the doctrine becomes gradually obsolete; there is a silent antiquation of it; a real improvement, which the parties themselves are too wise not to feel, although not wise enough to own. The more generous method would be, to admit error where error exists; to say, 'These were the tenets and interpretations of a darker and more ignorant age; wider inquiry, fresh discussion, superior intelligence, have convinced us we were wrong; we will act in future upon better and wiser principles.' This is what men do in laws, arts, and sciences; and happy for them would it be if they used the same modest docility in the highest of all concerns. Dr. CHATFIELD, an English writer, as remarkable for strong religious faith and high moral views of life as for his wit and humor, puts this case to an illiberal sectarian. We submit it to the candor and good sense of every intelligent reader:

'If fifty or five hundred or five thousand of the most learned and clear-sighted men in the country were solemnly to warn him that his salvation or perdition depended on his believing the sky to be of a bright orange color, what would be his reply, if he was an honest man? 'Gentlemen, most implicitly do I believe that to your eyes the sky is of a bright orange color; but owing to some singularity or defect in the construction of my visual organs, a misfortune for which I ought to be pitied rather than hated or anathematized, it has always appeared to me of a mild blue color; nor can I ever believe, such being the case, that a GOD of truth and justice will reward me with eternal happiness for uttering a falsehood; or condemn me to endless torment for uttering that which I believe to be true.' Let the bigot upon questions as to the color of faith, infinitely more difficult of proof than the hues of visible objects, grant the indulgence he is thus described as claiming; let him do as he would be done by, and he will soon lose the reproach of his name, while enlightened and philanthropic christianity will gain a convert.'

We have returned the article upon '*The Fine Arts in America*' through the post-office, as we were directed to do, 'in the event of its non-acceptance.' We have declined it because we think it would do more to *discourage* than to *encourage* a high state of art among us.' Of all cants, defend us from that cant of art which substitutes a blind and indiscriminate reverence of the painter, provided he be dead, for a *judicious* admiration of his paintings. Such a critical creed substitutes faith for 'good works,' and will fall prostrate before any daub, provided it be sanctified by a popular name. Many of the old masters, avowedly deficient in drawing and composition, were celebrated for their coloring, which the mere effects of time must inevitably destroy; and yet TITIAN, the great colorist of his day, is still held up to admiration, and by many as an example for slavish imitation, because his bright and blended hues delighted the good folk of the fifteenth century. . . . THANK the Fates, '*Lecton*' is near at hand! The fusion and confusion of parties, and the eternal repetition of rabble-rousing words, will be 'things that were' before our next number is out. Then we shall hope to entertain you, reader, in such a way as to secure a little of your attention; a thing which we can hardly flatter ourselves we have done during the universal political excitement of the last three or four months. One thing we certainly can affirm; and that is, that our port-folios have never been so rich in original papers of rare excellence

as at the present moment. . . . THAT is rather a singular theory of old PETRUS POTRUS, (we have his huge volume in the original ms., written at a time when it was less costly to write books than to print them,) that every portion of the human frame had some exact representative in the natural world, and that great medicinal virtues spring from the application of 'like to like.' Walnuts, he tells us, 'have the perfect signature of the head; the outward husk or covering represents the *pericranium*, or outward skin of the skull, whereon the hair groweth; and therefore the juice of those husks is exceedingly good for wounds in the head. The inner woody shell hath the signature of the skull, and the little yellow skin or peel, that of the *dura* and *pia mater*, which are the thin scarfs that envelope the brain. The kernel hath the very figure of the brain; and therefore it is very profitable for the brain.' Curious, isn't it? It's true, though. . . . 'The Male Coquette' is under favorable consideration. The only fault of the story is, that it is something too long. It would otherwise have appeared, we think, in the present number. Can we confer with the writer as to the condensation, in one or two places, of his article? His hero is one of those personages known in society as 'a sweet-pretty man;' refined in trifles, with a thin varnish of politeness covering his uniform selfishness. The truth is, that a masculine woman is much more endurable than an effeminate man; for though both are abandoning their proper sphere, the former seeks to rise above, the latter to sink beneath it. There is an ambition about the one, which, although it may be offensive, does not move our scorn; whereas there is a pitiful meanness in the other, which always renders it contemptible. . . . THAT was a singular gratification which an English lunatic promised himself after death; that of becoming acquainted with all his progenitors, in order, degree above degree, up to NOAH, and from him up to our first parents. 'But,' said he, 'though I mean to proceed regularly, step by step, curiosity will make me in one instance trespass upon this proper arrangement, and I shall take the earliest opportunity of paying my respects to ADAM and EVE!' . . . A WORD to our excellent and always most welcome correspondent, P —: *Take daily more bodily exercise.* Writers and close thinkers, who do not allow themselves sufficient exercise and relaxation, permit the mind to 'o'er-inform its tenement of clay,' and thus entail upon themselves physical or mental disorders, and oftentimes both. 'We are like lamps; if we wind up the intellectual burner too high, the glass becomes thickened or discolored with smoke, or it breaks, and the unregulated flame, blown about by every puff of wind, if not extinguished altogether, throws a fitful glare and distorting shadows over the objects it was intended to illuminate.' Our own pursuits are sedentary, but we walk eight miles daily, rain or shine; illness, God be thanked! is unknown to us; and dyspepsia we 'put clean away from us.' Our gastric juices would decompose a *bouilli* of pebbles and dissolve a *ragout* of ten-penny-nails. It is *true economy of time* to adopt the preventive 'course of medicine' rather than the curative. Every author or other professional man owes it to himself to pay heedful regard to this view of the matter:

— 'MAN's life, Sir, being
So short, and then the way that leads unto
The knowledge of ourselves so long and tedious,
Each minute should be precious.'

Who is the authoress of '*Melzinga, a Souvenir*'? We have not been favored with a copy of the work; but we are certain that it *should* possess more merit than the passages from it which we have seen would seem to indicate. One or two of our daily journals and the 'Southern Literary Messenger' have crucified the volume, by quoting from its pages the worst specimens of verse that we have encountered in a twelve-month. We were the more surprised at this, that we had seen an extract of a letter from General MORRIS to the authoress, wherein he pronounced the highest eulogium upon her poetry, and expressed his deep regret that, 'situated as he was,' he could not undertake the publication of the book. The Brigadier's gallantry overcame his judgment or his sincerity; and 'hence we view' the awkward position in which our lady-author is placed. . . . '*The Siamese Twins*' (O

Gemini!) is not a felicitous theme for 'composition.' We say '*is not*,' and the expression is grammatical. The lines are very well conceived, however, and there are two or three amusing queries propounded, which it would puzzle a 'Philadelphia lawyer' to answer. . . . 'Our Ancient,' HENRY INMAN, whose proposed trip across the water we adverted to some months before it was performed, we are rejoiced to hear, on the most reliable authority, is in the enjoyment of perfect health and spirits. As we predicted, he has at the start won his true position as an artist in Great-Britain. A stay of a few weeks with Mr. STEWART, (at his seat of Drummond-Castle,) a nobleman whom we had the pleasure to meet in society on one or two occasions while he was sojourning in this country, resulted in the transfer to canvass of a 'screeching likeness' of the artist's entertainer; and thereafter, in orders for the portraits of more distinguished persons than our friend will find leisure to execute in six months. He has already painted, among others, Dr. CHALMERS, the poet WORDSWORTH, and MACAULEY. We very much question whether there is at this moment an artist in Great-Britain who can paint a better head than HENRY INMAN; and certain it is that his cheerful pleasant companionship 'cannot be beat' by any of his fellow artists over 'the big brook.' Mr. INMAN is a poet as well as painter; as the following lines (which we receive at a late hour from a friend and interpolate here) will sufficiently attest. They were penned at a time when the writer was beginning to be convalescent after severe illness, and were answered we remember by some cheering stanzas from Mr. H. T. TUCKERMAN, in which our artist was counselled to cast away despondency, and trim his bark for the open sea of fame which lay spread out before him. We regret that we have not space for the felicitous response in question. The subjoined were the lines which elicited it:

L I N E S .

I.

Now listless o'er time's sullen tide
My bark of life floats idly on;
Youth's incense-laden breeze has died,
And passion's fitful gusts are flown.

II.

While sadly round her aimless course
Now lowering brood the mental skies,
The past but murmurs of remorse,
And dim the ocean-future lies.

III.

And must this be? My soul, arouse!
See, through the passing clouds of ill,
How Fame's proud pharos brightly glows,
And gilds thy drooping penant still.

IV.

Stretch to thine oar, yon beam thy guide,
Spread to ambition's freshening gale;
Friendship and love are at thy side,
And glory's breathings swell thy sail!

New-York, 1843.

HENRY INMAN.

A most faithful daguerreotype likeness of our friend's '*human face divine*' looks up at us as we write, seated by our table and bright fire-side on this cold autumnal evening; and would that he were here, to imbibe a pleasant draught, that '*cheers but not inebriates*,' from a pitcher of punch, à la JOHN WATERS! Gentlemen! the health of HENRY INMAN! the accomplished artist, the pleasant companion, the joyful sportsman, the every-way-good-fellow! . . . WE are struck with this passage, which we find on a yellow and time-stained leaf of our note-book: 'We look with wonder at the transformations that take place in insects, and yet their physical metamorphoses are not greater than the changes which we ourselves undergo, morally and intellectually, both in relation to others and in our individual nature. Every elderly man is an ancestor to his former self. Let him compare his boyish notions and feelings with his matured judgment, and he will form a

pretty correct notion of the wisdom of our ancestors; for what the child is to the man are the past generations to the present.' . . . A FRIEND dropped in upon us the other day, to invite our attention to an elaborate and very skilful operation in dentistry, performed by Mr. N. DODGE, at No. 628 Broadway, upon the person of a gentleman, the *locum tenens* of the American Museum, in the absence of its proprietor. And truth to say, the instance alluded to, with others which had fallen under our observation in the 'juvenile ranks,' establishes Mr. DODGE's preëminent skill in a profession (say rather an *art*, and a high one,) to the study of which he has devoted the labors of a life. Mr. DODGE is unquestionably one of the first among the better educated class of dentists in the metropolis; and he has 'the reward of his works,' in the ample patronage which he attracts from the 'fashionable world.' . . . We thank 'L.' for his essay on '*Genius and Business Talent*.' It is a worthy defence of intellect against the influence of ignorance and cupidity. One of the most accomplished bank-financiers in town mentioned incidentally to us, not long since, that he once saw one of the ablest financiers of his time, a young man of irreproachable integrity, debarred from the cashiership of a monied institution by the opposition of a man who carried his brains in his pocket, and who objected to him because he sometimes 'wrote poetry and pieces for the annuals and literary papers.' Mr. Justice JOHNSON, of South-Carolina, in an address delivered several years ago, on the occasion, if we remember rightly, of erecting a monument to ELI WHITNEY, inventor of the cotton-gin, assumed the ground that 'any thing short of the highest intellectual vigor, the brightest genius, was insufficient to invent one of those extraordinary machines;' but suppose some short-sighted utilitarian had refused to assist Mr. WHITNEY in his invention, because the same imagination, the same genius, was sometimes turned in another and different direction? 'The peculiar aptitude for combining and applying the simple powers of mechanics, so as to produce marvellous operations, implies a *vivacity of imagination* not inferior to that of the poet and orator. The machine, it is true, operates in the first instance on mere physical elements to produce an accumulation and distribution of property. But do not the arts of civilization follow in the train? and has not he who has trebled the value of the land, created capital, rescued the population from the necessity of drudgery, covered a waste with plenty; has he not done a service to the country of the highest moral and intellectual character? Prosperity is the parent of civilization and all its refinements; and every family of prosperous citizens added to the community, is an addition of so many thinking, inventing, moral and immortal natures.' Now this is a defence of the same 'genius,' the same 'intellectual vigor,' for the possession of which a most competent man was excluded from an office which he was afterward in vain solicited to fill. The appreciation of his merit came too late. . . . '*The End of the World*,' Mr. ANELLI's 'large painting, with colossal figures,' now on exhibition at the Apollo Rooms, has excited more than usual attention and interest, from the fact that it is in effect an embodiment of '*Millerism*.' We have dropped in on two occasions to survey the picture; and each time saw something new to admire, and two or three very glaring faults to condemn. We may allude to these when we shall have more space than we can command 'at this present.' Meantime, we ask the attention of our readers to this laborious effort of Mr. ANELLI's pencil. . . . THERE is a lesson full of wisdom playfully enforced in NEAL's story of 'PETER PLODDY.' PETER was 'young man' to Mr. FIGGS, a grocer, and became discontented with his situation whenever he contrasted it with that of others in the same position of life around him. Young SMITH, the apothecary over the way, was a wit and a mimic; could imitate all sorts of things, from the uncorking of a bottle, to the plaintive howl of an imprisoned dog. He could take all the parts in a cat-concert; his imitation of the buzzing of a musquito would render a sound sleeper uneasy; and as a calf he was magnificent; no one in town could bleat half as well. All these accomplishments PLODDY envied and emulated, but without success. His bleat was only called an 'infernal noise,' and nobody said 'scat!' or 'get out!' at his cat-calls in the dark. His emulation of BILL BARITONE, the young dry-goods clerk, whose sentimental strains went

to the heart of every young damsel, and who was 'invited out' every evening, was equally fruitless. When PLODDY tried to sing, people stopped their ears; the neighbors sent in to know what was the matter, and the boys in the street were of opinion that something had 'broke loose.' He soon abandoned the hope of competing with BARITONE, though he continued to wish that he could sing, 'at least enough to enable his friends to discover what tune it was, or was meant to be; it was so discouraging to be obliged to tell the name of it.' But the young contemporary whose gifts he envied the most, was TOM QUILLET, who was reading law round the corner. 'How he did talk, how he could talk, how he could not be prevented from talking!' whereas it often took PLODDY a considerable time to find any thing to talk about, and to determine whether it was worth talking about when he had found it, and then it was to be brushed up and dressed in words fit to go out; QUILLET, on the contrary, was a walking vocabulary, who sent forth his words to look for ideas, being but little particular whether they found them or not. In truth he used his friends as a target, and remorselessly practised elocution and oratory upon them on all occasions. 'Why can't I express myself like QUILLET?' asked PLODDY, in petulance; 'what he says do n't often amount to much, to be sure, when you come to think of it, but it stretches over a deal of ground, and hammers out broad and thin. A little goes a great way. I wonder if he ever heard any body but himself say any thing? How does he do when he goes to church, I'd like to know, and must sit still without contradicting or giving his notions on the subject? How does he manage to stop his confounded clack long enough to get to sleep?' PLODDY finds subsequently, however, that the dashing qualities which are denied to him, and which he envies in others, prove the ruin of their possessors. The 'funny SMITH' becomes a low actor at a low theatre; BARITONE is transformed into a sot by his nightly convivialities; and QUILLET's talking abilities convert him into a mere partizan hanger-on; he neglects his clients, and is finally starved out. . . . Mr. COOPER, in his late work, '*Afloat and Ashore*,' says very justly, that Albany, 'leaning against its sharp acclivity, and spreading over its extensive bottom-land,' is one of the most picturesque-looking places in America. 'We are a people,' he adds, 'by no means addicted to placing our candle under a bushel; and yet I cannot recall a single expression in any native writer touching the beauties of Albany.' We must beg leave to set Mr. COOPER right in this regard, so far at least as one instance is concerned. At page one hundred and thirty-three of the '*Literary Remains of the late Willis Gaylord Clark*,' that truly 'native writer' remarks as follows of Albany:

'THE lower or business parts of the city, except in the region round about the 'Eagle,' are not perhaps particularly attractive; but in the upper quarters, near the Capitol-Square, and along State-street, few towns in our country 'can with it compare.' I know of no place to which, in some respects, could be better applied the lines of BYRON:

'For whose entereth within this town,
That sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
Mid many things unsightly to strange e'e.'

But ascend you to the dome of the City Hall, in Capitol-Square, and look forth upon the scene! It is beautiful; that's the word. Look at the landscape to the North, heaved up in the glory and grandeur of Summer against the sapphire walls of Heaven; varied with meadows and harvest-fields, and rural mansions; observe Troy, with its Mount Ida, and the affluent valley of the Hudson; likewise the distant Kaatskills; also the city beneath, with those numerous 'white swellings,' or domes, of the steeple genus, which have broken out ambitiously all over the town—look at these, and at the whole sweep of Capitol-Square, and you shall meet with great rejoicing of eye.

We claim also to be an ardent admirer of Albany and the picturesqueness of its situation, and our admiration has been more than once expressed in these pages. . . . THE writer of the '*Lines to a Butterfly*' that alighted upon a sail of the ship *Ville de Lyon* an hundred and fifty miles from land (*credat Judæus!*) must have read the fanciful little poem of Mr. JAMES LAWSON to his '*Wee Voyager*.' Many of the thoughts are actually identical. Their resemblance it is true may be *accidental* as well; but that does n't alter *our* duty in the premises. The '*Wee Voyager*' has appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER, and our readers

have memories. . . . WE have received from our highly valued correspondent at Constantinople a translation of the celebrated Oriental tale of '*Laila and Medjnoon*.' This, our friend informs us, is '*the tale of the East*, (its author unknown,) and has been translated by numerous Arabian, Turkish, and Persian writers. The present translation is from the Turkish version of the Arabic. Look therefore, O reader! to see ROMEO and JULIET outdone, in the gorgeous language of the Orient. Our friend promises us also a second paper upon 'The Plague in Constantinople,' 'Scenes in the Turkish Capital, during the Holy Moon of Ramazan,' and 'The Cries of Constantinople.' His favors will be cordially welcomed by our readers. The following are among the papers filed for speedy insertion: 'Some Recollections of the Navy-Island War,' 'Gossip of a Player,' 'Reminiscences of a Dartmoor Prisoner,' 'L'Envoi,' by H. W. ROCKWELL, Esq., 'ANNIE GRAY, a Christmas Chime,' 'Dirge for an Infant,' 'They Met,' etc. . . . NOTICES of several new publications are unavoidably postponed until our next. Among the books received at a late hour, we may mention (for we can do no more) 'Dr. BLAIR's Sermons, with the Life and Character of the Author,' an excellent and handsome volume, just published by Messrs. J. S. TAYLOR AND COMPANY, and 'Evening Hours,' a collection of poems by THOMAS R. WHITNEY. Let us not forget to announce also that Mr. F. G. BERTEAU has issued proposals for '*The French Review*,' a monthly work, which the growing taste for French literature among us will render acceptable to a very large class of readers, American as well as French. Messrs. BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY, tasteful and liberal publishers, whose reputation and business are extending in an equal ratio, have just issued a very pretty little *brochure*, with engravings, 'containing all the information which is interesting to the world of dancing at the present time.' The dances described are limited to those which are the most fashionable and approved. The editor has bestowed especial pains on the description of the 'Polkas' and the 'Valse à Deux Temps.' His information has been chiefly derived from Monsieur CELLERIUS, whose reputation as one of the best *maîtres de danse* in Europe is a sufficient guarantee for the correctness of the various figures. Some of the 'Polka' directions are rather odd; for example: 'At a given signal, the six couples *polk* again round the room, and resume their places.' This poking around the room must be a graceful '*mouvement*!' The publishers of the popular 'Polka' have also in press two *nouvellettes* by Mr. W. G. SIMMS, called 'Castle Dismal, a Domestic Legend,' and 'HELEN HALSEY, a Border Story.' They will soon be published.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR: INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.—Messrs. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia, have issued a smaller and less expensive annual than their 'Gift,' entitled as above, which we think will find a liberal sale. The engravings are ten in number, various in kind, and well-executed. The character of its contents are highly creditable. 'Literary merit has been the standard,' so it is alleged, 'by which every piece in it has been judged.' The tales are not of the light and trashy kind which frequently find their way into annuals, but are written with a purpose; and their perusal will leave a vivid impression of their characters, scenery, and moral on the reader's mind. Much of the poetry is very good, and some of it proceeds from distinguished writers, among whom we are glad to recognize Mrs. SOUTHEY. The publishers of the 'Souvenir' have also issued in a neat volume the 'Ingoldsby Legends of Mirth and Marvel,' with engravings by CRUIKSHANK, LEECH, etc. A very entertaining book.

FREDERIKA BREMER'S NOVELS.—The BROTHERS HARPER have published in one large volume 'The Neighbors,' 'The Home,' 'The President's Daughter,' 'Nina,' 'Sketches of Every-Day Life,' 'The H—— Family,' etc. This handsome volume will be cordially welcomed, not only on account of the attractive works which are collected between its covers, but because it contains a faithful and admirably engraved likeness of Miss BREMER. This popular lady-author has a charming expression of face. Indeed the countenance strongly indicates the very attributes of character which her writings have led us to suppose she must needs possess.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXIV.

DECEMBER, 1844.

No. 6.

QUARLES' DIVINE FANCIES..

— 'Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid possit video ingenium.'

HORACE.

In a ramble through an old library, we lately came across a little volume of 'Divine Fancies' by FRANCIS QUARLES. He is an author who has fallen into undeserved disrepute. Living in an age of vitiated taste, he but followed the example set him by his contemporaries, as to the peculiar style of writing in which he indulged; and we are at a loss to understand why he should have been so completely neglected by subsequent writers, especially at the present day, when so much care and labor are bestowed on the editing of all the authors of olden time. His name is now almost forgotten, and although much that is worthless has perished with him, yet there are undoubtedly many gems to be found among his productions, which deserve a more fortunate fate. This little book also possesses interest as being an excellent specimen of the style prevalent in those days, when the extravagance of the Elizabethan Euphuism had moderated, and James the First had made it fashionable to mistake pedantry for wit. We confess that we are no great admirer of the poets of that age, with the exception of Milton. Cowley is forced and unnatural, and Donne mistakes ingenuity and harshness for wit and vigor. Sir John Suckling was a poet well worth them all; and while we deplore his license, and regret his carelessness, we feel that had he lived in more propitious times, when wit was restrained by decorum, and rival bards rendered exertion necessary, he would have achieved an enviable name in English literature. His date was, however, rather subsequent to the one which now occupies us, and nature was then beginning to escape from the trammels imposed upon her by preceding writers.

Quarles was a person of some consideration in his day. Attached to the court of the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, and then following

* 'DIVINE FANCIES; digested into Epigrams, Meditations, and Observations. By FRA. QUARLES. London: Printed by G. D. for RICHARD MARRIOT, and are to be sold by WILLIAM SHEARES, at the sign of the Bible, in St. Paul's Churchyard: 1652.'

Archbishop Usher to Ireland, he was a witness and a partaker of those extraordinary vicissitudes which, no doubt by teaching him the uncertainty of earthly affairs, gave to his writings the religious spirit with which they are imbued.

His little book of 'Divine Fancies' is dedicated 'To the Royall Bud of Maiestie, and Center of all our Hopes and Happinesse, CHARLES, Prince of Great Brittain, France and Ireland,' etc.; and it is amusing to observe our author's wishes and prophecies in regard to the future licentious debauchee, and shameless stipendiary of France: 'Heaven blesse thy Youth with Grace, and crown thy Age with Glory: Angels conduct thee from the Cradle to the Crown. Let the eminent qualities of both thy renowned Grandfathers meet in thy princely heart, that thou mayst in Peace be honourable and in War victorious. And let the great addition of thy Royall Parents Vertues make thee up a most incomparable Prince, the firm Pillar of our Happiness and the future object of the World's Wonder.' The same strain may be found in the Epistle Recommendatory to the Countess of Dorset, governess of the Prince. As an excellent specimen of the style of that period, we quote part of it:

'You are the Starre which stands over the place where the Babe lies; by whose direction light, I am come from the East to present my Myrrh and Frankincense to the Young Child: Let not our Royall JOSEPH nor his princely MARY bee afraid; There are no Herods here; Wee have all seen his Star in the East, and have rejoyced. Our loyall hearts are full, for our eyes have seen him in whom our Posterity shall be blessed. Madam, may your Honours increase with your howres, and let eternall Glory crown your Vertues; that when this Age shall sleep in Dust, our Children, yet unborn, may honor your Glorious memory under the happiness of his Government whose Governess you are.'

Notwithstanding the many faults of language and examples of vitiated taste which we find in the writers of that period, there was a fullness of thought in most of them, which we should find it difficult to parallel among those of the present day. There were then none of 'the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.' They never took up the pen unless they really had thoughts to express, and their chief aim was not expansion, but compression. The consequence is, that what they wrote was worthy of reading, and frequently of studying; and though many of their thoughts and conceits are strained and far-fetched, yet we meet so much good, that we are willing to overlook the 'pulchro in corpore nœvos.'

There is much ingenuity and some truthfulness in the following distichs:

ON SEVERALL SINNES.

GROSSE SIN

Is like a showre, which ere we can get in
Into our conscience, wets us to the skin.

SIN OF INFIRMITY

Is like the falling of an Aprill showre;
'Tis often Rain and Sunshine in an howre.

SIN OF CUSTOME

Is a long showre, beginning with the Light,
Of-times continuing to the dead of Night.

SIN OF IGNORANCE.

It is a hideous Mist that wets amain,
Though it appear not in the form of Rain.

CRYING SINNES.

It is a sudden showre that tears in sunder
The Cope of Heaven and always comes with Thunder.

SIN OF DELIGHT.

It is a feathered showre of Snow, not felt,
But soaks to th' very skin whenere it melt.

SIN OF PRESUMPTION

Does like a showre of Haile both wet and Wound,
With sudden Death; or strikes us to the Ground.

THE SIN OF SINNES.

It is a sudden showre, such as fell
On Sodom; strikes, and strikes to th' Pit of Hell.

Our author then proceeds to consider these 'Severall Sinnes' together. We quote a few lines, as an exemplification of the style which afterward grew into the rants of the fifth monarchy men, and stern Independants:

GOOD GOD! what Weather's here! These Soules of our
Have still the luck to travell in a showre;
LORD, we are cold and pitifully drencht;
Not a dry thread; and all our Fire's quencht.
Our very Blood is cold; our trembling knees
Are mutuall Anvils; LORD, we stand and freeze, etc.

Here, again, is an image carried out to the utmost extremity, even beyond some of Cowley's:

MAN is a Tenise-Court; His Flesh the Wall;
The Gamesters, GOD and SATAN; Th' Heart's the Ball;
The higher and the lower Hazards are,
Too bold Presumption, and too base Despaire;
The Rackets which our restless Balls make fly,
Adversity and sweet Prosperity;
The Angels keep the Count, and mark the place
Where the Ball flies, and chalk out every Chase;
The Line's a Civill Life we often crosse,
Ore which the Ball not flying makes a Losse;
Detractors are like Standers-by and bet
With Charitable men; Our Life's the Set.
LORD, in this Conflict, in these fierce Assaults,
Laborious SATAN makes a world of Faults;
Forgive them, LORD, although he ne'er implore,
For Favor. They'll be set upon our Score;
O, take the Ball before it come to th' Ground,
For this base Court has many a false Rebound:
Strike, and strike hard, but strike above the Line:
Strike where thou please, so as the Sett be thine.

He has many examples of this ingenuity ; some of them are fantastic enough :

ON MAN'S HEART.

NATURE presents my heart in ore ;
Fair civil carriage gilds it ore ;
Which when the ALMIGHTY shall behold,
With a pleased eye he brings to gold ;
Thus changed, the Temple Ballance weighs it ;
If dross remain, the Touch bewrays it ;
Affliction's Furnace then refines it ;
God's Holy Spirit stamps and coyne's it ;
No coyn so current, it will goe
For the best wares that Heaven can show.

Here, too, is a well imagined one :

ON THE HYPOCRITE.

He's like a Bul-rush, seems so smooth that not
The eye of Cato can descry a knot.
Pill but the bark, and strip his smother skin,
And thou shalt find him spungie all within.
His browes are alwayes ponderous as lead,
He ever droops and hangs his velvet head :
He washes often, but if thou enquire,
Into his depth, his roots are fixed in mire.

The following is perhaps the original of FRANKLIN's celebrated epigraph :

THE world's a printing-house ; our words, our thoughts,
Our deeds are characters of sev'ral sizes :
Each soul is a compositor, of whose faults
The Levites are correctors ; Heav'n revises ;
Death is the common Presse, from whence being driven,
We're gathered sheet by sheet, and bound for Heaven.

And here is a happy image, which, though not clearly expressed, is pregnant with meaning :

ON THE POURING OUT OF OUR HEARTS.

'T is easie to pour in : but few, I doubt,
Attain that curious Art of *pouring out* ;
Some pour their hearts like Oyle, that there resides
An unctuous substance still about the sides :
Others like wine, which, though the substance passe,
Does leave a kinde of savor in the glass.
Some pour their hearts like milk, whose hiew distains,
Though neither substance nor the scent remains :
How shall we pour out them that smell nor matter
Nor color stay ? *Pour out your hearts like water.*

The following is as true now as in the age of old Francis Quarles.
Time's manners may change, but man is the same :

SERVIO would thrive, and therefore does obey
God's law, and shuts up shop o' the Sabbath day :
Servio would prosper in his home-affairs
And therefore dares not miss his diet prayers.
Servio would put to sea, and does implore
To the end that he may safely come ashore :
Servio's in suit, and therefore must be tyed
To morning prayer, until his cause be tried :
Servio begins to loathe a single life,
And therefore prays for a high portioned wife.

Servio would fair be thought religious too,
And therefore prays as the religious doe.
Servio still prays for profit or applause ;
Servio will seldom pray without a cause.

There is many a portly cit, well to do in the world, and easy as to his conscience, who might take a lesson from the above. This half-religion is a frequent subject of satire and rebuke with our author. He agrees with the stern spirits of those times who could bear no dallying with evil — one hand for the world and the other for heaven. Here is another 'Divine Fancy' in the same spirit and with the same perennial application :

PLAUSUS of late hath raised a hospitall,
Repaired a church, founded a colledge-hall ;
Plausus hath built a holy temple ; vowed it,
To God ; erects a school and hath endowed it :
Plausus hath given, in his abundant pittie,
A spittle to the blind and lame o' the citie ;
Plausus allows a table for the poor
O' the parish, besides those he feeds at door ;
Plausus relieves the prisons ; mends the wayes,
Maintains a lecture on the market-dayes ;
Plausus, in brief, for bountie bears the bell ;
Plausus hath done much good, but nothing well.

Quarles was evidently no believer in the efficacy of works without faith. Here is another distich, in which he well rebukes the follies of the ultra self-abasing religionists :

It is an error even as foul to call
Our sinnes too great for pardon as too small.

It is a good proverb that says, 'Humility is the dress-coat of Pride,' a fact which those just alluded to would do well to remember. Our author has also a fling at this, which he terms

THE DEVIL'S MASTER-PIECE.

THIS is the height the Devil's art can show ;
To make man proud because he is not so.*

We like the following ; there is much truth in it, and truth well expressed :

LORD if my Griefs were not opposed with Joy,
They would destroy :
And, if my Mirth were not allayed with Sadnesse,
It would be Madnesse.
While this with that, or that with this contends,
They 're both my friends ;
But when these happy Wars doe chance to cease,
I have no peace.
The more my earthly passions doe contest,
The more my heavenly affections are at rest.

* Is not this the original of a stanza in COLERIDGE'S 'Devil's Walk' ?

'He saw a small oot with a large coach-house,
A cottage of gentility,
And the Devil laughed, for 'his favorite sin
Is the pride that apes humility.'

The similarity is, to say the least, remarkable.

And here is another, that has only too much application among us. Though not very savory, it has salt enough to keep it from offending :

THEY that in life oppresse, and then bequeath
Their goods to pious uses at their Death,
Are like those Drunkards, being laid to sleep
They belch and vomit what they cannot keep :
To God's and Man's acceptance I presume
Their severall actions send the like perfume.

When this was written there was less false delicacy than at present, and an author cared more to be forcible than elegant. The following is in somewhat the same style. Quarles has no mercy for any but those entirely devoted to Religion, and he handles the flail without much ceremony :

ON FORMALL DEVOTION.

MEN doe God service with the same devotion,
As the foul body takes his loathed potion.
They stay, and stay, then gulp it down in hast,
Not for the pleasure, but to have it past :
Whose *druggie* Taste goes so against their minde,
That oft the better part is left behinde ;
And what is taken 's taken but in vain,
It either works not, or comes up again.

We also like the following. There is much in it that is pleasing :

Look up ; and there I see the fair abode
And glorious mansion of my gracious God ;
Look down ; In every garnisht corner lies
Favours objected to my wondering eyes ;
Look on my right hand ; There the sweet increase
Of Joyes present me with a joyfull Peace ;
Look on my left hand ; There my FATHER'S rod
Sublimes my knowledge from myself to God ;
Look forward ; There I see the lively storie
Of Faith's improvement, and of future Glory ;
Look backward ; There my thankful eye is cast
On Sinnes remitted, and on dangers past ;
Look inward ; And mine eye is made partaker
Of the fair image of my glorious MAKER ;
Look up, or down, about, above, or under,
Nothing but objects of true love and wonder.

It was the fault of the age to admire quibbles and antitheses, and Quarles indulges in them to the utmost ; for example :

HE that wants Faith, and apprehends a grief,
Because he wants it, hath a true belief.
And he that grieves because his grief's so small,
Has a true grief, and the best Faith of all.

The following are pleasing :

A GOOD-MORROW.

'Tis day ; Unfold thine Arms ; Arise and rouze
Thy leaden spirits, and pay thy morning vows.
Send up thy Incense ; Let her early smoke
Renew that league thy very dreams have broke.
Then mayst thou work or play. Nothing shall be
Displeasing to thy God that pleases thee.

A GOOD-NIGHT.

CLOSE now thine eyes, and sleep secure ;
 Thy soul is safe enough, thy body sure :
 He that loves thee, he that keeps,
 And guards thee, never slumbers, never sleeps.
 The smiling Conscience in a peacefull breast
 Has onely peace, has onely rest :
 The music and the mirth of Kings
 Are all but very Discord when she sings :
 Then close thine eyes, and rest secure ;
 No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

Here is an epigram which is well imagined, though the subject is hackneyed :

NEER think, Mundano, that one Rome will hold
 Thy God, and all thy Gold.
 If ere they chance to meet within a heart,
 They 'l either fight or part ;
 So long as Earth seems glorious in thine eyes,
 Thy thoughts can never rise :
 Beleev 't, Mundano, by how much more near
 Thou get'st to Heaven, the less will Earth appear.

Alas for poor human nature ! Quarles lost some property and *ms.* in the Irish Rebellion of 1642, and his death is supposed to have been caused by his immoderate grief at his reverse. It is much easier to counsel than to practice.

Even among his religious meditations, he could find time to flatter. The following is almost sacreligious :

ON MARY.

FOUR MARIES are eternized for their worth ;
 Our SAVIOUR found out *three*, our CHARLES the *fourth*.

There are few things more disgusting than Flattery when she decks herself with the words of Religion.

It is truly refreshing, after the smooth and flowing inanities of the present day, to lay hold of an author like Quarles, who has both thought and felt, and who records his experiences briefly and strongly. His numbers are not melodious, and he has few of the ornaments and elegancies of poetry, but we are willing to pass over these for the sake of his ideas. There are, it is true, too many turns, and endeavors to surprise by peculiarities of diction, but this was the fault of all the writers of that day. He is not always clear, but the reader will ever be rewarded for the study of making out an occult sentence, by the wheat which he will thresh from the chaff. At the present time, when a writer is obscure, it is usually because he is all chaff ; with Quarles it is because the husk is strong and hides the grain. Indeed, we are surprised to see how rarely he writes without some fixed meaning. In this little work there are upward of four hundred 'divine fancies,' but very few of them will be found unworthy the trouble of reading, while most of them may furnish ample food for reflection. In general style, they strike us as bearing no inconsiderable resemblance to the Latin and later Greek serious epigram, though they usually have more striving after point, and affectation of expression. Though his images and simi-

lies are frequently faulty, and carried on too far, yet there is much genuine wit displayed in them, which proves that with his knowledge of the heart, he might have been a genuine and pleasing poet, had he possessed more taste and formed his style on purer models.

*'Si foret hoc nostrum fato dilatus in ævum,
Detereret sibi multa; recideret omne quod ultra
Perfectum traheretur.'*

H. C. L.

Philadelphia, Oct., 1844.

ANNIE GRAY: A CHRISTMAS CHIME.

BY T. D. READ.

THE week well nigh declined had brought
Its latest eve and best,
The dusky threshold over which
The weary pass to rest:

When ANNIE GRAY, poor ANNIE GRAY,
Went tripping fast along,
Her limbs forgot their aching while
Her heart was full of song.

Her few dear friends in poverty
Smiled as she passed them by,
To see that strange red on her cheek
And gladness in her eye.

The music of her singing heart
Her lips could scarcely hold,
And through her throbbing brain the words
A thousand times were told.

Like merry chiming bells she heard
The rushing pulses say,
'To-morrow I shall be fifteen,
And all on Christmas day!'

But what could stay poor ANNIE's feet
Beside the rich man's door?
It was the moaning of a child
A starving mother bore.

Dear ANNIE's heart with pity gushed,
And she forgot to say
'To-morrow I shall be fifteen,
And all on Christmas day;'

But gave the coin so dearly earned,
The pittance hard to spare,
Then took the mantle from her neck
And wrapt the trembling pair.

The infant smiled, the mother wept
And blessed poor ANNIE GRAY;
And ANNIE, as she gladder went
Heard her own spirit say,
'To-morrow I shall be fifteen,
And all on Christmas day!'

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE NAVY-ISLAND WAR.

CHAPTER FIRST.

'EARTH hath its bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them.'

MACBETH.

MUCH has been said of late of 'Southern Chivalry.' The Paladins of Virginia have been gaped at by the North with feelings of mingled fear and delight. We have read their exploits with round-eyed wonder; and the newspapers have bestowed upon them the wreath of fame which in our earlier days we thought of right to belong to 'Jack the Giant-Killer.' It was difficult to believe that these 'high-souled-men' ever demeaned themselves so low as to buy and sell things like base Yankee pedlars. They were fire-eaters, and the idea of connecting them with the vulgar employments of every-day life was preposterous. We might as well represent the god Mars with a saw-buck on his shoulder. It was enough for us to know that they were 'the chivalrous South.'

This habitual admiration has made us unobservant of the fact, that of late there has been growing up among us a spirit of CHIVALRY. Perhaps it is caused by the natural attempt to imitate what we admire. Be that as it may, there is a chivalrous feeling abroad at the North, which bids fair to be a formidable rival to the chivalrous whack-fol-de-rols of the South. Our village has its Hotspurs, who

'Would pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon!'

some of them have smelt gunpowder; some of them have stormed poultry-yards; and history has not yet done justice to their gallant deeds. They have fought for 'the liberty of Canada' on Navy Island, and by so doing have given an impulse to 'the great cause of Liberty throughout the world.' They are the Chivalry of the North, and it is fit that their achievements should not be forgotten. They have returned, like Don Quixotte to his Dulcinea, to bask in the smiles of the Lockport fair; and it shall be my pleasant duty to chronicle some of their gallant actions.

Navy Island is situate in the Niagara River above the Falls, and forms a part of Upper Canada. It would undoubtedly have been the scene of a bloody battle, if 'the patriots' had not seen fit to leave it before the battle was fought. A band of men and boys assembled on this island from various places, in December, 1837. They organized themselves into an army, and declared their firm intention to conquer or die. With such a spirit among them, it was evident that their first battle must cost a great waste of life. To guard against the confusion likely to be produced by the death of the commanding general in action, the precaution was taken of appointing *several* commanders-in-chief, and com-

missioned officers enough to meet any supposable carnage, short of the total annihilation of the whole army.

The royalists placed a battery on the opposite bank of the river, which commanded the island. The island was covered with a heavy forest, which concealed this devoted army in its depths; and as the royalists could see no one on it, they peppered the island at random. The patriots however sustained little damage, for they deemed it due to the great cause in which they had engaged, to expose themselves to no unnecessary risks. They however occasionally gave the royalists a touch of their quality by a shot from a twelve-pounder. Some old petticoats, that had not before contained any thing more combustible than a Yankee girl, were converted into cartridges, and hurled in the faces of Queen VICTORIA's troops. This last insult was too much to be borne.

The steam-boat *Caroline* had been plying for some days between the New-York shore and the island, and was laid up at night at Schlosser. An expedition was fitted out by the royalists, which passed across the river, captured the vessel, slaughtered most of those on board her, towed her out into the stream, fired her and cut her loose. She parted from her captors at the head of the rapids, and rushed, wrapped in flames and manned with the dead, to the tremendous chasm, and vanished like a meteor in its depths.

This attack caused much consternation at the village of Niagara Falls. A worthy citizen of the county had gone there for the purpose of keeping up with the news of the day by being constantly at the place where it was made. He was awakened that night by the rumor that the British had landed at Schlosser. Being a man of much presence of mind, he reflected that a body moving swiftly through the air should present as small a surface as possible to the resistance of the atmosphere; and that whatever the public might think about the propriety of wearing breeches on ordinary occasions, they were of no use to a man in running a race. He accordingly leaped through a window, clothed in a shirt, and rushed into the country at the top of his speed. He uttered an occasional shout, for the purpose of apprising the inhabitants that there was mischief a-foot, and the sound of his voice crying in the wilderness seemed to add wings to his flight. Some old women, who were called to the window by the noise, saw an object in white flitting like a jack-o'-lantern through mire and brush, and they were careful, before going to bed again, to throw salt upon the fire, to drive away any unclean spirits who might attempt to carry the house by an escalade down the chimney. He continued his race till he arrived at a graveyard, and flung himself down between two graves, as if determined to secure a christian burial in case he should ascertain that he had been killed.

The intelligence of this invasion was brought to Lockport early the next morning by a gentleman covered with mud, and who seemed to have shouted himself into a great thirst. He flung down upon the porch of the Eagle-tavern a large half-burnt log, having the appearance of what is called steam-boat wood, and declared that he had brought it from the Falls in forty minutes, and that it was the only relic left on earth of the *Caroline*. Here his emotion overpowered him, and he

sought the consolations of the bar ; while the crowd gathered around this affecting stick of wood and regarded it with much wonder. Viewed in one light, it was a common piece of swamp-ash, worth perhaps nine shillings a cord delivered on dock ; and one could not sufficiently admire the discretion of the messenger who had selected this stick as his travelling companion. Viewed in another light, it was a British gauntlet flung at our feet ; a war-torch kindled in our land, and blazing balefully along our borders. Our martial spirit was aroused. The veteran village fifer marched up and down street, playing Yankee-doodle, followed by a small fierce-looking man with a drum, and several scores of children.

The sheriff retired to his office and commenced reading 'Cowen's Treatise.' Being unable to find specific directions for a case like this, he began to investigate the subject on first principles, as an undecided matter. It was a question of war or no war ; to be, or not to be ; peace and plenty, or blood and thunder. He walked back and forth between two taverns till he had examined the subject in all its bearings, and ascertained the 'will of the people.' He then issued a proclamation declaring war against England. Our village was placed under martial law. A night-guard patrolled our streets to protect us against the British army. Several old ladies took refuge in their cellars, to be out of the range of shot, and to escape the horrors of a captured city, abandoned to an infuriated soldiery. These guards perambulated our streets at night, and came near shooting several cows which declined giving the counter-sign.

One of these heroes entered a bar-room in the evening with a pair of huge horse-pistols thrust through the waist-band of his breeches, and with an old musket on his shoulders. In ordinary times he was a quiet pains-taking man, but he was about fighting for his country, and he had a right to look fierce. He advanced into the middle of the room with a very truculent aspect, and announced to the company that he was one of the night-guards. 'The devil you are !' said D. ; 'then I will go home and lock my stable.'

In the mean time the sheriff continued to ponder on the awful responsibility which devolved upon him as the head of the government in this crisis. He determined to show himself fully equal to it. His sagacity taught him to follow up his proclamation with a levy of troops, and to strike the blow while the enemy were still intimidated with his manifesto ; spring upon them like a lion, while they were trembling under the terror of his roar. 'The Clerk's Assistant,' by an oversight of the publisher, contained no form that seemed appropriate ; but where there is a will there is a way. It is true that captious people might insist that the sheriff only had power to summons the *posse comitatus* as such, independent of its military organization, and as a civil force. But what could the posse do against regular soldiers ? Much time would of course be lost in drilling them. Why not call them out ready drilled and officered, in regiments and brigades ? Law is common sense ; and he issued a writ in the following form :

'By virtue of an invasion of the United States, to me directed, I order the — Brigade of the New-York Militia to appear in my presence forth-

with, armed with forty rounds of ball-cartridges, pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided.' This writ was sealed with the seal of the court of common pleas of the county of Niagara, and served up on the gallant brigadier general in due form of law, without requiring bail.

The Hundred and Eighty-First Regiment was a part of this brigade, and contained the chivalry of Lockport. One of the companies in this regiment was commanded by a war-worn veteran who regarded dress and the mere trappings of battle with as much contempt as the celebrated Suwarrow. He despised the 'pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war,' and seemed to delight in naked carnage *per se*. He had distinguished himself by some brilliant affairs on the court-house green. This commander seemed always to surpass himself. On one occasion he came near overcoming that innate principle of nature which prevents a company of New-York militia from being formed into a straight line. The mere attempt is sufficient to establish the character of this great innovator; for he must have been aware that the effort would have been met with a resistance as zealous and persevering as that with which nature opposes the formation of a vacuum.

The feat was accomplished by a stratagem that ought to stamp his name to all future times as the great strategic captain of the age. It was a military manœuvre based upon mathematics; an application of the laws governing curve lines. He knew that a circle was composed of an infinite number of short straight lines, and it occurred to him, as the converse of this proposition, that a straight line might be composed out of a great number of curve lines. It was one of those happy thoughts which sometimes flash into the mind of genius like inspiration. Concealing his intention with the caution of a Fabius, he formed his men in single file, placed himself at their head, and with a cheerful but resolute countenance gave the word to advance. He proceeded in a curve line till he had reached the rear of the file, and thereby formed a true circle. He then continued to advance on the *inside* of the circle till his whole company was wound up like the main-spring of a watch. He felt himself embarrassed, but disdained to retreat, and continued to advance till the winding process had attained its utmost solidity. He was finally forced up, sword in hand, into the centre of this military cylinder, as tight as a plug in a log, incapable of expanding his valiant lungs enough to give the word, 'Unwind!' but gazing about him with a serene and unruffled courage, worthy of all praise.

The failure of an enterprise is no proof that it was not scientific. All Bonaparte's dispositions at the battle of Waterloo were good. Our great Lockport captain committed only one error in the whole course of this evolution, and that was one of those slight mistakes which will sometimes frustrate the best laid plans; he took the *inside* of the circle.

I have related this anecdote merely to show the stratagetic skill of this officer. Another feat of his on the same day will show the determined character of his courage. He was the man to head a forlorn hope; and if he had been there he would have been chosen to command the three hundred in the pass of Thermopylæ.

After having unwound his company, and untied that curious knot

which was afterward known as 'The Snake-Manœuvre,' he shook down his pantaloons, which like his spirit had risen in this trial, and prepared to 'seek the bubble reputation' in another part of the town. He formed his company into platoons and marched up Main-street in quest of adventures, and perhaps not unwilling to give the Lockport fair an opportunity to gaze upon the Lockport Chivalry. This valiant captain, with an air that seemed to court danger, strode up the centre of the street, while his company defiled upon the two side-walks for the purpose of covering his flanks. In his progress up street he encountered a yoke of oxen drawing a waggon, in which was seated a stout countryman with a gad some seven feet long. He displayed in this emergency his usual presence of mind. He advanced sword in hand, stepping very high, like a pig in a poke, as if he meant to march directly over the team. This was a *ruse*, for he had no such intention, and meant merely to intimidate by a display of strength, without actually resorting to blows. He presently came in contact with the oxen, and stopped, keeping step with the music without advancing. The countryman directed the captain, in an uncourteous tone, to get out of the road and let the team pass. The valiant captain said nothing, but gazed upon the countryman with a severe countenance, and marked time with both feet. Thus they stood, like two Gorgons of old, trying to blast each other by their looks, or like two philosophers of modern times trying to mesmerize each other. The captain being the master spirit, would undoubtedly have put the countryman into a magnetic sleep, had not the countryman become aware of the malicious intention of his adversary and broken the charm by springing out of his waggon. He then applied his gad to the captain with an energy worthy of a better cause. He disturbed the intellectual *focus* which the captain was getting concentrated upon him, and withdrew his attention to various parts of his own body, and particularly to his head and shoulders.

In the mean time the company stood by as spectators, knowing that their chivalrous leader would never forgive them if they came to his rescue while engaged with a single man. It was an error of their better natures. Their captain was at last overpowered by brute force and driven from the field. But he maintained his high character, for the retreat was conducted with so much skill and celerity that not a single prisoner fell into the hands of the enemy.

Such was the character of the troops engaged in 'The Navy-Island War,' and forming a part of the 'great Neutrality Army' stationed by our sheriff upon the river to overawe the British. I shall now attempt to chronicle their exploits at the Falls.

CHAPTER SECOND.

'T'were worth ten years of civil life,
One glance at their array.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE Spartans were said to have disdained the use of music before battle. While other nations sought to drown their fears in the clamor and clashing of barbaric music, the Spartans marched forward in

grim silence, and fell upon the enemy as noiselessly as the plague grapples with its victim. The bloody Hundred and Eighty-First Regiment were all men of this mould. They were ordered to report themselves at the Falls in twelve hours, and they did so without beat of drum, or even forming themselves into platoons. Every man managed the matter to suit himself, and got there the best way he could. Our village was the scene of many tender partings,

‘Such as press the life from out young hearts.’

One of these pathetic scenes was exhibited to the public. An elderly ‘colored lady,’ known by the name of the ‘Night Mare,’ weighing several hundred pounds, and forming a thick darkness which could be felt, met one of these heroes bound for the wars. She flung her arms about him, overwhelming him with tears and caresses, and conjured him to remain and protect the female innocence of our village. The unhappy young man succeeded at last in extricating himself from her folds. He resisted all her soft allurements, and strode forward in the path of duty.

The Lockport Chivalry, armed with canes and other lethal weapons, wended their way to the Falls. Finding the commissariat department in some confusion, they established themselves in taverns at the expense of their captain. On the following morning they were mustered, and those who had muskets were formed into picket guards, while it was made the duty of others to act as foraging parties. The zeal and energy of this arm of the service were signalized by bold and frequent incursions into poultry-yards, and turnip-fields, mostly by night, and many of them earned a distinguished reputation in these predatory expeditions. Our commander adopted the principle pursued by Bonaparte, of making war support itself. The delicacy which always accompanies true valor made us solicitous to distribute the burden of our support over the entire community, and levy the tax impartially. Domestic poultry in that region has been scarce since the time of the Navy Island war.

The duties of the sentries and picket guards were equally well performed. Any stranger approaching a sentry was challenged and required to give the word. If he said he did not know what it was, the sentry told him; he then repeated it to the sentry, and passed on. The captious, quarrelsome spirit exhibited by many sentries in the regular army was unknown here. Every thing was done in an easy neighborly manner, that disarmed war of some of its most disagreeable features.

This course of conduct was departed from in but one instance. A noted citizen of Lockport was walking along the lines about ten at night, inquiring the news, and whether it would not be best to call a public meeting ‘to express the views of the people’ on some subject. In passing from post to post he at last approached a sentry belonging to the renowned Lockport Chivalry. He was challenged forthwith, and not giving a satisfactory answer, was commanded to stand fast. He began to argue the case; threatened to sue for false imprisonment; called the attention of the sentry to the fact that it was a cold night,

and finally cried murder! The sentry was inexorable, and presenting his piece, commanded him to be silent or he was a dead man. At the end of three hours he was marched to the guard-house his teeth chattering with fear and cold, where he remained in durance till morning.

The duties of the sentries and guards devolved principally upon the 'Black Walloons,' a company of valiant Dutchmen. Their captain was a man of the most determined courage. With a deep forecast worthy of Capt. Dalgetty, he endeavored on all occasions to fortify himself against an anticipated famine, and make 'his bosom's lord sit lightly on its throne' of boiled victuals. This band were placed as sentries along the river, that position being selected by them, as their habits were somewhat aquatic. They were billeted in a large wooden building, and spent the time there in profound snoring, that rivalled the roar of the great cataract, and gave assurance to the village that all was well. An incident that happened there, will show the resolute and almost ferocious manner in which these heroes slept. Their valiant captain, after filling himself with boiled turnips, mounted a bench and commenced wooing the drowsy god of sleep. His courage was of a temper to make him face every thing, even his bed. By placing his mouth upon the bench, he used it as a sounding-board. In a few minutes his voice could be distinguished among this tuneful choir by a steady and tremendous roar. While thus engaged a musket was accidentally discharged near him, and the ball passing over that part of his body which no enemy had ever seen, and slightly grazing his ocyogis, buried itself in the wall. No effect seemed to be produced on the company by this accident, except that every one snored in a more grum tone, and snorted defiance to the supposed enemy.

This gallant band were invaluable as sentries. Station them on the bank of the river, and like that vigilant animal the goose, they would stand for hours on one foot, with their eyes closed, on the alert for the enemy. One of this band soon after the arrival of the regiment was fixed in this attitude one night at a post near Schlosser. Hearing a splash in the water before him, he commenced ruminating upon the matter. He weighed with much deliberation the probabilities of the case. It might be the British army; they lived on an island, and were fond of water. After a time his excitement reached such a paroxysm that he opened his eyes and settled down upon both feet. There was certainly something moving in the water directly before him, and it did not resemble a boat. He concluded that it must be the British army swimming the river under water, for the purpose of concealment, and occasionally coming to the surface to get breath. He challenged it in low Dutch, and it dived at once out of sight. He was now thoroughly awake, and cried out, 'Give the pass-vort; say Punker-Hill!' No answer was returned, and the Dutchman, turning his head over his shoulder and shutting his eyes very tight, discharged his musket in the air.

A running fire ensued along the river. Drums were beat in the village of Niagara Falls, and a general engagement was expected. The captain of the Lockport Chivalry sprung from his martial couch and mustered his heroes for the fight. He formed his men in a straight

line by directing each one to stand with his toes on the rail-road. It was a happy thought, and showed the genius of a man prompt to avail himself of accidental advantages. Having formed the line, and thus accomplished a feat that had hitherto baffled him, he informed them that the eyes of Europe were now fixed upon them, and that the Lockport fair expected every man to do his duty. He delivered this address with his sword in one hand, and the other hand thrust in his breeches pocket. After having thus fixed his men, he fell into a brown study. He had reflected much upon the various modes of fighting employed by different animals: the kicking of horses; the pushing of cows; the butting of sheep; the biting of dogs; the spitting of cats; and the pecking of hens; each had occupied his attention, and been the subject of profound examination and analysis. Each had its advantages and defects. The vastness of the subject and its complicated details produced such a confusion in the mind of this great architect of ruin, that he had well nigh determined to employ all the various kinds of attack and defence at one and the same time in the expected engagement. It occurred to him however in the midst of his brown study that the system of tactics adopted by the anaconda would be the most sudden and fatal in its effects, and he determined to inflict upon the enemy the summary vengeance of 'The Snake Manceuvre.' If he attempted this evolution when the enemy first landed, it would become necessary in describing his preliminary circle to march into the river, and he concluded to defer operations till they had advanced into the country. After they had reached the proper place in the interior of the State, he intended to begin marching round them in concentric circles, like a maelstrom round its vortex, increasing the rapidity of his motion as he approached them, until they should become dizzy and sea-sick by turning on one point; then close upon them and squeeze them to death.

The Black Walloons were at last awoke. And with the deliberation of their nation, they prepared themselves for the most determined resistance. Their gallant captain was aware of the advantage of breast-works and fortifications. He knew that the enemy could not be said to have conquered the village, so long as he maintained his position, and that perhaps he might hold out until the general government could send an army to his relief. A detachment of his men therefore posted themselves in a large cistern attached to the house in which they were billeted, and concealed themselves as much as practicable in the water. Perhaps they intended to act as an ambuscade party, and instead of falling upon the flanks or rear of the enemy, overthrow them by rising up under them, an expedient supposed to be peculiar to the hippopotamus in attacking a boat. The captain was not unwilling to head this devoted party, and prepared to descend into the cistern, but it was full. He then retired to the cellar, barricaded all the doors, blew out the candles, and prepared for desperate resistance in case of being discovered. The grim silence that prevailed in that building, late vocal with the loud snoring of its brave defenders, had in it something sublime and awful. I have little doubt that this devoted band intended, if their out-works

were carried, to fire the magazine and blow up themselves and the British army in one common ruin.

The force at the Falls was composed of an equal proportion of Lockport and Buffalo militia. These buffaloes or 'buffalonians,' as they termed themselves, were fully equal to their Lockport compatriots. They resembled in many respects the animal whose name they bore: they were very ferocious in appearance; their eyes half covered with long hair, and their whole head and shoulders concealed in a mass of beard, moustaches, hair and bristles, that gave them a truly formidable appearance. The African lion, springing from his reedy lair upon some timid deer, with horrent teeth and eyes flaming amid his outspread hair, was the picture of one of these heroes when the enemy was at a distance. The gentle cow, 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies,' and yielding meekly to the will of her little master the cow-boy, was scarcely more human and discreet in battle than were they. They were horrible to look upon and gentle to handle; tigers when viewed in front, cows when viewed in rear. Approach them when assembled in a body, with their big bulls in front, and like their patronymic animal, they would make the earth shake with a confused and muttered bellow. The whole air would be filled with reverberations, in which the ear could gradually distinguish the words 'buffalo! buffalo! buffalo!' which it seemed each one was repeating in his most terrible tone. You saw before you, if you had courage to look, a hideous mass of hair, filled with small gleaming eyes, speckled with foam, and half concealed in the dust of their pawings. It was a herd of lions about rushing down upon you. Move toward them, and the whole body turned tail upon you — lo! they were cows! Away they scampered, over fences and through fields, with mad speed, and the astonished spectator of this estampado saw nothing but a vast collection of thin-flanked animals rapidly disappearing in the clouds of dust that covered their retreat.

The officers of the Buffalo regiment mustered their gallant bands for the fight. The uproar made by this body was so tremendous that it aroused the British army on the opposite side of the river. Torches began to move quickly through their army, rockets were thrown up, and it was evident that they were expecting an immediate attack.

After matters had reached this crisis, the Dutch sentinel, who had first discharged his piece, gradually recovered from his astonishment. He had fallen at the sound of his musket, and lay till this time in a fit of amazement. He could see no object in the water. Its gentle ripple seemed to murmur peace, and it finally occurred to him that the last dive which he saw the enemy take must have carried them across the river. He returned to head-quarters and reported himself. It is supposed that the innocent *muskrat*, whose night expedition caused all this disturbance, is still sojourning near the place where the Dutch sentinel challenged it.

The courage and devotion exhibited by the great 'Neutrality Army' on this occasion placed them high on the rolls of Fame. It has been the custom of all great historians to draw parallels between distinguished characters. In humble imitation of Plutarch, I would say: The Buf-

falo regiment was most formidable before they met the enemy; the Lockport regiment was most formidable after the enemy had departed: the former frightened the enemy by the terror of their countenances; the latter confused the enemy by the strangeness of their evolutions. The former played poker; the latter, brag. The former ate all they killed; the latter killed all they ate. The former, like the Gauls, made war to get something to drink; the latter, like the Scotch, to get food. The former, like the Romans, dwelt in a city; the latter, like the Edomites, in a ledge of rocks. If the former, like the Tyreans, had ships; the latter, like the Chinese, had canal-boats. If the former had much land to the acre, the latter weighed much to the pound. Both had young men's associations; both had pic-nic parties; both had ward meetings; and to sum it all up,

'None but themselves could be their parallels.'

CHAPTER THIRD.

— 'THERE lie my boots!
And he who dares those boots displace,
Must meet BOMBASTES face to face!' BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

WHILE matters were in this state at the Falls, a high excitement prevailed throughout the region. Lockport was the heart which sent forth the pulsations of the 'patriotic movement.' Our citizens held several public meetings for the purpose of taking into consideration the condition of Europe and America. These meetings, like the august deliberations of the Roman assemblies, extended their animadversions over half the globe. The foreign policy of England was examined and condemned. It was moved, and the motion was seconded, that England be considered a rapacious and unprincipled government. Fortunately for the peace of Europe, a division was not had on the question, but that proposition was made the special order of the day for Mondays. In the meantime a committee was appointed, and on motion it was resolved that 'they have power to send for persons and papers.' It was made the duty of this committee to collect and classify facts, and report at a future meeting upon the moral and political character of the English government previous to the invention of printing, and to ascertain her probable intentions with regard to the freedom of the press throughout the world. The village school-master, who was in the habit of uttering learned words, procured this resolution to be amended by inserting after the terms 'moral and political' the three words, 'physiological and congruous.'

It was also debated whether it would not be expedient for Lockport to send a minister to the Court of St. James, to remonstrate in a dignified manner with the British ministry, giving the ambassador power, whenever the dignity of 'liberal institutions' seemed to require it, to demand his passports and quit that country. A distinct committee was appointed to report upon the abuses and injustice existing in the colonial department of that government, and to calculate the probable duration of these things. It was resolved that we examine these questions candidly, and

suspend the blow until we have attained conclusive evidence on the subject. Each meeting was addressed by our most eloquent and valiant citizens, and its proceedings were directed to be published in our village papers, and by all papers throughout the world, friendly to the cause of human rights.

It is impossible for the present age to do justice to these men. Demosthenes urging the Athenians to make war on Phillip, and George Washington Smith, Esquire, urging Lockport to make war on England! 'To drag the tyrants down! Mr. Chairman, and strike the manacles, Sir, from the free hearts which brandish the sword which will inundate the British government with a mountain of light, and shatter the bulwarks of oppression on the precincts of their durability, Sir'—are speeches which can never die. Under such exciting influences every one must appreciate the noble forbearance of Lockport. She was like Othello, not easily moved,

—'But being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme.'

She resolved to content herself with simply sending a minister to the Court of St. James, to menace the government with the direct wrath of Lockport, in case it persisted in the oppressions so eloquently described by George Washington Smith, Esquire.

These public meetings took cognizance not only of great national questions, but of matters of etiquette and good-breeding. Like the proboscis of the elephant, they had strength to grapple the mightiest subject, yet were lithe enough for the most minute. A committee was appointed to read and report to an adjourned meeting the rules of behavior recommended by Lord Chesterfield, and to report also whether it would not be proper to adopt these rules as 'By-Laws' of the village.

General Scott at this period had established himself upon our frontier. His head-quarters were at Buffalo. A lieutenant in the United States army died at Lockport and was buried there. The general did not attend the funeral. On the following morning our posts and fences were covered with an enormous handbill calling a public meeting of the citizens of Lockport, 'without respect of party,' to express the views of the people in regard to the outrage upon our feelings, the treason to humanity, perpetrated by General Scott, in not attending the funeral of the lieutenant. The meeting assembled; a chairman was chosen, and a variety of vice-presidents selected with much care and discrimination so as to prevent either political party from making capital out of it. A great number of aspiring young men were then made secretaries. After these matters had been settled, the chairman rose and declared his surprise, gratitude and confusion, when he looked over that august assembly and reflected upon his unfitness to preside over them. That the occasion of the meeting was one of such moment—yes, of such vital importance to our civil and political institutions, so fraught with the perils of a crisis in our constitution—that he would not yield to scruples and delicacy, but go forward in the path of duty, relying upon the aid and support of the meeting. He then called upon a patriotic citizen to 'state the objects of the meeting.' After many eloquent

speeches, the following resolutions were carried unanimously, and the meeting adjourned :

RESOLVED : That we have at heart the cause of liberty throughout the world, and that we regard the freedom of the press and the right of petition as the two palladiums of Lockport.

RESOLVED : That a standing army is a dangerous institution, and that its commanding officer should be vigilantly watched.

RESOLVED : That we regard the conduct of General Scott, in not attending the funeral of Lieutenant ———, as arrogant, insolent, tyrannical and imperious. We denounce it as inhuman, at war with the better feelings of society, and subversive of all well-regulated government. We warn him that the attempt to establish a military despotism in this happy and enlightened country, this home of the exile and land of the brave, will be resisted by Lockport if submitted to elsewhere. We bid him remember that Cæsar had his Brutus, and that sooner shall our enterprising and go-ahead village become a howling wilderness, than submit to the Pretorian bands of tyranny.

RESOLVED : That we pledge ourselves to destroy the public property in this place, if the General does not apologize within three days.

RESOLVED : That the committee on good manners send the General a copy of our village by-laws on that subject, sealed with the village seal.

RESOLVED : That the officers of this meeting send the General a copy of these resolutions, and cause the same to be printed throughout the world.

RESOLVED : That we are willing to die in the cause of liberty, and that we hurl defiance, as a corporation and individually, in the teeth of all tyrants.

RESOLVED : That this meeting do now adjourn.

While these patriotic influences were animating Lockport, the great Neutrality Army were daily earning fresh laurels. It was the duty of these heroes to intercept the supplies of arms and provisions moving toward the island. Many bushels of white beans were captured, and many gallant deeds performed. The bloody Hundred and Eighty-First distinguished themselves in this service. The *spolia optima* of every expedition was beans. Beans, like the standards taken in battle, became the measure of our valor, and were borne to the camp in triumphal procession as trophies of the fight. When any exploit of more than ordinary daring and success had been performed, the army, by a natural metonymy, said that the hero of the affair had covered himself with beans. It was here that the bean acquired that consideration which gave it such potent influence in the subsequent campaign of 1840.

Intelligence was brought to head-quarters one night that a large store of beans and muskets were hid in a barn near Schlosser, waiting to be transported to the island. Our whole force was mustered at once and marched to the scene of action. The barn was surrounded, and so great was the enthusiasm that the commanding officer had much difficulty in preventing the captain of the Lockport Chivalry from employing 'The Snake Manœuvre.' The barn was summoned to surrender, and no answer being returned, the doors were forced open, and the officers entered sword in hand. A man was discovered standing upon the barn-floor near a large and suspicious-looking box tightly fastened. The general, casting his eye over his shoulder, and seeing that he was sustained by his staff, advanced toward the man and commanded him, in the name of the People of the State of New-York to surrender. The man commanded the general to quit his barn. The general, without a moment's hesitation, turned to a colonel and directed him to open the box. The colonel with ready gallantry approached the box with drawn sword, and seemed on the point of cleaving it with one tremendous blow. He evidently regarded the box as an enemy, and fastened his eyes upon it with a stern and almost ferocious expression, that would have appalled any living antagonist. At this critical moment the man of the barn apprised the colonel that if he committed a trespass on that box he would

sue him; and the colonel hung fire. 'I command you to open that box!' said the general. The colonel sunk the point of his sword, and muttered something about costs; he was willing to face any thing but a constable. A council of war was called. One of the company was a pettifogger, who had 'Cowen's Treatise' in his knapsack; a circle was formed round the box, and passages from 'the action of trespass, when it lies,' were read, and a learned debate ensued upon the laws of nations as applicable to justices' courts. The pettifogger 'laid down the p'int,' as he termed it, that this was a trespass '*ab-i-nit-i-o*,' and sustained it by an argument which I am unable even to give any account of. He finally offered to bring a suit for the man for twelve shillings cash down, or to defend the colonel for the same sum. The energy of the general however overcame all obstacles. It was finally determined that the box should be opened if all the evils of Pandora's box were in it. The general, before proceeding to extremities with the box, had the presence of mind to write several letters announcing his conquest. Placing the colonel before him, with his body on an inclination somewhat like a writing desk, and with a piece of paper on his shoulders, he wrote the following letter, in a bold and martial style:

'Battle-field, Twenty minutes to Eleven.

¶ 'SIR: I have the honor to inform you, that after a sharp engagement of sixteen minutes I have captured a quantity of the enemy's stores. Colonel JONES and Captain BLUEBEARD are entitled to the thanks of Congress for their gallantry on this occasion. I have the honor to be yours with distinguished consideration. Bill to be forwarded in box; charges paid at the end of the line.'

A copy of this letter was sent by express to the Secretary of War, to General Scott, to the custom-house collector at Lewiston, and to the gallant general's wife. A hollow square was then formed about the box, and the general shouted:

'I take the responsibility: open the box!'

The box was forced open, and found to be filled with an article much used for agricultural purposes, but not ranking under the head of tools or provisions. The regiment fell back in silence toward head-quarters, while the man of the barn, with his thumb at his nose, and fingers spread like a fan, watched our retreat.

About this period a new actor came among us. The enigma of the nineteenth century, 'The Man in a Claret-colored Coat,' presented himself at the Falls, prepared to end the war by some stroke worthy of the hero of the New-York arsenal. This celebrated personage, whose official duties consisted in taking care of the New-York arms, and who looked upon water as the great cause of rust, and therefore his natural enemy, was much embarrassed by the appearance of things at the Falls. There was the great Neutrality Army stationed on the east side of the Niagara, the royalists on the opposite side, and the patriot army in the middle of the river. On every side was water, his professional foe. As he stood and gazed upon the scene, dim visions of rusted muskets, rusted bayonets, and rusted canon, passed through his mind. Oxide of iron and brass seemed to rise up in the mist of the Falls, and spread like a cloud over the whole sky, till the firmament became brass and the earth iron, while between them rolled that hideous cataract, spreading over them acres of rust, which mountains of chalk could never wipe away.

He felt the awful responsibility of his station as 'scourer-general' of the New-York arms, and his soul rose to meet the horrors that seemed to surround him. He determined to make at least one gallant effort to deliver those arms from rust.

The difficulty was one from which mere courage could not extricate him. The patriot army had his arms, and his whole object was to recover them. The royalists threatened to attack the patriots, and might thereby damage the arms. The neutrality army had no arms, and might perhaps steal them. If he used force, it might precipitate hostilities, and defeat the main object. He determined therefore to negotiate, but the question was with whom he should negotiate. He suffered himself to be determined by his professional biases. The arms and equipments of the royalists being in a state of perfect neatness and preservation, inclined him to the party that seemed to appreciate the duties of his office. He despatched a flag to the royalists, requesting them to suspend the attack for twenty-four hours, and informing them, with some pomp of diction, that his object was to prevent the effusion of blood, and facilitate the restoration of peace on the borders.

The royalists were somewhat surprised on learning from whom this flag came, but concluded that the laws of war in New-York sanctioned the act, and sent back an officer to arrange the terms of a treaty. The British officer was conducted to the hero of the New-York arsenal, and found him with a green flannel apron hung before his fearless breast, and care upon his brow, busily engaged in scouring up an old musket which he had recovered for the State. He was surrounded with chalk, sand-stone and emery. Their conference was a secret one, and we are unable to conjecture what transpired there. One thing is known, however; hostilities terminated soon after. It is presumed that the modesty of the general prevented him from disclosing the means by which he convinced the British officer of the necessity of bringing the war to a speedy close. He may have pointed to the example of the Lockport sheriff as proof that subordinate officers have power in this country to declare war against foreign nations, and intimated his determination to bring this fracas to a close, and have 'peace restored to the borders,' if he fought for it.

H. H. S.

S E M B L A N C E S : A S O N G .

BY ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

SAY not, because you *see* no tears,
That tears can never flow;
Ah, judge not by the light that plays
On many a radiant brow;
For, oh! believe me, hearts can feel
When careless they appear;
And smiling eyes have often smiled
To hide the gathering tear!

I doubt the purity of sighs,
I doubt the strength of tears;
When these are shed before men's eyes,
Those rung into men's ears;
But doubt I not the depth, the truth
Of aching hearts, which wear
A smile upon the pallid face,
That none may see the tear!

Killbegg-House, Ireland.

T O M A R Y O F K E N T U C K Y .*

'THERE'S ROSEMARY; that's for remembrance.'

SHAKESPEARE.

ON the fair shores of Hellé there grows a wild flower,
To memory sacred — an emblem of thee;
It lives through all changes, 'mid sunshine and shower,
And botanists call it the Rose of the Sea.†

Where the dwarf-shrub finds root, where the gray lichen springeth,
Where the wild goat looks down from his height o'er the tide;
Mid the chill frost, still fadeless, it fearlessly clingeth,
In fragrance and bloom, to the rock's rugged side.

And thus when thy youth's lovely summer shall perish,
When life's flowers lie withered and strown by the blast,
Thy memory its fond recollections will cherish,
Will cling in its verdure and bloom to the past.

Oh, well have they named thee 'Wild-flower of the Prairie,'
So gracefully blooming, dear one as thou art;
But I have baptised thee my wild herb ROSE-MARY,
Sweet flower of remembrance set deep in my heart.

New-York, Oct., 1844.

MARY E. HEWITT.

REMINISCENCES OF A DARTMOOR PRISONER.

NUMBER FIVE.

SOME weeks after the occurrences narrated in my last chapter, it was announced by 'Old Blind Davis,' the public crier, the walking newspaper of the Dépôt, that there was a cartel in readiness, and that all those who had arrived at such a date, must be ready for departure the next morning at ten o'clock. This startling but welcome news was made known to the prisoners about sun-down, and the busy note of preparation showed how eagerly they proceeded to arrange bags, boxes, chests, etc. But little of that night was devoted to sleep.

At this time I was witness to some of the strangest business transactions imaginable. Several of the prisoners who had 'kept shop' during their confinement, had by attention and prudence accumulated a very handsome amount of money, considering the circumstances in which they were placed. Some of these men opened a negotiation with many of those who were about leaving, for the privilege of taking their places. Several bargains were struck at various prices, valued according to the time the seller would have to wait for the turn of the purchaser. I

* WRITTEN in her 'Flora's Dictionary.'

† *Rosmarinus*.

have known them, when their turn came round again, to sell out again to some one more anxious than themselves to get away, and who had the money to purchase freedom from their less wealthy associates. At the commencement prices ranged from three to six pounds sterling ; a pretty good price, considering the financial difficulties of the purchasers ; but toward the last, when only a few hundred remained, and it required but two or three drafts to clear the prisons, stocks became very low ; and at length *no* bids were to be had, at any price. It was my lot to be almost the last out of prison ; and the cause was, that I had not been in haste to get there. The rules adopted at the Dépôt were, that the prisoners should leave in accordance with the dates of their entrance ; and as I did not volunteer among the first to leave the prison-ship, I was compelled to wait until those who had preceded me had left. The system was unjust, as many who were the first taken were the last to be liberated, in consequence of being among the last sent to Dartmoor. From the day of the massacre there had been a sullen feeling cherished among the prisoners toward the English, which they manifested on every occasion ; and every draft, as they marched down to Plymouth, displayed banners and flags inscribed, '*Remember the Sixth of April, 1815 !*' '*Revenge our Murdered Countrymen !*' '*Dartmoor Massacre, 1815 !*' '*Free Trade and Sailor's Rights,*' etc. Some wore ribbons on their hats with similar inscriptions. Several of the standards represented a female weeping over the tomb of a son, husband, or brother. Such were their feelings as they turned their backs on the hostile shores of England ; and I verily believe they would have volunteered to a man to have waged a war of extermination upon their foes, so deadly was their hatred.

At length the long-wished-for day arrived when I was once more to enjoy the blessings of freedom. I cannot describe my feelings as I stepped over the threshold of my long and dreary abode. It was early in June ; the morning was foggy, although warm and pleasant. It took some time to get our luggage on the waggons and to form a line of march. As I turned and gave a last look at the walls of Dartmoor Prison a shudder came over me ; an undefinable feeling of superstitious awe thrilled through my system ; I gazed as it were in a trance, upon the gloomy object, as it stood before me like some huge monster. The lively notes of a bugle now recalled our wandering thoughts, and falling in line we were soon on our march, escorted by an officer, with some half-dozen soldiers, to keep order on the route. As the day advanced the weather became clear, and Nature and our hearts seemed to expand and rejoice in unison. Tales, songs and jokes enlivened the time as we journeyed over hill and dale ; now greeting a countryman as he passed with his team, and now chatting with an old cottager as he listlessly smoked his pipe at his door. A shout presently announced an ale-house in sight ; and immediately the shillings, good and bad, which had been hoarded for the purpose, were put in requisition. '*Halt !*' we were at the door, and the foaming '*home-brewed*' circulated freely and acceptably ; for by this time the sun shone with extreme heat, and the roads had become very dusty.

After a short time spent in refreshment, we resumed our march.

We now ascended a mountain destitute of vegetation except a few stunted oaks, and here and there a patch of thin poor grass, upon which a few sheep were patiently but vainly attempting to nibble a scanty meal. The road was rough, broken and picturesque; and turning at short angles, the view was obstructed by cliffs and jagged rocks. We had reached the summit, and were about descending, when our ears were saluted by the wild warlike blasts of a bugle; and on turning round a cliff of rocks, we discovered at some distance below us a large body of troops, mounted and on foot, and in line of march. Their appearance was truly picturesque, as the column moved slowly up the mountain, winding and turning among the cliffs and ravines; the varied colors of their uniforms and plumes seen at intervals, until lost sight of in the distance. At a suitable place we came to a halt, to give them an opportunity to pass, as the road was too narrow in many places to admit of two bodies passing each other on a march. As they moved in review before us, I had an opportunity of more closely observing them. Most of them were in the prime of life, of iron frame and evident muscular power; their faces bronzed by exposure incidental to a soldier's life; with heavy beards and moustaches, fierce eyes, and disdainful countenances. Their dress, which was ragged and disfigured, was blue faced with red and they wore heavy bear-skin caps. They marched in silence, and with a firm step, looking neither to the right nor left. In the rear came the waggons with the baggage and the wounded. On arriving opposite to us they made a halt, when, as from one voice, the shout of 'Long live NAPOLEON!' from the Americans, and 'Vive l'Empereur!' from the French, almost simultaneously broke forth, and echoed far and wide, from valley to cliff. Their weather-beaten faces were lighted up with an additional glow, and their eyes gleamed with new fire, as that cherished name rang through the air. They were a portion of Napoleon's troops, taken prisoners after his return from Elba.

I shall never forget that scene; it was worthy the pencil of Salvatore Rosa, and reminded me very much of some of his pictures. At this moment a British officer rode up among us, apparently piqued at the good feeling manifested toward the French; and addressing one of our company, observed that the English had gained a great victory; that Europe would now be at peace, as Napoleon was then a prisoner in London. 'Are you sure of that?' asked one of our party. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Then, rely upon it,' said the querist, 'you never had so great or so brave a man within its walls.' The rowels of the officer's spurs sank deep in the flanks of the horse he bestrode, and with one bound the rider was beyond hearing.

After a few moment's delay, both parties resumed their line of march; the French with a firm step and lofty bearing, and more with the air of victors than the vanquished. We arrived at Plymouth a little before sunset, fatigued and hungry, for we had eaten nothing since breakfast. For myself, I had the most severe head-ache I ever experienced, occasioned by the long march, exposure to the extreme heat of the sun, and fasting; this, with the dust of the road inhaled in the lungs and nostrils, nearly overcame some who were not very robust. On getting on board the lighter which was to take us to the ship, I took a thorough bath, and

buying a potted herring and a small loaf, I made the most delicious meal I had eaten for many months; at least I thought so at the time, although no doubt hunger gave it an additional relish. We got on board the same evening, and weighed anchor the next morning. We were divided into messes of six each, after appointing one of our number, an old sea-captain, to act as steward for us, which entitled him to a berth in the cabin.

We enjoyed mild weather and gentle breezes during the passage. One night the weather became extremely foggy, so much so that it was considered dangerous to continue our course, and it was thought advisable to lay-to until daylight. The next morning, when the fog had dispersed, we found ourselves in the midst of a fleet of fishing-smacks, on the banks of Newfoundland. The captain furnished us with hooks, bait, etc., and in an hour's time we had caught more codfish and hallibut than we could make use of. A few days brought us into the port of Boston; and I once more set foot upon my native land! One who has been absent from home for many years, suffering peril, and enduring privations, in all their varied forms, may perhaps appreciate my feelings at that moment; but I cannot *describe* them.

We were now in a new and somewhat awkward position. We were, it is true, in the United States; but not yet at home, by our fire-sides, amidst our brothers, sisters, wives and parents. All had now different roads to travel: it was like setting out early in life; each one must pursue the course which he thought would conduct him to his desired haven. But how was this to be accomplished? Not one of us had a sixpence in his pocket, and they were few who had decent suits to their backs. There were from two to three hundred of us in a strange place, not knowing where to obtain a meal. What was to be done? 'I have it!' says one; 'we will go to the city authorities; perhaps they will do something for us.' No sooner said than done: the idea was immediately acted upon, for our circumstances admitted of no delay. Accordingly a deputation was despatched to make inquiries upon the subject. An hour had not elapsed when they returned with the joyful intelligence that relief was at hand. An exclamation of satisfaction burst forth, and all were eager to know in what way they were to be assisted, for many had several hundred miles to travel before they could reach their families. Judge then their astonishment, when they were informed that they were to be awarded one dollar each, and a certificate in the following form: 'This is to certify that A. B., having been a prisoner-of-war, has returned to this country destitute, and is anxious to get home to his family. We therefore recommend him to those upon whom he may call for assistance while on his journey.' This was signed by some of the public authorities, I do not recollect which. On reading the document, there was but one feeling manifested, and that was deep, burning indignation. 'What!' said they, 'is this the reception given to men who have endured sufferings and privations unutterable; who have fought their country's battles, defended the fire-sides which these functionaries now enjoy in peace and security? If *this* is the extent of their proffered reward, we will not accept it; if they intend it as a charity, we do not ask it; if we must solicit alms, we can do it for ourselves,

without accepting a 'begging-ticket' from them!' In an instant the insulting scrawl was torn into fragments and scattered at our feet; and we separated with swelling hearts, each one to 'help himself' as best he might. I went on board of a schooner bound for New-York, and engaged to work my passage home, where I arrived in safety, after a voyage of three or four days. I will not attempt what would be but a feeble description of the reception given to the returning wanderer. After my return, I heard of many strange incidents and adventures connected with some of those who had been absent a long time. One of these, which I heard from the individual himself, I will here relate.

A person who had been absent many years, having with others been impressed into the British service, had been sent to prison. On his return home, he inquired after his friends and connexions: some were dead, some had removed, and a few remained. His parents, when he left home, were in easy circumstances, but well advanced in years. He now learned that his father had been dead some years; that his sister had married and removed to one of the western states, and that his mother lived in a remote part of the city, in reduced circumstances. After an anxious and protracted search, he found her. His appearance was so altered that it required some effort on his part to convince her that she beheld in him her long-absent son; but as soon as her doubts were dispelled, she welcomed him with rapture. If from her imperfect vision she did not at first recognise him, she now made ample amends by her zeal to supply him with the best of every thing her humble means afforded, to make him comfortable; while on his part, although poor, he furnished many little delicacies for her gratification, each being emulous to please the other. Still there were some little things the old lady did not exactly understand; for although her sight failed her, her memory did not; neither had her tongue lost any of its youthful volubility: she kept up an endless stream of inquiry about his adventures, and delighted to revert to former days, reminding him of many occurrences which took place in the family years gone by. Some of these he remembered, but of many he had only an imperfect recollection; this surprised the old lady very much, as they were prominent incidents in the history of the family, at least so she thought: but then upon consideration it was not very strange that he should forget; he had experienced so much hardship and trouble, that it might have impaired his memory.

Things went on in this way for some time, to their mutual satisfaction. One day he brought home a large jar of sweet-meats, desiring her to have tea ready by such an hour, at which time he would be at home. Tea was ready at the appointed time, for it was her delight to please him; but he came not. Night came and passed; days and weeks came and went, yet *he* came not. The poor woman was inconsolable; no one could imagine why or where he had gone. It was the theme of gossip for all the old ladies in the neighborhood for weeks, and I believe the young ones had a share in it also; for it had been remarked, that he was an exceedingly good-looking young man. The wonder had not yet subsided, when the door was darkened by the entrance of a stranger. He was a tall muscular-built young man, in a seaman's garb, with his tarpaulin hat set back on his head in a way peculiar to seamen, which

exposed a face of a florid complexion, almost hidden by a luxuriant growth of sandy whiskers. 'Mother!' 'My son!' she exclaimed, and fell into his arms. His voice assured her that this was indeed her son. Questions and answers followed in rapid succession; and a subject of discourse for months was the mysterious appearance and departure of his extraordinary 'double.' Who he could be, and what could have been his motive, was never known. The only reasonable though vague supposition was, that during the young man's rambles abroad, some one of his associates, to whom he might have communicated some of the incidents of his early life, and the affairs of his family, had made use of an opportunity of playing a hoax at his expense; and that his sudden departure was hastened by the fear of his detection, from the expected return of the real Dromio.

My tale is told; and I will close these rambling reminiscences with a few remarks, in connection with the foregoing narrative. In my early youth I had been remarkably fond of reading. As I advanced in years, I became desirous of visiting scenes of which it had been my delight to read; and so completely had my mind become absorbed with the subject, that I lost sight of every thing else; and my friends, seeing but little hope of my settling down to any regular employment at home, at length gave a reluctant consent to my wishes. So ardent was I to attain my object, that it scarcely entered my mind what business I must adopt to obtain a living in after life. 'These things moved not me.' I had resolved to see the world, and see it I did, to a far greater extent than I ever anticipated. I acquired more knowledge and experience in a few years, in this vast school of mankind, than in a life spent in colleges and universities. With this exception, I returned home destitute, after having spent four years of the prime of my life, as I thought at the time, uselessly.

On looking back, and reviewing my past life, I felt that there was a blank in the record of my existence, or rather, a great many leaves torn from it by the rude hand of Adversity. Though still young, I felt old. Like Rip Van Winkle, I had, after a long and troubled sleep, awoke several years older. My hair had turned quite gray; and it was a long time before I recovered from the rheumatism and other infirmities, brought on by long confinement. It is now more than a quarter of a century since the events of this narrative took place; and as they pass in dreamy review through my mind, a fount of gratitude wells up in my heart to that Being who sustained and bore me in safety through all my wanderings.

L. P. G.

New-York, October, 1844.

LINE S TO A FAIR CANTATRICE.

To shun the tyrant's joint attacks,
 ULYSSES, ocean ranger,
 Sealed his companion's ears with wax,
 And thus escaped the danger.
 Bound to the mast, himself, in vain
 He strove to hear the chorus:
 The deafened sailors ploughed the main,
 And rounded Cape Pelorus.

Had you sung there, to win the prize
 By all the Muses cherished,
 Had he not bound his sailor-eyes,
 The subtle Greek had perished.
 That face, that voice, all tastes must suit,
 O'er all enchantment slinging;
 You fascinate our eyes when mute,
 And charm our ears when singing.

F A M E .

I.

HEAR'ST thou not what fame is sounding
 Among the haunts of men?
 Hear'st thou not whose name's resounding
 From mountain and from glen?
 'I hear it not; my ear is cold,
 My eye is dim, and I am old!'
 The deeds that thou hast done, they're singing,
 With songs of thine, the air is ringing:
 Thou art the theme, thine is the praise,
 That high to thee they joyous raise.

II.

'Alas for me! in manhood's pride
 I vainly sought that fame to gain;
 And one there was then by my side,
 To whom that praise had not been vain:
 But she now in the cold ground sleepeth,
 And there my heart its vigil keepeth.
 The palsied ear no clarion beareth,
 The bleeding heart no clarion cheereth:
 The balm of peace alone it seeks,
 It listeth not of what Fame speaks!'

Newport, Rhode-Island.

E. B. O. H.

PASSAGES FROM THE RUSSIAN OF KARAMSKIN.

TRANSLATED BY A. C. BECKER.

THE COUNTRY.

BLESSED be ye, peaceful rural shadows, dense variegated groves, fragrant meadows, and fields covered with golden ears of corn! Blessed art thou, gentle stream, and you, murmuring brooks, in your course! I come to you seeking repose. It is long since my soul has enjoyed such peace, such complete retirement, such entire freedom. I am alone — alone with my musings — alone with Nature.

How beautiful and lovely is Nature in her country attire! O! she reminds me of the days of my youth, of years spent in the quiet of the country, on the borders of Europe, amidst barbarous nations. There my mind was bred in natural simplicity. The phenomena of nature were the first objects of its attention. The clap of thunder, rolling over my head through the vault of Heaven, first roused me to a comprehension of the greatness of the Ruler of the Universe, and that thunderbolt became the foundation of my religion. I see garden, avenue, flower-beds; I pass them by for the delightful grove of aspen-trees. In the country, every sign of art is distasteful. The fields, the woods, the river, the grotto, the hill, are dearer to me than French or English parks. All their gravel-walks, all their planted birch and

linden trees, call forth within me unpleasing associations. Where trouble and labor are visible, there is no pleasure for me. The transplanted and well-trained tree is like a slave with a golden chain. It never seems to me so green, nor does it rustle in the wind like the forest-tree. I compare it to a man who laughs without merriment, weeps without sorrow, fondles without love. Nature knows best where should grow the oak, the elm, the linden-tree; man refines and spoils. No! no! I will never adorn nature. The country for me shall always remain country; a wilderness, which is sacred to me. My groves shall remain undisturbed, though they may be over-grown with long grass. The shepherd will go to seek his lost sheep, and will tread down a foot-path for me. For this I love to overcome obstacles; love to push my way through the closest thicket; and to divide the tangled branches. The poisonous snake, startled by the sound, will remove from my path. The leaves, rarely touched by human breath, will appear fresher and more fragrant.

I do not wish in the country to possess a large and imposing dwelling: every thing large is opposed to rural simplicity. A house like a cottage, low, on all sides shaded by trees, the dwelling of comfort and freshness—for this I long. There will be no view from the windows, it is true; but it is needless. If from the window of my chamber I look upon the most charming landscapes, I shall less often walk forth among them. No! it is far better to gaze on them from the top of a hill. How will the hills and dales smile on me when I shall leave my gloomy way of life! In-doors I may work or rest; enjoyment is to be found in the field.

FANTASIE.

BEAUTIFUL, eternally-young and ever-varying goddess, blooming FANTASIE! To thee I dedicate this sad, deserted, silent cottage, bathed in the spray of the foaming brook, which rushes over the steep granite mountain-side above me.

Here, fleeing from the world, I sit in silence, and with a gentle agitation of the heart watch for the soft sound of thy approaching wing. Under any form thou wilt be lovely to me; either when in golden-tinted attire thou shalt appear to me with the beaming face of glorious virtue, or when crowned with fragrant myrtles, resting on the stem of the lily, thou shalt appear in the image of a lovely smiling goddess; or if in the whirlwind and tempest, with dishevelled hair, pale face, fiery eyes, and exposed breast, thou shalt speed hither from the snowy summit of the everlasting Caucasus, where thou listenest to the plaintive cries of the chained Prometheus, who is constantly tormented by wild birds, and curst the inhuman cruelty of the ungrateful Jupiter; or when, in the stillness of the night, in the likeness of the weeping Niobe, thou shalt gradually descend on the grave of my Agathon, who sleeps the sleep of death before this cottage door; leaning on the cold stone, illuminated by the moon thou shalt regard me with tearful eyes, and with a trembling hand strew flowers of sorrowful remembrance on the grave.

Oh! thou benevolent goddess, comforter and consoler of mankind!

thou takest the chains from the slave, who groans on the African coast, and on thy wing transportest him again to his beloved father-land, to the bosom of his cherished family! By the touch of thy rosy fingers dost thou soften the bitterness of orphans' tears; by a single movement of thy wing thou elevatest the lowliest of shepherds to the throne of the Zaars, and bendest the neck of whole nations before his commanding eye!

But who can count thy various forms? who can number thy acts, worthy of temples and altars?

This solitary cottage, (oh, thou who lovest solitude!) this shall be thy temple; thine, thou solace of my life! blooming FANTASIE!

D E S T I N Y .

From her cloudy veil the lovely moon
 Comes forth in gleaming light,
 To cheer the weary mariner
 Toiling the livelong night.
 The mist dispelled, the darkness gone,
 New vigor nerves his arm:
 Now land appears; rejoice! rejoice!
 'Twas needless, all alarm!
 Alas! alas! the boat has struck,
 The mariner is drowned;
 Oh! how he strove and how he fought!
 'Tis naught — a grave he found.
 A tale of this uncertain life
 E'en this may serve to tell:
 Hope flatters — yet we all must die;
 Friendship and love, Farewell!

THE BIRD OF PARADISE: A SLAVONIAN TRADITION.

A HOLY father, who was spending his pious days in a peaceful convent, went into the woods to collect figs for the fraternal repast. Giving himself up to his holy meditations, he wandered far into the dark recesses of the forest, where no earthly foot had before trodden, and where the wild beasts even dared not penetrate. Suddenly his ears were fascinated by the song of a bird. He listens, is charmed, forgets himself and all the world, and stands riveted to the spot like marble. Time flies, yet dares not touch him with its wings; dares not disturb his wrapt attention, so like that of some eternal inhabitant of Heaven. At length the bird ceases, and the pious old man returns hastily to his convent. He arrives, and sees different walls, a different church, other cells, other monks: he distrusts his own eyes; he approaches the superior of the convent, and full of surprise, asks him:

'Tell me, very reverend Father! tell me by what miracle this convent has thus been changed. Only a few hours ago I left it, and now I find all altered.'

'We know thee not, stranger,' was the reply.

The old man recites the history of his convent, names his *archimandrit*, or abbot.

‘From ancient records in our convent, all you have told me I am fully acquainted with,’ replied the senior, quite astonished: ‘I am familiar even with the name of your archimandrit, but he lived a thousand years ago.’

‘A heavenly ray now illumines my eyes!’ exclaims the venerable man, after a little deep reflection; and all those who stood by trembled before the celestial beauty which already pervaded him. ‘Brethren! I have listened to the song of the Bird of Paradise, and felt not the lapse of a thousand years!’

He was about to describe the sweetness of its music, when his tongue was paralyzed; his eyes become dim; he falls, and the holy soul escapes the perishable body. On his grave-stone we find the following simple epitaph:

‘He heard the song of the Bird of the Paradise, and felt not the lapse of a thousand years.’

THE MAID OF CASTILE.

TRAVELLERS from the shores of the Orinoco, speak of low sweet music heard there at sunrise. The rocks from whence this mysterious melody appears to issue, have received from the South American missionaries the name of ‘*Luzas de Musica*.’

On! many are the hidden founts of music on our earth!
 Some far beneath the silvery waves of southern seas have birth,
 And through the heaving billow’s roar is heard their mournful swell,
 That o’er the restless human heart holds a mysterious spell.
 Some warble of a better land, a land of heavenly bliss,
 And in angelic numbers call the soul away from this;
 While a fit home their echoes find in the pure breasts of flowers,
 Mild, dewy flowers, that deck the woods, or bloom in garden bowers;
 And whose soft breathings ever woo our spirits to the sky,
 Speaking in whispers strangely sweet, of flowers that never die.
 Some mid the gloom of lonely dell and rocky cave are born,
 While their rich voices float upon the winds of early morn;
 And whisper oft to those who lend their notes a listening ear,
 Some thrilling tale of love and death, in accents low and clear.
 Ay! many are these hidden founts—many the strains they pour,
 Some, like the song of ocean, when he bends to kiss the shore;
 Some, like the plaintive moanings of a lost child for it’s home,
 Or the mermaid’s chant o’er those who find graves ‘neath the sea’s white foam;
 Some, like the dying minstrel’s lay, ere yet his lyre be mute,
 Or like a gush of music from a breaking heart or lute.

Night in the forest—holy night! hushed is the very air,
 For Nature sendeth up to God her mute and nightly prayer;
 While from on high the southern cross pours forth its light divine,
 Of the acceptance of that prayer, a bright, a glorious sign.
 The mild eyes of the stars look through the tall trees’ leafy shades,
 And smile upon the sweet night-flowers, blooming in sheltered glades;
 As smiles the mother on her child, e’en in life’s gloomiest hour,
 As smileth heaven on the meek heart, when clouds of sorrow lower;
 And smileth now on her the fair high-born Castilian maid,
 Who standeth trembling and alone, beneath a cedar’s shade;
 Her pale hands folded on her breast, her mournful eyes of love
 Upraised with sad and earnest glance to the blue skies above:
 A strange, wild home, those southern woods, for a child of sunny Spain!
 Why hath she left her princely halls?—why crossed the restless main!

With her chieftain-sire, who leadeth on a proud and warlike band,
 To win new glory for Castile, in the wild forest land ;
 With him, for him, young LEONOR hath left the laughing home,
 Through whose bright haunts of loveliness she never more may roam ;
 Hath left the orange-bowers where on each breeze that fanned her brow
 She heard her sainted mother's voice, in murmurs soft and low :
 Hath left the marble halls where shone the painter's brightest dreams,
 Casting around her as it were from Heaven his radiant beams :
 Oh ! heavily on her fond heart presseth the exile's woe,
 Dimming the light of her dark eye, stealing her cheek's warm glow ;
 And yearnings strong to look once more on her own cloudless skies,
 Now in the breast of LEONOR, with fearful might arise :
 They stir a fount whose waters *there* have slumbered all too long,
 And from her lips there floweth forth a rushing tide of song :

' Oh ! for a glance of my fair Spanish home,
 The land where bloom the pearly orange flowers,
 Where from my childhood I have loved to roam,
 With my fond mother through our citron bowers.

' Oh ! for one glance, ere on my fevered brow
 Is laid the hand of the kind angel Death ;
 His cooling touch, ay ! it were welcome now,
 Could I yield up *at home* my fleeting breath.

' *At home !* wild thought ; the billowy, boundless sea,
 Rolleth between me and my native shore ;
 Sweet MARY-MOTHER ! send down aid to me —
 Oh, let me view my smiling home once more !

' Once more upon the old ancestral halls,
 Where I so oft have sported, let me gaze ;
 Awake my golden lute within those walls,
 And chant my sainted mother's favorite lays.

' Once more, but *once*, thy sad child prays to see
 Her bright Castilian skies ; once more to hear
 The sounds of song that through them wander free,
 The sounds whose memory my soul holds dear.

' On my young life is cast a fearful blight,
 And as the wounded bird turns to its nest,
 My spirit turns to home, this lonely night,
 Oh ! MARY-MOTHER ! hear and send me rest !'

Hark ! she hath caught the sound of feet, and solemn is their tread,
 Like the tread of those who bear to rest the brave and mighty dead ;
 One moment, one of breathless fear, and before the maiden stand,
 Returned from a dark and bloody fight, her father's conquering band ;
 No steel-girt leader at their head, with waving plume is seen,
 No thrilling peals of music tell they have triumphant been :
 ' My chieftain-sire ! my chieftain-sire ! why cometh he not back ?
 He who went forth so fearlessly upon the Indian's track ?'
 ' Thy chieftain-sire, thy chieftain-sire in the thick conflict fell,
 But his warriors, lady, have avenged his sad fall but too well :
 We have wrapped him in his banner, we have borne him to thee here,
 Look proudly on him, lady, as he rests upon his bier.'
 And she gazeth on her sire, on the pale yet glorious face
 She hath loved so long and well, on the form of manly grace ;
 She gazeth on, but from her lips comes neither sigh nor word,
 Only the beating of her heart, like a panting bird's, is heard :
 She layeth on his brow her hand, but with a tearless eye —
 Oh ! in a broken heart the fount of tears is ever dry.

She turneth from the bier at last, and on her lofty brow
 Beameth the purpose of a soul despair hath strengthened now ;
 She quelleth the wild strife of love and wo within her breast,
 And to the spell-bound warriors cries, ' Bear ye your lord to rest ;
 Ay ! bear ye him with solemn dirge, and by the torch-light's gleam,
 To a grove on the lonely margin of the Oronoco stream,
 The brilliant glory of the stars was fading from the sky,
 As through the dim and shadowy woods a funeral train went by ;
 And fainter grew their light, as in his final resting-place
 Was laid the proud Castilian chief, the noblest of his race ;
 Fainter and fainter still, as on the hushed air sadly broke
 The low notes of the requiem his followers awoke.

O Grief ! thy mission surely is, to win the soul from earth,
 To whisper to the spirit of its high and heavenly birth ;
 And we should bless Death though he take the flowers that most we love,
 'Tis but to make more fair for us the fadeless bowers above.

The burial rites are over and the warriors gone their way,
 Yet lingereth the young LEONOR where rests her father's clay ;
 No yearnings for her Spanish home her mourning breast now thrill,
 But wild deep yearnings, that no power on earth may ever still ;
 Yearnings for a far better home, where all her kindred dwell,
 Where on her ear may never fall the dirge-like tone, ' Farewell !'
 She heareth angel-voices call her to that far-distant shore,
 And flinging her fair hand across her golden lute once more,
 She answereth their sweet whispers with a sweet and fervent lay,
 A lay out-breathing from her heart, that ne'er before found way :

'I come, I come to the land of peace !
 I come with a joyous heart ;
 For my restless yearnings all shall cease,
 The clouds from my life depart.

'I come, I come who have sorrowed long,
 Oh MOTHER ! thy face to see ;
 I come to join in thy seraph song —
 And FATHER, I come to thee !

'I come, I come from the mourner's wo,
 I come to your radiant shore ;
 I shall drink of its silvery streams, and know
 The exile's thirst no more.

'I come, I come ; oh ! why should I stay ?
 The beloved of my soul have flown
 From my aching sight to heaven away ;
 Why linger on earth alone ?

'To the changeless love, the unbroken rest,
 That reign in your shining home,
 Oh ye golden-crowned, ye deeply blest,
 Who call, I come ! I come !'

'I come, I come !' and ere was hushed the quivering of each chord
 That 'neath the gentle maiden's hand such thrilling sounds had poured,
 Sweet music from a new-strung harp in Heaven's high courts arose,
 The broken heart had been made whole — the wanderer found repose :
 'I come, I come !' the full song died ; its echoes soft and deep
 The rocks on Oronoco's shore still in their lone depths keep ;
 Keep sealed, save at the hour when first the morning's balmy gale
 Comes forth to woo the smiling flowers, in mountain and in vale ;
 Then, like the harp of yore, awake the echoes sleeping there,
 And float in wild aerial notes, upon the stilly air ;
 Now like a dying minstrel's lay, ere yet his lyre be mute,
 Now like a gush of music, from a breaking heart or lute.

GOSSIP OF A PLAYER.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOTT.

SEDLY: SOWERBY, ALIAS SEYTON, THE INDEPENDENT.

I CANNOT too strongly impress upon the critical reader, that I entirely disclaim the intention of composing a regular narrative. I write from the stores which Memory in her bounty has laid up for me; and I fly from scene to scene, in the hope of gleaning something not altogether uninteresting, from my reminiscences. I seize upon every subject which I fancy may be rendered available, without attempting to form a dramatic structure, composed of 'unities.' The death of a beloved Princess, the coronation of a King, the trial of a Queen, I have touched upon these with the same freedom which I have exercised on subjects of less momentous interest. By the sound of the prompter's whistle, SHAKESPEARE transports his audience from Britain to Rome; then wherefore, may not I be allowed a similar indulgence? The painter is fixed to a single spot for his illustration; but the author may diverge from point to point, and yet not forfeit the attention of his reader. Chronological events I leave to speak for themselves; they will sufficiently attest the passing subject, without encumbering the reader's attention, or giving me the endless task of ascertaining the hour, the day, the year.

After this effort to propitiate the critic, I venture to proceed, and give another anecdote of my friend SEDLY, in which I was partly concerned. He performed the character of St. Alme, in the play of 'Deaf and Dumb.' St. Alme has to give a most animated description of his deaf-and-dumb cousin: imagine the distress to which I was subjected; I, who was so sensibly alive to the ridiculous! He placed his hand quietly on my shoulder, and commenced and finished as follows: 'My dear boy, I remember him a little boy, a *very* little boy; in short, he was a remarkably small boy.' Human nature could endure no longer; I burst into a fit of laughter, and the indignation of the house fell upon me. SEDLY's gravity and utter unconsciousness of the *bêtise* he had committed, carried him fairly through, and he coolly said to me, when we left the stage: 'In the name of Heaven, what possessed you!' With this anecdote I take leave of my friend, I fear for the last time; while I continued my *ignis-fatuus* chase after Cræsus and glory, he more wisely returned to the bosom of his family, and is, I believe, at this moment enacting the part of Cincinnatus on a property of his own.

Candor and truth are very essential ingredients in history, and yet of necessity how rare are these qualities! I never picked a pocket, I never robbed a church, nor ever committed a murder; and yet, alas! how many things I must keep from a curious public! 'The bubble reputation' I value much more than my friend Iago did; and there are many concealments, perhaps, which if blazed to the world would not redound to my credit, though certainly there are none that would in-

volve me in disgrace : suffice it to say, that I am an ABBOTT, and have a private confessional of my own. My progress, although not marked by genius, was sufficiently rapid to render my services valuable ; and in an unusually short period, I held the rank of principal actor, in tragedy and genteel comedy. I felt then, as was very pleasantly said by that most delightful and elegant actor, YOUNG, on his return to London from a short provincial engagement, in answer to a query about his success : ‘ To sum up all in a few words, I was the admiration of all the women, and the envy of all the men !’

One of the most eccentric persons I ever encountered, was a gentleman of the name of SOWERBY, with whom I became very intimate. His eccentricity was of so extraordinary a kind, as to leave it doubtful whether it were not allied to insanity. His person was ill-formed, his countenance ill-favored, but there was an air of intelligence beaming throughout. His father was a wine-merchant in London ; his mother, whose *beauty* my friend inherited, was vain to excess, but possessed of talents. The husband, a simple-hearted, excellent man, never took the liberty to oppose her wishes : he was one of those easy souls who are willing to let any thing pass, for ‘quietness’ sake.’ In possession of this fact, can it be asked, what was the offspring of such a pair ? Could it be any other than a spoiled and tyrannical son ? His career commenced in Manchester ; and the manager was prepared, by a letter from the young man’s father, to place him in a most inferior situation, with a view to disgust him with the profession. ‘Mr. Seyton,’ for by this name he was known on the boards, bore all without a murmur : he was determined to brave all mortifications rather than abandon his loved pursuit. At the conclusion of the season he returned home, disgusted with the ill-usage he had received, but not one whit less determined to follow his bent. His father found it impossible to stem the torrent of this theatrical mania, while the mother, strange to say, encouraged rather than checked him ; flattered with the assurance that his name would ultimately rival that of Roscius himself. A tardy consent was at length wrung from the city magistrate, and instead of looking forward to the day when his son might reasonably aspire to the sovereignty of the first metropolis in the world ; the entertainer of royalty, and its representatives ; the dispenser of turtle to the portly citizen, and of justice to the lean delinquent ; he was compelled to be contented with the show and not the substance. Seyton at length made his appearance in the character of Rolla, in Sheridan’s splendid melo-drama of ‘Pizarro,’ for the benefit of Mr. Barrymore, who then held a most respectable situation as an actor in Drury-Lane theatre. Mrs. Siddons performed her original character of Elvira. The house was crowded, and the success of the *débutant* was really great. The ‘Examiner,’ a weekly journal, was at that day, as now, one of the most influential papers in town, with respect to its theatrical criticisms ; and it spoke of his performance as evincing positive signs of genius, that hallowed spirit at whose altar we all bend the willing knee. Oh, ye critics ! if ye felt half the pangs and agonies ye inflict by a single dash of your pen ; if ye knew the sleepless nights the poor actor is doomed to encounter, after reading one of your biting

sarcasms, Asperity itself would surely be softened down! The true aim and spirit of dramatic criticism should be to uphold and not to demolish 'at one fell swoop' the airy fabric of the actor's aspiration. Let it be borne in mind that he has embarked in a profession which totally unfits him for any other pursuit; that a dash of the pen is calculated to paralyze and destroy all his future efforts; while the exercise of lenity and forbearance might tend to establish him in an honorable position. Were you but to reflect that there are greater crimes in the world than that of being an indifferent actor; were you to balance your power against the weakness of your victim; instead of registering his defects, you would exercise the feeling of the recording angel, and blot them out forever. And now, gentlemen, if after this tender appeal, you do not fully exercise the 'quality of mercy,' in my case especially, you 'never more are officers of mine!'

Seyton, having repeated the character with almost unqualified success, and even interested his father in his future triumphs, was re-engaged at Manchester the following season, as the tragic hero. He arrived in that town of cotton-bales, spinning-jennies, and periodical riots, and found the streets placarded with 'No Seyton!' 'Gross Imposition!' etc. The good people imagined that they were not only well versed in the fabric of cottons, but equally inducted into the elements of criticism; *argal*, how could a man who in the previous season had spoken ten speeches only, be capable of speaking fifty the following year? The insulted pride of all Manchester was *up*, for the purpose of putting Seyton *down*; but his pride and indignation supported him through the struggle. Mrs. Siddons had expressed her warm admiration of his talents, and he did not lack self-confidence. On his appearance he was coldly received, but no marks of disapprobation were shown; for Englishmen have a singular feeling, that they are the only persons in the world who hold the scales of 'even-handed justice.' At the end of one of the early scenes in the play, when it was perfectly impossible to judge of the probabilities of his success, he was saluted with a shower of hisses. He turned sharply round, and darting down to the foot-lights, addressed the audience in the following words: 'Ladies and gentlemen: I should not have ventured to appear before you, unless I had received the applause of the first audience in the world, that of Drury Lane, and the suffrages of the greatest living professor of the art. (*Applause.*) You have damped my youthful hopes; you have crushed my youthful ardor; and may my everlasting curse attend ye all! D—n ye! d—n ye!! d—n ye!!!' He then retired, with a most profound bow.

How did the people behave? Did they tear down the boxes, or break the chandeliers? No; the very daring of the act, the calm and deliberate manner in which it was done, roused the generous feelings of the audience. Prolonged and enthusiastic cheering followed the close of his speech; and they thus endeavored to efface the injustice which they felt had been done him. The public is a 'many-headed monster,' full of errors, full of follies; but touch him in the point nearest his heart, *then*, where you were once a devil you are now a god; led by the fanaticism of republicanism one day, and kissing the dust before the

chivalry of royalty at another. So it was, and so it ever will be, though I were to dedicate a whole volume to its correction. I shall therefore spare myself the trouble of writing, and the public of reading all I might say upon the subject.

On his reëpppearance in the following scene he was again greeted with a simultaneous burst of applause ; but no, there was no softening of his spirit. He quietly turned round and said : ' No, you have given a wound which you shall not have the honor to heal.' It was however impossible for him again to provoke a feeling of hostility on the part of the audience ; and the curtain fell, at the end of the play, amid the strongest demonstrations of applause. As far as this went, poor Seyton might have gone home and reflected on the title of one of Shakspeare's plays, ' All's Well that Ends Well ;' but the moody fit was on him : the spoiled child is not to be petted with sugar-plums when once denied the object of his wishes. So with my friend : he retired to his lodgings ; and be it remembered, the violent overflowings of intemperate temperance had not yet swept over the land, making people so extremely virtuous and so strong-nerved as to stand in the front of an assembled multitude, with purple noses, and faces studded with carbuncles, to declaim in terms of violence, and to anathematize those poor deluded people who were never intoxicated in their lives ; who moderately partake of a liquid which Scripture has not denounced, but which man, superior man, will not allow. Do not imagine for one moment that I am an enemy to temperance, or to the efforts of temperance-societies, properly organized and conducted, for I am not. But to return to Seyton. He had to appear the following night as Sir Edward Mortimer in the ' Iron Chest.' The extraordinary circumstances attendant upon his first appearance afforded food for conversation and argument during the whole of the ensuing day ; the result of course was a division of sentiment ; but the great majority took the liberal side of the question, and resolved to support him at every hazard.

The night arrived, and the house was densely crowded. Shouts of ' bravo !' mingled with hisses, saluted his appearance, the vast proportion being decidedly in his favor, when, to the horror of his friends and indignation of his enemies, he returned their salutation with a derisive laugh. A *potent* spell was on him. Cries of ' Off ! off !' burst from all parts of the house ; his friends still maintaining a hearty applause in opposition. He then stepped forward and deliberately took a chair to the front of the stage, close to the foot-lights, and addressed them as follows : ' Ladies and gentlemen, I believe you cried ' Off !' I will, with pleasure, when I am carried !' He then quietly seated himself ; until, in the midst of the most astounding uproar, and preparations for personal violence, the manager rushed upon the stage, and with his assistants was compelled literally to drag him off. His eccentricity and consequent chances of success rendered him rather a desirable acquisition to provincial managers. His calls upon their treasury were very moderate, and but rarely answered. His purse, like that of Fortunatus, was generally well supplied, though his expenditure was loose and lavish in the extreme.

For the following anecdote the reader is indebted to the Rt. Hon. Sir

ROBERT PREL; for had he not fortunately revived the income tax it would have escaped my recollection. How little did the House of Commons think, that by supporting this measure they had so much happiness in store as the knowledge of this fact! Seyton was acting in Glasgow, and living in a very extravagant manner, driving his stanhope, with a servant in livery by his side. A paper was left at his lodgings calling for an account of his income. He wrote thereon, 'Nothing,' to which he subscribed his name. The consequence was, that the commissioners summoned him to appear before them, intending to inflict a heavy penalty, if a sufficient explanation should not ensue. He defended the perfect correctness of his return. The chief commissioner immediately cautioned him not to trifle, and told him that his style of living, and the regular payment of his debts, gave a flat contradiction to his statements. The reply was, 'Notwithstanding this, gentlemen, my return is perfectly correct.' 'How then do you live?' 'I live, gentlemen, by the benevolence of my father and the vanity of my mother!'

BATH: DEFUNCT DRAMAS: ACTORS' BENEFITS: HENRY PLACIDE.

I WILL now take leave of Seyton for the present, reserving to myself the right of again introducing him if it shall suit my purpose to do so. I must return to Bath, which was at that time the most delightful of cities; the emporium of fashion, the resort of beauty, and the refuge of the gouty. Mr. King was at that time the supreme *arbiter elegantiarum*; and as in duty bound, his face was always festooned with smiles. The 'Upper Rooms' were in all their glory, and the 'Lower Rooms' had an occasional flirtation with the goddess Fashion. The 'Pump Room' was crowded at one o'clock, and the band was playing the best music of the day, under the direction of a distinguished musician. The only darts which Cupid used to let fly from his bow-string were piercing in the extreme; and the numerous punctures made in my heart will never be known save to the anatomist.

Mr. Dimond, the dramatist, (not 'a jewel-of-a-man,') produced two or three popular plays about this period, 'The Foundling of the Forest,' 'The Royal Oak,' etc., in which I sustained the part of the hero. Oh, when I look back at the maudlin sentiment, the twaddling trash, not only of Dimond, but of other authors, of a more dazzling reputation, I cannot but feel how very superior is the dramatic talent of the present day. If such a play, for instance, as 'The Soldier's Daughter' were now to be produced, the public would turn from it with contempt and loathing; and yet the brilliant talents of a Jordan and a Dowton were prostituted in support of the veriest trash that ever dropped from mortal pen. Frank Heartall goes to a lodging-house in pursuit of a lady whom he has encountered at the opera; quietly walks up stairs; meets with a child, who leads him to her mother's apartment. The lady is in great distress, and dressed in black velvet, or white satin; the child with ribbands round the waist sufficient to keep the family for a week. He explains that he was 'conducted by a cherub into the presence of an angel;' pretty well, for a first visit. She very properly tells him that

his conduct is 'not altogether quite correct;' and then, by a species of intuition, he discovers that she has been a victim to some gay deceiver, and says so in very plain terms. Now really, it is not quite fair to take a married lady's reputation away at this rate, and she therefore sheds a few tears upon the occasion. He is shocked; is on the point of retiring; and confoundedly unlucky as he is, meets the husband on the threshold of the apartment, who gives him rather a sharp lecture; and the crest-fallen Frank Heartall retires, accompanied to the door by his little chaperon, to whom he gives a slight *douceur* of five hundred pounds; for be it known, that gentlemen never walk about London with a less sum than this in their pockets, for the purpose of indulging in charity, and other divine propensities of their nature. The language is on a par with the delicacy and refinement of the plot. The only excuse of the 'enlightened public' for tolerating such productions, is the powerful array of talent brought forward to give Promethean heat to these dull and lifeless absurdities.

I had the good fortune in Bath to make the acquaintance of Bannister, who performed a short engagement at the Bath theatre; and a more amiable, friendly man I never met with. His influence at Drury-Lane Theatre was considerable; and in fact, the proprietors were then in treaty with him to undertake the management of the stage department. He at once made me a proposition, of course dependent upon the result of his own arrangements, and he promised to watch over my interests and afford me every opportunity, which he was pleased to say I merited. The Bristol theatre was then connected in management with that of Bath, and the performers were carried between the two cities like so many wild beasts in a caravan, with the royal arms blazoned on each side. Bath was considered the head-quarters; and after the performance was finished, we returned, arriving in the city about three in the morning. For the sake of the frolic, I accompanied them some half dozen times; but I had 'a soul above buttons,' and disdained to make a show of myself, except in a legitimate way upon the boards at night; and I felt by no means proud, as the little boys in the street ran along by the side of the carriage, welcoming us with 'The players be come! the players be come!' I therefore travelled in state, by the stage-coach, on the outside or inside, as it suited my pleasure or my finances, and returned to Bath on the following morning. In the arrangements of the theatre in those days the manager depended upon his own resources, and he only occasionally had recourse to what is now universally designated as '*The Star System*.'

The musical taste of Bath had been more highly cultivated than in any other city in the kingdom; the concerts in the Upper Rooms displayed an array of talent, under the direction of a distinguished *maestro* named Ranzini, rarely to be met with, even in the metropolis. The celebrated Catalani was then in all her glory. An evening had been fixed for my benefit; when, to my perfect horror, on the day of my announcement this fatal syren was given out for a concert on the evening allotted to me! The gold mines of Peru had glittered before my imagination, in all the radiance of their glory; and, most fatal mishap! the dream was in a moment dispersed, and a wild chaos occupied the site. Nor was this

all ; my situation, then in prospective, was a loss ; where, from the public favor always shown me there, I had reasonably anticipated a considerable gain ; for an actor was not only without any advantage from the benefit, until all the expenses were paid, but in the event of failure, had to make up the deficiency. I was in the position of a certain foreign artist, who took a benefit at the King's Theatre, and who *gained a loss* of one hundred and fifty pounds. The following year he again tried his fortune ; and, upon a friend's inquiring after his success, he replied with naïveté, ' Ah ! yaàs, I do vara well dis time ; I lose only ten guinea ! '

The whole neighboring country, embracing perhaps a circuit of some hundred miles, poured into Bath to hear the dulcet notes stream from Catalani's eloquent lips. Hotels, lodging-houses, pump-rooms, all revelled in the luxury of this golden harvest ; while I lounged mute and motionless on my sofa, meditating upon the caprice of fortune and an empty purse. I was not destined however to so hard a fate. The morning came, and the sun pulled off his night-cap at the usual hour, (I wish I had half his punctuality !) and seemed to smile on all the world but me. I always had a contempt for early rising, and the restlessness of the preceding night did not induce me to change my habit on this occasion. At ten o'clock my simple breakfast of tea, brown Georges, and water-cresses, put me into a better humor. (By the by, if there be any one who never had the good fortune to indulge in the two latter edibles, let him not hesitate, but start for Bath without a moment's delay.) I strolled to the theatre just in time for rehearsal, when — but how can I describe the unmixed joy I felt? — the public announcement of Catalani's indisposition met my eye, and consequently her non-appearance at the concert that evening ! The city was crowded with strangers, and there was no other amusement to compensate for their disappointment, except the theatre. The airs and graces with which I paraded Milsom-street, the Circus, and the Crescent ; the proud consciousness with which I contemplated the disappointed throng, as they rushed in bodies to the theatre for the purpose of securing places, exceed description. I felt that the public was indebted to *me* for their amusement, and the sting of obligation was not on my side. This feeling led me to a host of reflections, which, on consideration, I do not think were unjust.

There is such monstrous twattle about the gratitude due from actors to the public, that it is really high time for the profession to draw up a set-off. How easy is it to say that Garrick, or Kemble, or Siddons, *cum multis aliis*, retired with splendid fortunes, acquired by the liberality of the public. In what does that liberality consist ? Why simply that they had great talent, and the aforesaid public had the taste to appreciate it. But where is the gratitude ? I can perfectly understand, that if a very bad actor, or even an artist of mediocre pretensions, were to arrive at such a *desideratum*, there might be some ground for this acknowledgment ; but I should like to ask, my dear and amiable Public, when did you ever do this ? Private and individual acts of liberality and kindness are met with, no doubt ; but do let me prevail upon you to give up all notion that the slightest feeling of gratitude is due to you *en masse* on this account. Ought Byron, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Rogers, and

all the interminable etceteras of this ever-during age, to be grateful to us because we read their works? The truth is, that a narrow-minded jealousy exists in the great body of the people, upon the subject of intellect and genius. If an individual arrive at a large fortune by retailing figs, butter, and cheese, he is at once an estimable character, although his attainments are limited to a regular entry in his books, and that agreeable portion of arithmetic, addition. No one presumes to say that he is indebted to the public for his fortune; his business may be carried on, and his property daily and hourly accumulated, through the agency of a mere shop-man. But what becomes of the poet, or the actor dependent upon the poet? Neither of these can derive aid from any other source than the intellectual gifts which nature has bestowed on him: he is exposed to all the mortifications which flesh is heir to, and to a sensitiveness altogether unknown to our friend the grocer.

I claim the right of taking time by the forelock, and annihilating both that and space, to illustrate these remarks. The probability is, that the fact will not be pleasing to our American brethren, for they are peculiarly sensitive to allusions that may by possibility bear upon them; but as the country grows older their skins will become thicker, and they will have the generosity to acknowledge that there have often been made excellent observations, honestly meant, and perfectly untainted by malevolence. In the expression of my feelings with regard to America, I will speak the truth on all occasions, and neither play the toady, nor affect the cynic. The country has quite enough to rejoice in, without being disturbed by either the real or the mistaken prejudices of the traveller. The reader will of course say, 'These remarks are very pungent, but where the devil is the illustration?' Patience, my friend, and 'hurry no man's cattle.' There is an actor in New-York, of the name of PLACIDE, who holds the very highest rank in his profession; a man whose position in life is most gentlemanly; who is universally admired, and who stands nearly alone among the artists of his own country. The opportunities for an actor to realize property are founded upon the uncertain tenure of his benefits; his salary, perhaps, is little more than sufficient for his daily wants and necessary expenses. Mr. Placide's benefit is advertised, and of course the admiring audience of New-York rush in crowds at the announcement. No; the theatre is comparatively deserted, and a few extra dollars are all the reward he receives for his endeavors to please. At length the fact is seen; it is felt by a number of individuals; and they propose to give him a complimentary benefit, in order to compensate in some degree for the neglect of past years. The strongest auxiliary aid that can possibly be procured is enlisted gratuitously in the service; one-third of which talent, on ordinary occasions, would fill the theatre to overflowing. The house is crowded, and the public return home, boasting of the 'brilliant support' given to their favorite actor and countryman. The newspapers teem with the liberality showered upon him; and those who had given their hearty and willing services, are passed by as mere trifling adjuncts to the brilliancy of the entertainment. So much for liberality! I will now again take flight, and get back to Bath.

My voyage is passed, and here I am again, quietly seated in 'Merrie

Old England.' My professional career has been very little clouded by the great varieties of fortune which so frequently beset the wanderers of the stage ; strolling from town to town ; looked on with jealous eyes, and occasionally doubtful where to lay their heads, or how to procure their daily sustenance ; and yet, in the midst of all their miseries, cheerful and light-hearted. ' Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,' is a postulate universally received ; but a theatrical crown is fortunately an exception. I have often regretted that some of these difficulties had not fallen to my lot ; but with so excitable a temperament as I possessed, I might not have escaped scathless. In the possession of youth and warm animal spirits, how difficult it is to avoid the whirlpools that beset one on every side, in so peculiar a profession as that of an actor ; his position in society being rendered doubtful by fanaticism and ignorance on one side, and being then exalted to the companionship of princes and nobles on the other. I delight in aristocracy ; but there is nothing so contemptible as *the aristocracy of mere wealth*. It creates the meanest and most dastardly of feelings. It exhibits a low-minded, cringing, fawning adulation to those who by birth and position are more elevated, and an ill-bred, pompous, tyrannical display of power toward those who are unfortunately compelled to submit to the ignorance which is its concomitant. The wealth which is acquired by trade and speculation seldom gives to its possessor a high tone of liberal feeling ; and the more he acquires, the less willing he is to dispense it. He would not have the moral courage to be seen in the street with an artist ; not from a distaste to his society, but from the fear of diminishing his own self-importance : but place that artist in the society of those possessing true nobility of mind, and whose position renders them regardless of such petty feelings, he may be overwhelmed with courtesy, but is never degraded by condescension. Thence arises that doubtful position to which I have alluded.

STANZAS : TO PEACE.

BY SUSAN FINDAR.

I.

COME, holy dove of peace,
And fold thy sheltering wings about my heart ;
Hushed to repose, bid its complaining cease,
Its sorrows all depart.

II.

Bear the green branch of life
Above the troubled waters of my soul ;
Quiet the angry waves of passion's strife,
Its storms control.

III.

Thou hast a mighty power,
Oh, heavenly dove ! our thoughts to bless ;
Be mine the treasure of thy priceless dower—
The peace of righteousness.

M A R G U E R I T E .

AN AUTUMNAL LEAF FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF HANS VON SPRIGEL.

ONCE, beneath the elm-tree's shade,
When the summer sun rode high,
Where a couch of moss was laid
And a stream ran purling by,
With her dainty feet below
The cool water's bubbling flow,
Seated by the streamlet's side,
I a maiden fair espied.

This secluded spot was one
Sheltered from the burning sun ;
And I long in summer time
Here had conned the poet's rhyme ;
Or in romance old had sought
Food for sad or merry thought.
Hither coming, I was nigh,
Ere the vision met my eye ;
And in breathless gaze I viewed
This wonder of the solitude.

'T was not meet that I should stay :
Yet how could I turn away ?
For the sight to me did seem
Like the picture of a dream ;
And I stood the trees amid,
By the trailing branches hid,
Gazing on that maiden fair :
O ! the view was sweet and rare !

Glossy curls her shoulders covered,
And over her fair bosom hovered,
That, beneath her kerchief light,
Seemed half hid and half in sight,
As its billows' graceful swell
Softly rose and softly fell.
Dark her eye-lash, like a fringe,
Rested on her rosy cheek ;
And her sweet lips wore a tinge
That in vain elsewhere I seek.

To her knee, in careless fold,
Was her flowing dress uprolled ;
While her limbs stole out below,
Whiter than the purest snow ;
And the lily blushed to see
Something yet more fair than she.
Wild flowers filled her cottage-hat,
Careless thrown close where she sat,
Weaving with her fingers light
Of those flowers a garland bright.

Though I marked her face so sweet,
Yet my eyes would truant play,
And down to her toying feet
And her ankles white would stray.
Ne'er before into my breast
Had love brought its tender fire,

But, at once, a strange unrest
And a thrilling, soft desire
Burned within me ; and I stood
A lover, in that solitude !
Oh, how much I longed to be
A simple wild-flower in her hand ;
Or a zephyr blowing free,
That I might her cheek have fanned !
E'en I jealousy the cool wave
That, unchid, soft kisses gave.

Sailing through this shaded bower,
Came a gorgeous butterfly,
Strolling on from flower to flower,
Till he came the maiden nigh ;
Then, with many an airy whirl,
He fluttered on his pinions blue
Round and round the lovely girl,
Then uprose the branches through.
As I watched his airy flight
Upward to the open sky,
Where the sun's unshaded light
Touched his wings with glorious dye,
Suddenly, methought I heard
The rich warble of a bird.
But no bird it was that sang :
Sweet and soft the music rang ;
Vanished was the maiden fair,
Though I gazed the grove around :
Faint and fainter on the air
Came that soft scolian sound ;
Mingling with the water's tone,
Till I heard the brook alone.

Much I cursed the gaudy dress
Of the insect, and my folly ;
But cursing is a wickedness
That doth make one melancholy ;
So I ceased, and blest my stars,
Venus truly, more than Mars,
That so fine a vision I
Had witnessed in reality.

On the mossy brink, where she
With the wavelets cool had played,
Lay a tiny glove ; to me
With a priceless worth arrayed.
Stained it was, and sadly torn ;
Yet for her who it had worn,
I did love it ; and did press
It to my lips ; and fancied then
That I did the hand caress,
Which within so late had been.
On its dainty hem was writ
The sweet name of ' MARGUERITE.'
Then the brook sang ' Marguerite !'
The wind whispered ' Marguerite !'
The wild-birds carolled ' Marguerite !'
And every thing said ' Marguerite !'

MY UNCLE, THE PARSON.

I HAVE often thought that if out of this life of noise and smoke and dust and bustle, I were to be spared another quiet hour or two of free and hilarious temperament of mind, I would, if I recollected it at the time, fashion out some sketch of my uncle the parson, and reduce to writing a few of the thoughts which characterized his mind.

There is the greater reason for my doing this from the fact, that out of a numerous progeny by the two wives who successively blessed his bed and graced his board, not one individual now survives by whom his lineal descent should be transmitted to another generation: sons, daughters, daughters-in-law, grand-children, and widow, have all alike departed this life; bequeathing his fame and memory to the children of his only brother, of whom I, John Waters, am one.

I consider my uncle the parson then properly to be part and parcel of my natural inheritance and good fortune, and I make much of him accordingly; like those Dutch brothers and sons of brothers on Long-Island who for eighty-seven years have waged deadly feud against each other for the possession of the family Bible of their common ancestor. He is my own uncle, is my uncle the parson; and I mean to keep him. Dieu me l'a donné, gare à qui le touche!

The term *parson* by the way is a popular corruption of the word *person*. The person of the parish *par excellence* is the parson of the parish; the distinguished individual toward whom eyes of respect should deferentially be raised; whose horse in those days young men of New-England thought it no disparagement to fasten to the post or lead to the stable, and at whose approach boys' hats and caps were wont to be removed; indeed the proverb is still extant in the minds of men of my age, 'A red coat in Old England and a black one in New.'

My uncle the parson was well-born, well-bred, well-taught, well-educated, and well-read. He was of short stature, but rejoiced in a round and portly presence without any unreasonable corpulence; was dignified and gentle in his manner, with gray locks inclining naturally to curl, and worn very full at the sides of the face; eyes of great observance, good features, a florid and clear complexion; black dress of course and unexceptionably put on; and a black hat, which instead of being cocked, as were those of civilians of a certain class, had the broad brim of one side closely rolled up while the other shaded the face; a clerical and becoming fashion of the times properly denominated, I believe, a *shovel* hat.

Though his mouth was rather large, and the upper lip when measured from the nose, a long one, the expression of that part of his countenance was eminently attractive; not only from the general benevolence that reigned throughout, but from a multitude of small dimples that set themselves in motion around the mouth when he spoke, and often before he had said a word lay in ambush as it were for his thoughts, and that by unexpectedly appearing and disclosing themselves, gave a varied and impressive charm to his discourse,

and a companionable air to his graceful silence. Often also, when he listened, furnishing a commentary upon the words of others and expressing in something almost more than *dumb shew* the facetious and whimsical fancies that sported across his imagination, raised by the manner or the words of the speaker ; but which after a variety of arch and expressive movements and undulations were over-ruled and laid at rest.

His enunciation was very distinct and his voice sweet clear and cheery ; he conversed without any assumption of manner and yet like one who had never in his life been interrupted ; made a slight motion with his white well-formed hand when he was going to speak, was full and not too full of anecdote, and generally began his story like *Æsop* with the phrase, 'There was a certain man,' or 'There was a certain person whose name was Smith,' or whatever else might have been the designation : or 'There is in Newbury a certain street.' He never paused for an expression although his language was finely ordered, and he arrived at the point of his good-humoured, or instructive, and always pleasant narrative with much tact and felicity.

It was this general grace of demeanour, this quiet self-possession and gentle yet diffusive cheerfulness and sweet conversational talent that charmed me in my youth and won my heart in my earliest acquaintance with him. He used I remember to sit at his own table rather as a guest than as master of the house, receiving every little courtesy with thanks, and making himself agreeable to the whole party, as if enjoying the civilities of the entertainment while we were all his hosts : and the refinement of manner with which he fed himself with his small hands after the ruffles at the wrist had been carefully folded under the cuff and his napkin adjusted, the precision and skill with which every morsel was carved, the quiet nicety with which it was prepared, lifted, and presented to the mouth ; received, cherished, and intelligently consumed ; made me sometimes feel that it was a nutriment for the spiritual quite as much as for the natural existence that was spread before him, and that his enjoyment was a calm and precious gratitude rather than a physical indulgence. There was a just appreciation without the least approach to avidity, a tranquil pleasure and an enlightened zest : in short he appeared to full advantage in that close and unfailing test of the true gentleman, The Art of the Table.

He had I remember — I mean my uncle — a great dislike to twice-served dishes, and all preparations that wore any appearance of uncertainty, or that could by possibility excite any degree of doubtfulness in the mind as to their origin, or history, or character of seasoning. Indeed in those days persons of a certain age were very much under the domination of that absurd style which was emphatically called 'GOOD OLD ENGLISH COOKERY.' We had emancipated ourselves from the sceptre of King George, but that of Hannah Glasse was extended without challenge over our fire-sides and dinner-tables, with a sway far more imperative and absolute. Alas ! my masters, even in this epoch of our national existence are there not whole families among us who in open day go on unblushingly boiling legs of mutton in the old English fashion,

and desecrating the Lord's day regularly with ROAST BEEF—in the most flagrant and utter defiance of the impressive distich :

By *roasting* that which should be *boiled*,
And boiling roast meat, BOTH ARE SPOILED!

One morning I remember when we were seated round the table at a prolonged breakfast, which was a favorite meal with my uncle the parson, he spoke with some energy on the subject of these indeterminate dishes, as he called them. After praising simple cookery, and observing that improvements and intensives and heightenings of flavour were best when given at the dinner-table according to the proper taste of each individual, by means of sauces, condiments and wine, he said : ' But from all dishes twice-prepared ; all hashes, minces and stews ; all twice-served curries, salmis and fricassées ; and from every other denomination of dish familiarly known by the term *twice-laid*' —

' Good LORD deliver us !' ejaculated my cousin Tom, with great fervour, availing himself of a momentary pause in my uncle's objurgation. ' My son,' said the old gentleman, ' your manner is highly irreverent' — ' I beg your pardon most humbly Sir,' said my cousin ; ' yours was so emphatic, that I really forgot myself.' During the pause that ensued, although my uncle's colour remained heightened for some time after this expression of his vivacity, and his eyes still glistened, there was yet a playful movement among the dimples that did not suddenly subside ; and it became apparent that Tom's wit had wrought his pardon.

' When you dine abroad,' said my uncle the parson, ' the first dish to be brought on table is of course the Soup ; and the second, according to our order of things, is the Fish. From the style and character of the first, you may gain much intelligence respecting that of your host. And from the manner in which the guests feed themselves with the second, you may class them all round the table in their pretensions to the rank of well-bred men. There is a certain style in the saucing and management of a plate of Fish that is the endowment only of a Gentleman ; and as for soups — they are as various as the phases of the human character.'

There is a mysterious connexion between the soul and body which may be availed of through the senses to some advantage ; so that by strict temperance, frequent ablutions, reasonable exercise, fine weather, fresh air, and agreeable objects of sight and touch ; such as nice gloves for the hands, thread stockings for the feet, bright clouds, flowers at morning with the song of birds, and paintings of delicious coloring for the eyes to repose upon — the spirit becomes for a time less disquieted, and the current of sorrow is broken or diverted. I do not think that there is any unmanliness or desertion of Christian duty in availing one's self of these appliances. Grief is a warfare, and there are auxiliary forces which involve exertion in order to bring them into the field. Certain it is that it were easier to sit down without effort and die ; or worse than this, yield up the mind altogether to the corrosion of inactive sufferance ; but effort brings occupation, said my uncle the parson, and occupation cure.

How regularly return to us the close and the beginning of the year! the spring and autumn, the seed-time and harvest! and what a wonderful order exists in all those physical operations around us that we call NATURE! Does any man doubt that morning will succeed the night, or night the day? and may we not reasonably awake our senses to those latent, those less apparent but not less certain operations of the Divine Providence in the moral world, by which our souls are led onward from stage to stage, from trial to repose, from depression into cheerfulness, from doubt to confidence, from Faith to Love? Oh let us never question that the order of things is at least as perfect in the moral, as in the apparent world. The plant that vegetates acts not of itself, and while we see it unfolding we acknowledge the power of God and the operation of His Will; so oh God! Creator, Preserver, Sanctifier, let us equally acknowledge Thy Divine Influence in the admission and enjoyment of every thought that aids the growth, or beautifies the character of the soul of man.

Dear Reader farewell! love my uncle the parson, and may the close of the year bring thee peace which surpasseth joy!

JOHN WATERS.

DEATH-BED OF GENIUS.

No more, my lyre, no more thy tuneful strings
My trembling hand shall sweep! Death steals apace,
And o'er my soul its solemn shadow flings,
And leaves its pallid impress on my face:
Thus, thus my brightest earthly dreams are o'er,
And hope and fame shall vex my thoughts no more!

Oft as I bent above thee to complain,
Through thy sad wallings, of my prayers unheard,
A voice hath whispered me, that not in vain
The fount of bitter feeling had been stirred!
Thou wert my voice my better self to bless,
And utter thoughts that words cannot express.

Dearer than sunshine to the captive's eye,
Than love, more precious to the exile's soul,
Sweeter than Spring's first incense to the sky,
Hath been thy gentle but supreme control:
I lived to sweep thy strings or dream of thee,
And now I sink beneath a noiseless sea!

Hush, hush! my lyre has vanished, and a throng,
White-robed, with golden-harps, whose voices fill
The perfumed air with floods of richest song,
Whisper my troubled spirit, 'Peace, be still!'
Their beaming eyes are on me, and their hair
Floats on the viewless pinions of the air.

This was the music of my early dreams,
Heard only in the inner world of thought;
And now it floweth from exhaustless streams,
With hope and faith and joyful tidings fraught:
The golden lyre, the victor's wreath, are mine,
Henceforth among the ransomed host to shine.

LETTERS FROM CUBA.

NUMBER TWO.

Havana, October 21, 1844.

I TOLD you in my last, that I was just starting for Don Santiago's estate, and in his company. Our conveyance was a two-wheeled vehicle, very much like our 'gigs,' although larger, and set upon leather straps, which make it quite easy over the uneven roads of the country. It was drawn by three horses harnessed abreast; the one on the right side guided by my friend from his seat next to me in the '*quitrin*,' the middle one tackled in the shafts, and the left one for the '*calesero*,' or driver, to mount. The calesero had on well-polished leather boots, buckled all the way from the feet to the knee, thence open and stiff to the hip; a straw hat about nine inches high, with a moderate brim, and handsome colored ribbon, a black cravat, and a livery with silver ornaments. His knee-buckles, his large heavy spurs, and the handle of his long whip, were of fine silver. After three hours' swift travel in the vicinity of the city, (where the turnpike roads, which are kept in fine condition at a great expense, by the careful attention of the *Junto de Fomento*, presented an easy path,) we gradually began to notice the uneven and broken way, which appeared to have received its improvement rather from continual travel than from any intended human agency. In some of these irregular avenues the soil, which is very soft and black, and rendered pliable by the heavy rains, would sink beneath the wheels of the '*quitrin*,' while the heavy carts, with wheels seven feet in diameter, which we occasionally met on the way, cut deep and continuous trenches all along the road. My friend made me notice particularly that the peculiar ability of a calesero consisted in driving rapidly along the margin of these trenches, sometimes more than three feet deep, and extending several miles, without ever allowing the carriage-wheels to drop into them on either side. He likewise shows his skill in avoiding the stones, loose and fixed, which are scattered in the road. As I beheld the monstrous carts, loaded with two hogsheads of nearly two hundred gallons each, or eight boxes of sugar, constantly destroying by their large thin wheels the few repairs occasionally attempted, in addition to the several obstacles that require the ever-vigilant eye of the driver to avoid collision or excessive jolting, I was convinced that no other mode of conveyance would be better adapted to the condition of things.

Travellers are very much disposed to find fault with whatever may differ from their preconceived notions, or the standard to which habit has fashioned their opinions. It often happens however, that farther consideration furnishes some very good reason for not adopting what, in other circumstances, would be the height of perfection. I will give you an instance. You may frequently have heard that manuring land is not practised in Cuba. In the staple production, sugar, the price of

land is but an inferior item of the heavy capital to be invested ; and so long as the distance of the new lands from market does not make the transportation of cane by carts too inconvenient, it will be more advantageous to work the new soil and obtain its virgin growth, than to manure the old fields, where manual labor is the most expensive. The ready market for vegetables raised near the city of Havana, affords great encouragement to the farmer's assiduity ; and you will accordingly perceive that the soil is subjected to a very elaborate and skilful system of cultivation. Some of the planters, who have no new lands near them, are unwilling to abandon the costly buildings required on their estates, and consequently give very particular attention to improving their lands by manuring and the use of the plough.

Our black calesero drove around numberless small and large stones, up and down hill, and along the trenches made by the carts, and more than once approached close upon the verge of a precipice, but without diminishing the rapidity of his motion. Occasionally he would meet an acquaintance of either color, to whom he bowed with a courtly smile. Although my friend Don Santiago did not usually stop for any meals on the road, to gratify my desire of seeing every thing, the calesero drove gallantly up to the tavern of 'La Perfecta,' in the village of —. Under the shelter of a wide shed, which ran round it, a number of horses were standing ; some tied to the posts, others with their riders on them, who, without dismounting from their large straw-saddles, were making purchases, or conversing with those standing about them. We were shown into a small room, a little more cleanly than the rest of the house, and in a short time were served with some very tough beef, strongly seasoned with garlic, some fried eggs, a bit of very salt ham, coffee with dirty sugar, and no milk. The tavern-keeper, who seemed delighted that he was able to supply us with such inviting fare, asked us at times how we liked the service, adding that it was lucky for us that we had come on Wednesday, because Sundays and Wednesdays were the days for killing. 'But your beef is rather tough,' said Don Santiago. 'And how could it be otherwise ?' he answered. 'In the first place, old oxen are the cheapest article to be found. They are the heaviest also, which is another advantage, as the duty is just the same on large as on small cattle. When the butcher happens to kill a two-years'-old calf, he is sure to lose by it, as the duty disproportionably increases the cost.' Don Santiago also remarked to me, that as the treasury agents sold the privilege of killing to the highest bidder, without any particular regard to the wishes of the public, the only point they considered was the increase of the revenue, the provision for the benefit of the community being observed as mere matter of form ; and that a petition was never made or expected to be made on the part of individuals, who found it always more to their interest to endure abuses than to complain of them.

We were thus far beginning to discuss matters of importance, when the inn-keeper having retired, Manuel, our black driver, in the uncouth accoutrement I have described, somewhat bespattered with mud, holding his whip in his left hand, and his hat in his right, entered our room, swinging like a sailor in order to avoid the embarrassment in walking

caused by the large ears of his boots. 'Child,' said he, 'addressing his master, who was certainly much older than himself, 'I want to speak privately with the Child;' and he looked toward me. Don Santiago told him that I was a foreigner, and he might speak without reserve. I was so anxious to pick up any interesting matter regarding the country, that I gladly availed myself of the opportunity, and remained in the room.

'The Child knows,' added Manuel, 'that ever since I came to this country, ever since I was a mere baby, I have been with your Bounty, and in the Child's family. Your Bounty is my father and my mother. I have nothing in the world beside. When I have my sorrows, to whom shall I tell them but the Child? And if the Child reject me, what shall I do? Oh, my God!'

'But Manuel,' interrupted Don Santiago, 'what is the matter? what ails you? have you been whipped? have you been in want of any thing? are you ill? do you wish to have another master?'

'Another master!' continued Manuel; 'it is well for the Child to suspect one of that wish after being so many years in the house! Alas! what would the good old gentleman say, were he to rise from the hole, if he saw and heard the strange things that have happened in these days! The negro name, how it has gone down! And after passing all our life in the service of such good masters as the Child, no matter what we do, (because there are some bad slaves, who have acted improperly,) we are all doomed to lose the confidence we enjoyed. If I say, me, Manuel, the old calesero of the family of Cisneros, that I love my master, or his children; if the Child is sick, and I inquire as I always have done, why I am only making believe.'

Don Santiago kindly reproved Manuel, wishing him to be more precise in his expostulation.

'Very well, my master,' said Manuel; 'I know this is not a suitable place; but at home I could not speak, and my heart was so low, I could not wait.'

'But, Manuel,' said Don Santiago, 'have I ever accused you?' 'No,' answered Manuel, 'you have not. But I will tell you all, right away. You know how much I have tried to please the 'Nina.*' My business always has been to have the volante clean and ready. But if your Nina wished me to go on errands, to help the cook on some holidays, let any one say if Manuel refused; let any one say if he put a bad face to it, as would have done the caleseros of the Montalvos, the Charones, or the Herreras, or any of those great families, who are no better than the family of the Child. No such thing: always at hand, always to be found, always cheerful; and now the Nina says I am surly; I want to shake off her authority! 'Well,' says I to myself, 'the Nina is not pleased with me, but if I go tell my master, in these hard times for the black color, he will perhaps think bad of me. 'Ah, Manuel! have patience!' says I; and then I go and purchase a wax-candle with the same money the Child gave me

* By 'Nina' the feminine of Child, MANUEL meant DON SANTIAGO's wife. A distinguished Spanish writer observed to me, that the term 'Child' was a delicate flattery, (since it implied youth,) invented by the negroes to avoid the more humiliating expression '*Sombrero*,' which signifies 'Your Bounty.'

last week, and which I always spend in lottery tickets at the grocer's store at the corner,* and right before the image of the Virgin of Mount Carmelo, which I nailed in the room of the harness of the volante, I lighted it all day and night until it wasted away. I am a little ashamed to tell these things, because I know you gentlemen laugh at them. But pardon me; for the poor slave, when his heart is made so very small, has no help but to go to prayer. Then I thought things were going to right again; when yesterday morning, because the wheel of the volante went once over a stone, which certainly seldom happens, when I am mounted on the horse, the Nina said I did it on purpose; that I was as great a conspirator as any; and because I staid late at the street-door last night, playing on the 'tiple'† as I have always done, your Nina said your Bounty ought to get me a place in the opera-house, and have one enemy less near her person. Alas, Child, I cannot help it; I can no more bear it: the Child knows my heart.'

As the scene was becoming too pathetic for the place, Don Santiago urged Manuel to be consoled; adding, that he would remind the lady of his good services, and do away any unfavorable impression she might have respecting him. Manuel appeared relieved, and walked to his horses, carefully balancing his body as he went along. We followed, jumped into the volante, and hurried from the tavern.

On arriving at the estate, we stopped at the dwelling-house, which, as the Don was not expected, was far from being properly prepared to receive us. He apologized, and explained that he preferred all the inconveniences, to giving previous notice of his coming. He calculated too much, perhaps, on the idea of taking his *operarios*, or workmen, by surprise; and observed to me that he once found all the white persons employed on his plantation gone to a ball, and the negroes left by themselves; and that an estate was not unfrequently made the rendezvous of gamblers. We walked over to the square of buildings, which are generally placed in the centre of the plantation, and found them in the invariable respective order observed here; the mill and the boiling-house in the west part, the baggage-house still farther west, and the purging-house and drying-drawer in the north, so that the latter may receive the rays of the sun from morning till night.

During our short absence the house had been comfortably arranged. We found two or three black damsels just dressed in new and shining calico frocks, with silk shoes, worn slipshod, red shawls, and hair arranged in very fine tresses, and very tight on the head. The table was set, our rooms neatly disposed, and our beds ready to receive us, should we feel disposed to take before dinner what the Spanish call the prebendary's or canonical nap. I preferred a small room where I found some old books covered with dust, which appeared not to have been disturbed for years. Don Santiago, divining my intention, ordered one of the black girls to dust them off; and sitting down, awaited what I should say of the assortment which I was determined to examine. I read aloud the title of the first pamphlet I laid my hand on: 'Expediente

* The negro spends nearly all the money he can get in this way.

† A favorite negro instrument.

de las Cortes Extraordinaria, Sobre Trafico, y esclavitud de Negros ;' 1811.

'Quite other days than the present,' said my friend ; 'read that single phrase ;' and he turned over the pages until he found it ; 'read it, and be astonished at the change.' That was the way our public bodies addressed the government when they had dignity, and were not spurned as they now are. The phrase which seemed to have fixed Don Santiago's attention was the following : 'And we would conclude by saying on these subjects, what our fidelity and honor require, that Spaniards should be Spaniards every where, especially in those countries which, moist with their blood, or the sweat of their brow, acknowledge them conquerors and founders ; and that if we were loyal under sufferings, we could not be less so enjoying the splendors and advantages which now encircle the Spanish name.'

'How changed ! how changed !' continued Don Santiago ; 'nobody can speak so now ; and, if he did, he would be obliged to lament, as the calesero did this morning, that no one believed or dared acknowledge he believed him. The *moneda-corriente*, the pass-word of all the government people, is to assert and maintain, whether they really think so or not, that we the creoles are all insurgents. We have been placed in Manuel's case, you see.'

Don Santiago's burst of indignation, like all such emotions with the Cubans, soon subsided ; and adjusting his rather loose vest over his ample belly, he went out to meet the sugar-master, whom he had been for some time expecting. The latter was a pale thin man, about five feet six inches in height. This being the season when those of his occupation have no employment, he appeared in full dress ; a wide-brimmed straw-hat, blue striped breeches, fastened to his waist ; a white embroidered shirt hanging loosely over them ; a very large straight sword, made at the factory of Guanabao, with a silver handle, ornamented with precious stones ; his shirt-collar and sleeves confined with gold buckles, an embroidered cambric handkerchief tied loosely round his neck ; pumps cut quite low, and heavy silver spurs. Were it not for the finery above described, you might fancy, from his mode of wearing his shirt, that he was not altogether dressed. I have often thought what a figure a man thus attired would make on the side-walks of Broadway ! But you may be assured that were he placed there, he would be perfectly at ease ; for you can have no idea of the bold independent manner peculiar to the 'Guageros,' or country people of Cuba.

'How has it fared with the Señor Don Santiago ?' said he, as he presented his hand to his employer, in the most cordial and easy manner.'

'Very well, Perez,' said the former ; 'as well as it can fare with the planters now-a-days, with such terrible occurrences, and such small crops and low prices.'

'Ah ! the Señor Don Santiago has no reason to complain. He fares better than many ; and as for the quality of the sugar, he must be aware that there is none better in the market.'

'You are mistaken there,' replied the planter ; 'for many better sugars than mine have gone from the port of Havana.'

'You say so,' continued Perez, sitting himself down as Don Santi-

ago had done, 'and so it may be too ; but considering the quality of the cane, and the materials, and the fuel, I am sure that the man is not yet born who could improve my sugar.'

'Remember,' answered the Don, 'remember my near neighbor, with the same quality of land, and I am certain with no better help than I give you, what a superior article he makes.'

'So have I, ever since the Señor Don Santiago turned away the impudent ox-driver, who used to throw sour juice from the ditches into the juice-gutter, in order to spoil my sugar. But as for any man's improving my work, that cannot be. The Señor Don Santiago must know that I was born in the boiling-houses, was brought up in them, and my hair has grown gray in them. The Señor should likewise bear in mind that I do not wear a hat* in the boiling-house. No, Sir, no hat. Why should I? That will do for those who are new in the trade. I can smell the 'guarapo' at one league's distance. The Señor may perhaps remember the old Count of ——. He it was who made me follow the trade ; and never did that estate produce a better article than while I was there ; and so the Count used to say, and make me presents, and call me when he had company ; and we went along very well. He used always to take me along with him to the cock-fightings, and say he did not care for two or twenty boilers-full lost, for the pleasure of having me at his side on these expeditions. At that time he had an Indian cock, the most sprightly and sure bird I ever saw ; and the Count would have nobody touch him but myself. But I perceive the Señor has a visitor, and I can come another day.'

'No matter for that,' said Don Santiago, who noticed how delighted I was ; 'tell us how you came to leave the old Count of ——.'

'Leave him ! why, I should have left him a thousand times, if he had been my own father. I had just worked the old cane-fields, and coming to a new one, which was overgrown and mostly decayed, the sugar of course did not look like the rest in the boiling-houses ; although, had the clay been laid on it, I am sure it would have given the very best result. I remember it was the Countess' birth-day, and just after dinner there comes a large party of gentlemen and ladies into the boiling-house, all gay and lively, while I was cursing the cane. They all looked at the sugar, and made faces at it ; and by and by, who should come to me but the Countess herself, and before every body, even the overseer's wife, who came peeping in, to rejoice in my trouble, tells me, 'Why, Perez, I thought you did not know how to make *dirt* also !'

'Was that all the cause of your leaving the Count ?' inquired Don Santiago.

'No Sir, it did not end there. The Señor may remember how devout the old Countess used to be. She had always gowns for the Virgin and Saint Francis to make ; and she was proud of it too, the sweet lady ! Well, I turned to her at once, and said : 'My lady the Countess would do quite as well to attend to the dressing of saints, which she understands, than to the making of sugar, which she does

* This hat is used to attract the vapor over the kettles, in order to smell and judge how the sugar is.

not.' If you had seen what an uproar was raised then! All I can tell the Señor is, that I heard the Countess tell her husband, 'Pancho, do not let this man sleep here this night!' But I had the pleasure, many years after, to be recalled by the old Count. Twenty sugar-masters had been tending his boiling-house. All lost; not one grain of sugar fit to be looked at. At last the Count sent for me. 'Well, Perez, you see how I am,' said he. 'But the Count has been permitting himself to be ruined,' I answered, 'because he wishes to do so. Now from here is nearly one league; yet I can without hesitation say that they are burning the juice with too much lime.' Two hours afterward the best sugar ever made was drawing from the kettles. They had been using twelve cocoanuts of lime: I at once reduced it to three. My nose could not fail me!

It is on account of this use of the olfactory nerves, Don Santiago informed me, that his utmost care with the sugar-masters during 'crop-season' is required to prevent their taking cold.

Before dismissing the sugar-master, I must tell you one of his stories, which I heard from Don Santiago. The latter had given him a short elementary treatise on the manufacture of sugar; and having asked him several times whether he had read it or not, Perez, after saying that he had a tiple; that he understood the trade: and repeating all the praises of himself with which I have favored you, finally broke out with: 'The Señor Don Santiago must excuse me; but what could a man like me, brought up in boiling-houses, learn from any of those foreigners, or their foreign contrivances? I am in Nature's way, which is always the best, and am no child to begin my A B C now!'

Among the various means of spending my time, I have occasionally read some of Don Santiago's old books and pamphlets, endeavoring to obtain from them some information upon the political situation of this island in latter years, which may be useful, and I think necessary to a right understanding of my promised report of the late insurrection. If you are not to judge for yourself, you had better catch at random the hasty views of the country and its incidents which are now and then published at the North. If you would have more *exact* ideas take the subject as patiently as I have; for there exists in the United States, a lamentable ignorance of the political system of government in Cuba, or very erroneous opinions of its nature. For this reason, I shall in the first place endeavor to explain how this apparent contradiction arises. Without a preliminary sketch, however, of some antecedent facts, this object will not be obtained, nor can the events lately occurring be fully comprehended.

Not only did this island enjoy in former times the same political system which fell to the lot of the Spanish provinces of the Old World, whatever that might be, but it had moreover an institution called the *Consulado*, where members were freely elected by the proprietors of the land, whose pecuniary privileges, and above all, whose right of petition, exercised very liberally, were the origin of an enlightened policy on the part of Spain, which served to encourage foreign trade; called for a constant supply of emigrants; aroused the agricultural energies of the country; drew to the ports of Cuba an

astonishing commerce, and brought an immense revenue into the metropolitan treasury ; a revenue that never could have resulted from the languishing and precarious traffic carried on solely by the Spanish merchants, whose opposition to such liberal views that body had to encounter. It will be the object of my next letter to explain how Cuba was prevented from following as before the course which the other Spanish-European provinces had pursued, and how that enlightened policy was changed.

T H E M I S S I S S I P P I R I V E R .

BY JOHN H. BRETHER.

THE Monarch of Waters I see,
With his winding wide expanse ;
His rich wooded shores and islands
Are changing at every glance,
To his current so deep and strong,
Drawn in by a power controlling,
A thousand rivers are borne along,
Down to old ocean rolling.

His banks with forests are lined,
For so noble a river meet ;
The cotton-tree towering proudly,
With the willow-wood soft at his feet.
There are islands of verdure bright,
There are deep shady dingles between,
With a line of sharp, sun-flashing, silvery light,
Drawn under the dark cool green.

The riches of northern climes
The rise of his waters obey ;
They are borne down his buoyant channel,
To the warm sunny South far away.
And back from the South to the North,
See the deep-freighted vessels ascending ;
The wealth of the uttermost ends of the earth,
By the changes of commerce blending.

Not clear as the crystal pure,
Like the brooks of a rough mountain-land,
The flood as it pours through the valley
Is sullied by mire and sand.
And whirlpools and eddies seem,
With their ripples in endless motion,
To wrinkle the face of the dark turbid stream,
Till they melt in the swell of the ocean.

Yet the green-tufted fringe on its banks
Is reversed by the stream as it flows ;
The white fleecy clouds o'er its bosom
Come floating in mirror'd repose.
Now 't is all in a blaze from the west !
A river of red gold resembling ;
While at night the stars blink o'er its broad brown breast,
With the silvery moonlight blending.

Like thee is the Church of God ;
 And like to thy proud current free,
 With its waters forever changing,
 Yet still rolling on to the sea ;
 So, the Church is a glorious stream,
 With a noble field before her ;
 Though changing forever, forever the same,
 As age upon age rolls o'er her.

On either-hand shore, well fed
 By the tide as it rolls between,
 The forests the river-side clothing,
 Rejoice in perennial green.
 There are coverts sequestered in shade,
 For the children of grief and mourning,
 Where the tear may fall and the prayer be said,
 While the sinner to God is turning.

How humble the source of the Church !
 Then swelling from day to day,
 Apostles, and prophets, and martyrs,
 And fathers—a noble array !
 Victorious was their fight,
 Heroic their solemn story ;
 They perished not when their souls took flight,
 To their homes in the mansions of glory.

And when, in these evil times,
 Disturbance and doubts arise,
 Then back to those ages hoary
 We turn our inquiring eyes.
 'T is a mine of the finest ore,
 A treasure never ending,
 From the hands of the saints who have gone before,
 Down to our own descending.

And the Church is not wholly pure,
 For often, with dangerous force,
 The whirlpools and eddies of passion
 Distemper her onward course.
 Since the Church did first begin,
 Her earthly sons and daughters
 With infirmity, vanity, lust and sin,
 Have sullied her heavenly waters.

Yet shadowy lights from above
 Flit over her troubled breast ;
 And heavenly hosts are guarding
 The home of our earthly rest.
 The star of our Faith rides bright
 O'er the waves of the turbid river,
 And the stream of the Church is a-blaze with the light
 Of a Sun that shall shine forever.

As of old, when the tongues of fire,
 Bright emblem for all mankind !
 On the heads of the Twelve descended,
 With the sound of a rushing wind ;
 So, drawn by the power of CHRIST,
 From the darkness in which they slumbered,
 From thousands of kingdoms the bands of the blest
 In the fold of the Church are numbered.

She lingereth not in her course,
 Her current bears onward still;
 It passes by woodland and island,
 Nor sleeps under hamlet or hill:
 It rolls by its tempting shores
 With a rapid and soundless motion,
 Till it garners its myriad-mingled stores
 At home, in Eternity's ocean!

There, a sea of saints redeemed,
 Gathered from every zone,
 Triumphant, glorious army,
 Stands banded around the throne.
 We all shall be there—yes, all!
 For CHRIST hath gone before us:
 And our billowy wings shall rise and fall,
 As we join the loud angel-chorus.

Mississippi River, July, 1844.

A N I G H T O F T E R R O R .

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL.*

'A fearful night!
 There is no stir, nor walking in the streets;
 And the complexion of the element
 Is favored like the work we have in hand.'

SHAKESPEARE.

THE rain poured in torrents from the darkened heavens, the thunder roared, the lightning flashed, and it almost seemed as if the fate of Gomorrah hung over the city, so fearful was the strife, so endless the war of the angry elements. The deluged streets were perfectly deserted; apparently, no human being dared to venture forth. The hour of midnight had already sounded from the different clocks in the town, and all animate nature seemed awed into silence; when suddenly, by the occasional flashes, a carriage was seen to dash through the streets with a rapidity scarcely equalled by the lightning itself; it might have been the chariot of some Spirit of the Tempest flying from the pursuit of a victorious enemy, so recklessly did it rush through the thick darkness which enveloped all around.

It stopped before the door of a small, obscurely-situated house, when a tall figure, closely wrapped in a cloak, sprang from the box where, apparently regardless of all risk, he had sat enacting the part of coachman; and pulling the bell with a violence which threatened its destruction, he at length succeeded in rousing one of the inmates of the dwelling.

So strangely-timed a visit probably excited the apprehension of the individual thus imperatively summoned; for instead of opening the

* If our readers would learn somewhat more of the work from which this 'Night of Terror' is taken, and something farther of the ultimate bearing of the scene itself, they are respectfully referred to the 'Editor's Table' of the present number.

door, a female voice was heard to demand from a window above, the name and purpose of the impatient visitor.

'In the name of all that is good, for the love of heaven, and the fear of hell, come down instantly, and do not stop to ask any more questions, or you may have the life of a fellow creature to answer for!' was the hurried reply.

The woman seemed less surprised than might have been expected from the impetuous manner of the strange visitor. She was evidently one accustomed to witness the agitated and anxious sympathy they generally betray who watch the agonizing throes of her whose appointed task it is, through groans and suffering, to bring into the world an accountable being. It was her business to usher into life these little heirs of immortality; and she knew that the joys of parents are often purchased by some hours of anxiety to the one, and no slight meed of previous bodily suffering to the other; she therefore did not much wonder at the excited manner of the individual who had called upon her at such an unseasonable hour; but supposing it might be some case of peculiar urgency, for which he thus hurried her to the exertion of her skill, she hastily provided herself, as she best could, with protection against the storm which still raged with unabated fury, and ran down stairs without farther questioning.

But what was her horror on descending, to perceive that not only was his figure completely muffled in a cloak, but that his face was entirely concealed by a mask! She was about to rush back up stairs, when he seized her with a grasp which set all resistance at defiance, and proceeded to bandage her eyes with his handkerchief. As was to be expected, she struggled violently, and reiterated the question as to who he was, and what was his plea for such unwarrantable usage. He replied by drawing from beneath his cloak a pistol, which instantly silenced the frightened woman.

'Be still,' he said, 'and I pledge you my honor as a gentleman that you shall receive no injury; but give vent to one scream, call once for assistance, and you shall never utter sound again, until the last dread trump wakens the dead! It is for the good of others, and not for any harm to yourself, that I call upon you to submit to all that I shall see fit to do. You are wanted for one to whom your assistance is imperiously and immediately necessary, and you *must* accompany me, and do your duty without inquiry and without remonstrance. I repeat, any struggle for assistance or escape will be fatal to you. I never threaten twice!'

All this was said rapidly, and although with dreadful energy and emphasis, in a suppressed tone of voice, the mysterious stranger having closed the street door as soon as the female admitted him. He now again opened it, and beckoning the footman who, masked like his master, stood ready with his hand on the carriage door; the steps were instantly let down, and the woman, reflecting that not only might any objection on her part occasion instant death, but that it might also deprive a fellow creature of the aid which, from what had taken place, must have been considered imperatively necessary, she suffered herself to be thrust into the carriage, the door was immediately closed, and

uttering the single word 'Beware!' the disguised stranger again mounted the coach-box, and urging the horses to their utmost speed, they were soon flying through the storm with the same mysterious swiftness as before.

More than once was the woman tempted to burst the door open, and by springing into the street, endeavor to make her escape; but the risk of being arrested, and the benevolent anxiety already alluded to, withheld her, and in almost breathless silence she kept her seat. Every precaution had been taken to prevent her discovering the course of the vehicle, for not trusting to the darkness of the night, the blinds were so securely fastened that it was impossible for her to let them down for an instant, and she could by no means catch a glimpse of the streets through which they passed. It seemed evident to her, however, that instead of pursuing a direct course, the carriage went more than once round the same square, and backward and forward through the same street: at last it stopped suddenly; the door was immediately opened; she was almost dragged out; the same strange hoarse voice muttered 'Come!' and without being allowed an instant to take breath, she was hurried through what seemed a long passage, and up a flight of stairs; a door evidently opened, she was led in, and it was again closed; then, and not till then, was the bandage withdrawn from her eyes.

Having regained the use of her sight, she began to look eagerly around her; but the stranger, without taking off his mask, drew her quickly to the bedside, and pointing to a female who lay thereon, bade her render her the necessary assistance. This unfortunate being was evidently in a state of extreme suffering. 'The hour of Nature's sorrow' pressed heavily upon her, and she lay on her side and groaned piteously: no human being stood near to alleviate the pangs she endured; and as if to add as much as possible to their poignancy, a mask closely covered her face, and thus as it were threw back upon her the burthen of the long deep groans, which seemed to be forced upon her in spite of her evident efforts to restrain them.

The woman's first idea was, it appeared, to relieve her patient from this extraordinary and cruel encumbrance; but the man, as soon as he perceived her benevolent intention, grasped her hand, and muttered in a low but stern voice, 'It *must* not be removed.' She felt that no remonstrance would avail with the awful and mysterious being into whose power she had been strangely thrown, and proceeded to do what she could for the relief of the poor creature who lay prostrate before her, insensible apparently to every thing but the agony she endured.

Nature struggled long; it seemed as if the infant, thus about to be smuggled into life, dreaded to enter a world where so strange, so stern a reception awaited it; until at length the delicate frame of the future mother could no longer endure the mortal anguish, and she fainted.

Instinctively, and if not forgetful, at least heedless of the imperative commands of the stranger, the woman, without stopping to consider the risk she might incur by thus braving him, tore the mask from the face of the insensible sufferer, and disclosed to her astonished gaze one of the loveliest faces she had ever beheld.

‘Woman!’ exclaimed the man, in a tone of suppressed rage, ‘did I not command you?’

‘Brute!’ retorted she, ‘would you destroy two at once? — would you murder both mother and child? See, her strength has failed; her pulse is gone; she may be dead in five minutes, if she is stifled by this horrid mask.’

‘Dead!’ muttered the man, in a low deep voice of uncontrollable anguish; ‘dead! oh, no! any thing but that!’

The woman was too much engrossed by her needful care of her patient, to heed his words; and he, perceiving that she had succeeded in restoring the fainting form to animation, returned to the occupation which seemed to have shared his attention with the business of keeping a watchful eye upon the proceedings of the woman, viz., that of heaping log after log upon an already blazing fire in an adjoining room. This seemed the more extraordinary as the Spring was far advanced, and the tightly-closed doors and windows rendered the atmosphere of the room more than sufficiently warm without such unseasonable aid. The door between the two rooms opened just opposite the bed; and as he paced up and down between it and the fire-place, he at each turn added to the immense pile, spite of the woman’s more than once venturing to suggest to him that the room was already oppressively hot.

At length the struggle ceased, and the voice of a living child greeted the newly-made mother’s ear; but no muttered sound of thanksgiving breathed in joyful contrast to the feeble wail of the infant; no beloved voice bade her ‘remember no more her anguish, for joy that a man was born into the world.’ The strange being did indeed spring forward as the woman announced to him (hoping thereby perhaps to soften the asperity of his apparently demoniacal temperament) that a noble boy, straight in limb and perfect in proportion, lived to bless his parents; but it was not to bestow a father’s blessing on his first-born; it was not to imprint a father’s kiss upon the miniature features: no, it was not the warm pressure of parental affection; but rather the savage grasp of a fiend, with which he seized the new-born infant, even before the woman had time to cover the little quivering frame with a single garment, and with rapid strides advanced with it to the fire, which has been already alluded to. The unfortunate mother seemed partly aware of the man’s horrid purpose, even before her attendant, engrossed with the necessary cares for her restoration, had perceived his approach, and in the most piteous accents besought him to replace the child beside her; a name evidently trembled on her lips; but even in that awful moment, caution prevailed, and no word which could betray him escaped her. She pleaded however in vain; the mysterious wretch, for such he truly seemed, stopped indeed, apparently in spite of himself, at every new entreaty, but his purpose, as it appeared, remained unaltered, for he replied in the same hoarse voice: ‘It *must* be done — you *know* it must be done!’

‘Gracious Heaven! and by your hands!’

‘Are they not fittest for such a deed?’ replied he, in a tone of intense bitterness.

‘No! no! no!’ almost screamed the miserable mother; ‘it shall not

be ; Heaven and Earth alike forbid it. Oh ! do you take it from him !' continued she, addressing the woman ; ' you who have been rudely dragged to this house of guilt and misery ; forgive me,' (and here her eye turned to the masked figure, while as before a name trembled on her lips, though still she did not utter it,) ' I know it was for my sake : but even this woman, who has no reason to feel grateful to either of us, she I am sure will add her prayer to mine.'

' Take it then !' said the man, almost flinging the infant into the woman's arms, without giving her time to recover her powers of speech, benumbed as she was with horror, sufficiently to make any answer, ' and let it be done quickly.'

' What ?' demanded she.

' Destroy it, and that instantly, in that fire ; and let not a trace of it remain !'

A faint scream of deep agony broke from the enfeebled mother, while the woman exclaimed : ' Wretch ! do you think *any* thing could tempt me to such a deed ?'

' Then give it to me !' He was about to snatch the infant from her arms, but the mother, turning on her a look of mingled despair and entreaty, besought her not to suffer him to take it from her. The woman, apparently struck with compassion at the piteous words, which indeed seemed the last the poor sufferer might ever utter, seeing that she now sank back upon her pillow, with but little sign of life, retreated before his approach, pressing her burden more tightly in her arms.

' Then,' said he, ' *you* must do the deed ; for I swear to you it *shall* be done, and that instantly !'

Without farther remonstrance, the woman now wrapped the little trembling, wailing infant in her cloak, which she threw hastily around her, and with an air of desperate resolution walked toward the door, saying :

' If I am to execute your horrid purpose, you must remain by the bedside of that poor victim of your's ; she must not be left an instant in her present state ; you must also suffer me to close the door, that the screams of the poor baby may not quite pierce its mother's ears ; and give her this,' she added, pouring something from a vial ; ' it may dull the consciousness of her misery, at least for a while.'

The man acquiesced without making any answer ; administered the draught ; and sternly folding his arms, took his place by the side of the unhappy sufferer, who, completely exhausted by the efforts she had just made, still lay almost insensible, only giving evidence of life by the labored heaving of the snow-white chest, which had been completely bared to prevent her from sinking under the excessive heat ; and an intense stare, which showed but too plainly that consciousness had survived her strength.

Almost immediately after the woman had shut the door, the screams of the infant became fearfully audible ; the man struck his closed fist rudely against his breast, as if to lay prostrate any feeling of compassion that might lurk there ; and planting his foot firmly on the floor, seemed determined to continue resolutely insensible to the pleadings of nature.

After a momentary struggle, he turned his eye toward the female, and perceiving that she was now sinking into a stupor, to which the charitable draught had probably contributed as much as her previous exhaustion, he drew a long breath, and muttering 'It is well!' advanced some steps toward the door; but remembering the woman's charge, he returned to the bed-side. By this time, the cries became much fainter; a few minutes more, and they ceased entirely; and shortly after, the woman entered the room, her cloak closely wrapped around her, as if ready to depart.

The man approached her. 'Is all over?' muttered he.

'Yes,' she replied, in the same low tone, but casting a look of extreme horror at him; 'the poor innocent shall never trouble you again.' And then, as if to cut short any farther communication with such a wretch, she proceeded to give directions as to the farther treatment of her patient; and was hurrying from the room, when the man stepped before her and put into her hands a purse filled with gold-pieces. The woman instantly dashed it to the floor, and in the most indignant tone exclaimed: 'Do you think I will receive from you the price of blood? Take it back, monster that you are! and may your money perish with you!'

'As you like,' he coldly replied, but not without shuddering slightly at the woman's words: '*this* however you must submit to;' and he again drew forth a handkerchief and advanced toward her. She shrank from his touch, but made no resistance, and in silence permitted him to blind-fold her as before. He then led her down the same flight of stairs, and through the same passage; repeatedly charging her to beware how she made any effort to discover either his name or the house to which she had been brought, which must, he warned her, bring upon her immediate destruction.

The house-door closed upon them, the carriage-door opened, she was assisted in, and carried home by the same apparently unnecessarily circuitous route; the strange being helped her out; and not until her own door closed upon them, did he remove the bandage from her eyes. This done, he repeated his charge in still more emphatic words, and vanished from her sight; and here we will leave the bewildered woman to recover as she best may her scattered senses.

By this time the storm had passed away; the rays of early morning were beginning to streak the east; and Nature, as if refreshed rather than wearied by the recent conflict in which she had been engaged, was fast putting off the dull weeds of night, to array herself in the gorgeous robes of a southern spring day.

Ah! could the storms which rage in the human bosom be as easily dispelled; could the dark passions which devastate the heart of man thus retreat before the sunshine of peace, this world would not be the scene of misery it now is. The fair gardens which decorate the face of our mother Earth may for awhile be shorn of their beauty by the raging of the pitiless storm; but they will bloom again, and with renovated vigor and added beauty, when the refreshing alternations of dew and sunshine restore them to life. Alas! is it thus with that source and spring of evil, the human heart? Can peace again take up its abode there, when once it has been rudely thrust out by those monopolizing

guests which rage with more wildness than any outward storm of the elements? Alas, no! We have been told, and every day's experience shows us, that 'with *man* this is impossible.'

THE GROOMSMAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

I.

EVERY wedding, says the proverb,
 Makes another, soon or late;
 Never yet was any marriage
 Entered in the book of Fate,
 But the names were also written
 Of the patient pair that wait.

II.

Blessings then upon the morning
 When my friend, with fondest look,
 By the solemn rites' permission,
 To himself his mistress took,
 And the Destinies recorded
 Other two within their book.

III.

While the priest fulfilled his office,
 Still the ground the lovers eyed,
 And the parents and the kinsmen
 Aimed their glances at the bride,
 But the groomsman eyed the virgins
 Who were waiting at her side.

IV.

Three there were that stood beside her,
 One was dark, and one was fair,
 But nor fair nor dark the other,
 Save her Arab eyes and hair;
 Neither dark nor fair I call her,
 Yet she was the fairest there.

V.

While her groomsman — shall I own it?
 Yes, to thee — and only thee —
 Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden
 Who was fairest of the three,
 Thus he thought: 'How blest the bridal
 Where the bride were such as she!'

VI.

Then I mused upon the adage,
 Till my wisdom was perplexed,
 And I wondered, as the churchman
 Dwelt upon his holy text,
 Which of all who heard his lesson
 Should require the service next.

VII.

Whose will be the next occasion
 For the flowers, the feast, the wine?
 Thine perchance, my dearest lady,
 Or, who knows? — it may be mine:
 What if 't were — forgive the fancy —
 What if 't were — both mine and thine?

T. W. P.

LINES ON CARDIFF CHURCH, WALES.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WHEN Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown
 Saint Mary's Church, the preacher then did cry,
 'Haste and rebuild the pile:' but not a stone
 Resumed its place. Age after age went by,
 And Heaven still lacked its due; but Piety
 In secret did, we trust, her loss bemoan:
 But now her spirit hath put forth its claim
 In power, and Charity doth lend her voice:
 Let the new church be worthy of its aim,
 That in its beauty Cardiff may rejoice:
 Oh! in the Past, if cause there were for blame,
 Let not our times halt in their better choice!

THE MASKED BALL.

BY NED SUMMERS.

MANY times have I been questioned as to the 'how and the when' I picked up the pretty little Spanish clipper, sailing in company with me over life's changeable ocean. Till lately, I have refused to satisfy the anxious querists; but as many of them are old friends and constant readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, I have resolved to satisfy their curiosity through its pleasant pages. In a yarn of this kind, one can be permitted to get under way suddenly, and come to abruptly; therefore I shall begin at once.

While cruising in the West Indies, in the old 'Boston,' I had many opportunities of making acquaintances on the different islands, and I was then of an age and temperament that prevented me from ever permitting such opportunities to escape. In our occasional visits to Havana, I had become acquainted with the family of Don Manuel de Candelario; which consisted of himself, a yet comely wife, a son of my own age, who held a lieutenant's commission in Her Catholic Majesty's Navy, and two daughters; girls as fair as ever threw love-darts from beneath the convenient shadow of a Castilian mantilla.

The eldest of the twain, Doña ISABELLA, had just crossed Time's tide-wake into her eighteenth year, and was an angel-creation of perfection; one of your quiet, voluptuous, dreamy creatures, without one feature or a single outline in her figure which could be improved by alteration. Her eye was like a liquid lake of night-sky, with a single-star swimming like a soul in its centre. Her sister CAROLINA was widely different in feature and character. As beautiful, yet in another style; more wild, ever gay and laughing; she was the girl for a

sailor to fall in love with. Isabella would have pleased the dreamy ideality of the languid, love-sick poet Keats; while Carolina would have suited Byron or Moore for an ocean-heroine.

We had just anchored in Havana, after a long cruise to windward, when the 'carnival season' of 1839 commenced. Our mud-hook had scarce had time to settle itself in the 'ten-fathom hole,' when I rigged myself in my best claw-hammer jacket, a pair of trousers which sheeted home at the bottom, and rowed on shore. In a few minutes I had reached the *casa* of Don Manuel, where I found the whole family assembled, discoursing upon preparations for the evening's amusement. A kiss all around (LORD! how my heart jumps, when Memory overhauls her log!) and I was duly installed on the committee of advice.

'Now,' cried the girls, as I entered the apartment, 'now our party is complete. Señor Buntline will go; what costume will you wear, Don Eduardo?'

The question threw me quite aback. I had never attended a masquerade ball before; and having only a general idea of the rules and discipline in vogue at such a place, I knew not what 'rig' to assume.

'I think a Guerilla's dress would become him very well; it would suit the independent, off-hand manner of a sailor,' said Carolina.

'Ah, no! *hermana dulce*,' replied Isabella; 'he would better sustain the character of a Troubadour; he plays well, and sings the songs of his native land so sweetly.' (There's no accounting for woman's taste, reader; for be it known to you, in a low whisper, that my music would frighten a white bear.) 'Yes,' continued Doña Isabella, 'you must dress him up as *un triste Troubadour*, and loan him your guitar.'

'Nonsense, girls!' interrupted Don Mattias; 'a sailor should never sail under false colors. He'd feel like a sick dolphin aground, in any rig but his own. Stick to the tarpaulin and blue jacket, Ned, and don't mind the romantic ideas of these novel-reading sisters of mine; and bear a hand, youngster; it's time we were under way.'

'I will leave the choice of my rig to the ladies,' said I, with true ocean-born gallantry; and they, after some little 'warring of sweet words,' concluded that I should dress as their brother had desired.

With his aid I soon found myself in pumps, white Turkish or rather balloon trousers, a blue-jacket, ornamented with sundry rows of bright buttons, a pink-and-blue striped shirt, and a miniature likeness of the 'star-spangled banner,' taken in silk, wrapped around my neck, as a patriotic symptom of a neckerchief. To this, add a very handsome mask, chosen by the sentimental Isabella, and you have my *tout ensemble*. How do you like it? While awaiting your favorable answer, I'll unmask the rest of our party.

'Hallo! what are you cruising after, Sir?' said I, as a military-looking personage, with a long black curling moustache, hair to match, and a lightning-eye, strode up within a fathom of me, significantly laying his gloved hand upon the jeweled hilt of a long 'Toledo' which hung at his side. 'Here's a snap!' thought I, as a hasty vision of all my little intrigues and amours flashed through my mind; 'I've touched the infernal Castilian pride or jealousy of this fellow, and now there's no dancing for me to-night! But the stranger raised his mask, and oh!

how *she* made the old frescoed room ring with her merry laughter! It was none other than Carolina, dressed for the ball. I stood like a monkey at the opera, perfectly transfixed with astonishment at the amazing transformation, while she enjoyed my unconcealed surprise. The folds of a military cloak concealed the delicate outline of her finely-moulded figure; she had inserted her pretty little feet in large boots, to which were attached the golden spurs of knighthood; and being tall for a woman, she made a fine specimen of a Spanish officer.

'*Quieres comprar flores?*' breathed a sweet, low voice in my ear, arousing me from my silent and stupid gaze. I turned around, and there, in the dress of a Castilian flower-girl, stood the fair Isabella. Before I go any farther, let me say to the untravelled reader that it is the prettiest dress in the world, *if* it be worn by a beautiful woman. The short white skirt, just long enough to reveal the beauties of a foot and ankle which would have killed Venus had she seen it, and caused the 'crowners' quest' to return 'died of envy;' the light blue boddice, silken-laced and tasselled, fitting neatly to a full swelling bust; the snowy, crimped ruffle, resting far down on the transparent bosom; the arms bare up to the gently-rounded elbows, so beautiful that one could scarcely look at them without wishing them for an every-day cravat; and to crown the whole, a gossamer-web mantilla contrasted its pearly whiteness with her jetty ringlets, now twining on the wings of the kissing zephyr, and then coquettishly brought forward to conceal, and thus render doubly beautiful, a soul-born blush — But whew! I'm quite out of breath writing such a long sentence without a pause.

This was the dress worn by 'Bella, and in it she looked more like one heaven-sent to give poor mortals an idea of an angel, than a being of earthly mould.

'*No otro flore, masque a ti!*' answered I, gazing half-mesmerized upon the beautiful creature.

Another personage now stalked into the room, much after the fashion of Hamlet's befloured ghost in a country theatre. It was Don Mattias, in the character of Boabdil, Granada's last king, from whom by the way the family of Don Manuel claimed lineal descent.

Mattias looked remarkably well in his regal costume; the loose velvet robes became his tall figure, and the jeweled crescent which glittered above his brow, served to set off its noble height and marble whiteness. In fact, I doubt much if Boabdil ever looked half as well as his representative.

Every thing now being ready, we entered the family-volante, and drove through crowded streets filled with gay masses of people wearing the guise of almost every nation on earth, to the Tacon Theatre, which is situated about half a mile outside the city gates. This, the largest and probably the richest theatre in the world, was filled with people. Every known nation, and some unknown ones, here found representatives. In one part, the grave, dignified and gloomy Turk sat cross-legged on his velvet cushion, scowling through the heavy masses of smoke which curled lazily upward from his inlaid chiboque; in another, a 'gatherin'

of Yankees were in earnest confab, a shingle and jack-knife in the hands of each, and the subjects of their discourse varying from the 'right of search' to the probability of 'diskiverin' the hole, upon which the celebrated Professor SYMMES claimed the honor of theorizing. In the back-ground, troops of flower-girls were lightly footing the graceful minuet with the 'lads of the mountain,' to the music of the tinkling guitar and the clattering castanets; the tambourine of the mottled mountebank rung its tum-tum, tingle-ting through the vast assemblage, while the aged, and those who preferred looking on to participation, were seated in the box-tier.

But I suppose the reader would like to know how a theatre is rigged into a ball-room; and being one of the most accommodating fellows in existence, I will 'state the case' briefly. As I said before, 'El Teatro de Tacon' is one of the largest and richest theatres in the world. During the carnival season the large parquette is floored over to an equal height with, and joined to, the stage; which is thrown entirely open, the scenery removed, and every part save the boxes cleared up as neatly as a man-o'-war's decks on a Sunday morning, when she's off soundings. This is done to give sea-room for the dancers; and there is plenty of space for four thousand people to veer and haul in this theatre, when thus prepared. A part of the second tier of boxes was reserved for the music-band, the rest of the second and lower tiers being filled with inactive spectators. The lofty, carved and gilded walls, were hung with silken banners and festoons of flowers, the whole being lighted with an immense chandelier, which hung from the centre of the dome, and twenty-four smaller ones, which were suspended from the beaks of gilded eagles, at regular distances around the building.

My friends and myself were soon gliding about, enjoying the wit and mystery of the various characters; first whispering a word in this one's ear and then in another's, each seemingly seeking to impart to the other the joy which overrun his own breast. I had just entered into an animated flirtation with some high-born damsel, in the guise of a merry peasant-girl, when a low, thrilling burst of music fell upon my ear, half suspending my breath as I drank in its rich melody.

'*Madre de Dios! es un angel!*' whispered my companion, as she glided toward the unseen musician. Slowly I worked my way through the dense breathless throng which had gathered around her. Oh! such music as then rose above the hum of admiration! At first, it was low, plaintive, and sweet as the tremulous sighings of an Æolian harp, heard from afar over zephyr-fanned waters; then, as if nearer borne on airy pinions, till the souls of the entranced hearers thrilled with its melody; again slowly, softly sinking away, reminding one of the last lingering sigh of true love, as it leaves the inanimate, freezing clay, and wings its way to heaven. I could no longer master my feelings. Right and left, with more force than politeness, I pushed through the mass of bodies that veiled the songstress from my sight.

I have ever been an ardent admirer of beauty and music; it was not strange therefore that my feelings should have approached adoration, when I found them both combined to a degree almost exceeding perfection, in the stranger before me. I reached the spot where I had before observed

the Turk reclining on his cushion. He no longer sat the slave of apathy ; his chibouque lay broken at his feet ; he had torn the mask from his face, and seemed fully as far gone as myself. With one knee resting on the deserted cushion, a guitar in her hand, her long ebon lashes, like a fringe of glossy silk, veiling her half-closed eyes, was the enchantress whose 'music's spell' had fallen on all around. On her lips trembled the last sad notes of a '*Lamentacione Española.*' 'Mournful, oh ! mournful' was her tone and mien as she sang the decline of her nation in the beautiful words of De Vega. Tears glistened in many an eye, around her ; sighs echoed from the rough breasts of hardy men, as well as tender women ; all felt the full force of music's power, when wielded by that peerless girl. At last, she paused ; looked around in evident surprise at the effect her song had produced ; and then, changing her theme, commenced a lively prelude on her instrument. Her eyes caught mine ; one thrilling look went to my heart ; and then she commenced a song of love and chivalry, in tones even more ravishing than before.

The end of the song found me, unconscious of time, place, or the thousand gleaming eyes bent toward me, upon my knees at her side ; and as the last note trembled on the chords of her instrument, my rough voice crashed upon its sweetness : 'Who, and what are you ? An angel from heaven ?'

With her bird-like voice, and a merry laugh, she cried : '*Que romantico !*' sprang from me, and disappeared in the crowd, leaving the guitar, which had borne such sweet cadence to her voice, in my hands.

'Well, you 'll pass, Ned !' said Don Mattias, slapping me on my shoulder. 'I've been watching your manœuvres this half hour. You've been backing and filling till you're got yourself aground on the shoals of love, eh ?'

'Do you know *her* ?' said I, slowly recovering from the stupor into which her sudden flight had thrown me.

'Certainly I do ; she's a cousin of mine ; and if you 'll collect your scattered senses, do the agreeable, and take a turn or two with the girls, we 'll go and serenade her by and by, with her own guitar, which I see you've captured.'

The band struck up, and soon the lovely Isabella and myself were whirling around in the voluptuous waltz ; but my charmer was no longer to be seen. She had decamped, bearing with her my heart, an article that hitherto had stood the test of bright eyes and love-darts, without material harm, although it was of a rather susceptible nature. Mechanically I passed through the evening's amusements, and rejoiced when the hour to return had at last arrived.

Reader, you must pardon me for not giving you a more full description of the ball ; but about this time I was taken too suddenly ill to take notes. My disease was of that universally fatal and undocorable species, called *love*, and of course it made me blind to every thing but *her* ; so forgive me for this one neglect, and I'll tell you all about it another time.

We (Don Mattias and myself) soon deposited the young ladies at home ; then, donning our cloaks and rapiers, we started for the serenade. Doña SEHERINA, for that was my lady-love's name, resided outside the city

walls, in the pallacio of her aunt, the Comtesa Escudero ; and thither we rode as fast as our horses would carry us. We soon arrived in sight of the building, which contained the purloiner of my heart, and a cold dreary-looking pile it was. The windows were nearly at the top of the high, gray walls, and as is usual in Spanish countries, barred, by way of caging the pretty birds within, I suppose. We fastened our horses in the rear of the building ; and now for the first time I perceived a light shining from a solitary window, which opened out upon a small iron-balustraded balcony.

‘How are we to get over this confounded wall ?’ said I, gazing dubiously on a high stone wall, surmounted with a quantity of broken glass-bottles, which ‘shone savagely’ in the clear moon-light.

‘I’ll show you directly,’ said my comrade, flinging the cords of his cloak over the out-reaching limb of an agricarte tree, that jutted over the wall. The next instant he hauled himself up, and passing him the guitar, I followed suit. We dropped noiselessly into the garden beneath, and cautiously stole along amidst orange-trees and flower-beds, until we stood beneath the lighted window. With something or other playing a ‘double-quick tattoo’ against my breast-bone, I took the guitar, and with a trembling hand, by way of prelude to awaken the lady, struck up that appropriate pouching air, ‘T is my delight of a shiny night,’ etc. ; but a shadow, as the breath of a dying infant, threw itself upon a bed of flowers in front of the window. I knew it was *her* ; my hand grew firm and steady ; boldly and freely it swept the dulcet chords obedient to my will ; my voice grew clear, and swelled into my favorite song with an eloquence it never knew before. I was singing to win a wife.

I ceased ; the shadow left the flower-bed, disappeared for a moment, then returned ; a hand whiter than the moon’s ray which kissed it, was extended ; a packet dropped from the unclosed fingers.

‘Ned, you *are* a lucky dog !’ cried Mattias ; ‘here’s a bouquet of orange-flowers with a pink in the centre, bound round with blue ribbon. You are an *accepted* lover !’

‘Thank God !’ I exclaimed, as I gazed on the precious tell-tales.

‘Amen !’ fell from the balcony, like an angel’s response from heaven, in the same tone which had bound my heart a life-prisoner at the ball.

We returned home . . .

READER, I was about to conclude my yarn ; but there is a little witch looking over my shoulder, who bothers me so that I cannot write. I’ll describe her. As all of the witching kind does, she appears in the shape of a woman. In the first place, she’s between eighteen and twenty years of age ; tall — no she is not tall, nor is she short ; but she is just a VENUSIAN height ; her figure like unto that which Nature modelled, and then in anger broke the mould which formed it, because it excelled herself.

‘Confound it, Madam ! — good LORD ! Mrs. Buntline ! — let me alone !’ There, reader, she has capsized the inkstand and pulled my ears. My tale must close : there ! she has blown out the light. Good night ! God bless the ladies !

Cincinnati, (Ohio.)

N. B.

THE BURIAL OF CHATTERTON.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

THOMAS CHATTERTON, the author of the celebrated *Rowley* poems, committed suicide in London, at the age of seventeen years. Such was his poverty, that for two days prior to his death he subsisted on a penny-tart and some water. He was buried at night in a work-house burial-ground.

THERE was heard a measured tread
Through the streets in the deep midnight,
No beam from the waning moon was shed,
And the stars withdrew their light!
Dark were the heavens above,
Dark was the earth beneath;
Dark, as the latest hour of him
Who forced the gates of Death!
Hurriedly and carelessly they bore him to his rest,
And laid the wearied child of song on Earth's maternal breast.

II.

No prayers were breathed, no tears
Bedewed his pauper-grave,
No mother wept in anguish there
For him, she might not save.
But stranger-hands consigned
To earth's sepulchral clod,
The poet's mortal flesh, to wait
The trumpet call of God:
As meteor-fires which flash on high, and then are lost in gloom,
His genius only blazed to light a pathway to the tomb.

III.

Where that young minstrel sleeps
Not e'en the rank grass grows,
No cold recording marble tells
The place of his repose:
Among the poor he lived,
Among the poor he died,
And with them in the charnel-house
Lay down the Suicide!
But oh! what need of epitaph or quaintly-sculptured stone
As monument for CHATTERTON! He proudly built his own!

IV.

His daring hand unstrung
His own majestic lyre;
But deathless are its melodies
And quenchless is its fire:
Its wondrous music long
Shall loving hearts entrance,
And for his early doom shall mourn
The genius of Romance!
Shrined within Thought's solemn cell his image long shall be,
Whose life, whose death, whose nameless grave, are each a mystery.

Philadelphia, November, 1844.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

VEGETABLE CHEMISTRY: A TREATISE ON THE FORCES WHICH PRODUCE THE ORGANIZATION OF PLANTS: with an Appendix, containing several Memoirs on Capillary Attraction, Electricity, and the Chemical Action of Light. By J. W. DRAPER, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE rapidity with which the science of chemistry is advancing, is surprising to those who only now and then have occasion to look into the new books. We well remember, for it is only a few years since, that a treatise on chemistry was considered complete when it gave some account of heat, light, and electricity, a little about oxygen gas and several metals, and wound up by administering a long chapter on the *salts*, by way of a final dose. But things have changed; and in the midst of so many new sciences, chemistry has advanced with a steady and rapid step. It has long ago ceased to be a simple amusement for druggists, or a trifle to entertain the young ladies of seminaries. When we look at the recent works, for example the one now before us, we are at once struck with the great advance which has been made. The pages, as we turn them over, have acquired a mathematical appearance; there are symbols, and equations, and tables, and all that betokens exact knowledge. On the title-page we find it styled 'A Treatise on the Forces which produce the Organization of Plants;' that is, a book showing how plants grow, and what they come from. This is very different from the old chemistry. It is only three or four years ago that this science came to be applied to explain the physiology of plants and animals. One of the earliest treatises by LIEBIG is well known in the United States, for it is said that more than one hundred thousand copies were sold here. This has been followed from time to time by the works of DUMAS and BOUSSINGAULT in France, and JOHNSTON in England. Public attention has been fully awakened to the importance of these new applications, and scientific men are every where adding improvements. Sir HUMPHREY DAVY, himself a great chemist, used to say that of all sciences chemistry was by far the noblest. There is indeed something about it which extorts our admiration. It embraces equally objects the most minute, and the most extensive; and whether it be giving the analysis of a stone, or developing the various functions of the human system, it is equally enchanting. Since it has been applied to the phenomena of life, it has become something more than a merely interesting study. The mysteries of Life, many of which are now on the point of being explained by it, are regarded by all men with a feeling of awe: 'We are fearfully and wonderfully made!'

If the applications of chemistry to animal physiology are of such great interest, its applications to vegetable physiology are scarcely less so. Plants are, as it were, the links between minerals and animals, and in them are carried on many wonderful actions. It is the felicity with which science explains these processes, that has so forcibly attracted the public attention. DR. DRAPER's book, which by the way is an excellent specimen of the manner in which our friends the HARPERS can publish valuable works, appears in an unusual form for an American book. It is printed with large types, on fine paper, and in

the quarto form, with engravings on steel, some of which are beautifully colored. It appears that the author has been engaged ten years in the preparation of his book. There is a large amount of experimental matter and new facts, the chief object being to explain how vegetable substances grow, under the influence of the light of the sun. It has been known for a long time that plants will only grow where they receive a supply of heat and light; but it is a late discovery that the substances of which they are composed, or built up, are exclusively formed by light. In the different chapters we are shown how this is brought about; that the sun's rays are absorbed, and give rise to the production of the green substance, which colors leaves; from this, or along with it, various compounds found in vegetable structures arise. The direct absorption of light is therefore the original cause of the organization of plants. The author is farther led into an investigation of the physical circumstances attending this absorption, which coincides very nearly with what takes place in photographic operations. Thus it appears that the changes which occur when a Daguerreotype portrait is taken are essentially the same as those which transpire during the growth of plants; so that the fixation of a shadow and the growth of a tree have much in common. The Appendix contains experimental evidence on these points, which is given in great detail. Several chapters of this it appears have already been published in the scientific journals of Great-Britain, and translated into French and German; so that the character of the work is widely known to scientific men. As a specimen of the manner in which the volume is written, we annex an extract:

'ONE of the most striking results of organic chemistry is the relationship which it discovers between animals and plants; the former constituting an apparatus for oxydation, the latter an apparatus for deoxydation. Compared together a relation of antagonism exists between them. Plants, from inorganic matter, construct their various tissues and parts; these are consumed by animals, and forced back into the inorganic state. It is therefore plain that the sun is the great formative agent, and animals are the destroyers. If we consider the successive races of organized beings, beginning from the lowest and passing to the highest tribes, it would seem that the general idea under which Nature has been acting is, that the more complex structures were evolved to emancipate them from the direct control of external physical forces. The vegetable kingdom, unendowed with locomotive powers, deriving its existence directly from external agents, is completely under their control. If the summer is too brilliant, or rains do not fall, a plant withers and dies. In the same manner, the lower races of animals have their existence determined by the action of physical causes; if these be favorable, they flourish; if unfavorable, they must submit to an inevitable lot. To tribes that are higher, to a certain extent, the rigor of these laws is remitted, and a certain amount of independence secured; the African lion can retire to a shade in the middle of the day; yet still he is held in a state of subjection, and instinctively submits to the operation of an overruling power, and is kept to the sands of his desert from cool and temperate climates. The sunbeam is his chain. In man alone the emancipation is complete; for into his hands nature has committed a control of the imponderable principles. It matters not whether it be in the torrid zone or in the frigid, he tempers the seasons by his intellectual power; he resorts to every artifice of clothing, or to the warmth of fire; he dissipates the natural darkness by artificial light. Developed by civilization, he is no longer a prey to natural accidents; if the harvests of his own countries have failed him, his hands have created commerce, which brings him an abundance from distant places. Unlike those races which are next below him, and which instinctively aim at the result he so perfectly accomplishes, he does not wait upon the gifts of Nature, but compels her to minister to him. When they are oppressed by hunger, whole tribes of fishes migrate in the sea, and innumerable flocks of birds direct their flight to distant countries; but civilized man, without calling into action his own locomotive powers, puts his arm across the globe, and satisfies his wants.'

There is another point of view in which this work commends itself strongly to the patronage of the American public. It is one of the *very few* original scientific treatises which have been published in our country. For a long time it has been a matter of reproach to us, the little that has been done among us for the advancement of pure science. We take this book as a symptom that more will hereafter be done; and we feel assured that our scientific men will have no cause to complain of a want of encouragement, if they commence in earnest to add to the stock of human knowledge. More especially if their labors, as in this case of Dr. DRAPER's, are directed to those great and practical questions in which the interests of millions are involved; the applications of science to such objects as agriculture and the arts. There seems to be an unfortunate impression among our scientific professors, that the road to fame and emolument is a short path; that all which is necessary is to reprint European books, '*American editions, revised and improved.*' This is not

as it should be; it is not the work in which professors of science ought almost exclusively to be engaged. American science is in their custody, and they should not neglect it. In foreign countries there seems to be no indisposition to give us full credit for whatever is done. Thus in the case of Dr. DRAPER, when some two years ago a question arose as to who first obtained portraits by the Daguerreotype, the *Edinburgh Review* came frankly forward, and gave him full credit for it; and here is a scientific application, supposed impossible by Mr. DAGUERRE, which now gives bread to a number of industrious artists in both worlds; a discovery which we are proud to attribute to a professor in the New-York University. The book before us is full of evidence of the same kind; whole chapters having been reprinted in England, Germany, France, and Italy, and duly credited to their proper source.

THE LIFE OF FRANCIS MARION. BY W. GILMORE SIMMS. In one volume. pp. 347. New-York: HENRY G. LANGLEY, Astor-House.

THIS is an attempt, generally conceded a successful one, to collect and arrange in a convenient and readable form the facts in the life of FRANCIS MARION, the brave South-Carolina General, who served his country so effectually in the wars of the Revolution. We are given to understand in the author's preface, that beside the delightful work of WEEKS, which every American boy, at all conversant with our historical literature, must remember with pleasure, there have been consulted, in the preparation of the narrative before us, numerous volumes, some private manuscripts, much unpublished correspondence, and various histories of South-Carolina and Georgia, while many minor facts have been gathered from the lips of living witnesses. Mr. WILLIS remarks, in a notice of the 'Life of MARION' in the 'Evening Mirror' daily journal, that 'Mr. SIMMS' style, always heavy, is especially so in his attempts at historical writing;' and he cites an involved and clumsy passage in illustration of the historian's manner; but we do not altogether coincide with this opinion. We confess that we like Mr. SIMMS as a historian much better than as a romancer; and we heartily share the gratification which has been generally expressed, that his pen has sought a new field. His style in the narration of actual events is less wordy and diffuse; and he is not called upon, from mere voluminousness of what CHARLES LAMB calls 'pen-and-ink-work,' to be constantly repeating himself, alike in forced epinodical reflection, and descriptions of character or scene. We have space but for a single passage, one which has been told elsewhere, in connection with the life of MARION, but which, owing to the forcible corollary deducible from the affecting incident which it records, is well worthy of being repeated and perpetuated:

'SNIPES was a Carolinian of remarkable strength and courage. He was equally distinguished for his vindictive hatred of the Tories. He had suffered some domestic injuries at their hands, and he was one who never permitted himself to forgive. His temper was sanguinary in the extreme, and led him, in his treatment of the loyalists, to such ferocities as subjected him, on more than one occasion, to the harshest rebuke of his commander. It is not certain at what period in the war the following occurrence took place, but it was on one of those occasions when the partisan militia claimed a sort of periodical privilege of abandoning their general to look after their families and domestic interests. Availing himself of this privilege, Snipes pursued his way to his plantation. His route was a circuitous one, but it is probable that he pursued it with little caution. He was more distinguished for audacity than prudence. The Tories fell upon his trail, which they followed with the keen avidity of the sleuth-hound. Snipes reached his plantation in safety, unconscious of pursuit. Having examined the homestead and received an account of all things done in his absence, from a faithful driver, and lulled into security by the seeming quiet and silence of the neighborhood, he retired to rest, and, after the fatigues of the day, soon fell into a profound sleep. From this he was awakened by the abrupt entrance and cries of his driver. The faithful negro apprised him, in terror, of the approach of the Tories. They were already on the plantation. His vigilance alone prevented them from taking his master in bed. Snipes starting up, proposed to take shelter in the barn, but the driver pointed to the flames already bursting from that building. He had barely time to leave the house, covered only by his night-shirt, and, by the counsel of the negro to fly to the cover of a thick copse of briars and brambles, within fifty yards of the dwelling, when the Tories surrounded it. The very task of penetrating this copse, so as to screen himself from sight, effectually removed the thin garment which concealed his nakedness. The shirt was torn from his back by the briars, and the skin shared in its injuries. But, once there, he lay effectually concealed from sight. Ordinary conjecture would scarcely have supposed that any animal larger than a rabbit would have sought or found shelter

in such a region. The Tories immediately seized upon the negro and demanded his master, at the peril of his life. Knowing and fearing the courage and the arm of Snipes, they did not enter the dwelling, but adopted the less valorous mode of setting it on fire, and, with pointed muskets, surrounded it, in waiting for the moment when their victim should emerge. He, within a few steps of them, heard their threats and expectations, and beheld all their proceedings. The house was consumed, and the intense heat of the fire subjected our partizan, in his place of retreat, to such torture as none but the most dogged hardihood could have endured without complaint. The skin was peeled from his body in many places, and the blisters were shown long after, to persons who are still living. But Snipes too well knew his enemies, and what he had to expect at their hands, to make any confession. He bore patiently the torture, which was terribly increased, when, finding themselves at fault, the Tories brought forward the faithful negro who had thus far saved his master, and determined to extort from him, in the halter, the secret of his hiding-place. But the courage and fidelity of the negro proved superior to the terrors of death. Thrice was he run up the tree, and choked nearly to strangulation, but in vain. His capability to endure proved superior to the will of the Tories to inflict, and he was at length let down, half dead, as in truth ignorant of the secret which they desired to extort. What were the terrors of Snipes in all this trial? What his feelings of equal gratitude and apprehension? How noble was the fidelity of the slave; based upon what gentle and affectionate relationship between himself and master; probably from boyhood! Yet this is but one of a thousand of such attachments, all equally pure and elevated.

This life of MARION derives additional attraction from numerous illustrations, engraved on wood, and scattered throughout the work; which, although somewhat crude when closely examined, are yet sufficiently expressive, and aid not a little the imagination of the reader.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE: OR THE ADVENTURES OF MILES WALLINGFORD. By the Author of 'The Pilot,' 'Red Rover,' etc. Volumes Three and Four. pp. 428. Published for the Author. New-York: BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY.

WE have read no one of the later works of our only *distinguished* American novelist, properly so designated, with half the interest that MILES WALLINGFORD's narrative awakened at the beginning, and has sustained to the end of the four volumes in which it is embraced. There are scenes and passages in the history of his adventures which will not suffer by comparison with the most vivid of those sketches, whether of sea or land, which have made our author so widely known in both hemispheres. We scarcely know which the most to admire, the life and spirit with which Mr. COOPER has invested those scenes and events of his narrative which are peculiar to his favorite element, the ocean, or the charming pictures of country life and country manners, which, together with certain scenes in 'The Pioneers,' will render 'Clawbonny,' and the region round about, *immortal*. This may perhaps seem extravagant praise: but it is undeniable, that authors possessed of high creative powers distinguish the place of their nativity instead of being distinguished by it. They do not receive, they give birth to the place of their residence, and vivify the region around them. The art of the novelist, in the conduct of the story proper, strikes us as transcendent: curiosity is admirably stimulated and felicitously kept unsatisfied, so far as the matrimonial dénouement of the hero and heroine are concerned, to the very last. We say 'hero and heroine,' but we should correct the expression. The interest of the reader in the subordinate characters of the story is scarcely less exciting than that felt for those who were no doubt intended to be the principal personages of the novel. MARBLE, the mate, and NER, the black seaman, will be remembered as long as MILES WALLINGFORD or LUCY HARDINGE. We have a word to say of Mr. COOPER's *sea-style*, if we may employ such an expression. It possesses to our eye the distinctness of a painting. We do not so much allude to the prominent sea-pictures which are scattered through these volumes, as to the merely incidental descriptions of a passing ocean-scene, which occur in the progress of the narrative. Let us illustrate our meaning by two brief passages. The first occurs in the description of a ship that has just weathered the south-west spit, and with a fair wind is putting past Sandy-Hook and out at sea:

'GLAD was I to see the head of the Dawn pointing in the right direction, with her yards nearly square, and a fore-top-mast studding-sail set. The pilot was all activity, and Marble, cool, clear-headed in his duty, and instinctively acquainted with every thing belonging to a vessel, was just the man to carry out his views to his heart's content. The ship went, rising and falling on the swells of

the ocean, that now began to make themselves felt, past the light and the low point of the Hook, within a few minutes after we had squared away, and, once more, the open ocean lay before us. I could not avoid smiling at Neb, just as we opened the broad waste of waters, and got an unbroken view of the rolling ocean to the southward. The fellow was on the main-top-sail yard, having just run out, and lashed the heel of a top-gallant-studding-sail boom, in order to set the sail. Before he lay into the mast, he raised his Herculean frame, and took a look to windward. His eyes opened, his nostrils dilated, and I fancied he resembled a hound that scented game in the gale, as he snuffed the sea-air which came fanning his glistening face, filled with the salts and peculiar flavors of the ocean.'

Here is an incident in a gale at sea, near the chops of the Irish channel. Have you never *dreamed*, reader, of seeing a vessel go down, or of being in one that went down, like the ill-fated ship mentioned below?

'A WILD scene lay around us, at the return of light. The Atlantic resembled a chaos of waters, the portions of the rolling sheet that were not white with foam, looking green and angry. The clouds hid the sun, and the gale seemed to be fast coming to its height. At ten, we drove past an American, with nothing standing but his foremast. Like us, he was running off, though we went three feet to his two. Half an hour later, we had the awful sight before our eyes of witnessing the sudden disappearance of an English brig. She was lying-to, directly on our course, and I was looking at her from the windlass, trying to form some opinion as to the expediency of our luffing-to, in order to hold our own. Of a sudden, this brig gave a plunge, *and she went down like a porpoise diving*. What caused this disaster I never knew; but, in five minutes we passed as near as possible over the spot, and not a trace of her was to be seen. I could not discover so much as a handspike floating, though I looked with intense anxiety, in the hope of picking up some fellow-creature clinging to a spar. As for stopping to examine, one who did not understand the language might as well hope to read the German character on a mile-stone, while flying past it in a rail-road car.'

Our copy of 'Afloat and Ashore' is full of pencil-marks and dog's-ears; but for the attractive passages which they indicate, we have in this closing number of a volume of our Magazine no adequate space. We can but counsel all who have not already done so, at once to secure the volumes; relying, if need be, upon our reiterated assurance, that they will awaken and sustain the interest of the reader unabated to the end.

ANASTASIS: OR THE DOCTRINE OF THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY RATIONALLY AND SCRIPTURALLY CONSIDERED. By GEORGE BUSH, Professor of Hebrew, New-York University. In one Volume. pp. 396. New-York and London: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

WHILE standing by a newly-opened vault of the dead in Wall-street, the other day, as mentioned in the 'Gossip' of our last number, and surveying the mere handful of dust which was all that remained of perhaps fifty human bodies, 'wasted, marrow, bones and all,' we could not help asking ourselves, 'Is it *possible* that the belief in which we have been educated can be true? Will the 'material body' rise again from the grave, and stand before its MAKER on the last great day?' The volume before us, from the pen of a clergyman of the Presbyterian church, and one of the most profound biblical scholars of this or any other country, answers these questions with arguments that we think defy refutation. The work will create a profound sensation. It is hard to combat opinions which have strengthened with the lapse of years; which have been reiterated in religious discourses, and chanted in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs for centuries of years. How many lips, cold and still forever in the grave, have pronounced the lines:

'AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

'Corruption, earth and worms
Will but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

'GOD my REDEEMER lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till HE shall bid it rise.

'Then, wrapt in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.'

Under an oppressive load of conscious, solemn responsibility, Dr. BUSH contends, and we think clearly proves, that the resurrection of the body is not a doctrine of revelation. This view of the subject presents the grand future under an entirely new aspect, and is calcula-

ted to give a rude shock to the settled preconceptions of a great portion of Christendom. Our author has arrived at his sincere convictions 'from the progressive development of Scriptural truth. There is nothing, he contends, that is *destructive* in the bearings of his theory. He has advanced nothing that is intrinsically calculated to weaken the force of the great moral sanctions of the Bible. He leaves the sublime announcements of the resurrection, the judgment, etc., clothed with all their essential practical potency, as doctrines of revelation, though placed upon their true foundation, and eliminated from the mixtures of long-adhering error. We shall take another occasion to advert more particularly to the arguments in detail of the work under notice. In the mean time we cannot resist the inclination to present a passage or two from the chapter devoted to 'the argument from reason.' The following paragraph involves grave difficulties to be overcome by those who believe in the resurrection of the material body :

'No fact in physiological science is better ascertained, than that the human body, in regard to its constituent particles, is in a state of constant flux. It is perpetually undergoing a process of waste and reparation. Strictly speaking, no man has the same body now that he had seven years ago, as it is in about this period that a complete change is held to take place in the bodily structure, by which we may be said to be corporeally renovated. This is a fact established by physiology, and the proof of it, we believe, is entirely beyond question, and must form an indispensable element in any judgment which we pronounce upon the subject. The phrase, *the body*, does not actually represent the object intended, if the idea conveyed by it be restricted to the body as existing at any one moment. The idea of existence in continuity is indispensable to it. The question then again recurs, what body is to be raised? A person who dies at the age of seventy has had ten different bodies. Which of these is to be the body of the resurrection? Is it the body of infancy, of childhood, of youth, of manhood, or of old age? Or is it the aggregate of all these? If we go back to the days of the Antediluvians and apportion the number of the bodies of Methusaleh, for instance, to the length of his life, and then suppose the whole to be collected into one vast corporeity, we should indeed be reminded that, as 'there *were* giants in those days,' so there *will* be giants in the day of the resurrection! It is obvious that a very grave difficulty from this source pertains to the prevalent theory of the resurrection of the body, and one which we discover no mode of obviating on that theory.'

We remember a theory of ghosts, based upon a kindred postulate with the above. It was contended that apparitions were the shadowy bodies which from time to time disappeared from the new person, like the concentric rings peeled from an onion! Our author goes on to establish that the resurrection-body is to be a *spiritual* and not a material body. A material body is a body of flesh and blood; but 'flesh and blood,' saith the Scriptures, 'cannot inherit the kingdom of God.' Dr. BUSH continues his illustrations of the endless cycles of change which the human body may undergo :

'THE doctrine of the resurrection of the same body, in any sense whatever, encounters difficulties in our view absolutely insuperable, arising from the changes and new combinations which the particles of the dead body undergo in the interval between death and the resurrection. Who does not know that the luxuriant vigor and verdure of the wheat-crops waving over the field of Waterloo are owing to a source of fertility which the Belgic husbandman never conveyed to the soil?

'Rich harvests wave where mighty Troy once stood,
'Birth of a soil made fat with Phrygian blood.'

'The putrescent relics of the goodly structure which once enshrined a human soul are resolved into the dust of the earth. The dust springs up in the varied forms of vegetable life. The beasts of the field crop the grasses and the herbs which derive their succulence from the constituent material of the bodies of buried men. Out of these eaters comes forth sweetness, and the flesh which was fed by the flesh of the fathers goes to the sustenance of the flesh of the sons. To whom shall these particles belong in the day of their final recall from these varied compositions? Will it not require the whole vegetable and animal world to be decomposed in order to extricate the assimilated portions and give to each his due? And how can the matter ever be adjusted? The particles that now belong to one body have previously belonged to some other; whose shall they be in the resurrection? as the Sadducees asked respecting the wife of seven husbands. And what shall we say of the case of those who have fallen victims to the barbarous rage and horrid hankerings of cannibals? Who shall be the rightful claimants in the day of adjudication, when specific particles have been incorporated by perfect assimilation into two different bodies?'

The argument from Scripture is treated at great length, and enforced by the text of the original Hebrew, which is copiously quoted and rendered, in illustration of the various reasonings of the learned author. We commend the volume to the understandings of all denominations of men.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LAW AND LAWYERS. — The subjoined is the communication to which we alluded in the 'Gossip' of our last number. While we commend it to the attention of our readers, we would also respectfully invite them to include in its perusal the few remarks which we have ventured to append to the observations of our candid and courteous correspondent.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I have been a constant reader of your Magazine for these twelve long years, and always with pleasure and profit to myself. I believe it would be difficult to find in the Republic of Letters a more useful and entertaining periodical, or one more creditable to the literary taste of a people, than our own KNICKERBOCKER. I am especially pleased with your 'Editor's Table,' that *olla podrida* of wit and humor, pathos and serious reflection. Pardon, however the familiarity of an old friend in saying, that so interesting a portion of your Magazine ought not to appear in such diminutive type: you should surely give these lucubrations of yours a better dress.

But it is not to complain of typography that I now address you; a weightier subject occupies my thoughts. In the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER, in a by-corner of the aforesaid 'Editor's Table,' there are some severe, I had almost written unkind remarks upon the character and tendencies of the legal profession, of which, dear Mr. EDITOR, I account myself an humble member. I think you have erred greatly in your hasty judgment upon us, and I wish I had time to convince you, as I am sure I could, that the too prevalent custom of underrating a liberal and most useful profession has no better foundation for its support than an idle and unworthy prejudice.

I am at a loss to conjecture who may have been the able jurist of whom you speak as having given so satisfactory an answer to your question. Were it not for the improbability of the thing, I should almost be inclined to think that this 'venerable limb of the law,' be he who he may, was indulging himself in a joke at the expense of even so distinguished a personage as the Editor of our KNICKERBOCKER. If so, it were presumptuous indeed; but for his sake, don't condemn us all. You must admit with me, that the law is, and always must be, a science. Simplify it as much as may be, cut off all the inconsistent and unnatural excrescences which have been suffered to disfigure the noble trunk, and yet so long as there are recognized principles of right and wrong — too often alas! not so easily discernible as they should be — so long as the rules of right reasoning are acknowledged and respected; so long as the selfish instincts and the restless passions of our nature remain unchanged; the law must be of paramount importance. The sphere of its action is as diversified as the pursuits of human life; and there can be no conceivable relation of men with each other, which the law deems unworthy of its care. It emphatically comes home to men's business and bosoms; it throws around all its unseen protection; it is the common arbiter, which in exchanging a state of nature for society, we have chosen as the defender of our rights, the avenger of our wrongs. That society must be simple indeed in its structure, and have made but little advance in civilization, in which the law does

not exist, to some extent at least, as a science; and there is perhaps no better test of the progress made by a people in the improvement of their social condition, than the respect and obedience which are paid by them to the law, and the consideration with which its ministers and expounders are treated.

Because in some instances the law has been made an instrument of oppression and tyranny, let us not condemn it for such unworthy prostitution of its high functions; let us rather think in how many cases it has thrown its shield over the helpless; how often it has unmasked and frustrated the villain, and interposed its strong arm for the protection of society. HERRICK, an old poet of the time of CHARLES the First, says in some quaint rough verses:

'LAW is to give to every man his own,
To shove the feeble up against the strong,
To shield the stranger and the poor from wrong;
This was the founder's grave and good intent
To keep the outcast in his tenement,
To free the orphan from that wolf-like man
Who is his butcher, more than guardian;
To dry the widow's tears, and stop her swoons,
By pouring balm and oil into her wounds.'

Such were the sentiments of an old cavalier in days long past, when the abuses of the law must have been far greater than at the present time; and I think probably you will say from prejudice that they are to a great extent applicable now; at any rate, it must be admitted that there is no profession or class of citizens whose services are more essential and necessary to the well-being of society than the lawyers.

But, Mr. EDITOR, you charge us with the employment of technical terms for the purpose of making the law an occult science. This I take to be the most serious of your accusations. It would be a folly indeed to deny that there are many technicalities in daily use in the legal profession, and that many words are employed by us in a peculiar sense, and with meanings different from those understood in ordinary parlance; but I conceive this to be unavoidable: at any rate, I am sure it cannot be attributed to so profound a motive as the desire of excluding the 'commune vulgus' from all participation in the mysteries of the science. All trades and occupations have in a greater or less degree their peculiar and technical phrases and expressions. Is it probable that the exact and beautiful nomenclature of the chemist was invented for no other purpose than to deter the mass of mankind from a knowledge of the researches and discoveries of so interesting a science? You yourself, Mr. EDITOR, have doubtless at some time or other in your life had occasion to get a house built; let me ask you if you ever met with a more puzzling jargon of unintelligible words than the specifications of your carpenter and mason? Go into the merchant's counting-house, and what definite idea can you acquire of the nature of his business? In what degree are you familiar with the abstruse science of book-keeping in the high and solemn department of 'Double Entry?' What precise idea is conveyed to your mind, (supposing you detest figures,) in the lofty phrase 'Cash Dr. to Bills Receivable,' or 'Sundries Dr. to Profit and Loss?' Confess to me, Mr. EDITOR, that these are indeed profound mysteries; and yet the use of such technical expressions is confined to no particular class or description of persons. Indeed, I might give you a thousand instances; but one will suffice. I will wager you any amount of money, that in your own printing-office there are more technical words in use than in the whole body of the law; and yet you will hardly say that this is owing to a far-sighted apprehension, on the part of the printer, that if such words were not so employed, the trade would be overdone. Remember, dear Sir, that language is finite, and that words must be used in more senses than one, or else the labor of a life would be required to master one's own vernacular.

You complain too of the tautological diffusiveness of our papers, and to a certain extent with reason; but if I had not already taken up so much of your time, I would show you that to draw a legal instrument or pleading, is a very different thing from letting one's pen run over the paper with all the unrestrained freedom of ordinary writing. The canons of

taste are not like the rules of law. When you sit down, dear Mr. EDITOR, to your labor of love, you are not made nervous by the thought that you must stand or fall by the record, and that the case to be made must be relied upon without alteration; that argument and inference cannot be indulged in; and that precision and certainty are necessary above all things. These are matters which make the lawyer nervous; and if he errs in too much amplification, it is because he feels acutely the truth of old HORACE's maxim:

'Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.'

Will you accept these hasty remarks as an answer to your charges upon our profession, and forgive an old lawyer for venturing to trouble you with this imperfect paper, which has been written in an hour stolen from engrossing business? If you are not convinced, you will I am sure at least look not unkindly upon this attempt to defend our noble science from an imputation which is conceived to be unjust.

H. N.

Thus far our excellent correspondent. We have a word to say however touching certain portions of his communication. Let us premise, that 'the distinguished jurist' to whom we alluded in our October number is a man whose mere professional *ipse-dixit* we have reason to believe would be considered *law* with our correspondent, without hesitation or gainsaying. Our friend seems to consider the use of tautological terms as unavoidable; and he sets forth the nervousness of a lawyer, in drawing a legal instrument, lest he should fail in getting it right; but this nervousness may sometimes arise from a cause less creditable to the 'learned gentleman.' Many years ago there appeared in the *Westminster Review* a searching exposé of the absurd and adscititious legal amplifications which are common to the law-pleadings of England. Now it is well known, even to the uninitiated—since every time we toast an Englishman at a public dinner the fact is dwelt upon with great unction—that 'English law is American law;' and in most of its ridiculous forms and wordy verbiage, it is essentially so, our revised statutes to the contrary notwithstanding. Let us glance for a moment then at some of the absurdities to which we had allusion in our former remarks. Our English reviewer contends, and he establishes his position by a multitude of irrefragable proofs, that legal practitioners *have an interest in prolixity*; that in their pleadings they indulge in the most useless amplifications, and insert the most ridiculous falsehoods, unnecessary to their clients, merely in order to charge for them. The reviewer begins by remarking that the *rationale* of common law seems capable of being comprised in a very few simple rules, the most important of which is, that the allegations of litigant parties should consist of nothing more than simple statements of fact, and simple and specific denials of facts pleaded by the other party; the facts pleaded being accompanied with the circumstances of time, place, etc., necessary to fix their identity, and by no others whatsoever. The parties should make no allegation in pleading which they do not believe to be true. A complainant cannot but know how he considers himself to have acquired the right which he claims, and the defendant must equally know what he considers to render the claim of the complainant invalid. This slender stock of knowledge, under a simplified mode of pleading, would be amply sufficient. Little art is required to enable men to tell the truth; art becomes requisite chiefly when men are about to plead falsehood. The reviewer takes up that bundle of redundance, prolixity and falsehood, which is called a 'declaration,' and exposes the 'mendacity-license' under which it is drawn up. So wordy and confused is this instrument, in even a simple action of debt, that it is customary to call upon the plaintiff to furnish the defendant with a 'bill of particulars,' specifying what disinterested common sense would have specified in the declaration, which it supersedes; but then there would be no long 'counts' to charge for by the folio; counts differing only in the statement of the mode in which the debt was incurred. Look for example at a declaration in an action for the value of any personal property whatsoever, which a person to whom it does not legally belong has converted to his own use, or refuses to give up to the

owner. In whatever manner the defendant may have become possessed of this property, this sort of declaration always states that the plaintiff *casually* lost, and the defendant *casually* found, the goods in question. In an action for the value of two waggons, ten horses, and an hundred head of cattle, the 'cause of action' would be stated something like this in the declaration: 'For that whereas the said plaintiff, being possessed of certain cattle, goods and chattels, to wit, twenty waggons, twenty carts, twenty carriages, one hundred horses, one hundred mares, one hundred geldings, one thousand bulls, one thousand cows, one thousand oxen, one thousand heifers, *casually lost* (as it were out of his pocket!) 'the said cattle, goods and chattels, and the same came into the possession of the said defendant *casually* by finding!' Take the case of a debt not due by virtue of a deed; an action, for instance, to recover compensation for loss occasioned by negligence. A horse is sent to a blacksmith to be shod; in shoeing, the animal is accidentally lamed by the blacksmith's man: no promise has been made, nor was the injury done, intentional; yet the owner would, in the kind of declaration most usually employed in an action for compensation, be made to allege, that 'in consideration of certain reasonable reward,' the blacksmith undertook and *faithfully promised* 'to shoe the said horse in a skilful, careful, and proper manner; but not regarding his said several promises and undertakings, but *contriving and fraudulently intending craftily and suttily to deceive and defraud* the plaintiff in this behalf, he wholly neglected so to do,' etc. Absurd and mendacious, however, as these 'declarations' are, they are veracious and simple compared with that in 'ejectment.' In this instrument, not only every fact stated, but also the names of the parties, and literally every word, is false: the declaration, for example, is framed as against a fictitious defendant at the suit of a fictitious plaintiff; and in an ejectment for *one* house and garden, it directs RICHARD ROE to answer JOHN DOE 'wherefore he, the said RICHARD ROE, with force and arms entered into *five* messuages, *five* stables, *five* coach-houses, *five* yards, and *five* gardens, situate lying and being' in such or such a place! And at the foot of this declaration is written a pretended note from the fictitious defendant, RICHARD ROE, to the tenant in actual possession, who is the real defendant, advising him to appear in court and be made defendant, otherwise he (the legal 'PETER FUNK!') will suffer judgment to be entered against himself by default! The service of a copy of this tissue of nonsense upon the tenant in possession results in another cluster of lies, which the tenant is obliged to tell, before the court will permit him to defend the action. In a 'notice to appear,' a defendant is informed that he is 'running up and down the country and secreting himself' with a vagabond of the name of ROE. He is ordered to 'appear' on a certain day in court and plead to the charge; but the appearance itself is fictitious. If he were to appear and persist in pleading, as ordered, he would probably be committed to prison for the gross contempt he had evinced for the court, by obeying its commands! The true purport of the notice is, that the defendant is to *pay certain fees*, and give bail for securing his obedience to the decision of the court; and in finding this security, he is often permitted to avail himself of the friendly assistance of Messrs. JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE. Some idea of a declaration in an action for assault and battery may be derived from the following lines:

'THE pleadings state that JOHN-A-GULL,
With envy, wrath, and malice full,
With swords, knives, sticks, staves, fist and bludgeon,
Beat, bruised, and wounded JOHN-A-GUDGXON.
First counts: 'For that, with divers jugs,
To wit, twelve pots, twelve cups, twelve mugs,
Of certain vulgar drink called toddy,
Said GULL did sluice said GUDGXON's body;
To wit, his gold-laced hat and hair on,
And clothes which he had then and there on;
To wit, twelve jackets, twelve surtouts,
Twelve pantaloons, twelve pairs of boots,
Which did thereby much discompose
Said GUDGXON's mouth, eyes, ears and nose,
Back, belly, neck, thighs, feet and toes;
By which, and other wrongs unheard of,
His clothes were spoiled and life despaired of.'

That redundancy and tautology are the besetting defects of 'legal contracts' between man and man, is we believe generally acknowledged. Our friend Mayor HARPER, who does not lack a certain shrewd common sense, but who, like Necessity, 'knows no law,' illustrates this by a little anecdote. His firm were about publishing a work by a popular writer. A brother of the author waits upon JAMES, with a contract filling three or four manuscript pages, setting forth, that, 'Whereas, on this blank day of blank, in the city of New-York, to wit, the parties of the first part, in consideration of,' and so forth, 'bind themselves, their heirs and assigns, to and with the party of the second part, to perform the obligations hereinafter more particularly described and set forth,' et cetera. Our Mayor-publisher wiped his 'specs,' looked at the document a moment, and stepping to the desk, wrote on a piece of paper, 'We agree to give ——— twenty-five cents for each copy sold of any editions which we may hereafter publish of the book entitled So-and-so.' The time of payment was specified; and these four or five lines, being dated, and signed by the firm, were as binding, and as 'good in law' to all parties, as the long and half-unintelligible document for which it was substituted. But 'enough said' — perhaps too much.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—It may not be amiss to mention, although the intelligence can hardly be new to many of our readers, that there was lately held a '*Lecture*,' for the purpose of obtaining a President and Vice-President of this 'Free and Enlightened Republic.' Several 'returns' have already come in; and it was recently stated in a 'morning paper' that probability seemed to favor the conclusion that Hon. JAMES K. POLK, of Tennessee, and Hon. GEORGE M. DALLAS, of Pennsylvania, had been chosen to rule over us for the next four years, and that the gallant HENRY CLAY, beloved of so many warm American hearts, had been defeated. Not having been contradicted to our knowledge in any 'evening paper,' this report we incline to consider well-founded. Still, we think 'the country is safe.' We have seen it on the verge of annihilation several times; and once it was not expected to survive but a very short time after the election. This is not the *second* advent of political Millerism that we have seen, by four or five; yet somehow or other, the country has always gone on pretty much as was usual, even after all the States had been heard from, let the result be as it might. 'Well,' said a querulous Democrat, as he entered our barber's-shop the next day after the election of the late President HARRISON, 'well, you've got the *lection*; now where's the better times you promised us? Where's the 'bundance of money? Where's the market for every thing, and where's the two dollars a-day and the roast beef?' This querist was a little unreasonable in his anticipations, certainly; but not more so perhaps than a good Whig, who in the same place, the day after Mr. POLK's election was deemed settled, 'lifted up his voice and said: 'Now you'll see! You'll see now what they've done! Now the hats and coats and umbrellas will come *pourin'* in from England! Now the shovels, andirons and brass-kettles will come *pourin'* in upon our shores! No protection to *our* mechanics; no markets for our work; no *gettin'* along; no nothing!' 'Hope all things,' gentlemen politicians of *all* parties, that are good, concerning our noble country! The future, let the disaffected believe, like the 'times' that have passed, will confirm no auguries of serious evil. Rulers are amenable to the Ruled, by whom they are closely watched. Our glorious Republic, with her free institutions, will be spared amid all the strifes and turmoils of parties; for the combatants themselves *love her in their hearts*. In lands less favored, Freedom has sometimes been murdered without the mark of blood. Assassins have 'hid themselves in the covering of the Constitution, and in her own colors, and in her name, planted the dagger.' In America, the love of a republican government, and the sleepless vigilance of the people, will forever avert a calamity so fearful. But we may seem didactic; and to avoid the imputation of affecting the gymnastics of rhetoric, we will pause; simply adding, that for ourselves indivi-

dually, we are entrenched behind the '*Principles of Ninety-Eight*,' and are not depressed by the defeat, nor elated with the success, of the 'generality of political parties in general.' Any man who knows what the '*Principles of Ninety-Eight*' are, will at once appreciate the impregnability of our position. A word however to the losers and the winners in the late contest. We have certain warm friends among the latter; and they have assured us that they intend to 'wear their honors meekly.' They will permit their children to play with the neighbors' children, just as they always used to do, and none of their respectable acquaintances are to be tabooed. This is well. On the other hand, let each losing party reflect that he has much to console him. 'One who knows' by experience, thus depicts his consolations: 'He is exempt from all solicitude. He can beake himself with confidence to bed. A minority alumber is but rarely disturbed by the roaring shouts of a torch-light procession. It is not expected that he should shiveringly arise at two or three o'clock in the morning, to make thankful speeches for the honor which has been done to him, or to invite Tom, Dick and Harry, to come in and soil his carpets and drink his wine. He can take his meals, and read the 'returns' in quiet, unannoyed by either bell or knocker. He is not required to give 'cold cuts' and savory collations to celebrate the triumph. On the contrary, all post-election expenses are dispensed with in his case, on account of the 'cold cut,' previously given to him at the polls. When he walks forth, his way through the streets is clear and unembarrassed. Nobody squeezes his hand and asks for his influence. He is not obliged to perplex his brain for the coinage of piquant replies, in answer to flat and wearisome compliment. Success must smile; but Defeat may indulge in his humor. And then, what cares he for securities? He is safe enough in himself. His affairs, too, may stand as they are; no winding up and packing up; no changes to disturb his household gods or to distress his adhesiveness. No winter in Washington to be provided for; no perplexities about other people's business.' 'A few more last words,' ladies and gentlemen of all parties. You are all settled down now; political reading is voted a bore; you require a pleasant literary periodical; something that shall instruct, amuse, interest, entertain you. 'Any thing in our line, Madam? Can we help you to what you wish, Sir? We have a 'large and splendid assortment' of contributors, and 'every thing that is going,' in the literary line, we can supply you with. Ours is an 'old and flourishing house.' Think of it: our next number commences our *TWENTY-FIFTH VOLUME!* *It shall find no superior in any one of its predecessors.* 'This way, Madam; walk this way, Sir. The subscription-book is at the desk. What name, Ma'am?' It is entered, Madam. 'And yours, Sir?' It is down, Sir. You will receive your numbers promptly on the first of each month. 'Good morning!' 'Good morning, Ma'am — Sir!' *Exeunt.* . . . We have before us the ms. copy of a poem spoken before the Mercantile Library of Boston, in October last, by PARK BENJAMIN, Esq.; and we have perused it with high gratification. Its versification is harmonious; it is full of admirable hits at the humbugs and follies of the time; and in the turns of expression and odd evolvings of thought, it is altogether original. We cannot wonder that it should have been received by the crowded auditory at the Melodeon with frequent and prolonged demonstrations of applause; especially that its delivery is also spoken of in the Boston journals as having been remarkable for its effectiveness. It is rich in its variety of topics. It contains 'palpable hits' at the Polka, repudiation, transcendentalism, medica and other quackeries, the 'money-power' of the country, etc., etc. What we are especially struck with, is the compression of the language. How much is conveyed, for example, in this allusion to the small-beer imitators of the unworthy characteristics of men of genius, who

'In vacant musing waste the hours of light,
And drink for inspiration all the night;
Not yours the triumph, but the shame and sin,
Ye lack the genius though ye have the gin!'

There is a very fervent and beautiful tribute to the genius of the great poet CAMPBELL, which we regret our inability, for reasons elsewhere mentioned, to quote entire. One of

the most forcible passages perhaps in the whole poem is that which treats of the omnipotent sway of the 'almighty dollar.' The subjoined will afford an inkling of the poet's manner, in treating of this branch of his theme:

'RICH Vice, full-feasted, looks with scorn behind
On poor Integrity who has not dined;
Great Humbug, driving, deigns not to salute
Ignoble Science, trudging home on foot.'

'More than Ambition's are thy victims told,
And Beauty bends, Devotion stoops to gold.
In the great city, full of whirl and din,
The shrine of pleasure and the haunt of sin,
Where Pity meets along the crowded way
Precocious guilt and premature decay,
And tottering eld, with looks profanely cast
On barefaced lewdness, sweeping boldly past;
Nobs with sleek steeds and snobs on meagre nags,
Pride robed in silks and Poverty in rags—
So throng the money-changers, Faith believes
That prayer's high houses are but dens of thieves.'

A modern poem would be altogether incomplete, that should omit to speak of women, (God bless them!) and of the tender passion which they are continually exciting in the bosoms of our rougher and sterner sex. 'Hence we find' that our poet-orator, by way of an attractive peroration, furnishes us with a glowing apostrophe to '*Love*,' 'a sample of which please note, as per annexed:'

'WHAT tales are told to celebrate its power!
What dainty ditties sung in hall and bower!
What vows! what sighs! darts, duels and despair,
Embroidered slippers, rings and locks of hair!
What tears of pleasure and what smiles of grief!
Short pain too lasting, and long joy too brief;
Though dark yet fair, a falsehood yet a truth,
Old age's retrospect and hope of youth.'

'By love inspired, the scholar quits his books,
And finds no learning save in MARY's looks:
How bright the lesson, how sublime the style,
Greek in her glance and Sanscrit in her smile!
By love inspired, the statesman yields the power
Of ruling senates for a lady's bower;
Great minds are swayed by passion more than fame,
NAPOLEON felt, and TYLER feels the flame!
By love inspired, the cautious man of trade
Starts from his store and seeks the solemn shade,
Leaves his large ledger and his 'pots and pearls'
For pic-nic parties and gregarious girls.'

The reader need only to be told that this poem of '*Infatuation*' (rather a misnomer, it strikes us) will soon be issued from the press of Messrs. WILLIAM D. TICKNOR AND COMPANY, Boston. . . . THE metropolitan theatres are in the full tide of success. At the PARK, the most prominent attraction, after the close of the engagement of that capital actor, Mr. HENRY PLACIDE, has been Mr. ANDERSON, whose performances have stamped him a man of original genius, improved by close study. His representations of the hero in the '*Lady of Lyons*' and '*The Patrician's Daughter*' were received with continued applause; and he may henceforth consider himself as having taken a long lease of public favor. We were glad to see that Mr. PLACIDE's 'benefits' were bumpers, as they deserved to be. Observe what the late Mr. ABBOTT says of him, and his *former* 'benefits,' in preceding pages. It is fortunate for Mr. PLACIDE, and creditable to the public, that there is a difference on the right side 'twixt now and then.' At the BOWERY '*Putnam*' has alternated with other showy pageants, which had previously been introduced at this establishment; including among them, however, a new melodrama, founded upon certain interesting events in the war of the Revolution. Our avocations have been such as not to admit

of our attendance ; but the journals have represented the performances at 'The People's Theatre' as particularly successful. Mr. MITCHELL, at the 'OLYMPIC,' does not know what a 'thin house' looks like. He is crowded nightly, and has been ; and it matters little whether he presents new or old pieces. 'Fore heaven, he and his dramatic family have 'given the people medicines to make them in love' with all he does for them ! Mr. CORBYN's experiment at NIBLO's has not succeeded ; not however for any lack of liberality and enterprise on his part. He had a good company, good scenery, unexceptionable stage appointments, good taste, and the best of management. The causes of non-success were extrinsic. Winter and summer fashions are not more different in dress than in the *locale* of theatricals. . . . HAVE you read 'A Night of Terror,' an extract from an unpublished novel, in preceding pages ? If yea, let us ask if you have encountered, since you perused the Quod Correspondence, a more powerful and spirited sketch ? It is a scene from a manuscript romance, entitled 'The Letter, or the Two Birth-Days ;' a work which we take it will not be long in finding a publisher ; for we can assure our friends the book-sellers that it is a story which will 'create a sensation' and *command* success. We are informed that the horrid circumstances narrated in the chapter which we have quoted, were 'related to the author as having actually taken place during the past century.' We ourselves have the authority of an eminent physician in this city for stating, that a similar scene, (save that the patient's face was not concealed, and he himself went willingly with the gentleman in a mask,) occurred many years ago in his metropolitan practice. When the novel shall have been published, its readers will find themselves irrepressibly interested in a train of almost miraculous events, a tide of regrets and repentance, and in the triumphant efforts of the author to 'make the dark light and the wrong right.' Meanwhile, leaving the main incidents and the entire machinery of the tale in the dark, we must (so a lady, who has shuddered at the scene as it stands, insists) afford *some* inkling of the dénouement, in the particular case of the unhappy mother and her innocent babe. To this end, therefore, we quote the following fragment ; simply premising, that after several years, and by a singular train of circumstances, the parties to the ensuing dialogue are accidentally brought together. Perhaps the reader will recognize the mother in 'MARY,' and in Mrs. JEDBY the nurse :

'MARY writhed with the excess of her agitation. 'I conjure you, I *implore* you,' said she, 'to tell me, have you no recollection of being forcibly carried into a certain house, by an individual, whose face was concealed by a mask ? For the love of Heaven, keep me not in suspense, I beseech you !'

'Mrs. JEDBY could hold out no longer. 'Yes,' said she, 'I do remember it as if it were yesterday.'

'Was the child ? how then ? was it — ?' But MARY could by no effort shape a complete sentence. Mrs. JEDBY, however appeared to understand her, for she replied : 'I'll tell you all about it directly ;' and walking hastily out of the room, she left MARY in a state it is utterly impossible to describe.

'But the good woman did not give her much time to speculate upon this movement ; in a few moments she returned, breathless with haste, and placing a baby-frock, beautifully embroidered, in MARY's hand, said : 'Look at that frock, Ma'am ; if I were obliged to give a guess, I should say it was the mother of your little REGINALD that made that pretty piece of needle-work for him.'

'With trembling hands, MARY held up the little garment, and with eager eyes examined it : the senseless fabric spoke volumes to her, and conjured up by-gone days, filled as they had been with love and happiness : it spoke to her of sensations which had almost faded from her recollection : she held it closer and closer ; yes, it *was* the work of her own fingers ; that delicate tracery of leaves and flowers had formed the occupation of some of the most sunshiny hours of her life ; and, to make assurance doubly sure, there were the initials, 'R. S.,' which she well remembered to have pleased herself by surrounding with a garland of heart's-ease. Alas ! how false had been the fond prophecy ! The feelings which rushed upon her, as she continued to scan the little garment, became at length too strong for her to support ; and grasping it convulsively, she would have fallen, had not Mrs. JEDBY caught her, and laid her on the sofa. The usual remedies however soon restored her to consciousness ; and while she still held the precious relic of former happiness in her trembling hand, Mrs. JEDBY detailed to her the manner in which the infant had been rescued from destruction.

'Do you suppose, Ma'am,' said she, 'that I would have been such a fool, not to say such a wretch, as to follow a crazy man's directions ? for crazy he was, that I'll maintain before judge and jury.

did you really think that I sent the poor innocent to heaven, just the minute after his **MAKER** saw fit to send him into the world? Oh! no Ma'am; that's not the part *I* perform in this life, I assure you: no, I'll tell you how I managed. I carried the child as directed into the other room: 'Now,' said I to myself, 'this was really over-careful of papa to make up such an amazing fire to dress his little son by; he need not have given himself *quite* so much trouble; however, we'll make use of it to keep him from taking cold, while we make his toilet.' I'm not quite sure, by the by, that all these thoughts passed through my mind at the time, for I won't deny that I was in a towering passion; because, you see, I did not realize the fact as I do now, that the man was crazy; but to get back to my story; yes, his toilet was to be made, but where were the clothes, you might ask. To be sure, that was rather a puzzling question; but you see, I was not born yesterday, and sometimes an idea will strike me that might not exactly strike other people; so, thinks I to myself, 'Here's a wardrobe; I'll take the liberty of peeping into it; perhaps I may find something there that will suit my purpose.' I *did* look, and sure enough there was a pile of the nicest little clothes I ever laid my eyes on. 'Well,' thinks I, 'this is lucky;' by your leave, my little gentleman, I'll dress you in some of these pretty things.' So he made no objection, and I, being in a monstrous hurry, clapped a suit on him, as fast as I could. I must tell you, that in order to humor the crazy father's strange fancy, I made the baby cry as much as possible, until I thought it was enough to convince him that all was over; and then I gave the little one a drop of the same comforting stuff that had kept you so quiet all the time, covered him up under my cloak, and there he lay perfectly snug, and without stirring hand or foot, until I got him safely into my own house.'

In a late annual report of the English Royal Polytechnic Society, there is an account given of that species of

— 'WILD and incommunicable sound,
Which in the Mexic Gulf the seaman hears,
Vexing the deep profound.'

It is termed the '*Calling of the Sea*;' and if proceeding from a direction different from the wind at the time, is almost always followed by a change of wind, generally within twelve, but sometimes not until a lapse of twenty-four or even thirty hours. It is heard sometimes at a distance of several miles, although on the shore from which it proceeds, the sea may not be louder than usual; and yet at other times, even when the sea on the shore is louder than usual, and in apparently equally favorable states of the atmosphere, it cannot be heard at the distance of a mile. This sound must not be confounded with that arising from a 'ground sea,' which is the well known agitation along the shore, occasioned by a distant storm, and which may likewise often proceed from the direction subsequently taken by the wind, for the latter noise propagates itself in every direction, and chiefly in that of the wind. The '*calling of the sea*' depends not on the condition of the ocean, but on that of the atmosphere; and sea-faring persons, who are very observant of all signs of atmospheric changes, are particularly attentive to this. . . . '*The Literary Journal and Monthly Review*' is the name of a new and well-executed Magazine, the first number of which has just reached us from the place of its publication, the 'Queen City of the West,' beloved of ~~oceanic~~ dental travellers, on the beautiful banks of 'La Belle Riviere.' We have perused the initial number with pleasure and profit. It is in an ample degree both instructive and entertaining. Our old-time correspondent, W. D. GALLAGHER, (whose charming poem upon 'August' 'syllables his name' whenever we write or encounter the cognomen of that sultry month,) has an article upon 'Western Periodical Literature,' which deserves the attention of every periodical-publisher and delinquent subscriber in the United States. He has also a fine poem inculcating freedom of opinion and action in his countrymen:

'BOLD in speech and bold in action
Be forever! Time will test
Of the free-souled and the slavish,
Which fulfils life's mission best.

'Be thou like the noble Roman!
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak!—no matter what betide thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear!'

'NED BUNTLINE,' however, is his own best contributor. There is a certain life, a *semblable* spirit, in every thing which we have seen from his pen, that renders him a most entertaining companion. Witness his 'Running the Blockade' in our October number, and 'The Masked Ball' in the present issue. May happiness attend him, and the beautiful bride whom he won at that brilliant carnival! Time rolls his ceaseless course, and

— 'rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;'

but long may he spare Mrs. NED BUNTLINE and her joyous, gallant companion!

'AND when with envy, Time transported,
Shall think to rob her of her joys,
She in her girls again be courted,
And he go wooing in his boys!'

We shall look to the 'Literary Journal,' among other good things, for independent criticism. The present number has an admirable exposé of the literary pretensions of 'Professor' INGRAHAM, who spawns every week something in 'the cheap style' of publication which he terms a novel or a 'nouvellette;' each successive pamphlet furnishing still more lamentable evidence of the furniture of his mind. From the nothingness which characterizes his later performances, we begin to think that he has solved in his diet one of the categorical problems of Job. He must have succeeded in 'filling himself with the east wind.' The 'Western Monthly Review' has our cordial good wishes for its complete success. It will richly *deserve* the generous support of the West, and we cannot doubt that it will receive it. . . . We have laughed ourselves nearly into a 'side-ache' over the memorial of SHU, an old Chinese mandarin, in relation to the war with England, translated and forwarded by Mr. GUTZLAFF to Professor NEUMANN, of MUNICH. SHU opens in this wise:

'THE barbarians, methought in earlier years — and in this wise I the ancient SHU begin my memorial — are incapable of comprehending the superior intelligence of the Celestial Empire, seeing that they regard the things of our region like a man looking into a well, and thinking to make observations on the entirety of the starry heavens. Now the ancient SHU, following after the example of the great Emperor in his all-embracing compassion, has taken pity upon the foreigners, and is become desirous of casting light into their darkness. But the flowery language, by which he must find expression for his exalted sapience, appears to him to be so all-comprehensive, so lofty and so profound, that it is not probable even a tenth part of his enunciations will admit of being transferred into the mode of those people, which resembles the hissing notes of birds. But were I to speak to them with the copious characters, which constitute the wonder of the whole universe, it is certain that they could not understand them; for they have never learned to read or write. What they call letters are nothing better than scratches, of which they ought to be ashamed, and at once adopt our mode of writing.'

SHU goes on to state, that he has 'attained to nearly the highest summit of human learning;' being 'capable of reading a great multitude of books, and understanding them too,' and also of 'writing a treatise with tolerable facility.' The great Emperor considered him, he tells us, 'albeit no more than a mere fish's eye, as a pearl,' and appointed him to a post of distinction. The old Celestial gives a very correct history of the rise and progress of the opium war; setting forth the manner in which LIN punished the 'red barbarians' for bringing 'a poison, on a par with mud in color and flavor, and selling it to the people of the flower-bespangled land.' No fish, he says, 'was ever more completely caught in a net than the barbarian superintendent LIHT, (ELLIOT) who was 'obedient to the mighty LIN, and surrendered more opium to him than he actually possessed, for which the High Commissioner 'presented him with a whole chest of tea, worth nearly two dollars!' LIN laid an embargo upon all vessels in the Chinese waters having opium on board: 'The great Emperor thought advisable to cut off all future intercourse with the foreigners, and gave orders that on the arrival of any vessel in the internal waters of the Middle Empire, let it belong to what nation it might, divers and swimmers should be employed to set upon it, and by boring a hole in its sides or bottom, cause it to go down!' The 'Son of Heaven' also caused publication to be made, that any individual who, after the lapse of twelve months, should inhale the perfumes of the prohibited juice of the poppy, should pay for the

offence with his life. And the whole nation trembled, and were full of dismay and fear; yet every one smoked as before! SHU has a remarkable tact at converting a defeat into a victory, or explaining it away, in the warlike events which ensued. At Tshusan a 'fleet of red soldiers and black robbers demanded the island to be delivered up to them. The Admiral, who had the command in those waters, was not to be easily affrighted, and would certainly have given a good account of the invaders, had not all his men and sailors gone elsewhere, and he himself been wounded. As it was, the entire of this important group of islands fell under the grasp of these miscreants. At Hiamen (Amoy,) however, matters took a different turn. One of their vessels had been sent thither, for the purpose of delivering a letter from the barbarian minister. The commander of the place was highly exasperated, and sent a ball through the ship; in spite of this, the wretches converted the fort into a heap of ruins, and then made off.' But the commander was sent into exile for not defending the fort; and 'old peace-loving ILIROO was set in his place, and ordered by the Emperor to build ships of the line as large as the English. He, on his part, sent orders accordingly to the Inspector of War; but the poor man being unable to execute them, in fact, he had never seen any ship larger than a junk in all his days, cut his throat.' The next 'negotiator' was more successful in sending the 'red-bristling foreign ships' back again 'over the top of the ocean.' KISHEN, the new ambassador, 'made them a present of horned cattle, seeing them to be quite attenuated with hunger and disease; and he gave them his word that a cessation of hostilities should be observed during the continuance of the negotiations. By such means as these he sent the fleet away from us. At no foregone period had so large a host of barbarians crossed the waters to our shores. The Emperor was overjoyed that he had got rid of them, though KISHEN had them in his power, and might have destroyed every man among them.' They would not have got our forts into their claws, had not our men gone away home. We had collected a host of peasantry and soldiers, militia men, and all other sorts of fighting people; but it was a lamentable sight to see, while one party were shooting at the guns, another marched off elsewhere, so that, in the end, scarce a hand was left to load them! It was nothing but the loss of these forts which prevented our arms from being crowned with victory; without this, we must have conquered.' There was another effort made to 'root out the red-haired free-booters,' which is worthy of mention: 'We had prepared a host of fire-boats, and built a mighty ship, like a swimming battery; if we could have succeeded in making it move in the water it would have sufficed to make a quick end of the whole rebel squadron. Brave ITHAN one night sent this ocean of fire suddenly forth against the barbarians; but wo for us! it set fire to the houses near it; the flaming beams floated down the river, and the fire-boats exploded, to the great terror of the rebels.' What followed? Why this:

'NEXT there came down an awful command from the Son of Heaven, to exterminate every soul of them instantly, and not allow a single ship to make her escape. KISHEN put himself upon the defensive; but they chose the offensive, and laid violent hands on the forts next the Tiger's mouth. It was a notable spectacle; the hills were covered with dense masses of men, who speedily vanished like smoke, forgetting they had received orders to fight until the last man of them was no more. This affair brought down upon KISHEN stripes from the Son of Heaven; it was his duty to have driven the barbarians back again, a task which he might have executed with the greatest ease, if he had only sunk their ships. The dreadful YUKIEN now gave out that a violent tempest had destroyed all their ships and drowned every one on board. But how indescribable was my astonishment when tidings were brought that Amoy had been captured! Who could have imagined that this miserable crew could have conquered a fortress which had cost us such a world of labor and money to construct, with walls three ells in thickness and several li in circuit? Alas! it was too true; for the rebels had gone cunningly to work; instead of bravely facing the guns, they had crept by stealth along the sides of the walls, and came by surprise upon our brave soldiers, and hunted them from the batteries. The pirates were of a truth far too crafty for us; they would never fight as they ought to have fought, but cared not by what trick they could get the better of us. The terror-stricken YUKIEN now proclaimed, that he was about to drive out the barbarians at the head of an hundred thousand men. I was amazed at this intelligence, as I knew that he had scarcely ten thousand with him, including many militia. Upon the approach of the barbarians he issued orders to his men not to fire until they were close upon them, in order that they might be annihilated at one blow. The plan was admirably conceived; but when the red thieves drew near, it was found that the troops marched off, and many took to the water. The most remarkable occurrence of all was, however, that YUKIEN himself, a commander of experienced bravery, and accustomed to victory, was the very first to abandon his post: his patriotism

could not be doubted; it was his resolve to devote his life to the future extirpation of the barbarians. His men would have stood firm, and died in their intrenchments, had not the enemy assailed them with a storm of balls and shells, against which they really could not make head. YUKIEN afterward took the affair so much to heart that he made attempts to drown himself, but he was always rescued from a watery grave.'

Was ever battle in such manner waged? was ever battle in such manner won, in any other country than China? . . . THE '*Reminiscences of a Dartmoor Prisoner*' are brought to a close in the present number. They have excited a good deal of attention, and their statements may be implicitly relied upon. We allude to the series here, because the author has placed in our hands a manuscript volume, composed and copied by the American prisoners at Dartmoor, from which we shall, 'under the direction of the court' to which all our appeals lie, segregate a few passages. The volume, which is illustrated with several coarse patriotic drawings, is thumbed and tattered almost to extinction; and the pages which are especially bitter against the 'bloody Englishmen,' are so dingy from hard usage as scarcely to be legible. A very long poem, entitled '*Amusements at Dartmoor*,' gives a faithful and amusing account of the internal police of the prison. There is a rude but cutting satire, entitled 'HULL the Traitor and HULL the Victor;' and here and there a trenchant thrust in the way of epigram. One of these latter intimates that the 'sea-boys of Britain' were fond enough of grog, and never tired of Yankee rum; but they did n't like our *Perter*, and had all they wanted of 'Yankee *Perry*.' There is an exceedingly graphic description of 'MELVILLE's Island Prison,' and all the paraphernalia of its military discipline. The ensuing flogging-scene will afford an idea of its style:

'THE cat is brought; he's stripped and bound,
And a great crowd is gathered round;
His naked back receives the lashes,
He groans, he screams, he kicks and thrashes;
His mutilated body shows
Red streams, that follow cutting blows:
Their sport being done, they straight unbind him,
He runs, nor dares to look behind him.'

The best thing by far in the collection, however, is '*The Battle of Lake Erie*,' which although crude, is full of picturesqueness and fire. Take a stanza or two, for example:

'T WAS peppering work; fire, fery and smoke,
And groans from the wounded in spite of them broke;
The water grew red round our ship, as she lay—
The like ne'er was known till that bloody day.

'The lads fell around me like spars in a gale,
The shot made a sieve of each rag of a sail;
Out of all our bold crew scarce a dozen remained,
Yet the brave gallant tars still the battle maintained.'

The prison-poet goes on to describe the manner in which PERRY left his 'well-peppered ship,' to bring up the vessels that were lagging behind, waiting for a wind; going in an open yawl 'right through their whole fleet,' in defiance of the cannon which were spreading

'A death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane-eclipse of the sun.'

The poet, it would seem, was the coxswain on the occasion, unless we are to suppose him indulging in poetic license, a supposition not very probable:

'I STEERED her, and d—n me! if every inch
Of these timbers of mine at each crack did n't flinch;
But our brave little commodore, cool and serene,
To stir ne'er a muscle by any was seen.

'Whole volleys of muskets were levelled at him,
But the devil a ball ever grazed any limb;
Though he stood up abait, in the stern of the boat,
Till the crew pulled him down by the tail of his coat.

'At last, through God's mercy, we reached t' other ship,
And the wind springing up, we gave her the whip;
And run down their line, boys, through thick and through thin,
And astonished their crews with a terrible din!

'Then starboard and larboard, and this way and that,
We bang'd them, and raked them, and laid their masts flat;
Till one after another had hauled down their flags,
And an end put for *that* time to JOHNNY BULL's brags.'

We do n't know exactly how such reminiscences as these may 'meet the views' of others, but they strike us as well worthy of perpetuation. . . . Our friend the Lawyer has elsewhere alluded to the shield which the law interposes for the protection of the humblest member of the community. We have a pleasant example of this, which we derive from a legal friend, formerly a resident of Albany, where the following bit of sharp practice took place: 'I had been a student at law some months, when one morning, during the absence of my principal, I was favored with a professional call from a slender and delicately-framed woman, attended by her little boy, about six years old. His head was *extensively* covered with a long-napped fur hat, which rested on his ears, and had evidently been purchased with a view to his future growth. His coat of 'pressed-cloth' had a very long skirt, and had once composed a part of a gown for his economical mother. The widow and orphan comprised the family. They had come some twenty-five miles to market, in a waggon drawn by one horse, and had brought with them all the products of a summer's industry which they could spare from their scanty harvest. The sum-total, after the sale of stocking-yarn, woollen mittens, socks, chickens, etc., had been calculated upon to a cent, before leaving home; so that any fall in the market, or loss by misfortune or knavery, was calculated to impair *her* finances, and destroy her hopes. I desired her to sit down, and she then commenced her story. Soon after taking her stand in the street in the morning, among the many inquiries made of her as to the price of her commodities, was one by Deacon S —, a very pious and reputable member of one of our churches. He wished to know what she asked for a pair of her chickens. The woman answered, two shillings. To this the deacon demurred, but offered eighteen pence. The widow replied that she had but little to bring to market, and had calculated on receiving a certain sum of money for it; she knew her chickens were worth the price charged, and she could not sell them for less than two shillings a pair. Hereupon the deacon left; but soon after, he saw the woman go into a store near by, when he returned to the waggon, and said to the boy that he would take the chickens; and he laid down a 'pistareen,' took the fowls, and left. The mother soon returned, and missed her chickens; and when informed what had been paid for them, and in what manner they had been taken, she determined at once either to 'get her price or have her chickens.' She saw the deacon moving off in 'rather of a hurry,' but she pursued, overtook, and confronted him. She recognized her chickens, and demanded her price. The deacon was indignant; said he had bought them of the boy, and that unless she left him and ceased her complaints, he would put the law in force against her; and thus got off for the moment. I advised the widow to replevy the chickens; and as the office to which she had been directed to get advice was in high repute, she at once acquiesced in the course I advised. I issued the writ, obtained for the widow the necessary bail, and at the usual dinner hour for the old deacon, the sheriff was at the door with the writ of replevin. After making known his business, the deacon expressed, as well he might, much surprise; said the chickens could not be restored; they were cooked; he had friends to dinner; the fowls were ready to be served up, and so forth. The faithful officer however knew his duty, and all the circumstances of the case. He was incorrigible, and demanded the chickens, which in the mean time had been placed on the table before him. The deacon was advised by the sheriff to see the lawyer and settle the matter; in the interim, he would take charge of the chickens, and await the deacon's return. The 'pious old gentleman' came foaming to the office, to effect an amicable settlement of the suit;

and as an item in the bill of his hardships, he said that his dinner was in the hands of the sheriff, and his family and friends waiting his return. I proceeded to make up the bill of costs, and stated them at *thirteen dollars and fifty cents*, which the deacon paid over, and took a receipt, together with directions to the officer to suffer the dinner to proceed !' Such 'even-handed justice' as this is certainly a fair set-off to the 'abuses of the law' of which so many complaints are made. . . . SINCE our last number, the portrait of WORDSWORTH, by Mr. HENRY INMAN, which was alluded to in that issue, has arrived in this country. In looking at it, one cannot but feel that it is *the man*, as he is; an impression which is confirmed by several of our friends, who have had the happiness to enjoy the society of the eminent original. We may observe, in passing, that the reader will find on a preceding page some lines from the pen of WORDSWORTH, which, like those by MONTGOMERY upon the same theme, in a late number of the KNICKERBOCKER, have never before appeared in print. . . . HAVE you encountered a thin but handsome volume, entitled 'A *Chaunt of Life, and other Poems*?' The little book contains the first of six 'Parts,' which are to embrace the poems, sketches, and essays of its author, Rev. RALPH HOYT. Of the poems contained in the present 'part,' Mr. HOYT says, 'They are but the overflowings of emotions which yearn for sympathy, though too unambitious to contend for fame.' We have read them with pleasure. The author has fancy, feeling, and a correct ear for the melody of rhythm; moreover, he is an accurate observer of nature. The poem entitled 'Snow' is a painting. Have n't you often, on awaking of a winter's morning in the country, and finding that all night the soft snow-shower had been 'falling without echo to the whitening ground,' seen just such a prospect as that described below? We have:

'E'en the old posts, that hold the bars
And the old gate,
Forgetful of their wintry wars
And age sedate,
High capped, and plumed, like white hussars,
Stand there in state.

'The drifts are hanging by the sill,
The eaves, the door;
The hay-stack has become a hill;
All covered o'er
The waggon, loaded for the mill
The eve before.

'The wood-pile too is playing hide;
The axe—the log:
The kennel of that friend so tried,
(The old watch-dog.)
The grindstone standing by its side,
All now *incog*.

'The bustling cock looks out aghast
From his high shed;
No spot to scratch him a repast,
Up curves his head,
Starts the dull hamlet with a blast,
And back to bed.'

The volume is well printed, and embellished with a good engraving, illustrating a brief poem upon 'The Bible.' . . . Does our Shelbyville correspondent 'do well to be angry?' Is he unwilling to admit that there are defects of order and conduct in the denomination to which he belongs? Whether SYDNEY SMITH 'misrepresented things' or not, in relation to 'the English brethren,' has nothing to do with what our censor denies, and *merely* denies. We have before us the last 'Home Missionary;' and in one of the letters of a wandering minister, this mention is made of a community holding the religious tenets of our correspondent: 'They drew after them great congregations, not however so much from an approbation of their proceedings, as from a desire to gratify curiosity. The great effort of the preachers was to excite what they called the 'power.' Individuals would lose their strength, or profess to do so, and fall down; some would '*tear round*,' throw over the benches, etc. It was positively affirmed that one individual became so bewildered with this 'power,' that he actually attempted to climb the stove-pipe!' This was in Illinois. The vagaries of another denomination in Kentucky are thus set forth: 'This whole region has hitherto been overrun with *Campbellism*. Some fifteen months ago, they immersed about one hundred and fifteen or one hundred and twenty in this place; and as a fair specimen of the work, take the following fact: 'One being at work, threw down his tools and his apron, and said, 'Well, they're all joining the church,' and swore that he would 'go and be baptized too,' and accordingly did so, and in less than half an hour afterward was 'buried in the liquid wave.' Such scenes as these, being undeniable, we cannot see how

we are amenable to the charge brought against us. . . . A LINE of steamers to Palestine, and a projected rail-road through the Holy Land, has suggested to 'PUNCH' a variety of curious questions and commands from the passengers, destined to the different stopping places:

—'EASE her, stop her!"
Any gentleman for Joppa!"
'Mascus, 'Mascus!' 'Ticket, please, Sir.'
Tyre or Sidon!' 'Stop her, ease her!"
Jerusalem, 'Iem! 'Iem!' 'Shur! Shur!"
Do you go on to Egypt, Sir!"
Captain, is this the land of Pharaoh?"
Now look alive there! Who's for Cairo?"
Back her!" 'Stand clear, I say, old file!"
What gent or lady's for the Nile,
Or Pyramids?" 'Thebes! Thebes! Sir" 'Steady!"
Now, where's that party for Engedi?"

They are laying the rails, PUNCH adds, for a road from Dan to Beersheba! . . . We are not, as a general fact, a believer in ghosts; but the following circumstances, which we derive from the friend who relates the admirable '*Chicken Law-Suit*,' on a preceding page, will we think stagger the incredulous reader, as we confess it staggered us. The relator, when a boy, lived in the country. While somewhere in his early 'teens, he was sent by his father, on a dim half-moonshiny November evening, to accompany a young girl, the daughter of a distant neighbor, to her home. The road in one place led along the side of a stone wall, which surrounded a grave-yard in a sparse grove, on a breezy eminence, about half way to their place of destination. Having company, he thought little of the grave-yard, until he arrived opposite to it, on his return alone. He was a brave lad; but his heart beat thick and fast when his progress was suddenly arrested by a prolonged groan, proceeding from the 'place of graves.' His first thought was to run; the next, that his father's old negro-man 'JAKE,' who was up to all sorts of practical jokes, had got into the grave-yard, on purpose to frighten him, as he came along back. This idea put him upon his mettle. He picked up three or four 'rocks,' as they say at the South, and clambered up on the wall. Looking down upon the field of irregular tomb-stones, some rising high in the faint moonlight, and others shrinking away in shadow, he called out: 'You can't come it, JAKE! I know you! And if you do that again, I'll fix your black flint for you! I've got some stones here, and I'll make you *feel* 'em, you blasted nigger!' But there was no response; only a deep groan. He forthwith despatched a 'rock' in the direction whence the sound proceeded. Nothing moved — not a sound was heard. 'Now be done, JAKE!' exclaimed the now slightly terrified boy, 'or I'll throw again: *these stones will kill* you in a minute, if they hit you!' The answer to this threat was an agonising sound, something between a groan and a long subdued howl; the unearthly voice ending in a trembling cadence, as though there had a

'A gust of wind sterte up behind,
And whistled through the bones'

of some poor ghost, shaking with the cold of a November night; but there was no other reply. On looking more closely, however, the trembling lad distinctly saw a body, all in white, lying between two graves, not far off, and beckoning to him with long, attenuate arms, and occasional groaning in spirit, as a spirit would naturally do. 'Well, who's afraid?' reasoned the lad; 'if it is a ghost, it can't hurt *me*; 'if it *an't* a ghost, blast the critter! I can hurt *him* — and I will!' He now jumped down from the wall, and advanced to the spot; and there he found, sprawling on her back, between two grave-hillocks, her head twisted round against the inner-side of one of the marble head-stones, *his father's old white mare*! She had met with a sad accident while wandering among the tombs, and cropping the fall-growth of timothy and clover 'which grew thereby.' She had fallen, rolled over upon her back between two graves, and was unable to rise. The secret was now out. He had often heard the distressing groans of a horse in pain, and saw how easily

he had mistaken the slow-moving legs of 'Old White' for the beckoning of ghostly hands. . . . Our city-friend (who dates from 'Dupeau-Row,') has a monopoly of opinion, we are quite certain, touching '*Matches at Watering-Places.*' His reasoning, in relation to the 'case which fell under his own eye,' is not unlike that of Mr. Justice SHALLOW, in the '*Merry Wives of Windsor:*' 'I WILL marry her, Sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt; but if you say *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.' They manage matrimonial affairs in a very business-like way in China, according to a recent author. At Hong-Kong he encountered a great number of young ladies, bent upon the speculation of marriage, who had come from the exuberant population of the interior towns to supply a desideratum among the numerous settlers, who had flocked in great numbers to the new colony. Young ladies, from twenty to forty in number, arrayed in their smartest jackets and trowsers, were often seen, endeavoring to bewitch the new visitors. The price of a wife varied from one to two hundred dollars, the greater portion of the money being transferred to the young lady's mother. The natives of India sometimes 'went into' these speculations, and were almost always cheated. A table-servant of the author, a native of Bengal, complained to him one day, that he had intrusted a friend of his, who had gone to Macao, with one hundred dollars, all his savings, for the purpose of buying him a nice comely wife; but when she arrived, she by no means answered the description given of her, being too short and too old; and so far from being a hundred-dollar wife, she was not in fact more than a thirty-dollar one! . . . We are gratified but not surprised to see, by the Baltimore journals, that Mr. L. P. CLOVER, Jr., an artist of high promise, who has more than once been mentioned in the KNICKERBOCKER, is winning an enviable repute in his profession in the 'Monumental City.' An original picture of his, called 'The Surprise,' painted for Mr. B. C. WARD, an opulent and tasteful gentleman of Baltimore, has elicited ample applause from the public press. . . . Mr. COOPER, who is an ardent Churchman, pays a deserved tribute in his '*Afloat and Ashore*' to the beauty and comprehensiveness of the prayers of the Episcopal Church, and impugns the soundness of their judgments who object to them on the ground of repetition or monotony. COLERIDGE, we cannot help thinking, had the Episcopal service in his eye, when he tells us how good and pleasant a thing it is

To walk together to the kirk
And all together pray,
While each to his great FATHER bends,
Old men and babes and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.'

The beautiful prayers of the Church of England have at least one prominent advantage; they do not admit of familiar appeals to the DEITY, which seem to take from prayer its sacredness, and sometimes to invest it with a spirit of irreverence and arrogance. Nor can they inflate the speaker with any idea of his own acquirements in this branch of the divine service. 'That was one of the finest prayers ever offered to a *Boston audience*,' said a gentleman to a friend of ours, as he was coming out of church one Sunday, in 'the modern Athens;' and it is just possible that the reverend speaker might have been of the same opinion while he was delivering it. Prayer, however, with or without form, is of little moment, unless the heart of the petitioner is alive to the high privilege of addressing and communing with his MAKER:

HE prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.'

'*Sitting for a Portrait*' is an old subject, not very felicitously handled, in the sketch before us, although it is certainly not without merit. 'Speaking of portraits,' there is a very good story told of JARVIS, the painter, which we think will be new to many of our

readers. When his bacchanalian propensities had rendered him rather an unequal if not an unsafe artist, he was employed by a gentleman in a Southern city to paint his wife, a miracle of plainness, under the stipulation that a pint of wine, at a single sitting, must be the extent of his potations. JARVIS assented, and in due time produced a perfect facsimile of the lady. On exhibiting it to the husband, he seemed disappointed. It was too literal a transcript of the original. 'Could n't you have given it,' said he to the painter, 'a little less — that is, could n't you give it now a little more —' 'If you expect me,' said JARVIS, seeing the husband's drift at once, 'if you expect me to make a handsome portrait of your wife, I must have more than a pint of wine at a sitting! I could n't get up imagination enough to make her even good-looking, under a quart at the very least.' The gentlemen 'left the presence.' . . . We encountered lately in some paragraph of a forgotten newspaper, in a notice of somebody's poetry, a remark about the 'mawkish rhymes and puling fancies of a MOTHERWELL and a TENNYSON.' Softly, most sapient critiquing! When you can depict a poor betrayed girl, fast sinking into the grave, leaving behind her the innocent victim of her trusting love, yet with no diminution of her affection for her betrayer; when you can do this, as MOTHERWELL has done, it will be 'time for you to talk' about that of which you now know nothing. Poor girl! Do but hear her:

'I'm weary o' this world, WILLIE,
And sick wi' a' I see;
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
Or be as I should be:
But fold unto your heart, WILLIE,
The heart that still is thine,
And kiss aince mair the white, white cheek,
Ye said was red lang syne!'

'Mawkish' indeed! But there are some people who are incapable of being moved, either to laughter or to tears. . . . *Children's Books for the Holidays* abound about this period. Mr. JOHN ALLEN, at the office of this Magazine, has among others, PETER PARLEY'S 'Fairy Land, and other Sketches,' with charming colored engravings, and 'Little Leaves for Little Readers,' profuse in pictures, by the same author. Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY have two very admirable volumes for little people in MARY HOWITT'S 'Picture and Verse Book,' and the 'Prize Story Book,' both liberally 'adorned with cuts.' Messrs. BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY have published a grotesque copy of 'JACK the Giant-Killer,' and their spacious counters will be found to teem with all the attractions which the holidays call forth. . . . The philosophical argument cited elsewhere by Professor BUSH touching the change which the human body undergoes every seven years, was turned to good account the other day by an Irishman, who was endeavoring to prove to a 'Native American' that the postulate of his doctrine was altogether erroneous. 'Look,' said he, 'see now; it is a well-known philosophical fact, that we have a new body every seven years. I came here nine years ago, an Irishman; but I've got a new body now, 'made on the soil,' man; and I'm as good a Native American as yourself!' The argument was a clincher. Apropos of this: our contemporary of the 'Commercial Advertiser' daily journal lamented the other day the fervid interest taken in the vexed questions of politics by the juveniles of the metropolis. A friend has just mentioned to us a striking illustration of this too prevalent spirit. 'What were you doing out so late last night?' said an Irish mechanic to his son, one morning during the late excitements. 'I was a-walkin' in the Whig procession,' replied the lad. 'Well, I'll walk you, if I catch you doin' such a thing again — now mind I tell you!' Scarcely a week afterward, he committed the same offence again. The father was as good as his word, and 'basted' the lad soundly. The son did not keep the fact to himself, but told it to his companions; adding: 'It is bad enough to be whipped, any way, but to be whipped by a d—d foreigner is outrageous!' The boy had the advantage of his father, in having been born in this country! . . . We are glad to perceive that the 'Christian Parlor Magazine,' published in this city, and edited by Rev. DARIUS MEAD, is prospering as it deserves to do. In its engravings, its typogra-

phical execution, and in the variety and excellence of its literary matter, it is without a superior in its class of periodicals. . . . THAT is an affecting thought of a modern English poet, which occurs in the description of a bereaved husband gazing upon the lifeless body of his young and lovely wife:

'If thou couldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been.'

It is something of this feeling, in relation to the final resurrection of the mortal body, which makes us so reluctant to believe that we shall not again meet, in another world, the earthly forms and faces of our departed friends. But as we have elsewhere remarked, all philosophy, and the dictates of enlightened reason forbid such a conclusion. 'Take home thy child!' may the maimed, the deformed, the physically unfortunate, of every description, demand of Mother Earth:

'On thy dear lap, these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee,
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me!'

But 'there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body;' and around the heavenly throne shall stand the latter 'in the latter day,' clothed in beauty and light, like 'the brightness of the sun in his rising.' . . . 'The New World' weekly journal has reverted again to the hands of its original projector, proprietor and editor, PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., and is already winning 'golden opinions from all sorts of people.' It is a well-conducted and very interesting sheet; not made up of scraps and selections from a daily paper, which must needs be the common property of a score of weekly prints, whether of our own or sister cities; but all that it contains selected or written for the paper and the occasion. It will maintain its old reputation for freedom of speech and independence of criticism. . . . 'PUNCH' continues to keep a vigilant eye over every thing noteworthy in the British metropolis; and we are glad to see that he does not overlook the interests of the humbler classes. Take two recent cases. A poor girl, in working eighty flowers upon a shawl for sixpence, having neither food nor drink, pawns a second one temporarily, that she may alleviate the pangs of hunger, and afterward resume her work. The fact transpires, however, and the 'haggard, white-lipped creature' is brought before the police. On learning the circumstances, however, the magistrate releases the poor girl. 'In the East,' adds the humane 'PUNCH,' they have a well-known way of arranging flowers, that like words, they may discourse a passion. Alas! what a story may the eye of pity read in those eighty flowers! On the one hand, what cruel, selfish, iron-hearted tasking! On the other, what misery, what weariness of life, what utter blankness of all that should comfort and sustain toiling humanity.' The name and address of the employer who paid the munificent sum of sixpence for so much art and labor are righteously exposed; 'JOHN HALDEN, 6 Bread-street, Cheapside.' In the same manner the name of 'Col. H. D. CAMPBELL, of North-End, near Kingston, Portsea,' is held up to deserved contempt, for prosecuting and sending to prison for fourteen days a little boy, for 'knocking three walnuts, of the value of one farthing,' off the branch of a tree, the property of the aforesaid Col. CAMPBELL. 'PUNCH' has a very laughable caricature called 'The Civic Mazeppa,' in which a defaulting alderman is run away with by a horse, 'which in the late procession in the City, 'got dreadfully into a-rear,' like his rider, and was permitted, like him, 'to run on without the smallest check.' The cut is illustrated by a parody upon BYRON's 'Mazeppa,' which opens thus:

'BRING forth the horse!' the horse was brought;
In truth he was a noble steed,
A creature of the hackney sort,
Dash'd slightly with the dray-horse breed.'

The various turn-outs in the procession are well hit off: 'Then came the Ambassador,

most of them in respectable equipages, but one in a clear case of cab, with an attendant in a turban on the coach-box. It must have been SIDI or SEEDY MOHAMMED; for nothing could have been much seedier than the whole arrangement.' There is a good deal of force in the satire upon the 'submarine-explosion' system of naval warfare. 'PUNCH recommends that instead of trying to get permission of an enemy to attach a fumée to a big cannister of powder under his ship, the operator should try the 'soothing system' with the hostile cannon, which 'shall do for the touch-hole what chemistry has done for horticulture.' He proposes the raising of a corps to be called the 'Light Water Pots,' whose duty it shall be to 'damp the fury of the enemy's guns,' always, however, as in the other case, with permission! We have in the 'Comic Blackstone' a brief chapter upon 'Purchase.' 'The word purchase is derived from *perquisitio*, and there are five methods of purchasing, the first being Escheat, to which, probably on account of its final syllable, the law gives the preference. Escheat is a sort of interruption to the course of descent, by which the original owner gets his estate back into his own hands, by an escheat or cheat — the former being merely the long and the latter the short of it.' 'There is a graphic account of the proceedings of a 'Metropolitan Meeting for the Advancement of British Cookery,' auxiliary to the 'British Association for the Advancement of Science.' The programme for the different 'sections' opens as follows:

'SECTION A: *Soupology*, including the philosophy of ox-tails, and the theory of turtle. Mr. SOYER will read a paper on calves'-heads, and will give the subject his own especial countenance.

'SECTION B: *Fishology*. Mr. FERRIGREW has promised to attend and preside at the unrolling of a shrimp. He will also read a paper on prawns, but the opening subject of this section will be a native oyster.

'SECTION C: *Beefology*. This section will introduce several interesting experiments with beef in all its branches. It is confidently expected that every thing brought forward at this section will be eagerly devoured.'

The most important proceeding recorded of 'the British Association' is the annexed: 'A paper on the 'Dog' was read by Dr. HODGKIN, in which the worthy Doctor imitated the barkings of all the different kinds of dogs, and made some very learned observations on the African jackal. He also went into the early history of the ordinary growl, and illustrated the snarl by a series of musical efforts which were not very successful. In his assumption of the various looks of the different dogs, the honorable member was much happier. He was particularly felicitous as the old English hound, for which the natural mildness of his countenance admirably adapted him.' . . . OUR mnemotechnic friend GOURAUD has arrived in town to superintend the publication of his lectures on the wonderful science of Mnemotechny; and when this is accomplished, he will leave for the West and South-west, to 'indoctrinate the good people with his science of remembering.' Prof. GOURAUD is a remarkable man. . . . We shall introduce to the readers of our TWENTY-FIFTH VOLUME certain old favorites of theirs, who will be most warmly welcomed; among them, 'The Young Englishman,' with whom, through the 'Recollections of an Old Man,' they have heretofore formed so interesting an acquaintance. The first chapter of the new series will appear in our next. 'Laila and Medgenoon,' the Oriental ROMEO and JULIET, will also display themselves in our pages. Among the articles filed for or awaiting insertion, are, 'The Musical Neighbors,' 'Stanzas for Two Voices,' by JOHN WATERS, 'The Foreign Missionary's Call,' 'The Dream of a Child,' 'The Desert of the World,' 'The Three Streams that Fell on the Ear of a Dreamer,' 'Who would Win?' (arrived late,) Lines by 'G. H. H.,' 'Dream of the Wife of PONTIUS PILATE,' 'Gossip of a Player,' 'Fireside Fancies,' 'Snatches of Character, or the Quack Doctor,' 'Anno Domini, or Profit and Loss,' etc., etc. We regret that by an entire oversight the admirable lines, 'L'Envoi,' etc., by H. W. ROCKWELL, Esq., in type for our last number, are omitted from the present. They will certainly appear in our next. Our fair correspondent 'M. G.'s welcome communications await an early insertion. . . . WHERE is 'POLYGON?' Where is 'JULIAN?' Where is 'FLANEUR?' Where is the 'GRANDFATHER,' with his 'Port-Folio?' There are eyes that will 'look brighter at their coming.' When shall we hear from each and all of 'ye's!' Where too are our excellent friends and correspondents, the 'Georgia Lawyer'

and the accomplished historian of Tinnecum? Pray 'report yourselves for duty,' gentlemen, in the pages of our *Twenty-Fifth Volume*. . . . It would not be amiss, one would think, for those journals which copy articles from the KNICKERBOCKER, to prefix or affix the customary 'credit-marks.' We have seen '*Running the Blockade*,' which was written for these pages, in seven different prints in this city, without a hint as to its original source. ❧ NOTICES, in type, of more than a dozen works, (including several which we greatly regret to leave out,) are *unavoidably* omitted until our next. An Index, forgotten until a late hour, has 'played the very mischief' with our calculations.

BOYD'S 'ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC.' CAMPBELL'S 'PHILOSOPHY OF RHETORIC.'—We can say little in praise of the first-named of these two works. Our friends the HARPERS have not exercised their usual judgment in its publication. Mr. BOYD, the compiler-author, is the principal of a country academy, or to use his more sounding phrase, an 'Institute,' ('the L. and R. Institute,') somewhere in the Black-River region, in the northern part of this State. His book is 'a thing of shreds and patches.' It professes to supply a desideratum; to fill the *blank* left by BLAIR, and writers of his stamp; but we incline to believe that the '*old books*' will retain their places in our common schools and academies for some time to come; this undigested, higgledy-piggledy salmagundi to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. BOYD is nothing if not learned. He is immense upon '*Antonomania*,' '*Litotes*,' '*Euphemism*,' '*Abusio*,' '*Asyndeton*,' '*Polysyndeton*,' and other secondary tropes and figures of speech. He dwells with the elaborateness of a true pedagogue, however, upon things which are level to the very meanest capacity; darkening by hazy comment that which of itself is clear; explaining till he conceals his own meaning, (no difficult matter,) and illustrating till he confounds the meaning of other and better rhetoricians. The work has abundant pretensions; and is recommended by several school-masters, some of whom probably perused a portion of it in manuscript; the higher recommendations however seem to have been rather reluctantly rendered, probably to clamorous solicitation: 'We have little doubt from a *general* examination of the book, that it may be a good one,' and so-forth, are the non-committal terms employed. It is quite evident that, lacking as it does the most important essentials of a school-book, the work can never attain a 'name to live,' while there are far better treatises upon the same subject, still extant, which have won and will retain the confidence of the public. 'CAMPBELL'S Philosophy of Rhetoric,' issued with intuitive propriety in a more attractive form by the same publishers, is altogether a different sort of work. The author, who is a president of a College in Aberdeen, Scotland, is *equal* to the task which he has laid upon himself. His book is not a compound of pretentious twattle, learned abstraction, and didactic pieces from newspapers and old scrap-books, but a series of able essays, the result of long experience in rhetorical instruction.

MESSRS. CAREY AND HART'S *PEERLESS PRESENTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS*.—We are just in the receipt of two of the most beautiful volumes of the season, for 'the season,' from the above-named well-known house. The superb large quarto '*DIADEM*,' however, is 'a present for *all* seasons,' and especially the present. It appears in gorgeous binding of gold and crimson; and its engravings, after original pictures by SULLY, LEUTZE, HUNTINGTON, LANDSEER, and others, are truly *superb*. The frontispiece by SULLY and the vignette title, by LEUTZE, are perfect gems. There is not one of the twelve pictures, however, that are not master-pieces of the art of engraving in mezzo-tint. There is really but *one* great artist in that style in this country—that's SARTAIN! The literary matter is in good keeping with the pictorial excellence of the volume. The translations from the German are made with taste and faithfulness in the selection and in the rendering; and much of the poetry is of a superior order. The second of the two volumes to which we have alluded, is '*The Lady of the Lake*,' printed in the most beautiful style of 'the art preservative of all arts,' upon paper as firm, fine and white as 'Bristol-board,' and bound in a 'manner which reflects the highest credit upon the taste and skill of Mr. J. C. RUSSEL. There are some dozen most attractive engravings, in the 'line' style, but they require as little praise at our hands as the beautiful paintings, by the first artists in Great-Britain, which they faithfully represent, or the poem itself, which they so admirably illustrate. In all respects, in short, the volume is a most purse-enticing one. The same enterprising publishers have issued a neat edition, with colored engravings, of DICKENS' '*Christmas Carol*,' a work whose reappearance at this particular period is most timely; and a '*History of Richard Third*, Duke of Gloucester and King of England,' by Mrs. CAROLINE A. HALSTEAD.

'THE POETS AND POETRY OF ENGLAND.'—Our friend RUFUS WILLMOT GAISSWOLD and Messrs. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia, have combined together, and put forth a volume, after the manner of 'The Poetry and Poets of America,' entitled as above, that we have good reason to believe will prove of equal popularity with its predecessor, which has already passed through several editions. The present work affords a comprehensive review of the poetry of the nineteenth century, embracing not only all the eminent British poetical authors who have made their fame within that period, but an assemblage of more than eighty writers, including very many who are less familiar to the world of letters. The biographies of the various authors are brief and well written. There are seven superb illustrations on steel, from the burins of our very first engravers, in addition to the internal attractions of the volume, which (save in the quality of the paper) could not be improved. We miss, in two or three instances, what we consider the master-pieces of certain of the authors embraced in the collection; for example, in the selections from TENNYSON we look in vain for the three best productions of his pen; the 'May-Queen,' the 'New-Year's Eve,' and its 'Conclusion.' We know of nothing in the language more replete with melting pathos than the last two. There is little however of which to complain in the volume, whether of omission or commission. Mr. GAISSWOLD has no compeer in industry of collection and judgment of collation of poetry that is worthy of preservation. Apropos of this: we infer, from the book before us, that its compiler has not left the literary field of 'Brotherly Love.' Something was said in one of the journals about his having 'gone west, and taken a chair;' the said chair being in some college of the Occident. We hope, if this report be true, that the chair is well-bottomed; but we can hardly expect any thing very immense in the way of endowment, since the institution is called, we believe, 'Shirtless College.'

'THE ROSE OF SHARON.'—We have once more the annual pleasure of welcoming this tasteful and interesting souvenir, and are again enabled conscientiously to commend it to the favorable regards of those who contemplate book-presents to any of their young friends in the course of the approaching holiday season. 'The Rose of Sharon' is edited with ability and judgment, by Miss S. C. EDGARTON, herself a writer of acknowledged delicacy and taste; and she has succeeded in drawing around her a corps of collaborateurs, of whom she may well be proud. The pictorial portions of the work will command general commendation. Our young friend T. B. READ, an artist to whom we have heretofore alluded in terms of cordial praise in these pages, has the place of honor. His 'Excelsior,' which fronts the title-page, is a most pleasing picture; and although the mezzo-tint in which it is given is not perhaps favorable to the bolder touches of the painter, it is yet a most attractive engraving, and deserves all the praise which it has elicited. 'Solitude,' by EDGARTON, deserves mention; the 'Study' is an agreeable sketch; and there are others which are highly creditable to the work. The literary contents are mainly excellent. We would especially note the 'Birth-Day Thoughts,' 'The Man who always found Fault with his Dinner,' and 'The Unbeliever no Philosopher.' The 'Rose' is well edited, well supplied, well illustrated, and well printed.

CADELL'S ABBOTSFORD EDITION OF THE WAVERLY NOVELS.—We are in the receipt of several new numbers of this altogether matchless series. It not only continues to fulfil the promise of the liberal publisher, but exceeds them, in almost every respect. There is absolutely *nothing* that can add to the interest or attractions of the edition, that is not obtained, no matter at what cost, by Mr. CADELL. He is repaying the friendship and warm regard of the Great Novelist, by the erection of a literary monument to his memory, which will continue for countless generations. The *scenes* of the romances, even the slightest *things* which may possess attraction in the eye of the reader, are represented by the rarest efforts of the pencil and the graver; so that while perusing them, the reader, sitting in his easy-chair, is transported as it were to the very scenes described by his author. We hope that all of our readers, who can afford the expense—small, when compared with the great value of such a purchase—will possess themselves of CADELL'S 'Abbotsford Edition of the Waverly Novels.'

MRS. HEMANS' COMPLETE WORKS.—Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY have performed a most acceptable service to the public, and supplied an acknowledged desideratum, in the publication of two beautiful volumes containing the complete works of Mrs. HEMANS, edited by her sister, and reprinted entire from the last English edition. It is not necessary to say one word touching the character of Mrs. HEMANS' writings. In how many thousand hearts in America are the records of tenderness and affection with which her true woman's heart overflowed, forever endenizen'd! We are glad to perceive that the volumes are illustrated by numerous steel engravings, in a soft and delicate style, of the art, and that all their externals are in good keeping.

